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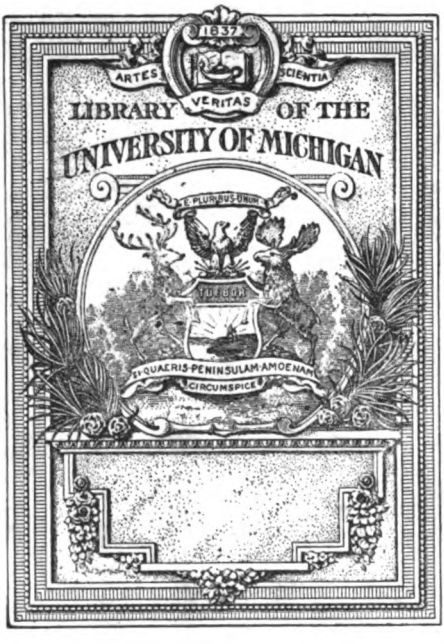
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"SHE HUNG FROM HIM OUTWARDS, OVERHANGING THE VOID TO THE FULL EXTENT OF BOTH OF THEIR ARMS!"

(*See page* 10.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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The Suffragette.

By FRANK SAVILE.

THE Suffragette stood on the balcony of the hotel and looked down at the glories of Lakeland and said that it was quite too beautiful for words.

The Mere Man beside her cordially agreed, but then *he* was looking at the Suffragette. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes sparkled, the sunlight was finding out the very best places to start gold-mining in her hair. He had seen her look animated before, but then that was only the results of talking, of which she did a good deal.

The Mere Man did not take so much interest in her opinions as in herself. This was weak of him, because the Suffragette revelled in argument and did not like having her theories perpetually deferred to. Opposition was the breath of her nostrils, and she wanted to hear the Mere Man disagree with her, if it were but only once.

At this particular moment, however, she forgot her ideals and enjoyed the landscape. After a fortnight's rain it was a cloudless day. The Suffragette drew a long breath of satisfaction.

"What's the mountain exactly opposite?" she inquired. "The one with the great spire of rock sticking out of it on the right?"

"That's Eastdale Pyramid," said the Mere Man. "The spire is the famous Eastdale Pinnacle."

"I shall make Miss Jenner come with me and climb that," announced the Suffragette. "It looks quite interesting."

"The Pyramid or the Pinnacle?" inquired the Mere Man. She answered that of course she meant the Pinnacle.

"The Pyramid is only a *walk*," she added, contemptuously.

The Mere Man gave a little cough.

"I should very much like to take you up the Pinnacle," he said, "but it has only been climbed once."

"Take me!" she repeated, and looked at the Mere Man as if he were of the very lowliest type of beetle. "Miss Jenner and I can take ourselves, thank you!"

The Mere Man smiled a trifle nervously.

"I'm very much afraid——" he began. She hastened to interrupt him.

"Do you think we *can't*?" she demanded, aggressively. "If a man has climbed it—and I suppose it was a man—I feel it my duty to demonstrate to you that a woman can do likewise. I claim equality for the sexes—in everything."

"But really——"

"I may as well tell you, Mr. Marchmont," she announced, with crushing impressiveness, "that I have been in Switzerland. I have been up the Jungfrau and the Breithorn. I don't think we are likely to find a little English *rock* much of a difficulty after that!"

"There is such a difference," explained Marchmont, patiently. "Of course, I don't doubt your abilities at all, but such—such experience is necessary for these peaks."

"Well," she allowed, graciously, "whatever experience we want we must buy. At present I only ask for one piece of information. Shall we require a rope?"

In spite of himself Marchmont smiled. He thought of the Devil's Elbow, which had to be traversed for fifteen yards by practically hand-hold alone—he had a swift mental vision of Broken Gully and its surrounding slabs—he remembered, with twinges in every limb, the difficulties of the Great Chimney. But with an effort he attuned his face to gravity.

"I CLAIM EQUALITY FOR THE SEXES—IN EVERYTHING."

"It would be entirely impossible without a rope," he said, gently, and the Suffragette nodded.

"I'll borrow one from the porter," she said, complacently.

"You must at least allow me the privilege of lending you one," he urged, and the Suffragette, with offhand graciousness, was pleased to accept. She even unbent a few moments later, as he brought the eighty-foot coil and hung it upon her shoulder.

"I dare say there will be time for another walk when we get down," she suggested. "Perhaps you'll show me another climb after lunch, Mr. Marchmont? This morning Miss Jenner and I have determined to conquer the Pinnacle entirely by ourselves."

Miss Jenner nodded vigorously. She was a lady of massive build and determined countenance.

"Entirely by ourselves," she echoed, and, without further comment, led the way down the path which pointed the way towards the Pyramid and its famous pillar of crag.

As the two ladies disappeared a man strolled out through the French windows of a near-by room, contentedly puffing at a very large pipe.

"Why aren't you dancing attendance, my boy?" he asked. "I'm quite contented to be deserted by now—these weeks of rain have quite inured me to it. Don't let any false notions of friendship stand between you and your heart's desire."

Marchmont stared back, a little sheepishly.

"My escort has been declined," he replied.

The other laughed.

"Hence this hang-dog air," he chuckled. "Well, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. What about having a try at that new route up the north face of Evale Head which we talked of?"

Marchmont hesitated.

"I wonder if you'd mind if we—didn't?" he said, at last.

"Just as you like. Shall we have another go at the Pinnacle? I've a sort of idea there's a way we didn't quite explore——"

Marchmont interrupted with a gesture and a rueful grin.

"The Pinnacle's booked!" he announced.

His friend's eyes opened in wonder.

"No-o-o!" he cried, in amazement. "I didn't think there were six other men in Great Britain fit and willing for the job. By Jove! I'd like to see them at it."

"So would I—from a certain distance," agreed Marchmont. "But I dare not be seen watching. *These* aren't men. They are Miss Campbell and Miss Jenner."

If the other had been amazed before, this time he was stupefied. His eyes grew round—he gasped—finally he dropped upon a chair and shouted in the throes of poignant mirth. He rocked himself to and fro.

"You, John Marchmont, the acknowledged top-line man of the Climbers' Club, have actually allowed two ignorant women to go and—and—*scrabble* at the foot of Eastdale Pinnacle without warning them of what they were up against?"

Marchmont made a comical gesture of resignation.

"My dear Childers," he said, "you haven't been privileged to hear as much of their opinions as I have. Opposition would only have goaded them to further effort. But I think it would be only—only *humane* to watch them and make sure that they come to no harm."

Childers grinned again.

"I quite understand your deplorable case," he said. "Not content with what you see of Miss Campbell at close quarters you must eye her adoringly from afar. Let us take glasses and climb to a suitable niche on the Cow's Mouth. We shall be within half a mile of the Pinnacle, and can see without being seen."

Armed with binoculars, the two friends strolled out to gain their watch-tower unseen.

Meanwhile, in Broken Gully, the two ladies were finding matters rather beyond the scope of their Swiss experiences. To be led up the more or less uneventful footholds of the snow-slopes on the easier Alps by experienced guides is in no way comparable to finding a way up perpendicular crags in Lakeland on your own initiative. Miss Jenner was eyeing the ascent above her with much distaste.

"This must be a mistake, my dear," she decided. "No one but a goat or a cat could surmount these precipices."

Her companion shook her head ruefully.

"No," she said. "The other side positively overhangs. It's here or nowhere."

She examined the prospect carefully. For about a hundred feet above her head the gully narrowed gradually into a neck, from which a sheer face of rock sprang up unbroken by any terrace. It terminated far up the Pinnacle under an overhanging cliff which apparently put an absolute stop on all farther progress. But her eye travelled on to note that a tiny series of ledges ran horizontally across a huge buttress and ended under a dark slit in the stone.

She was looking, if she had known it, at the famous "Marchmont" traverse, so called after her friend of the hotel, the first climber of the Pinnacle, while the shadowed groove above it was the equally famous Great Chimney, which led, by sensational developments, to the slope immediately below the summit. Outside it, guarding its depths of gloom like a giant sentry, was a huge natural pillar which had been detached from the parent rock by stress of centuries of ice and storm. It was this last which caught Miss Jenner's eye.

"That great obelisk doesn't look any too safe to *me*," she remarked. "What's to prevent a gust of wind toppling it over?"

Miss Campbell laughed.

"I expect as it's lived through all the winter storms it isn't likely to be upset by a June breeze," she answered. "Anyway, the first thing is to get up to the head of this Gully."

They did it slowly, with many pants and protests from Miss Jenner, who was hoisted from foothold to foothold by her companion's restless energy alone. But at the end of an hour's work they found themselves confronting the cliff face with—on Miss Jenner's part, at any rate—frank incredulity that any human foot had won a way up it.

"My dear Lilias," she declared, "we have taken two hours to reach what is apparently the mere beginning of this adventure. Lunch is at one. It is now half-past eleven. These facts speak for themselves. Let us immediately make our way home again."

But youth would be served.

"On no account," cried the optimist. "Nothing would induce me to meet Mr. Childers or Mr. Marchmont under a cloud of defeat. I begin, too, to see my way. Here and there, if you look carefully, there are crevices. I shall tie the rope round my waist. When I have got up to that tiny platform, about sixty feet above us, I will knot some loops, let them down to you, and you will join me easily."

She reached up as she spoke, and caught at a crevice. She found foothold and moved on a couple of feet higher. Her head

was good and her eye for grips instinctive. Rapidly she worked her way from hold to hold, and within ten minutes was able to look down upon her friend from the vantage she had mentioned.

But neither persuasions nor threats would induce Miss Jenner to brave further perils.

"Come down, my dear," she urged. "I am getting exceedingly hungry."

"If lunch is dearer to you than your self-respect, pray go and eat it," said Miss Campbell, rather tartly. "*I* am going to carry out my intention."

Miss Jenner groaned and sat down. It was suddenly borne in upon her that she was as unable to descend from her present position without her companion's help as she had been to reach it. She watched Lilias's progress with resentful eyes.

The girl was divesting herself of the rope and tying it to a handy spike of rock. Then, with a little ironic wave of her hand to the watcher below, she left her position of safety and climbed out upon the crags.

As Miss Jenner watched, her cheeks went whiter and whiter and her breath came in little gasps, for there was no doubt that Lilias was taking risks—risks which might have meant little to an expert, but which for a tyro at every step involved something like a nodding acquaintance with Death.

The girl seemed possessed by a sort of demon of recklessness. She swung from ledge to ledge with quick, lithe movements which took Chance for her ally rather than for a possible enemy. The tiniest hand-hold sufficed her. She wormed her slim fingers into crevices which the clumsier hands of a man would have found impenetrable. She poised her shoes on ledges which to the hob-nails of a professional climber would have refused the slightest support. Creeping, swinging at times by hand-hold alone, balanced, as it seemed, on a single foot, she crept from hold to hold, her eyes ever straining upwards, her whole brain intent on ascending, without a thought for what lay below. At last, with hands which bled from more than one cut, she gripped and swung herself upon the last ledge below the overhanging cornice of stone.

She looked down.

As she did so a sudden spasm of fear gripped her. Her lips went dry—a sort of huskiness caught at her throat.

Had she really scaled that crag which fell away sheer from her feet to the broken slabs below? Where could she have found foothold? Where, in Heaven's name, was she going to find it for her descent? For a moment she tottered on the edge of panic.

And then the sound of a voice reached her—a voice which banished panic and left in its place defiance. Two figures were hastening up the Gully, and were nearly at Miss Jenner's side. It was Marchmont who hailed her.

"Miss Campbell! Miss Campbell! For goodness' sake remain where you are till we join you!"

She stared down the couple of hundred feet which separated them. Then she gave a queer little laugh.

"Why?" she demanded, curtly.

"Because what you are attempting is sheer madness. Eastdale Pinnacle is impossible for a single climber without a rope. We have proved it—Childers and I."

"Oh, you have proved it?"

She laughed again.

"Then I am going to prove the contrary, Mr. Marchmont. But don't let me make you late for lunch. I'll tell you all about it later. *Au revoir!*"

She waved her hand and turned to the ledges again. Her heart throbbed mightily in her breast, her fingers trembled a little. There was a queer singing in her ears, but she paid no attention to further shouts from below. Fiercely she told herself that she would not be dictated to—that if harm befell her it would lie at the door of Marchmont's interference. She *would* go on!

Marchmont groaned. He saw that this matter was going to make a breach between him and the object of his adoration, but he saw also very plainly where his duty lay. Without further argument he and Childers sprang at the cliff.

Miss Jenner protested loudly. Miss Campbell was in no need of their assistance, she declared, while she herself was. She demanded to be conducted down.

They hesitated. Then Childers, with a half-glance at his friend, suddenly turned and offered her his support. Marchmont returned the glance gratefully and swung on up the ledges, while Miss Jenner was carefully piloted into safety.

By the time Childers had escorted his charge into the valley both the climbers were out of sight. They had passed round the Elbow, traversing below the overhanging cornice to gain the Chimney.

Childers hastened in pursuit. He left Miss Jenner exasperatedly conscious that the prospect of lunch was becoming more and more a fleeting one. But her conscience was

too much for even the pangs of hunger. She could not leave unassured of her friend's safety.

How Lilias Campbell passed from ledge to ledge across that awful fifty feet of crag neither she nor those who are more competent to judge will ever know. She herself is of the opinion that pure rage both goaded and guided her—rage at the prospect of a defeat which had now become a certainty. For her powers were failing — she could feel that in every fibre of her being. For the moment the stimulation of pursuit and wrath carried her through peril after peril, but her physical force was being spent.

As she crawled on to the last ledge and crept into the shadow of the Great Chimney she knew herself beaten. The beating of her heart deafened her. And then, close by as it seemed, she heard an exclamation of relief. Not thirty yards away Marchmont was hauling himself over the edge of the Elbow, and had given voice to his thankfulness at seeing her. She got unsteadily upon her feet—she did not look down—that was beyond her now; but she stared up the great groove in the cliff above her. Automatically, as it were, she searched for and found a grip and swung herself up wearily a couple of feet.

His voice came to her again in anguished protest. She set her lips and paid it no attention. She reached for another handhold, found it, and rose a further yard.

"SHE STARED DOWN THE COUPLE OF HUNDRED FEET WHICH SEPARATED THEM."

Suddenly she realized that a series of tiny ledges, almost like steps, ran up the guarding pinnacle of rock in front of the Chimney.

The great pillar stood so close and so parallel to the cliff that its topmost point nearly touched it. It came upon her almost as an inspiration to leave the Chimney and trust herself to the Pinnacle. A crevice was in the rock within reach of its summit. Here, after gaining forty or fifty feet by scaling that convenient stair, she could swing herself back into the rift again.

No sooner thought of than done. She stepped firmly on to the lowest ledge.

Was it her fancy—did it stir under her foot?

She hesitated, persuaded herself that her imagination alone had frightened her, and scrambled lightly from ledge to ledge. And then, loudly, almost shriekingly, came Marchmont's warning.

"Get back!" he yelled. "For Heaven's sake get back on to the rock!"

There was something arresting in the agony of his cry. She half halted, looked down, and saw what she knew no imagination could figure. The great stone was rocking on its pedestal!

She gave a cry and reached back instinctively towards the cliff. She heard a grinding noise and at the same time saw Marchmont haul himself with almost superhuman effort off the ledges below into the narrows of the rift. And the grinding noise grew louder. Her feet slipped from off the unsteady hold upon the stone.

She shrieked again and gripped a tiny ledge. Foothold was gone; strive desperately as she would her weight hung from her hands alone.

And then, with a thunderous roar, the huge obelisk toppled from its base and fell over, smashing down upon the cliff the whole of its hundreds of tons of solid stone, passing across the face of it as a plane passes over a plank, wiping out every ledge and crevice in the destroying impact of its fall! As it reached the slabs below it burst as a bomb-shell bursts, its flying fragments whizzing out into space as shrapnel flies from the shell. The thunders of its passing were tossed from hill to hill by a hundred mocking echoes.

"HER WEIGHT HUNG FROM HER HANDS ALONE."

The blackness of night fell over Lilias's eyes. She clung savagely, desperately to her hold, but life, for her—every beat of her heart hammered the knowledge into her ears—must be ended. A few moments more of desperate clinging—time to breathe a prayer—time to fling back one wild longing for the life which was slipping from her with each second's passing, and then the end. Her cramped fingers would relax, and she would fall down, down, down—into eternity! A tiny sob escaped her—a sob which merged in a cry of startled wonder and incredulous relief.

For a hand had grasped her ankle and was supporting it. Gently but firmly her foot was moved, pressed into a crevice, and then relinquished. The agonizing pressure on her hands ceased.

She opened her eyes. Marchmont was clinging to the outer edge of the Chimney at her side.

There was none of the

deferential admirer about him now. His grey eyes were hard with determination, his lips grim and set. Even his voice, when it came, was filled with tones of mastery—of command.

"Grip my shoulder with one hand—so!" he ordered, and she meekly did as she was told. "Now put your other arm about my neck—so!" he continued, and she obeyed.

He took her hands in one of his and drew them together across his chest. He shook his shoulders with a sort of tentative motion, as if to settle her weight upon them.

"Hold tight!" he cried, warningly, and then drew a deep breath. His hand shot out to and caught a projecting point within the great rift. His foot moved into a crevice. He hung for a moment in his newly-gained position, again took breath, and then seemed almost to leap into the shadowed hollow of the Chimney. There was a shock as he landed, and a wild, breath-catching moment as he fought to get his balance. Then his arm slipped back between his body and hers and gripped her waist.

She opened her eyes. She was held tightly to him, and they were standing on the smooth surface of a boulder which had fallen into the narrows of the Chimney and become wedged. Below them was emptiness! Above them a smoothed wall! Not a ledge, not a cranny remained! The great pillar had planed every hand-hold and foot-hold away in its fall.

For a minute she did not speak. She clung to him, panting, conscious in her closeness of the great pulses which effort had set astir in his body, for he was panting, too—the great gasps of a strong man overtaxed. Suddenly, overpoweringly, she realized what she had done—what her reckless pride was responsible for. And realization wrung from her a cry of self-reproach.

"What can I say—what can I say?" she moaned.

She felt a throb pass through him. It seemed as if he held her tighter still. She looked searchingly into his eyes, and they answered hers with a smile.

"Things might be so much worse—so very much," he said, gently. "I might be below and you here—alone!"

"No!" she cried. "No! I wish I had been killed—as I deserve to be."

Again she felt his grip tighten about her and the quickening of his breath. But his voice was level and unfaltering as before.

"Lilias," he said, quietly, and a strange feeling thrilled her at this sudden intimate use of the name, "we have not very long here—you and I. You have seen that, have you not? The way of escape is gone. Can you face that—bravely?"

In spite of herself she gave a little shudder. Then, suddenly, she looked up at him, and this time without a quiver of her lips.

"I can face it," she answered. "Yes—I can face it—with *you!*"

His hand went up in a quick, caressing gesture to touch her hair. His face bent to hers.

"And if it had not been for this?" he asked, anxiously. "If we had gone back to safety—to life?"

She gave a strange, choking litttle laugh.

"I should never have held out against you," she whispered. "It was the very knowledge of your power to *make* me love you that drove me to—to try to defy you."

Tenderly he bent and kissed her.

"My darling!" he murmured, passionately. "My darling!"

There was no reserve in the completeness of her surrender. She offered the answer of her lips willingly to his. And then, as if calling upon some new-found source of strength, she turned and looked down.

Up through two hundred feet of void Death itself stared back from the cruel rocks below. But there was no flinching in her glance; her voice was firm.

"And it will be—when?" she asked her lover, quietly.

"As God wills," he answered, gravely. "A couple of hours—perhaps three—and my strength must fail. And so the end, dearest—the end together."

And then a strange quiet fell between them—that merciful dulling of sensation which some unprobed whim of Nature seems to offer to those against whom she has poised her sword. They spoke, indeed, but at long intervals and in queer, half-uttered phrases, as if, in their nearness to each other and to death, thought passed without the fully spoken word. One hour two hours went by. Horror was over, apathy had come.

Suddenly, as if some invisible agency had muttered in his ear, Marchmont strung himself to attention. What had moved—what had clattered by his cheek?

A pebble? Yes, a pebble. There came another and another. Something stirred above them—something was rapping against the rocks—something was sliding into view.

Something? Aye, a rope!

Marchmont rubbed his eyes. It came

from above, this thing. How was that possible—how?

And then the explanation rushed into his mind. Childers! *Was* there another way up the Pinnacle? Had not his friend always vowed, even that very morning, that they had not sufficiently explored the north front? So here was proof of his argument—proof beyond a doubt. But he would not be able to triumph over his comrade. No. Marchmont smiled a grim little smile. Why? Because, though it dangled a tantalizing six feet away, the rope was out of reach. The cornice above them overhung!

A little breeze sighed up from the south. The rope blew gently inwards. It swayed up to within a couple of feet of them, and swung back. To and fro it was tossed, and with it hope and fear rose and fell as the man and the woman saw it play, as it were, with their very lives. They panted; they stretched their hands painfully into space. And each time their fingers reached—nothing. A hundred times they tempted Fate and Fate eluded them.

Then, with a sudden gesture which seemed to imply a finality of decision, Marchmont drew back. Gently but firmly he took Lilias by the shoulders and altered her position till she stood behind him.

She looked up at him wonderingly, and with a dawning sense of fear.

"What is it?" she asked. "What are you going to do?"

He bent; he kissed her again and again.

"I'm going to trust in God," he said, solemnly. "I'm going to jump!" She gave a cry of protest.

"No!" she sobbed. "I couldn't bear it if you missed! I couldn't bear to meet the end alone!"

Steadily but unhesitatingly he pushed her back. The light of resolve burned in his eyes—he poised himself for the effort.

She cried out again. She flung out her arms, and then—she slipped! In a flash the effort of his purpose to leap was changed into the still more urgent desire to save her. One of his hands snatched at the rock—the other at her shoulder.

He only half gripped it. His fingers slid from it, passed her elbow, and locked about her wrist. She hung from him outwards, overhanging the void to the full extent of both of their arms!

And then, as if some well-regulated machinery timed it, the breeze swung up the rope—swung it up into the fingers of her other hand—fingers which had been seeking a vain support in the empty air! He drew her back still clutching it—drew her back to life itself—to all that life and love could bring.

An hour later a small group stood at the foot of the Gully. Miss Jenner was holding what might almost be termed a court of inquiry.

"I scarcely know which to blame most," she decided, wrathfully. "You, Lilias, for your insane recklessness, or you, Mr. Marchmont, for promoting such an expedition without explaining its risks!"

Marchmont shrugged his shoulders. There had already been much explanation which had left the indignant lady entirely unconvinced.

"I didn't expect her to attempt the climb—seriously," he said.

"Seriously!" Miss Jenner's voice was shrill with anger. "All I know is that her conduct was serious enough to keep me six hours without lunch!"

The three looked at one another—Lilias, Marchmont, Childers. The knowledge of what the last hours had held for all three—the perils—the ever-present spectre of tragedy—the supreme efforts by which safety had been won—all recurred to them with poignant force in the face of this anti-climax. Miss Jenner had lost her lunch!

In spite of themselves they smiled. The smile became a titter—broadened into a laugh. For a full minute they shook half hysterically. Miss Jenner did not share their mirth.

"I see no joke!" she informed them, disdainfully.

Marchmont pulled himself together. He made a little deprecatory gesture.

"Nor I," he answered, humbly. "But I can promise you this, Miss Jenner—I'll never let Lilias do it again."

Miss Jenner's contempt became a sort of stupefaction.

"You—won't—*let*—her!" she thundered.

With a comical air of resignation and surrender Lilias laid her hand upon her lover's arm.

"Do you know, dear," she said, smiling into the face of her indignant friend, "I'm almost afraid he *won't!*"

Reminiscences & Reflections.

By JOHN HARE.

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IV.

MY first substantial success at the old Court Theatre was "New Men and Old Acres," by Tom Taylor and A. W. Dubourg, and produced on December 2nd, 1876. The leading parts were admirably portrayed by Miss Ellen Terry and her then future husband, Charles Kelly. I played the small part of Mr. Vavasour, an old country squire. A somewhat funny incident occurred during the run of this play. In those days I was always accompanied by a favourite and beautiful old collie called Smut, which I took to rehearsals. It followed me everywhere—even on to the stage, and Tom Taylor begged that I would let it accompany me during the actual performance of the play. I demurred at first, having an objection to animals on the stage, but eventually gave way to the author's wishes. Night after night Smut performed his part in an admirable and irreproachable manner, lying down at my feet while I sat under a tree taking part in a duologue with one of the characters. On a hot, sultry night in July, however (for the play enjoyed an exceptionally long run), Smut became bored, thinking, no doubt, that the play had had its day, and that it was now the dog's turn. He advanced quite quietly to the centre of the stage with an almost managerial sense of his own importance, sat down in a dignified manner on his haunches, and yawned in full view of the audience with the sublime indifference of a dramatic critic. The audience were naturally amused, and,

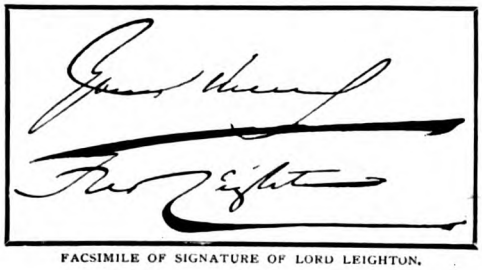
"HE YAWNED IN FULL VIEW OF THE AUDIENCE."

encouraged by the success of his unconscious efforts, Smut went from bad to worse by snapping up a passing fly, which he swallowed with the enjoyment of a gourmet, inevitably spoiling the quiet scene on which we were engaged.

This terminated his engagement as an actor (he didn't even get a fortnight's notice), though he soon succeeded in finding other employment as a model for Lord Leighton, the famous painter, who wrote me on his behalf as follows :—

MY DEAR HARE,—Will you do me a great favour? I want you very much to lend me for an hour (per bearer) your beautiful dog Smut. I have to make a pencil sketch of a dog for a design I have in hand, and it ought to be done *now*—this forenoon. With many anticipated thanks,—Yours sincerely,

FRED LEIGHTON.



FACSIMILE OF SIGNATURE OF LORD LEIGHTON.

About this time I received the following characteristic letter from Charles Mathews, which I have culled haphazard from my collection :—

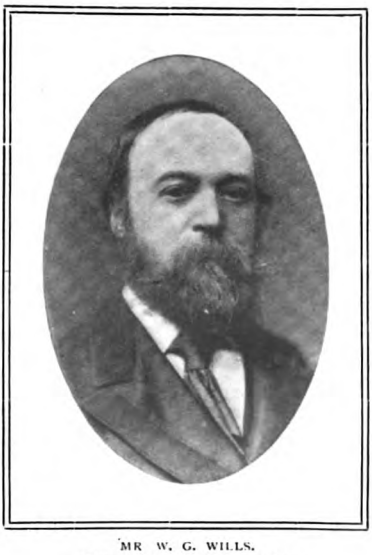
Dublin,
November 1st, 1877.

MY DEAR HARE, — A young "gentleman," whose name is Conyers Fletcher Norton (age eighteen), wishes to "walk." If you can give him a short innings on your course, do. He is not a Gale, of course, but who knows what he may accomplish with a little practice on your ground?

Faithfully yours,
C. J. MATHEWS.

(Gale was the famous "walker" of his time.)

Rapidly I pass over "The House of Darnley," and "Victims" by Tom Taylor, the latter being the only disastrous failure I suffered at the Court. I now come to my most important production, and one, perhaps, which gave me more interest and pleasure than any other during the whole course of my career, as so much responsibility devolved upon me in bringing it before the public. I had suggested to W. G. Wills, a Bohemian of indisputable genius, that he should write me a version of "The Vicar of Wakefield." He jumped at the idea, and a few months after informed me that the play was finished. The manuscript — if I can so call it—was the most extraordinary thing of its kind I have seen. It was almost illegible, and many of the scenes were written on backs of envelopes, pieces of blotting-paper, and portions of old letters. I remember reading several pages and then arriving at an obvious hiatus, which I pointed out to Wills, who replied, in a thick Irish accent : "I've got it, dear boy, in my pocket, or, perhaps, on my shirt cuff," and he would then produce a suspicious-looking fragment scintillating with literary gems and poetic thought, though the play in its original condition was chaotic in the extreme. It was altogether incoherent and impossible in its first state—a mere embryo of what afterwards appeared when we got it into shape. Wills and I sat up night after night reconstructing the piece, and if I suggested a new scene or alteration to which he was agreeable he would reply, "I accept that, dear boy." He then proceeded to make a note on that useful shirt-cuff, underneath which slumbered the sleeves of three jerseys struggling to make their appearance, and perhaps jealous of their owner's partiality for that once white shirt. Eventually Wills wanted to sell me his work for two hundred pounds, as he was always hard up, but one could not take advantage of that ingenuous, big-souled Irishman, and I refused, preferring to give him something in advance of nightly royalties.



MR W. G. WILLS.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Surprise has been often expressed that I did not appear as the Vicar of Wakefield in my original production of "Olivia," and, indeed, it was a great temptation, and required the exercise of considerable self-denial on my part to refrain from doing so. I decided, however—and in looking back feel sure I was right—to devote myself heart and soul to the

"I'VE GOT IT, DEAR BOY, ON MY SHIRT-CUFF."

stage-management of this beautiful play. So enthralled was I with the theme that I thought out every detail of "business," every movement of the characters, with the result that at the first rehearsal the play was perfectly cut and dried. The production was notable not only for the author's success, but for the great achievements of Miss Ellen Terry and William Terriss. The latter made his first really great mark in London on that occasion. I received many letters from him, of which the following is one:—

Royal Adelphi Theatre,
September 23rd, 1887.

MY DEAR HARE,—Your very kind letter has given me the greatest pleasure. It is scarcely necessary for me to remind you that it was to your able guidance that I am indebted for my first ideas in the art of acting, and, although still conscious of my faults, I cannot help feeling proud to read such kind and flattering words as you have thought fit to pen me. I hope to keep your letter as a mark of your esteem, which I assure you I value more than that of any living actor. Commend me to Mrs. Hare, and believe me always sincerely yours,
WILL TERRISS.

I cannot sufficiently express my sense of obligation to my old friend Marcus Stone, who took the most enthusiastic interest in my production of "Olivia." I consulted him on many points, and he generously furnished me with the designs for the costumes. "Olivia" caps and kerchiefs soon became the craze.

Another dear friend, now, alas! no more—I refer to Arthur Sullivan—whose delightful work will keep his name and memory green long after his charming personality is forgotten, most generously offered to compose all the music for that memorable production. How characteristic and inspired that music was and how beautifully it harmonized with the spirit of Oliver Goldsmith, who, it has been said, "wrote with the pen of an angel," must remain a treasured memory to those who had the opportunity of seeing "Olivia."

I might here briefly enlarge upon the pre-eminent importance of proper stage-management. I have always held that the greatest care should be exercised in dealing with individuals rather than groups, getting out of actors the best that is in them, "suiting the action to the word," and developing the idiosyncrasies and latent capabilities of the actors themselves. I think it is folly to train, upon the set views of others, artistes who show any capacity for producing good original work.

The finest stage-management is often unnoticed by the audience and critics. Its very perfection causes it to be accepted as a natural result which passes without comment — like a well-dressed woman, whose appearance should not dazzle the eye, but please it. Nothing should be over-emphasized or exaggerated, so that it is only when your attention is drawn to some effect of the stage-management that you notice its existence. Many plays have been ruined through bad stage-management in the handling of duologues. Too much attention is paid to the *mise en scène*, which should only form an unobtrusive background, but one which is in perfect taste. The author's work and the actor's interpretation of it should form the centre from which the eye should never wander.

When my acting days are over I hope still to have opportunities of being in touch with the art I love so much — through the medium of stage-management and production.

"Olivia" marked my last notable production at the old Court Theatre, and my tenancy soon after came to an end in July, 1879.

I now found myself face to face with a great problem. I had no wish to abandon theatrical management, which profoundly interested me, but I was fully conscious of the fact that an enterprise which lacked the aid of a strong leading actress was as unstable as a house built on sand. As I desired a permanent rather than a fleeting association, I made a proposition to Mr. W. H. Kendal that he should join me in the management of the St. James's Theatre, on the understanding that his wife should support our association throughout. Arrangements were completed, and then commenced a management which lasted from October, 1879, till July, 1888. It was a period which passed without a cloud or misunderstanding between us. Our arrangement was that Mr. Kendal should undertake the business side of the partnership, and that the conduct and management of the stage should be left under my entire control. And so controlling, I remained an autocrat, Mrs. Kendal herself setting the lead by the most implicit loyalty. I was always inclined to be critical, and remember her once saying to me at rehearsal, "For Heaven's sake, Hare, what's the matter with me? You've never said anything!"

SKETCH BY MARCUS STONE, R.A., OF COSTUME WORN BY MISS ELLEN TERRY IN "OLIVIA."

From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

From a Photo. by The London Stereoscopic Co.

MRS. AND MR. W. H. KENDAL.

I should like to acknowledge here how greatly the success of our management was due to the many magnificent performances Mrs. Kendal gave of the parts she undertook. She and Lady Bancroft were the most remarkable first-night actresses with whom I have ever been associated. They seemed to give performances which were absolutely inspired on the first nights. Mrs. Kendal, who sometimes perhaps showed a slight tendency to over-elaborate a character during a long run, at the start seemed to obey every canon of dramatic art. I shall never forget her wonderful performance as Antoinette Rigaud in the play of that name. She was stricken down with a severe illness during the early part of rehearsals, and we thought we should be compelled to postpone the production of the play. However, with the courage which always characterized the lady, directly she was sufficiently convalescent we were allowed to go and rehearse in her room. She did not even come upon or see the stage until the night of the *première*, when she gave a performance I have never seen excelled in power and perfection of technique. Her humour, too, was another unfailing characteristic, and, like most great artistes, Mrs. Kendal possessed it to a very marked degree. She was also very sensitive and susceptible to "the comic side of things."

Once, I remember, when we were playing "The Lady of Lyons," I, as Colonel Damas, was inclined to make fun of some of the old-fashioned ideas and high-falutin' sentiment of that play, and sometimes indulged in a little humorous aside or by-play while she was striking an heroic attitude. Mrs. Kendal said to me on one of these occasions: "Hare, if you make me see the comic side of this play, I shall never be able to play the part again!"

It would be tiresome to my readers if I were to give a chronological list of all the plays produced, but it is impossible to take leave of the St. James's Theatre without alluding to the opportunity and pleasure we enjoyed of producing Pinero's first full-blown play, "The Money Spinner." It was a comparatively short play, being only in two acts and one scene, but it achieved an instantaneous success, and afforded the first conspicuous and brilliant indication of the eminence to which the author was later destined to attain.

I am, and always have been, a sceptic in what is called the inspiration of the moment in acting, although I know there are many who differ from me on this subject. Still, there are exceptions to every rule, and unrehearsed effects have often proved extremely successful, as I have reason to remember on the production of Pinero's play, in which I appeared as the bibulous ne'er-do-well, Baron Croodle. The piece had been rehearsed carefully from every point of view; but, on the first night, when I was left alone on the stage as that disreputable but amusing old scoundrel, the following unrehearsed incident occurred. The family were supposed to have retired to lunch, and I was sitting disconsolately meditating over my evil, if imaginary, past. There came the sound of a champagne cork drawn in the next roo , at

SIR JOHN HARE AS BARON CROODLE.
From a Photo. by R. W. Thrupp.

which I pricked up my ears, and, quite unintentionally till that moment, my face lit up with the delightful recollections which that well-known sound inspired. The house roared with laughter, and it is perhaps unnecessary to say that this unrehearsed effect was invariably repeated, while it never failed to elicit an additional burst of merriment throughout the run of Pinero's witty play.

SKETCH BY MR. W. H. KENDAL.

This reminds me of a more curious occurrence which happened to my favourite, Regnier, when he was rehearsing the part of Noel in "La Joie fait Peur" at the Comédie Française, and it may be remembered by those who know the play. Noel was the old butler to a widowed lady who mourned the loss of her only son, supposed to be drowned at sea. After a short scene, in which Noel has been comforting the widow and her daughter, he is left alone on the stage and indulges in that much-abused device, a soliloquy, which gives so many natural opportunities of conveying the inner workings of a character to an audience. (Why a man should not speak to himself in preference to somebody else if he wants to, even on the stage, I could never understand.) Well, to return to Noel; soliloquizing, he says that he for one does not believe in the death of his beloved young master, and that he feels sure one day he will hear him re-entering the room as he did when a boy, saying, "Noel, I am starving: give me something to eat!" At that moment the door opens, and the young midshipman appears unseen by Noel. He closes the door behind him and says, "Noel, I am starving; give me something to eat." The "business" arranged and rehearsed was that Noel, throwing up his arms in an hysterical burst of emotion, rushes forward and falls upon his master's neck. On the first night, however, Regnier lost his foothold in turning, and failed to reach Delaunay, who was playing the boy, and fell prostrate at the latter's feet. This unrehearsed effect was electrical, and the house rose at Regnier. Needless to say, this inspired accident was retained ever afterwards, and always with the same extraordinary result.

It was during our management of the St. James's that I first had the honour of meeting the late Lord Tennyson, and my brief association with the great poet left an everlasting impression upon my memory. Accompanied by Mr. Kendal, I went—on the Poet Laureate's invitation—to his house at Haslemere to hear a little one-act play he had written, called "The Falcon," founded on a story by Boccaccio. It may be imagined with what veneration we entered the residence of that great man. After lunch, which was almost unbroken by conversation, we went into his study, and I still seem to see and hear him, puffing away at his pipe, which he replenished every now and then from the jar of tobacco placed conveniently at his side.

His manner was rugged—"frosty, but kindly." I wished to say what I thought about the piece, which he read with great deliberation, but dared not. The play was much too long for so slight and delicate a subject, but at the close I felt it my duty to tell him that, in its present form, its success was doubtful. I was impelled to do this, for, though delighted with the prospective honour of producing his play, in doing so I did not wish to produce anything which might be considered unworthy of his genius. When I had summoned up courage to tell him as respectfully as possible what I ventured to think, he became exceedingly indignant, and the matter was evidently at an end. We were not pressed to stay, and shortly afterwards left to catch our train. In

walking down the garden we heard footsteps behind us, and, turning round, found it was Tennyson, who said somewhat abruptly as he put the roll of manuscript into my hand, "Cut what you like, but, for God's sake, never let me see it!"

The play was soon afterwards put into rehearsal, and I took very great pains to make the production worthy of the famous author.

Mr. Marcus Stone again most generously made sketches for the dresses, and Mr. Burgess, R.A., the distinguished architect and authority on mediæval subjects, designed the scene. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mr. Denny, and Mrs. Gaston Murray played the four characters, while I contented myself with the stage-management. When the play was ready for production I wrote to Mr. Hallam Tennyson (now Lord Tennyson) asking if his father could be present on the first night. He replied that his father never went to first nights, but would like to see a rehearsal of the play. This was an ordeal which neither those concerned in the acting of the play nor I can ever forget.

LORD TENNYSON.
From a Photo. by The London Stereoscopic Co.

It was a bitterly cold day in December when Tennyson, accompanied by his son, drove up to the front of the theatre and joined me in the stalls. He still seemed a little frosty, and did not thaw during the performance. We three formed the audience. I had arranged screens, rugs, and every available appliance to protect Tennyson from any draughts. The curtain rose, and, though the actors were almost petrified with nervousness, the play was acted—and admirably acted—in cold blood. The orchestra was there, and the lighting of the scene and other details were attended to precisely as on a first night. Tennyson sat like a sphinx throughout the performance, without making any remark, and at the conclusion of the performance rose silently from his seat, followed anxiously by myself, and entered his carriage without a word. As his son was about to join him he (Mr. Hallam Tennyson) turned round to me and said, with that kindly regard for other people's feelings which has always characterized him, "Mr. Hare, my father is *delighted!*" I must say I was greatly amused by this assurance, for by what means of thought-transmission he had gauged his father's delight, and what Tennyson really thought of the performance, remains a mystery, so far as I am concerned, to the present day. The play was, however, received with the greatest respect and cordiality by the Press, and gave unfeigned delight to the discriminating and educated public.

The following are letters I received from Helen Faucit (Lady Martin) and George du Maurier with reference to this interesting production:—

31, Onslow Square, S.W.,
December 19th, 1879.

DEAR MR. HARE,—What an exquisite picture you put before us last night! Everything in harmony—poetry, acting, costumes, scenery. The latter real, even to the glimpses of the sky seen through the timbers of the roof of the sweet old Italian cottage, and so *ideal!* Nothing obtrusive, all in just and due subservience to the story and the living characters representing it. It was indeed a lovely picture, and one to live in the mind and be grateful for.

I trust Mr. Tennyson will himself see his dainty, charming poem thus beautifully illustrated. I congratulate you and all concerned in giving to the world this perfect gem of poetry and art.

Thanking you most heartily for my enjoyment, and wishing you all the success you most justly deserve, believe me very truly yours,

HELEN FAUCIT MARTIN.

Friday,
New Grove House, Hampstead.

MY DEAR HARE,—Very many thanks for a most pleasant evening. Tennyson's play is to me delightful, and I could not see the climax "for my tears." I disgraced myself.

I cannot tell you how much I like your Colonel Daunt—almost *better* than any part I have seen you in. . . .

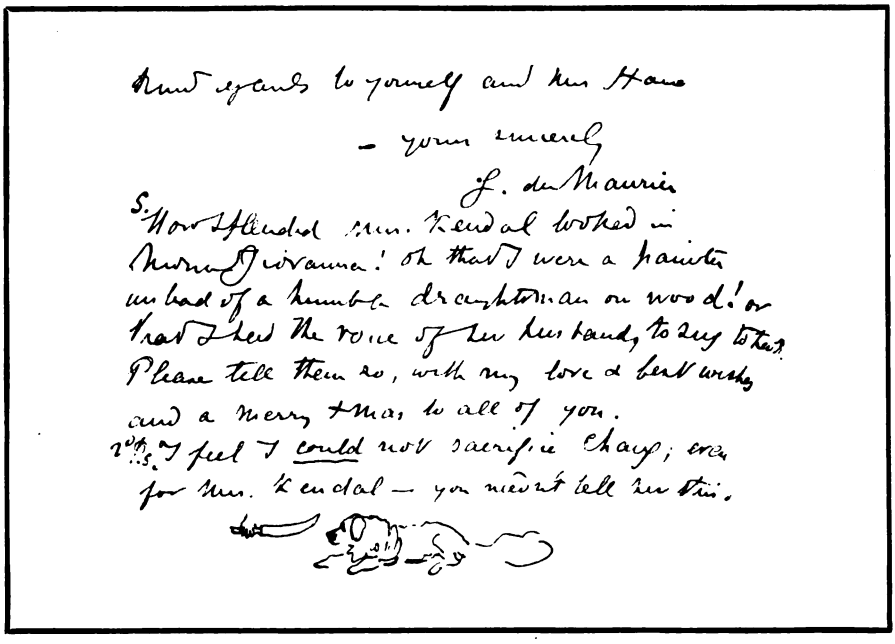
I took Trixie instead of the missus, who was a little seedy. With our united kind regards to yourself and Mrs. Hare,—Yours sincerely,

G. DU MAURIER.

P.S.—How splendid Mrs. Kendal looked in Monna Giovanna! Oh, that I were a painter instead of a humble draughtsman on wood! Or that I had the voice of her husband to sing to her! Please tell them so, with my love and best wishes, and a merry Christmas to all of you.

Second P.S.—I feel I *could* not sacrifice Chang*, even for Mrs. Kendal. You needn't tell her this.

blamed by my friends for not playing another part—namely, that of William III.—in a very successful revival we enjoyed of Tom Taylor's "Clancarty," and some surprise was expressed in the Press at my not doing so. I, however, preferred to allot the part to Mr. Mackintosh, and his performance must be remembered



FACSIMILE OF LETTER FROM MR. G. DU MAURIER TO SIR JOHN HARE.

"The Squire," by Pinero, next attracted great attention, and I was so struck by the author's wonderful gifts in reading his play, and in particular the part of Gunnion, in which he revealed powers rich with humour and full of character, that I tried hard to persuade him to play the part, and offered him any terms he liked to name, but in vain. I am confident that, had Pinero chosen to continue his career as an actor, he would now occupy a premier position, though we could ill afford to have lost any of the works of art which have emanated from his pen.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal again distinguished themselves in "The Squire," and the character of Gunnion was eventually entrusted to that fine actor, Mr. William Mackintosh, who was admirable in the part. Speaking of Mr. Mackintosh reminds me that I was much

with delight by all playgoers who have seen it. In answer to a call I received at the fall of the curtain I alluded to the strictures made, and held that my justification was found in the fine performance the audience had seen.

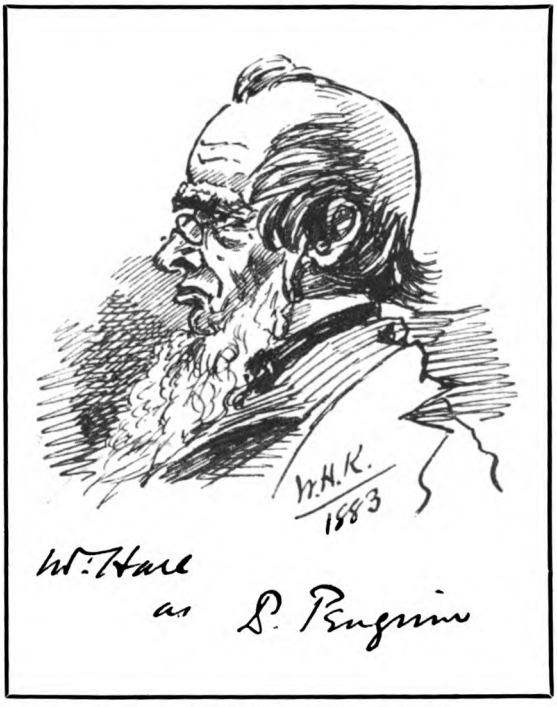
In the early days of 1885 we gave an elaborate production of "As You Like It," which was a fair though not a great financial success. In this I essayed my second Shakespearean part (my first having been Dr. Pinch in "The Comedy of Errors" in the stock company at Liverpool). Mr. and Mrs. Kendal played Orlando and Rosalind, and I played Touchstone—a part to which I was quite unsuited and in which I failed to make any success. Whatever chances I might have had were marred on the first night by my extreme anxiety with regard to the production, my mind being preoccupied with the scenic and lighting effects, the limes and the properties (not to speak of the supers), rather than with the philosophy of Shakespeare and the somewhat dry humour of Touchstone.

* EDITORIAL NOTE.—This refers to the killing of "The Falcon"—a favourite bird—for food, and Du Maurier's unreadiness to dispose of his dog for the same purpose.

This again emphasizes the moral I have already pointed out—that a manager who has to superintend the cares of the stage should not play an important part. He cannot do both; and the ideal manager is one who can act, but does not. Under any circumstances, however, I should not have succeeded as Touchstone.

Other plays produced during our management were "Impulse," "The Ironmaster," and "Mayfair," the last two plays being adapted for us from the French by Mr. Pinero, who was also responsible for "The Hobby Horse," an original and very clever play, which added to his growing reputation.

Another of the greatest successes we enjoyed was a revival of "A Scrap of Paper." The idea of reviving this play originated from my early recollections of appearing in it when at Giggleswick School, to which I referred in my opening chapter. I had other memories of its performance by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan at the St. James's Theatre in the early 'sixties. I was much struck at that time by the brilliance of this comedy, which, however, was not a success, owing to Mrs. Alfred Wigan—an admirable actress when her part suited her — not being adapted to this character. Immediately Mrs. Kendal joined me, however, I felt sure that the part was one in which she was bound to make a very great success. My expectations were fully realized.



FACSIMILE OF SKETCH BY MR. W. H. KENDAL.

I played the part of Dr. Penguin, an old entomologist. In the last act I was supposed to be intoxicated, and Kendal, as Colonel Blake, had to interrogate me as to the whereabouts of the missing "scrap of paper." I answered him as I was supposed to do, in an inarticulate and semi-drunken manner, and Kendal used to score off me by replying in the same confused way, mimicking my apparent drunkenness and making me a butt for his humour. One night, however, after he had done this, and when the roar of laughter had subsided, I startled him by saying, as I pulled myself together in a very dignified way: "*You are drunk, sir!*" Kendal was flabbergasted, but good-naturedly agreed to the retention of this unrehearsed effect, which always seemed to amuse the audience very much.

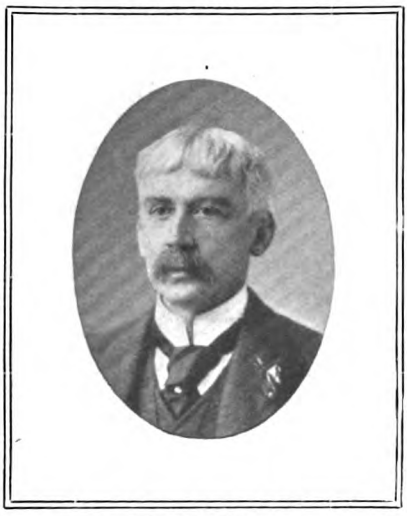
Another practical joke I perpetrated, which was not perhaps generally noticed, occurred on the last night of "Still Waters Run Deep." As old Potter I had to say to Mildmay (Kendal) just before the close of the play, "Ah! my dear John, you must remember there is an old proverb which says, 'All that glitters is not gold'!" He replied in the words of the text to the effect that there was another old proverb even more applicable—namely, "Still waters run deep," which was said with an elaborate bow to the audience as the curtain was rung down. On the last night, however, I could not resist stealing his proverb and putting it in the place of my own, and, as he did not retaliate by availing himself of the rather tame ending that "All that glitters is not gold," the curtain was rung down on my unexpected and untimely reminder that "Still waters run deep!"

In June, 1888, this long and successful union came to an end. It was a very pleasant partnership throughout, and we went our ways with good wishes mutually for each other's future welfare. During this memorable association of nine years I think

I can say, without egotism, we did much useful work for the stage—a service which was only cut short by our difficulty in finding suitable plays to produce.

Among the members of the company we had the pleasure of enrolling under our joint banner were such well-known names as the following, some of whom appeared on the stage with us for the first time, while many have since achieved fresh and solid distinction. They include Mr. Allan Aynesworth and Mr. Brandon Thomas, who both, I believe, made their *début* then at the St. James's; Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Misses Winifred Emery, Kate Phillips, Fanny Brough, Louise Moodie, Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Vezin, William Terriss, Albert Chevalier, William Mackintosh, Herbert Waring, Charles Cartwright, Charles Brookfield, H. Kemble, and, last but not least, Lewis Waller and George Alexander.

At that time, too, I have recollections of charming little dinners given by my old friend Colonel Arthur Collins, and one in particular which took place on an anniversary of his birthday, when Sir Arthur Bigge, Bret Harte, and I were the only guests.



BRET HARTE.
From a Photo by Thomas Fall.

Bret Harte was a very abstracted and reserved man until he was drawn out of himself. He sat very quietly until the dinner was half over, when his geniality got the better of him and he blossomed forth as a brilliant conversationalist, delighting everybody by his graphic descriptions of things he had seen. I remember very vividly his description of a scene he had witnessed in his younger days when a journalist or tax-collector out in the Far West. Although nearly twenty years have passed, I still recall that vivid story, though it would require a better pen than mine to do justice to the dramatic powers of Bret Harte as displayed in his terse and telling recital of a tragic incident of which he had once been an eye-witness. It is impossible to imitate successfully his own eloquent phraseology and the staccato simplicity of his style, but here is the gist of a story which I have never since heard, and have often wondered why that past-master of the art of short stories has not himself reproduced it in his own inimitable fashion.

"A man had been arrested for horse-stealing or some comparatively petty crime. He was ordered to be taken to the nearest township by the sheriff of the district, who himself accompanied the party. Short shrift would doubtless be the doomed man's lot. Judged, sentenced, and then shot! His wife—a dark, beautiful, passionate-looking creole—followed in the wake of the sheriff and his myrmidons. Her wild, ungovernable disposition and her fierce devotion were as proverbial as her husband's weakness. The moon shone brightly on the path before them. The party picked their way through the palm-like fern and thick underbrush of the pine forest. Lights seemed to dance and move quickly on the outskirts of the town. A stream rippled quite audibly beside them. A heavy wind seemed to surge in the branches of the funereal pines, and then the silence seemed to fall thicker, heavier, and deadlier than before. The coarse conversation and oaths of the men ceased Out of the silence came a voice. It was the rough but tearful prayer of the woman begging for the release of the man she loved. The sheriff replied with a sneer and an oath. The prisoner's wife whipped out a revolver and shot him through the heart. Consternation reigned supreme for a moment. Then lynch law was proclaimed on the spot. The woman was captured. At a signal from the leader a rope was placed around her neck and hoisted over the trunk of the nearest tree. She never moved. The grim faces of the men were lit up by the torches they held aloft. Just at the moment when the rope was being tightened around the woman's neck, she raised her arm with an abrupt gesture and said, 'Wait!' They

"DRAWING HER HAIR OUT, SHE BROUGHT IT TO THE FRONT WITH A SWEEPING GESTURE."

paused. Slowly and placidly she took in her right hand the long plait of jet-black hair which hung down her back and had become entangled with the rope. Drawing her hair out, she brought it to the front with a sweeping gesture, and let it droop over her gently-heaving bosom. Her rigid line of upper lip did not relax or quiver. Her eyes did not falter before the cruel gaze of her enemies. She looked them scornfully in the face. 'Now!' she said, as, having released her imprisoned hair, her arm sank to her side, 'I'm ready.'

"But the rude men were struck dumb with admiration at her heroism and paused in their resolve. 'No!' they said, 'we will not hang her. Give her another chance!' Loosening the rope, they made her mount astride a mustang, and, with a resounding crack of the long thong of the whip, the wild horse bounded into the night and disappeared with her into the thickness of the forest."

What happened to her husband we never knew, nor did we ask Bret Harte. We were too much carried away by the dramatically-told history of his heroine.

(To be continued.)

The Doctor's Dilemma.

By MAARTEN MAARTENS.

DR. AINGELL stretched back in his ancient arm-chair and contemplated, with calm satisfaction, his red-slippered feet. It was pleasant to think the feet were in slippers at last, for an hour before dinner. He had had a long, hard day's work. Young as he still was, especially in his tardy profession, his hours of consultation were already beginning to overflow. He was sometimes astonished to mark how the snowball of his reputation grew. Too conscientious by nature to be an optimist, he frequently told himself that it would melt still faster. But his colleagues did not think so. There was a spreading conviction amongst the good people of his native city—York—that they had got a very good all-round man for internal complaints in young Aingell. And most of the many who knew about him were glad for his sake that he was doing so well—better every year. He had had a difficult youth, what with his father's—old Dr. Aingell's—early death and his mother's "straitened circumstances" (you may just as well say "poverty"), and the trouble with the brother who went wrong, and the delicate sisters. Why, at one time he had gone as a chemist's boy; very plucky of him, too. And by sheer perseverance he had struggled through to this position he now held, at about thirty-three, if as much. Heaven knows how he had got the money for his belated long course of study. He wasn't one of the fierce fighting kind either, but rather of the gently plodding—hardly a man who wants to leap; perhaps one of those who don't mind if they fall; a quiet worker, with his blue eyes and curly hair and cheerful "All right," a man who didn't like making enemies and who did like making friends, kind to his poorest patients and to his richest considerate. Thus, then, at thirty-three—if as much successful. And so he ought to be, with a pretty detached house outside the city, and a pretty attached wife from inside the city, and a heaven-sent, earth-born angel-imp of six to play with for a brief hour before work daily, and after, and to think of all the remaining time, at intervals, like rests.

"Ten minutes' yawn, and then Frank," said Dr. Aingell. He stretched out his hand to a couple of comic papers and a cup of cold tea. The day had been an arduous one. He was going to "lose" a couple of patients—one a bright young girl of sixteen. He always spoke to himself of "losing" a sufferer, in the doctor's dread duel with death. And—ordeal he dreaded and detested most of all—he had had not one but two anxious inquirers that afternoon in his consulting-room, to whom he had been compelled to speak words which he ever tried vainly to steady upon his kindly lips. One thing and another had kept him very late. His tea was grown cold. He sighed more than he yawned. The comfortable chamber seemed heavy with those lingering words of doom. He was relieved at finding a really funny thing in the first comic paper—one of those rare novelties that suddenly cause you to burst out laughing aloud.

The door had opened noiselessly, after an inaudible warning; the doctor's servant stood before him. Aingell possessed a jolly, boyish laugh. His servant had caught him in the middle of it.

"Why didn't you knock?" reprimanded the doctor, not so shamefaced as many a more foolish man.

"I beg your pardon, sir: I did," replied the servant, unsmiling. "There's a gentleman, sir, who says he's anxious——"

"Oh, hang it, Jobling; what on earth do you mean by letting in patients after five? It's past six; you must be going out of your mind!"

Jobling was not, but he was going out of his situation on account of the parlour-maid, whom he had "hypnotized," or so she said. And the visitor who now thrust past him had caused this little intrusion to become "more" for Mr. Joseph Jobling than his modest "place was worth."

"You must excuse your man," said the visitor, with a subdued imperiousness. "I forced my way in."

Frank Aingell looked further courteous inquiry. To do that well, when you are put out, requires either a good heart or an intriguing nature. Frank Aingell's soul was miles away from counterfeit.

Mr. Joseph Jobling had discreetly withdrawn, jingling in his pocket a couple of coins. The visitor assured himself that the door was closed, to the doctor's serene surprise.

"My train was late. I missed the connection. I am greatly indebted to you for sparing me a few minutes." The stranger spoke in short, sharp sentences, such as those use who easily expect to be obeyed. He was a man past middle-life—bald-headed, pasty-faced, portly. But he was not quite so much at his ease as he appeared, for he dropped his hat and, in picking it up, stumbled over it.

"Oh, of course, if you come from——" said Aingell, and waited for the intruder to finish the sentence.

"Manchester. My name is Mason," replied the other. He spoke the words mechanically, as if he were playing the children's game of "Consequences." But undoubtedly a young physician must feel flattered when a patient comes to consult him across country like that.

"Sit down," Aingell said, gravely. And he put the comic papers behind his back.

"I am ill," began the visitor, abruptly. "I suppose most people are who come to a doctor."

"But not always so ill as they think," Aingell answered, cheerfully. "In fact, hardly ever, I am glad to say."

"Well, I am. Quite. Because I knew before I came."

Dr. Aingell still looked encouragement, but the man's hard, repressed manner rendered it difficult.

"I never was ill before. Not to speak of. Never spent ten pounds on doctors in my life. But I'm ill now. Have been for six months. And I know all about it. Of course, you can examine me and find out for yourself."

"Yes; I had better examine you," answered Aingell, with alacrity, a little bewildered, and glad to do the nearest thing. He went through his customary investigation with a darkening spirit and a steady face. He had early learnt the primal medical rule of never appearing hurried or flurried, whatever the hour or the case. When he had finished he said, looking down and perceiving—with a sudden little thrill of discovery—the scarlet leather slippers:—

"What do you know of your own health?"

"Of my own disease, you mean," replied the patient, brutally. "I know that I've only six months to live at the outside."

"But, if you really thought that, then why did you come to me?"

"Not to ask you to cure me," retorted Mr. Mason. "I've been to the greatest man in London before I came here." And again he dropped his hat, which he had taken up and fingered after the examination was over. He let it lie.

"You must explain," said Dr. Aingell, just a trifle nervously. He recovered himself at once and looked at the sick man with those sympathetic blue eyes of his.

"You admit, then, in the first place that you cannot cure me? Nobody can cure me. There never has been any question of a cure."

"Your case is undoubtedly a serious one." Aingell played with his tea-spoon — just because the thing happened to be lying near.

Mr. Mason's laugh froze the doctor's fingers. He dropped the spoon with a clear little "ting."

"Undoubtedly. Nothing could be more serious. Serious, in sickness, means that the doctor *doubts* whether he can cure."

"But even where a cure seems uncertain——"

"Stop shamming!" exclaimed Mason, violently.

"Sir?" Frank Aingell had never had so abrupt a patient. He drew himself up a bit. Tearful mothers were more in his line.

"I said, 'Stop shamming.' The words weren't the prettiest, but they gave you my meaning. You can't expect prettiness from a man who comes to tell you he knows that he's going to die."

Frank Aingell accepted the situation. It was true that he had been "shamming"—if you like to call it so.

"I was only going to suggest that much may be done to alleviate," he said, gently.

The visitor's heavy face cleared at once. "Now we understand each other," he said. "Now we're talking sense. Yes, much may

be done to alleviate." He paused for a moment, looking straight ahead, in the dimly-lighted room, under the fierce electric lamp on the writing-table. Whatever he saw, it was not the tumbled heap of papers or the neglected tea-things. "Alleviate," he repeated, thoughtfully. His voice changed, suddenly brisk. "'Tis a beautiful word," he said.

"Thank Heaven!" said Frank Aingell.

The other glanced at him quickly, annoyed. "I suppose so," admitted the sick man, dubiously. "I can't say I quite see it. Perhaps mine's not a thankful spirit. I prefer, when I feel bad, to feel bad."

"But I presume that you wish me to prescribe for you?" suggested Aingell. His tone was as amiable as if his thoughts had not been, just for one moment, of young Frank tramping and stamping in frantic impatience somewhere round the corner, with bed-time threatening in every tick of the clock. On such occasions Aingell was apt to feel like a selfish Titus.

"I shall be very glad if I can do anything," he continued.

"Will you? That's right. Then we shall soon be through. But wait a moment"—he lifted his hand—"before you prescribe!" His voice shook. "Wait a moment. First, let me tell you what!"

"I don't think I quite——"

"Wait a minute, I say!" cried Mason, excitedly. "First let me tell you how. I mean—listen to me!" He stamped his foot and then, suddenly, he was again the man he had been till now, with an imperious manner, outwardly calm.

"My time is yours," said Aingell, soothingly.

The other bent forward, one hand on each knee. "I have known for a week now," he said, "that I am doomed to die slowly of a painful disease. I come to you, as you rightly put it, for alleviation. *This* is the form I want your alleviation to take. Give me a box with a dozen pills, eleven of which are harmless, while one is deadly. Painless, as far as possible, and deadly. Let me take them away with me, and ask no more."

Aingell started back, chair and all. "Are you——"

"No," interrupted Mason, quickly and coolly. "I am simply a man who has been healthy all his life, who must die now, anyhow, at fifty, and who doesn't want to have a couple of months' agony at the end."

"These are not things to come and discuss with a doctor——"

"I suppose not. Though they will be in a few years, when the world is ripe for them. I can't go to a chemist—not to get what *I* want. I won't, knowingly, take a dose of poison."

Aingell gazed at him questioningly.

"I suppose I'm more nervous than I know," concluded Mason, with a brutal snap at himself. "I shall take one of your pills every other night on retiring, and one morning—sooner or later, as chance has it—I shall not wake up."

Aingell, in spite of his "medical capacity," could not suppress a faint shudder. But it was a very faint one, and Mason decided not to notice it.

"The people who try to wake me," he continued, "will find a box by my bedside containing two or three—or perhaps eleven—harmless pills."

"True," said Aingell, nodding.

"You see it? I thought you would. The place will be a long distance from here, and nobody will have the faintest idea that the pills are yours."

"I suppose not," said Aingell.

"They will also find your—other pill inside me. And that will be the end."

"I don't sell pills," burst out Aingell.

"But you did once," retorted the other as vehemently. He leant back in his chair and scowled under his bushy eyebrows with his beady black eyes.

"True, I started in a shop," replied Aingell, quietly. "Though you come from Manchester, you seem to be well acquainted with York."

"Tush! I knew you had been a chemist's assistant. And therefore you can supply me with my pills. I may mention that I am willing to pay you sixteen hundred pounds—that is, a hundred pounds per bread pill and five hundred pounds for—the other!"

"Sixteen hundred pounds!"

"Sixteen hundred pounds! It's good pay, isn't it? Though not much, I suppose, for a rich man like you. For you're a rich man *now*." There was a slight suggestion of a sneer in the whole speech, that culminated in the final word. "I won't keep you," said Mason, rising. "Give me my pills, or bring them to me at the Railway Hotel before eight o'clock to-night, when I leave, and the sixteen hundred pounds are yours."

"I am *not* a rich man," said Aingell, standing by the mantelpiece.

"So much the better. But these things are relative. Your mother would say you were,"

"What do you know of my mother?" demanded Aingell, turning.

"I met her years ago. Now—is it settled?"

"I can't do it," said Aingell, pulling himself together. "Of course not. You know I can't; it's murder."

"You really mean that?" The uncanny stranger's voice grew hoarse.

"The lawyers call it so. As for us doctors, I admit that we might just as reasonably abbreviate suffering as prolong it. But I can't poison you in the curious way you propose, in spite of the sympathy I feel for your condition. You know I can't."

"DON'T LET'S LOSE MORE WORDS, DR. AINGELL. AGREE TO MY TERMS WITHOUT MORE ADO."

"Yes, you can. And you'd better, too. You'd much better be quick!" Aingell looked up in amazement. "Don't let's lose more words, Dr. Aingell. Agree to my terms without more ado."

"You speak as if you could compel me!" Friendly as his habit was, Frank Aingell now threw up his chin.

"I don't want to compel you. I'll give you more money, if you like, though I think my offer's generous. But I haven't a relative in the world to leave a halfpenny to, so I don't care."

"I refuse," said Dr. Aingell, and his whole manner indicated that the interview was at an end.

"No, you don't."

"I refuse, for, whatever my private opinion might be, the world, as you say, isn't ripe yet for anything of the kind. You will excuse me——" His hand moved towards the bell.

"By Heaven, you would do it if you dared!"

"Never mind what I would do. In any case, I don't dare. I see perfectly well that I run no risk for my reputation. But I don't dare take in my own hand the issues of life and death." He spoke with reverence, and unconsciously he bowed his head.

"Don't be so sure about your reputation. You talked just now of compelling. I don't want to compel." There was no mistaking the assured menace of the tone. Aingell faced the undreamed-of danger.

"Speak plainly," he said. "Don't beat about the bush any more."

"You will give me these pills because I can make you give them me. That is why I came to *you* from—Manchester. Don't ask, but do as I say."

"I am not a child," replied Aingell, folding his arms.

"Yes, you are—your mother's child," exclaimed the stranger, triumphantly. For a moment Aingell again tried to imagine the man must be deranged in his mind, but he was too much of a doctor not to recognise sanity when he saw it.

"Then have it, if you will," declared the

stranger, with dogged intensity. "Your mother's reputation is in my hands."

"You are ill, and I pity you," said Aingell, fiercely.

"Thank you. May I briefly explain? Thirteen years ago I arrived at York Station on my way south one day. I had to change. I hurried along the platform, putting some bank-notes into my pocket-book as I went. I dropped one, and I saw a respectable-looking female pick it up. That'll do. You just give me my pills."

"You don't leave this room till you've told all," said Frank, by the door.

"Don't threaten *me;* it's no go. I've been threatened all my life. It's part of the joke of fighting. The lady was your mother, and the note was a hundred pound one."

"My mother! Well, what of that?"

"Only that she quickly hid it away and took it home. When I called on her next day—for I just left my train and followed the matter up; that's a little mania of mine, as you'll see—I found twenty pounds of it had gone to pay the rent and other things. You *were* rather hard up in those days, you must admit."

"Poor mother!" said Aingell.

"You don't know where the other eighty went?" Mr. Mason smiled with his eyebrows.

"I can guess," replied Aingell, humbly, like a dog that gives in.

"They took you away from the chemist's and started you on your present career. That's what they did. And they even called for more, from time to time, and got them. Did you really think your medical studies cost nothing?"

"I knew better than that. But my poor mother told me she had 'found a stocking—of my father's.' Then I earned all I could. In any case, I don't understand why you should have paid for me?" He tried to make sense of things; his brain whirled.

"Oh, not for love—of you or anyone else. Nothing so commonplace as that. I have a little paper here"—he tapped his manly breast—"in my pocket-book, in which your mother admits that she stole a hundred pounds from me, and that you helped her."

"I helped her!"

"Oh, I just put that in, and she signed. It made the claim so much stronger. She was dreadfully nervous, poor creature, about not being able to refund the twenty pounds!"

"And so now you come to claim your pound of flesh!"

"What do you mean? Pound of flesh! As I've made you a doctor the least thing you can do for me is to give me the benefit of your skill."

"You shall have it, Mr. Mason. As far as I——"

The stranger waved him aside. "My name isn't Mason; never mind what it is. I don't come from Manchester; never mind where I come from. Your mother doesn't know. But the old lady and you'll have an uncomfortable time unless you sell me those pills and let me go."

"My mother!"

"You see what a price I'm paying—sixteen hundred, and this little paper in here."

"All her life the poor thing has had this sword of yours hanging over her head."

"Call it a sword if you like. *I* consider I treated her uncommon handsome."

The doctor turned on his tormentor. "Why did you continue to give money for me?"

"Why? So as to get a better hold of you—and so I have now, hang you! I beg your pardon, but you've put me out. The thing was so simple. I offered you the money and there was an end of it. But I've got you and your mother, young man. I like *getting* people; I've liked it all my life. D'ye know what I am? *She* don't. A money-lender. And I do a lot of dirty business. 'Have done,' I should say. I've got boxes full of 'compromisers,' as I call 'em. I collect 'em; it's my hobby. And you needn't think I use 'em to make money by. But you never know when they may come in useful. When I saw your mother do that, I said 'Here's a chance' at once. And look what's come of it! Oh, life's rare fun. But I won't have pain. No; I won't have pain!" He drew a pocket-handkerchief over his big forehead, and sank down exhausted.

"So now you know the price," he said.

"If I don't give you this poison?" said Aingell, in a tone as if he were thinking it out for himself. He sat down again, sweeping as he did so a comic paper off the table. A hideously grinning clown, brightly coloured, fell between him and his tempter.

"I put the old lady and you too in the dock."

"After all these years? I don't believe you can do it."

Aingell steadied his voice. But in his heart he knew, like all non-lawyers, that every monstrosity becomes a reality as soon as you approach it from the side of the law.

"We shall see," said the money-lender,

picking his teeth. "Your mother appropriated the money; there can be no doubt of that."

"She found it lying on the platform. She had no idea whose it was."

The other laughed. "So she said. Well, I've got you. I paid honestly for you. I had no idea what I could use you for. But one can always make something of a person one has got in his power. Lord, how things work round! I'm glad I've got you." He put his fat fingers to his throbbing throat.

"You have not got me," replied Aingell, contemplating the funny clown upon the floor. "My mother herself would reject peace at that price. Go and ask her."

"Let us leave ladies out of the discussion. Like you—so I've heard—I've a weak heart for ladies."

"There is no discussion. I have nothing more to say. Do your worst!"

The visitor got up. "You send me out into the dark! Out into the hopeless dark! Do you know what that means? You send me back to my miserable, gloomy home—I didn't know it was miserable till I got ill—and I can wait there, without a soul to care for me—wait there, while the pain grows worse and worse, for death! Presently, in a month or two, I can go and lie in my bed, with nobody but an old hag to wonder what I'll leave her!—lie looking at my 'compromisers' all round me, thinking of all the people I could ruin, and nobody being ruined but me! And there I can shriek my life out, slowly—as I watched another man do, years ago—the only friend I ever had!"

"I can't murder you," said Aingell.

"But you would if you could! Your voice tells me you would if you could!"

"I'm in God's hands, and so are you," said Aingell. He sank his face on the table and motioned the other away.

The sick man crept to the door, as if exhausted by his supreme and futile attempt. Once only he turned. "I shall wait for you," he said, "at the Railway Hotel till eight o'clock," and went away.

He stumbled down the staircase; no servant came to let him out. The cold autumn air struck him in the face as he opened the front door. It had already become dark; a grey mist was creeping up across the race-

"HE FELL HEADLONG, HEAVY, INTO A LOW CONSERVATORY."

course. He felt dizzy, with this altogether new weakness and singing in the head. The tension had been far greater than he dreamed. He had always been his own master—a bully, untouched by "nerves."

His plan had failed, then—his carefully-elaborated plan. He had been certain of success. He had almost always succeeded when he offered people money, and always when he threatened them. After all, it served him right. No one had ever succeeded who threatened him.

He twisted aside to find his way down the steps, which separated in a semicircle round a little rockery, and, as he did so, inattentive in the dark, preoccupied, he somehow lost his dizzy balance, desperately attempted to recover it, and fell headlong, heavy, into a low conservatory—a glass veranda that ran along the breakfast-room in the basement.

The fall rendered him unconscious. He lay there, unnoticed, in that dark corner of the deserted house.

Some ten minutes or more after the money-lender had gone Aingell lifted his white face, recovered himself with an effort, and, remembering that his wife was having tea with relatives, went out to fetch her home. The walk would do him good. He asked for Master Frank in the lobby. Master Frank, tired of waiting, had run across to his grandmother's. The parlour-maid, having closed the door on the doctor, retired to inspect an outhouse with Jobling. Aingell turned down the farther flight of the semicircle and ran into the night.

Long after the man in the smash of the conservatory awoke to semi-consciousness. In falling he had caught at jagged pieces of breaking glass—his exposed forearm and wrist had come down on the sharp edges with the full weight of his massive frame. He was horribly cut, without knowing it, in the dark. He lay in the warm stickiness of his fast-flowing blood. The great artery of the left arm was injured. He was bleeding to death.

Nothing roused him till a child's shrill voice called outside: "Why, grannie, the 'feranda's' broken!" Frankie's grandmother had resolved to see the boy home and tell her son that he mustn't overwork himself. The doctor had been looking fagged for the last few days. And why should he? The future was his. There was money enough now, at last.

A moment later the old lady, trembling with alarm, stood under an electric glare, the awed child by her side, in the wreck of the conservatory. Among broken panes and laths and flower-pots lay, in a tangled heap, with trailing leaves over his face and bosom, the figure of a senseless man. One arm hung limp, and from this a bright red stream was pulsing in ceaseless spouts upon the soddened floor.

The wounded man opened faint eyes to the sudden light. His features were cut and swollen and half hidden, but he recognised, in a flash, the feeble old face that bent over his. The child shrank against his grandmother's skirt, half curious, half terrified.

"A burglar!" reasoned Mrs. Aingell at once. "Go, child! Call your father! Quick!" But the child pressed closer, afraid of the shadowy room behind.

"Help!" articulated the money-lender.

Old Mrs. Aingell knew, as we all do, that the bleeding must be stopped at once, if it had not lasted too long already, but, like most of us, she did not know how. She was not a strong-minded woman; the medical vocation of her men-folk had never been hers.

She hurried to the bell and rang it, in vain, for Jobling and Gladys were beyond the reach of bells, and the cook made a rule of "minding her own business," which meant never helping with other people's. Little Frank ran into the empty house, calling for dad!

Meanwhile the old woman took out her pocket-handkerchief and bound it along the great jagged tear down the forearm. She tightened it towards the wrist as she went, compressing the veins only with the flimsy rag. The blood spurted the faster from the injured artery, inundating the bit of cambric in a moment. She seized an antimacassar and bound it over the handkerchief in the same painstaking, mistaken manner.

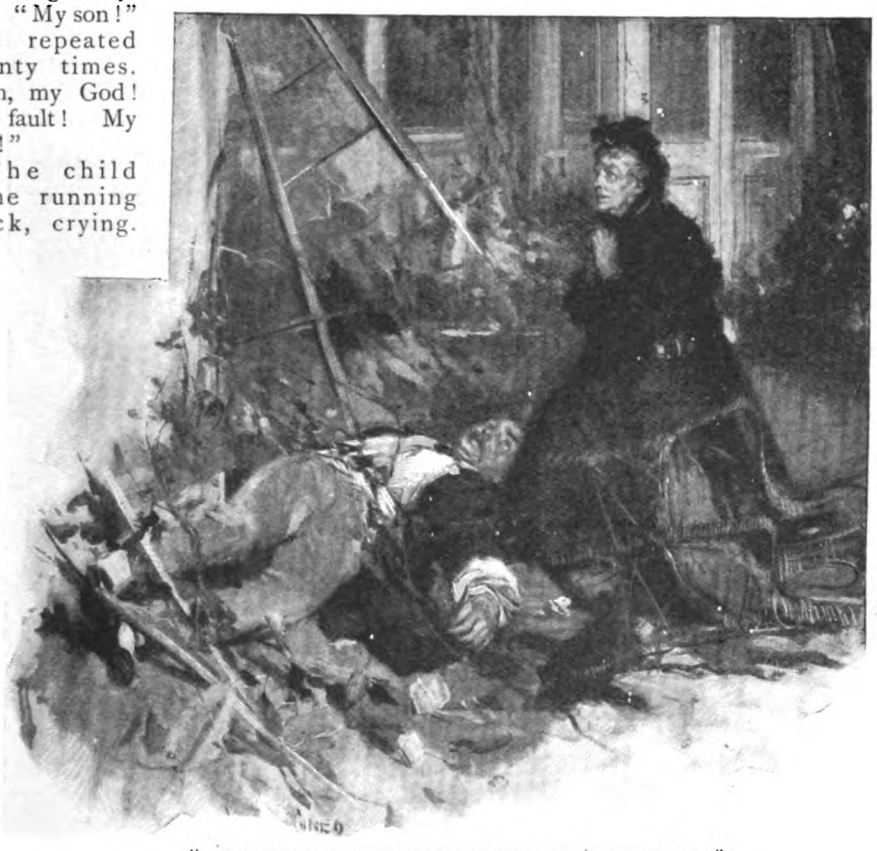
Semi-conscious as he was, the wounded man felt the blood pressing back to his heart the faster and draining away from it. He wondered vaguely whether this was the right change towards recovery or the beginning of the end. Ought she not to have lifted his arm? He did not know; he did not much care. Suddenly he realized that she was doing for him what he had vainly begged of her son. He was dying or recovering; he couldn't tell. Presently he would sink to sleep, ignoring the possibilities of awakening.

From the vehemence of this impression he drew strength to turn his head and gaze at her. And in that moment, as the broken fragments fell away and the full light struck the struggling face, she recognised the man whose sleeping threat had been the terror of her life. Her fear, then, had come true after

all these years! He had spoken to her son. And that son, doubtless, in reply, had flung him out of doors and murdered him!

Her knees gave way; she sank down in terrified prayer. She didn't know what she was doing or saying. "My son!" she repeated twenty times. "Oh, my God! My fault! My son!"

The child came running back, crying.



"HER KNEES GAVE WAY; SHE SANK DOWN IN TERRIFIED PRAYER."

"Dad isn't there!" he said. "Nobody's there. I'm afraid." He clung to his grandmother with sobs.

Once more in the course of that long wait the money-lender opened his eyes. His thoughts were of green fields and bubbling brooks and happiness. With a superhuman effort—he knew it was superhuman—he drew a pocket-book forth with his uninjured arm.

"For you," he whispered, looking to the child, as the book dropped upon his breast.

Aingell, returning with his wife, found him thus. As he hastily unwound the bandage, he saw how badly the work had been done.

"I did my best," said old Mrs. Aingell, watching anxiously. "I hope I did well?"

"Yes—yes," he said; his own heart threatened to stand still. This, then, was the end.

"How is he?" persisted the old woman.

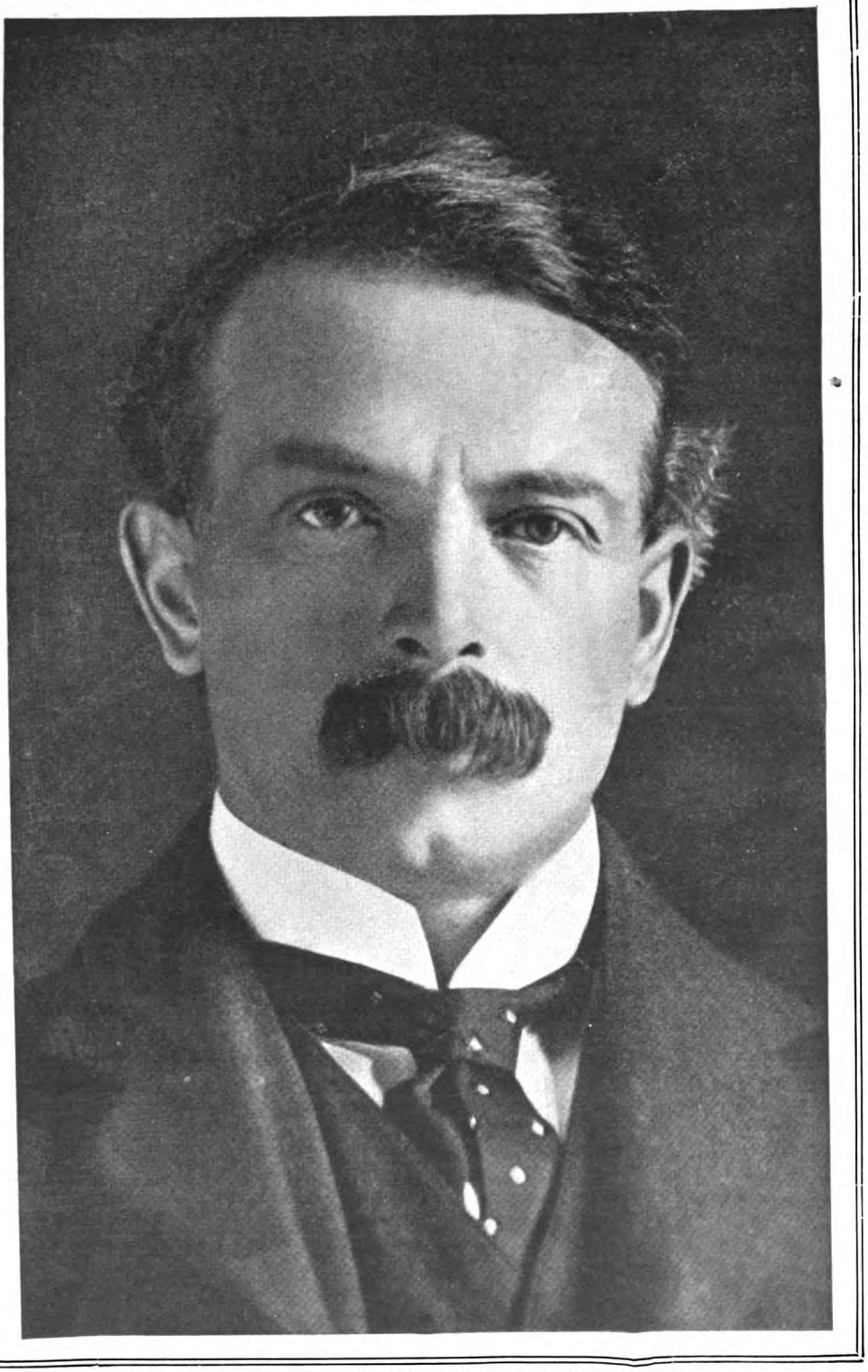
"Don't ask, mother."

"But, Frank, why not? I want to know. Oh, Frank, what did you do to him? What did he tell you?"

"I? I did nothing to him. Why should I have done anything, mother?"

The little boy had ventured to pick the pocket-book from where it lay on the dead man's breast.

"For me," he said.



THE RIGHT HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.—PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages.

THE RIGHT HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE is one of the fortunate possessors of that magic gift which we call personality. In any career personal magnetism counts for much, but to the statesman the gift is beyond price. In combination with his practical common sense it has contributed in no small degree to the success of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

In a chapter of autobiography Mr. Lloyd George has told us something of his early years. He was but two years old when his father died, and his mother made her home with her father and brother in her native place of Llanystumdwy. "My life and career, after my mother, I owe mainly to an uncle, who was more than a parent to me. I can never tell how much I owed to this good man."

Very early in life he showed signs of that independence of thought which has since been one of his great characteristics. Brought up as a Baptist, he was sent to the Church school at Llanystumdwy—the only school in the village. During an examination on the Church Catechism he objected to certain questions as reflecting on Nonconformity, and refused to answer them. So stubbornly did he stick to his convictions that he induced his fellow-scholars to join with him in his passive resistance to answering questions he considered an insult to his religious belief. The plan was successful, for the obnoxious questions were discontinued. Read in the light of after events the incident is of peculiar interest.

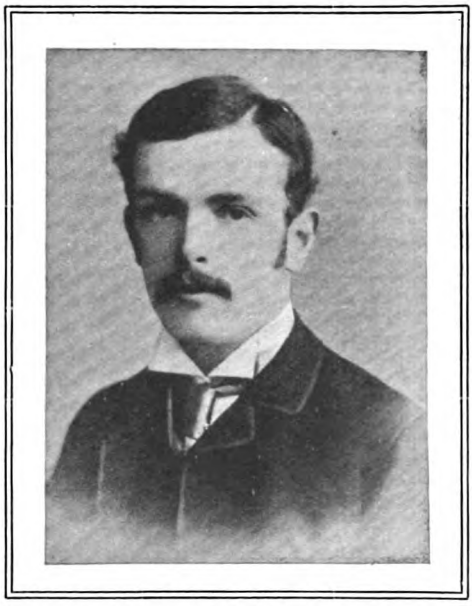
AGE 2.
From a Photograph.

AGE 16.
From a Photo. by J. Thomas.

His school days over, there followed a period in the office of a firm of solicitors at Portmadoc to whom his uncle had articled him. Passing the qualifying examination as a solicitor, he served his firm as manager, and afterwards opened offices for himself at Portmadoc, Criccieth, and elsewhere. Then came an event which caused his name to be known throughout Wales and altered the whole course of his life. The story of the Llanfrothan burial case is probably well enough known not to need retelling in full. The trouble was brought about by the dying request of a quarryman that he might be buried by the side of his daughter in the village churchyard. The quarryman was a Dissenter, and though the vicar was compelled, under the Burials Act, to allow the body to be interred, he chose as the site of the grave that portion of the

churchyard set apart for suicides and the bodies of the unknown drowned.

Thoroughly incensed by this act—the more so, seeing that Nonconformist subscriptions had materially helped in securing the ground—the villagers consulted Mr. Lloyd George. He advised them to force the gates of the churchyard. This was done, and resulted in fines for trespass. Then ensued protracted litigation, marked by great bitterness, but in the end Mr. Lloyd George emerged triumphant. Naturally enough, the champion of the people's right became the hero of the Principality, and at the first by-election was returned for the Carnarvon Boroughs.



AGE 25.
From a Photo. by Lock & Whitfield.

Mr. Lloyd George is a born fighter, with the courage of his convictions, and a habit of expressing them in no uncertain manner. But, though he hits hard, he is singularly free from malice, and much of the sting in his words is belied by the geniality of his manner. As a debater there are few to equal him on either side of the House, as he has proved time and again both in Opposition and in office. He is a most effective speaker, too, on the public platform, his gift of lucidity, coupled with a keen sense of humour, making him everywhere a great favourite.

It was in 1890 that he was first elected as member for the Carnarvon Boroughs, a constituency which has shown its faith in him at each succeeding election. Nearly sixteen years later came his appointment as President of the Board of Trade—an appointment viewed by many with not a little uneasiness. How would one so passionate, so outspoken, so untrammelled by convention as this young Welshman deal with the problems he would be called upon to solve? Possibly, on looking back, this uneasiness was not altogether ill-founded, when we remember the many fierce controversies in which the "member for Wales" had been the leading figure. Yet his success has been complete and unquestioned, and his handling of more than one difficult problem earned for him the praise of the country, irrespective of party.

His term of office at the Board of Trade was noteworthy for the reform of merchant shipping and of patent law, the Bill dealing with the former question having the somewhat unusual effect of pleasing all concerned. His Census of Production Act will enable us to obtain statistical information with regard to the trade of the country, in which respect we have for years been behind such competitors as the United States and Germany. The Port of London question, which had baffled more than one of his predecessors, has been solved to the satisfaction of all. And — what is to many people his greatest achievement — he succeeded in bringing to an end the recent unfortunate railway dispute, and so saved the country from the losses, to say nothing of the inconvenience, which would have resulted from a strike. It should be remembered, too, that these are but the outstanding features—the landmarks, as it were—of an exceptionally busy two years. It has been well said of him that "he may dream in Welsh, but he acts in English."

To realize to the full the hold Mr. Lloyd George has on the affections of the Welsh people one must listen to him addressing a meeting in his native country. Such enthusiasm as he can arouse is rarely found beyond the borders of Wales, and is an eloquent illustration of the power of personality. As he is still a young man—being only forty-five—much may be expected of him in the future. He has been called the business-man of the Cabinet, and now that he is the holder of the nation's purse-strings, is surely the right man in the right place.

AS night descended—cold and damp—the wind hauled, and by nine o'clock the ship was charging along before a half-gale and a rising sea from the port quarter. When the watch had braced the yards, the mate ordered the spanker brailed in and the mizzen-royal clewed up, as the ship steered hard. This was done, and the men coiled up the gear.

"Let the spanker hang in the brails—tie up the royal," ordered the mate from his position at the break of the poop.

"Aye, aye, sir," answered a voice from the group, and an active figure sprang into the rigging. Another figure—slim and graceful, clad in long yellow oilskin coat and sou'wester, which latter could not confine a tangled fringe of wind-blown hair—left the shelter of the after-companion-way and sped along the alley to the mate's side.

"The foot-rope, Mr. Adams," she said, hurriedly. "The seizing was chafed, you remember."

"By George, Miss Freda!" said the officer. "Forgot all about it. Glad you spoke. Come down from aloft," he added, in a roar.

The sailor answered and descended.

"Get a piece of spun yarn out o' the booby-hatch and take it up wi' you," continued the mate. "Pass a temporary seizing on the lee royal foot-rope. Make sure it's all right 'fore you get on it, now."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The man passed down the poop steps, secured a marline-spike and the spun yarn, and, while rolling the latter into a ball to put in his pocket, stood for a moment in the light shining from the second mate's room. The girl on the poop looked down at him. He was a trim-built, well-favoured young fellow, with more refinement in his face than most sailors can show; yet there was no lack of seamanly deftness in the fingers which balled up the spun yarn and threw a half-hitch with the bight of the lanyard over the point of the marline-spike which hung to his neck. As he climbed the steps the girl faced him, looking squarely into his eyes.

"Be careful, John — Mr. Owen. The seizing is chafed through. I heard the man report it—it was Dutch George of the other watch. Do be careful."

"Eh, why—why, yes, Miss Folsom. Thank you. But you startled me. I've been Jack for three years—not John—nor Mister. Yes, it's all right, I——"

"Get aloft to that mizzen-royal," thundered the mate from near the wheel.

"Aye, aye, sir." He touched his sou'-wester to the girl and mounted the weather mizzen rigging, running up the ratlines as a fireman goes up a ladder. It was a black night with cold rain, and, having thrown off his oiled jacket, he was already drenched to the skin; but no environment of sunshine, green fields and woodland, or of flower-scented air ever made life brighter to him than had the incident of the last few moments; and with every nerve in his body rejoicing in his victory, and her bitter words of four years back crowding his mind as a contrasting background, he danced up and over the futtock-shrouds, up the topmast rigging, through the crosstrees, up the top-gallant rigging to where the ratlines ended and he must climb on the runner of the royal halyards. As the yard was lowered this was a short climb, and he swung himself upward to the weather yard-arm, where he rolled up one side of the sail with extravagant waste of muscular effort. For she had said he was not a man, and he had proved her wrong—he had conquered himself, and he had conquered her.

He hitched the gasket and crossed over to the lee-side, forgetting, in his exhilaration, the object of the spun yarn in his pocket and the marline-spike hung from his neck—stepped out on the foot-rope, passed his hands along the jackstay to pull himself farther, and felt the foot-rope sink to the sound of snapping strands. The jackstay was torn from his grasp, and he fell, face downward, into the black void beneath.

An involuntary shriek began on his lips, but was not finished. He felt that the last atom of air was jarred from his lungs by what he knew was the topgallant yard, four feet below the royal, and, unable to hold on, with a freezing cold in his veins and at the hair-roots, he experienced in its fullness the terrible sensation of falling, whirling downward, clutching wildly at vacancy with stiffened fingers.

The first horror past, his mind took on a strange contemplativeness; fear of death gave way to mild curiosity as to the manner of it. Would he strike on the lee quarter, or would he go overboard? And might he not catch something? There was rigging below him—the lee-royal backstay stretched farthest out from the mast, and if he brushed it there was a possible chance. He was now face upward, and with the utmost difficulty moved his eyes—he could not yet by any exercise of will or muscle move his head—and there, almost within reach, was a dark line, which he knew was the royal backstay. Farther in toward the spars was another—the topgallant backstay, and within this two other ropes which he knew for the topgallant rigging, though he could see no ratlines, nor could he distinguish the lay of the strands—the ropes appeared like solid bars. This, with the fact that he was still but a few feet below the topgallant yard, surprised him, until it came to him that falling bodies travel over sixteen feet in the first second of descent, which is at a rate too fast for distinct vision, and that the apparent slowness of his falling was but relative—because of the quickness of his mind, which could not wait on a sluggish optic nerve and more sluggish retina.

Yet, he wondered why he could not reach out and grasp the backstay. It seemed as though invisible fetters bound every muscle and joint — though not completely. An intense effort of will resulted in the slow extension of all the fingers of his right hand, and a little straightening of the arm toward the backstay; but not until he had fallen to the level of the upper topsail-yard was this result reached. It did no good; the backstay was now farther away. As it led in a straight line from the royal-masthead to the rail, this meant that he would fall overboard, and the thought comforted him. The concussion would kill him, of course; but no self-pity afflicted him now. He merely considered that she—who had relented—would be spared the sight of him crushed to a pulp on the deck.

As he drifted slowly down past the expanse of upper topsail he noticed that his head was sinking and his body turning so that he would ultimately face forward; but still his arms and legs held their extended position, like those of a speared frog, and the thought recalled to him an incident of his infancy—a frog-hunt with an older playmate, his prowess, success, wet feet, and consequent illness. It had been forgotten for years, but the chain was started, and led to other memories, long dead, which rose before him. His childhood passed in review, with its pleasures and griefs; his schooldays, with their sports, conflicts, friends, and enemies; college, where he had acquired the polish to make him petted of all but one—and abhorrent to her. Every person, man or woman, boy or girl, with whom he had conversed in his whole life came back and repeated the scene; and as he passed the lower topsail-yard, nearly head downward, he was muttering commonplaces to a brown-faced, grey-eyed girl, who listened, and looked him through and

through, and seemed to be wondering why he existed. And as he traversed the depth of the lower topsail, turning gradually on his axis, he was living it over—next to his first voyage the most harrowing period of his life—the short two months during which he had striven vainly to impress this simple-natured sailor-girl with his good qualities, ending at last with his frantic declaration of a love that she did not want.

"But it's not the least use, John," she was saying; "I do not love you, and I cannot. You are a gentleman, as they say, and as such I like you well enough; but I never can love you, nor anyone like you. I've been among men—real men—all my life, and perhaps have ideals that are strange to you. John"—her eyes were wide open in earnestness—"you are not a man."

Writhing under her words—which would have been brutal, spoken by another—he cursed, not her nor himself, but his luck and the fate that had shaped his life; and next she was showing him the opened door, saying that she could tolerate profanity in a man, but not in a gentleman, and that under no circumstances was he to claim her acquaintance again. Then followed the snubbing in

"HE WAS PASSING THE CRO'-JACK YARD."

the street, when, like a lately-whipped dog, he had placed himself in her way, hoping she would notice him; and the long agony of humiliation and despair, as his heart and soul followed her over the seas in her father's ship, until the seed she had planted—the small suspicion that her words were true—developed into a wholesome conviction that she had measured him by a higher standard than any he had known, and found him wanting. So he would go to her school and learn what she knew.

With lightning-like rapidity his mind rehearsed the details of his tuition—the four long voyages; the brutality of the officers until he had learned his work; their consideration and rough kindness when he had become useful and valuable; the curious, incongruous feeling of self-respect that none but able-seamen feel; the growth in him of an aggressive physical courage; the triumphant satisfaction with which he finally knew himself as a complete man, clean in morals and mind, able to look men in the face. And then came the moment when, mustering at the capstan with the new crew of her father's ship, he had met her surprised eyes with a steady glance, and received no recognition.

And so he pleaded his cause, dumbly, by the life that he lived. Asking nothing by word or look, he proved himself under her eyes—first on deck; first in the rigging; the best man at a weather earing; the best at the wheel; quick, obedient, intelligent, and respectful, winning the admiration of his mates and jealous ill-will of the officers, but no sign of interest or approval from her until to-night—the ninety-second day of the passage. She had surrendered; he had reached her level, only to die; and he thought this strange.

Facing downward, head inboard now, and nearly horizontal, he was passing the cro'-jack yard. Below him was the sea—black and crisp, motionless as though carved in ebony. Neither was there movement of the ship and its rigging; the hanging bights of ropes were rigid, while a breaking sea just abaft the main chains remained poised, curled, its white crest a frozen pillow of foam. "The rapidity of thought," he mused, dreamily; "but I'm falling fast enough—fast enough to kill me when I strike."

Forgotten for years, there sang in his mind a schoolday formula of physics, "The velocity of a freely falling body at the end of any second of its descent is equal to thirty-two and sixteen-hundredths feet multiplied by the number of the second."

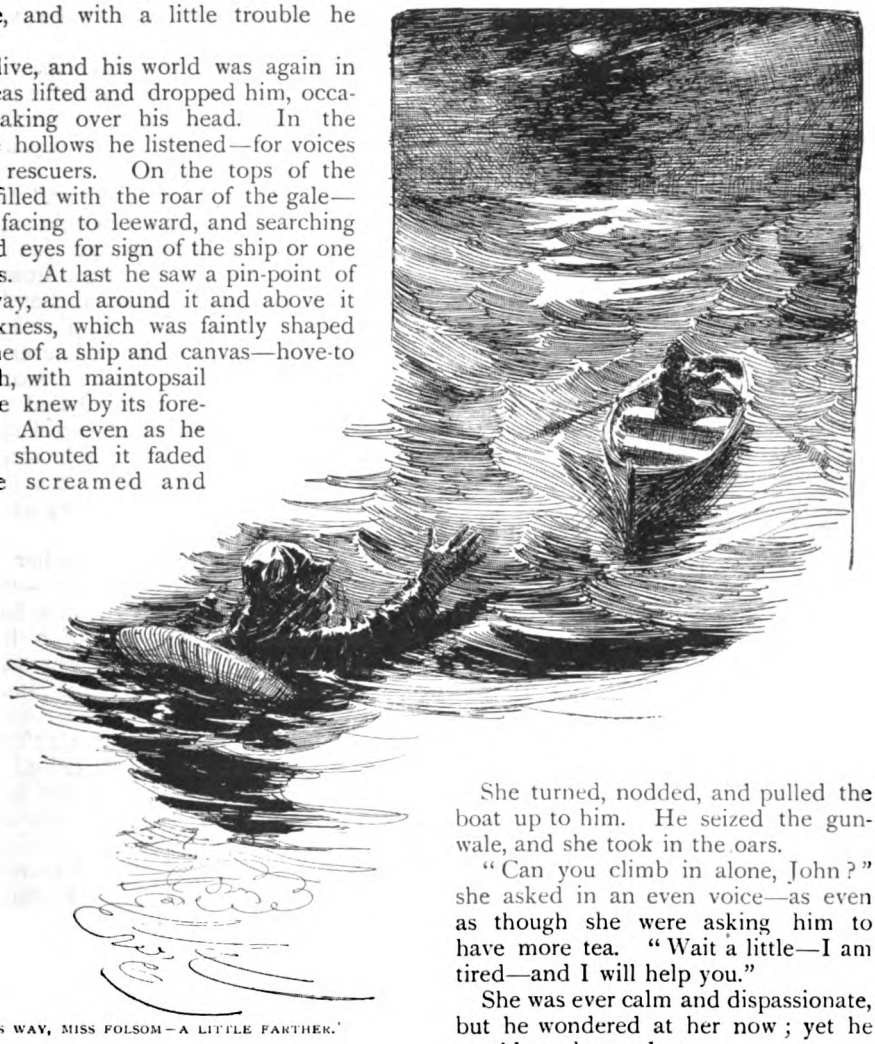
"Yes, but I've been falling twenty-five years. I have the height of the topgallant yard—one hundred and twenty feet. Now let's try again—'The distance traversed by a freely falling body during any number of seconds is equal to sixteen and eight-hundredths feet multiplied by the square of the number of seconds.' Inversely—'The square of the seconds is equal to the distance—one hundred and twenty—divided by sixteen and eight-hundredths.'"

A mental calculation gave him seven and forty-six-hundredths as the square of the number of seconds, and another gave him two and seven-tenths for the square root of this number. "Never imagined I was so good at mental arithmetic. Now, once more; I'll have been falling actually, two and seven-tenths seconds by cold figures." Applying the first formula he found that he would strike that solid black water with a velocity of eighty-six and eighty-three-hundredths feet per second. The result was satisfying; he would die quickly. He could not move an eyelid now, nor was he conscious that he breathed, but, being nearly upright, facing aft and inboard, the quarter-deck and its fittings were before his eyes, and he saw what brought him out of eternity to a moment of finite time and emotion. The helmsman stood at the motionless wheel with his right hand poised six inches above a spoke—as though some sudden paralysis gripped him—and his face, illumined by the binnacle light, turned aloft inquiringly. But it was not this. Standing at the taffrail, one hand on a life-buoy, was a girl in yellow looking at him—unspeakable horror in the look—and around her waist the arm of the mate, on whose rather handsome face was an evil grin.

A pang of earthly rage and jealousy shot through him, and he wished to live. By a supreme effort of will he brought his legs close together and his arms straight above his head; then the picture before him shot upward, and he was immersed in cold salt water with blackness all about him. How long he remained under water he could not guess. He had struck feet first and suffered no harm, but had gone down like a deep-sea lead. He felt the aching sensation in his lungs coming from suppressed breathing, and swam blindly in the darkness, not knowing in which direction was the surface, until he felt the marline-spike, still fastened to his neck, extending off to the right. Sure that it must hang downward, he turned the other way, and, keeping it parallel with his body,

swam, with bursting lungs, until he felt air upon his face and knew that he could breathe. In choking sobs and gasps his breath came and went, while he paddled with hands and feet, glad of his reprieve; and when his lungs worked normally he struck out for a white, circular life-buoy, not six feet away. "Bless her for this," he prayed, as he slipped it under his arms. His oilskin trousers were cumbersome, and with a little trouble he shed them.

He was alive, and his world was again in motion. Seas lifted and dropped him, occasionally breaking over his head. In the calm of the hollows he listened—for voices of possible rescuers. On the tops of the seas—ears filled with the roar of the gale—he shouted, facing to leeward, and searching with strained eyes for sign of the ship or one of her boats. At last he saw a pin-point of light, far away, and around it and above it blacker darkness, which was faintly shaped to the outline of a ship and canvas—hove-to in the trough, with maintopsail aback, as he knew by its foreshortening. And even as he looked and shouted it faded away. He screamed and cursed, for he wanted to live. He had survived that terrible fall, and it was his right.



"THIS WAY, MISS FOLSOM—A LITTLE FARTHER."

Something white showed on the top of a sea to leeward and sank in a hollow. He sank with it, and when they both raised again it was nearer.

"Boat ahoy!" he sang out. "Boat ahoy—this way—port a little—steady!"

He swam as he could, cumbered by the life-buoy, and with every heaving sea the boat came nearer. At last he recognised it—the ship's dinghy, and it was being pulled into the teeth of that forceful wind and sea by a single rower—a slight figure in yellow.

"Heavens, it's Freda!" he said; and then, in a shout, "This way, Miss Folsom—a little farther."

She turned, nodded, and pulled the boat up to him. He seized the gunwale, and she took in the oars.

"Can you climb in alone, John?" she asked in an even voice—as even as though she were asking him to have more tea. "Wait a little—I am tired—and I will help you."

She was ever calm and dispassionate, but he wondered at her now; yet he would not be outdone.

"I'll climb over the stern, Freda, so as not to capsize you. Better go forward to balance my weight."

She did so; he pulled himself to the stern, slipped the life-buoy over his head and into the boat, then by a mighty exercise of all his strength vaulted aboard with seeming ease and sat down on a thwart. He felt a strong inclination to laughter and tears, but repressed

himself; for masculine hysterics would not do before this young woman. She came aft to the next thwart, and when he felt steadier he said:—

"You have saved my life, Freda; but thanks are idle now, for your own is in danger. Give me the oars. We must go back to the ship."

She changed places with him, facing forward, and said, wearily, as he shipped the oars: "So you want to get back?"

"Why, yes—don't you? We are adrift in an open boat."

"The wind is going down, and the seas do not break," she answered, in the same weary voice. "It does not rain any more, and we shall have the moon."

A glance around told him that she spoke truly. There was less pressure to the wind, and the seas rose and fell, sweeping past them like moving hills of oil. Moonlight, shining through thinning clouds, faintly illumined her face, and he saw the expressionless weariness of her voice in it, and a sad, dreary look in her grey eyes.

"How did you get the dinghy down, Freda?" he asked. "And why did no one come with you?"

"Father was asleep, and the mate was incompetent. I had my revolver, and they backed the yards for me and threw the dinghy over. I had loosened the gripes as you went aloft. I thought you would fall. Still, no one would come."

"And you came alone," he said, in a broken voice, "and pulled this boat to windward in this sea? You are a wonder."

"I saw you catch the life-buoy. Why did you fall? You were cautioned."

"I forgot the foot-rope. I was thinking of you."

"You are like the mate. He forgot the foot-rope all day, because he was thinking of me. I should have gone aloft and seized it myself."

There was no reproof or sarcasm in the tired voice. She had simply made an assertion.

"Why are you at sea—before the mast—a man of your talents?"

It was foolish, he knew, but the word "man" sent a thrill through him.

"To please you, if I may—to cultivate what you did not find in me!"

"Yes, I knew; when you came on board I knew it. But you might have spoken to me."

There was petulance in the tone now, and the soul of the man rejoiced. The woman in her was asserting itself.

"Miss Folsom," he answered, warmly, "I could not. You had made it impossible. It was your right—your duty, if you wished it. But you ignored my existence."

"I was testing you. I am glad now, Mr. Owen."

The petulance was gone, but there was something chilling in this answer.

"Can you see the ship?" he asked, after a moment's silence. "The moonlight is stronger."

"We shall not reach her. They have squared away. The mate had the deck and father is asleep."

"And left you in an open boat," he answered, angrily.

"He knew I was with you."

What was irrelevant in this explanation of the mate's conduct escaped him at the time. The full moon had emerged from behind the racing clouds and it lit up her face, fringed by the tangled hair and yellow sou'wester, to an unearthly beauty he had never seen before. He wondered at it, and for a moment a grisly thought crossed his mind that this was not life, but death—that he had died in the fall, and the girl had followed in some manner; but the heavy marline-spike still hung from his neck, and he was surely alive when he had placed it there.

She was standing erect—her lithe figure swaying to the boat's motion—and pointing to leeward, while the moonlit face was now sweetened by the smile of a happy child. He stood up and looked where she pointed, but saw nothing, and seated himself to look at her.

"See!" she exclaimed, gleefully. "They have hauled out the spanker and are sheeting home the royal. I will never be married—I will never be married. He knew I was with you."

Again he stood up and searched the sea to leeward. There was nothing in sight. "Unhinged," he thought, "by this night's trouble." "Freda," he said, gently, "please sit down. You may fall overboard."

"I am not insane," she said, as though reading his thoughts; and, smiling radiantly in his face, she obeyed him.

"Do you know where we are?" he asked, tentatively. "Are we in the track of ships?"

"No," she answered, while her face took on the dreamy look again. "We are out of all the tracks. We shall not be picked up. We are due west from Ilio Island. I saw it at sundown broad on the starboard bow. The wind is due south. If you will pull in the trough of the sea we can reach it before

daylight. I am tired—so tired—and sleepy. Will you watch?"

"Certainly; lie down in the stern sheets and sleep if you can." She curled up in her yellow oil-coat and slept through the night, while he pulled easily on the oars—not that he had full faith in her navigation, but to keep himself warm. The sea became smoother, and as the moon rose higher it attained a brightness almost equal to that of the sun, casting over the clear sky a deep blue tint that shaded indefinitely into the contrasting darkness extending from itself to the horizon. Late in the night he remembered the danger of sleeping in strong moonlight, and, arising softly to cover her face with his damp handkerchief, he found her looking at him.

"We are almost there, John," she said; "wake me when we arrive," and closed her eyes. He covered her face, and marvelling at her words looked ahead. He was within a half-mile of a sandy beach which bordered a wooded island. The sea was now like glass in its level smoothness, and the air was warm, and fragrant with the smell of flowers and foliage. He shipped the oars and pulled to the beach. As the boat grounded she arose, and he helped her ashore.

The beach shone white under the moonlight, and dotting it were large shell-fish and moving crabs, which scuttled away from them. Bordering the beach were forest and undergrowth with interlacery of flowering vines. A ridge of rocks near by disclosed caves and hollows, some filled by the water of tinkling cascades. Oranges showed in the branches of trees, and cocoa-palms lifted their heads high in the distance. A small deer arose, looked at them, and lay down, while a rabbit inspected them from another direction, and began nibbling.

"An earthly paradise, I should say," he observed, as he hauled the boat up the beach. "Plenty of food and water, at any rate."

"It is Ilio Island," she answered, with that same dreamy voice. "It is uninhabited and never visited."

"But surely, Freda, something will come along and take us off."

"No; if I am taken off, I must be married, of course; and I will never be married."

"Who to, Freda? Who must you marry if we are rescued?"

"The mate—Mr. Adams. Not you, John Owen—not you. I do not like you."

She was unbalanced, of course; but the speech pained him immeasurably, and he made no answer. He looked away at the clean-cut horizon for a moment, and when he looked back she was close to him, with the infantile smile on her face—candour and sanity in her grey eyes. Involuntarily he extended his arms, and she nestled within them.

"You *will* be married, Freda—you *will* be married, and to me." He held her tightly and kissed her lips; and the kiss ended in a crashing sound, and a shock of pain in his whole body which expelled the breath from his lungs. The moonlit island, sandy beach, blue sea, and sky were swallowed in a blaze of light, which gave way to pitchy darkness, with rain on his face and whistling wind in his ears, while he clung with both arms, not to a girl, but to a hard, wet, and cold mizzen-topgallant yard whose iron jackstay had bumped him severely between the eyes. Below him, in the darkness, a scream rang out, followed by the roar of the mate: "Are you all right up there? Want any help?"

He had fallen four feet.

When he could speak he answered, "I'm all right, sir." And catching the royal foot-rope dangling from the end of the yard above him, he brought it to its place, passed the seizing, and finished furling the royal. But it was a long job; his movements were uncertain, for every nerve in his body was jumping in its own inharmonious key.

"What's the matter wi' you up there?" demanded the mate when he reached the deck; and a yellow-clad figure drew near to listen.

"It was nothing, sir; I forgot about the foot-rope."

"You're a bigger lunkhead than I thought. Go forward."

He went, and when he came aft at four bells to take his trick at the wheel the girl was still on deck, standing near the companion-way, looking forward. The mate stood at the other side of the binnacle, looking at her, with one elbow resting on the house. There was just light enough from the cabin skylight for Owen to see the expression which came over his face as he watched the graceful figure balancing to the heave of the ship. It took on the same evil look which he had seen in his fall, while there was no mistaking the thought behind the gleam in his eyes. The mate looked up—into Owen's face—and saw something there which he must have understood; for he dropped his eyes on the compass, snarled out, "Keep her on the course!" and stepped into the lee alley-way, where the dinghy,

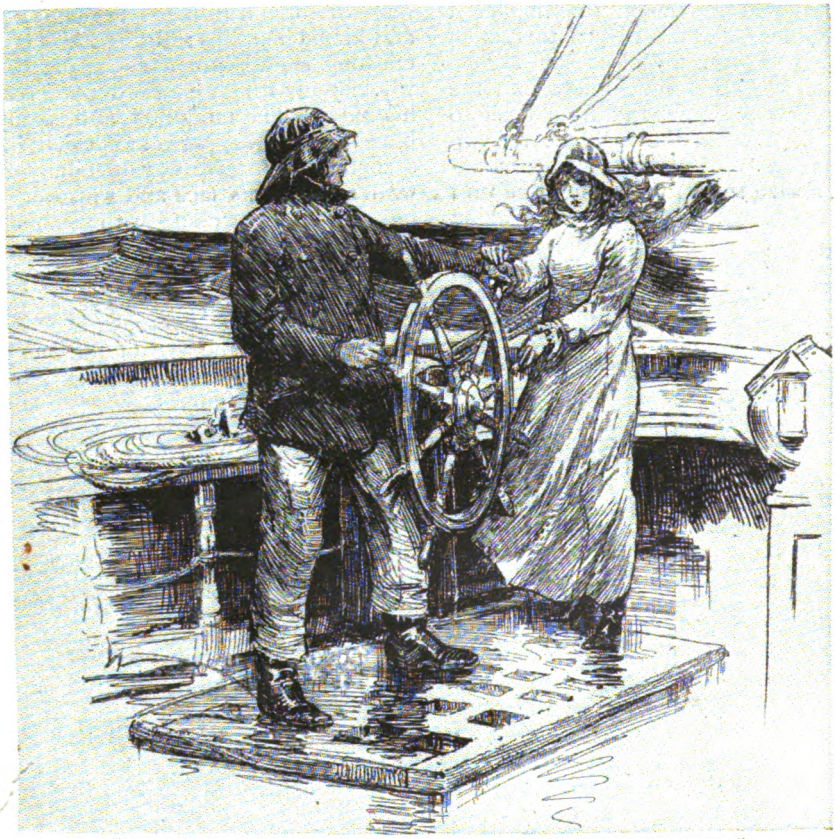
lashed upside down on the house, hid him from view.

The girl approached the man at the wheel.

"I saw you fall, Mr. Owen," she said, in a trembling voice; "and I could not help screaming. Were you hurt much?"

wheel, where she patted the moving spokes, pretending to assist him in steering.

"Miss Freda," said the officer, sternly, as he came round the corner of the house, "I must ask you plainly to let things alone. And another thing—please don't talk to the man at the wheel."



"SHE PATTED THE MOVING SPOKES, PRETENDING TO ASSIST HIM IN STEERING."

"No, Miss Folsom," he answered, in a low, though not a steady, tone; "but I was sadly disappointed."

"I confess I was nervous—very nervous—when you went aloft," she said; "and I cleared away the life-buoy. Then, when you fell, it slipped out of my hand and went overboard. Mr. Adams scolded me. Wasn't it ridiculous?" There were tears and laughter in the speech.

"Not at all," he said, gravely; "it saved my life—for which I thank you."

"How—why?"

"Who in Sam Hill's been casting off these gripe-lashings?" growled the voice of the mate behind the dinghy. The girl tittered hysterically, and stepped beside Owen at the

"Will you please mind your own business?" she almost screamed; and then, crying and laughing together, "If you paid as much attention to your work as you do to—to—me, men needn't fall from aloft on account of rotten foot-ropes."

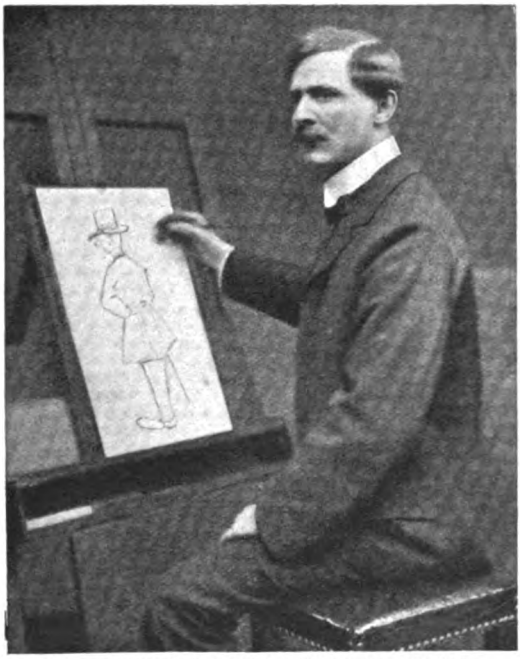
The abashed officer went forward, grumbling about "discipline" and "women aboard ship." When he was well out of sight in the darkness the girl turned suddenly, passed both arms around Owen's neck, exerted the very slightest pressure, patted him playfully on the shoulder as she withdrew them, and sped down the companion-way.

He steered a wild course during that "trick," and well deserved the profane criticism which he received from the mate.

Mr. W. Heath Robinson and His Work.

IF humour be the salt of life, the advent of a new humorist bearing fresh supplies of that condiment ought to be a matter of vital importance to the public.

And Mr. William Heath Robinson's humour is of a rare sort. He is serious—as serious as Lewis Carroll. He believes in his jokes: these drawings which are now making not England alone but all Europe laugh are not by any means dashed off at a white heat of jocosity, but are slowly evolved by a very earnest gentleman and accomplished painter, who is as much absorbed in his elaborate absurdities as a Senior Wrangler might be in the differential calculus.



MR. W. HEATH ROBINSON AT HIS EASEL.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

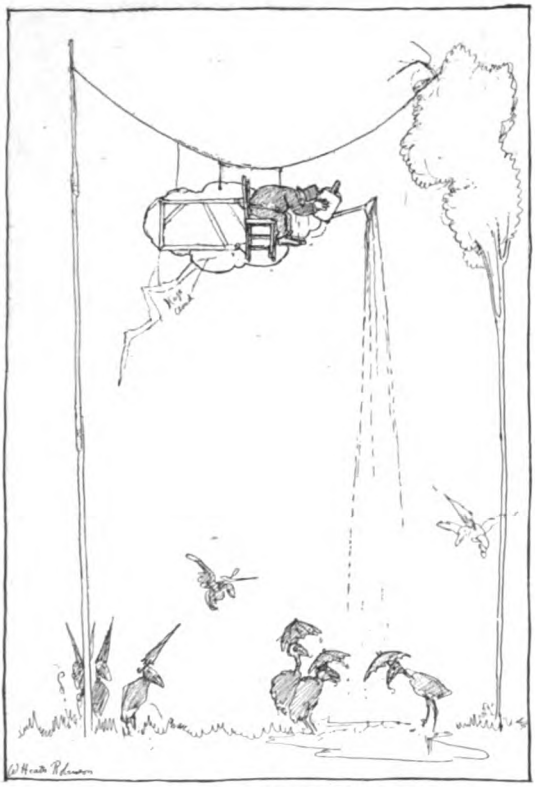
In these days good draughtsmen are as plentiful as strawberries; but when their drawings are before you, the laugh, if it comes at all, follows a complete understanding and appreciation of the accompanying legend. It only needs half an eye to see that Mr. Heath Robinson's designs are intrinsically funny.

A SUGGESTION FOR A FRONTISPIECE AND TITLE-PAGE FOR A BOOK.

STUDIES OF HEADS TO ILLUSTRATE RABELAIS.

Not least of the widespread interest Mr. Robinson has excited is the seeming abruptness of his public appearance in the *rôle* of humorist. Yet he has been illustrating books for years, from Rabelais and "Don Quixote" to such books for children as "Uncle Lubin." Some of his sketches for Rabelais are herewith given, showing his matchless skill in delineating facial character.

"I suppose," he said to the writer, "I have been what you call funny a great many years; only I made the common mistake of dosing children with humour instead of giving it to 'grown-ups.' You see, I hadn't then found out that children, although extremely humorous to others, have necessarily very little sense of humour of their own, but are very, very matter-of-fact little people.



SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.—AN EMINENT BIRDIST DISGUISED AS A RAIN-CLOUD STUDYING THE WAYS OF THE UMBRELLA BIRD.

Rough Sketch for a Humorous Picture.

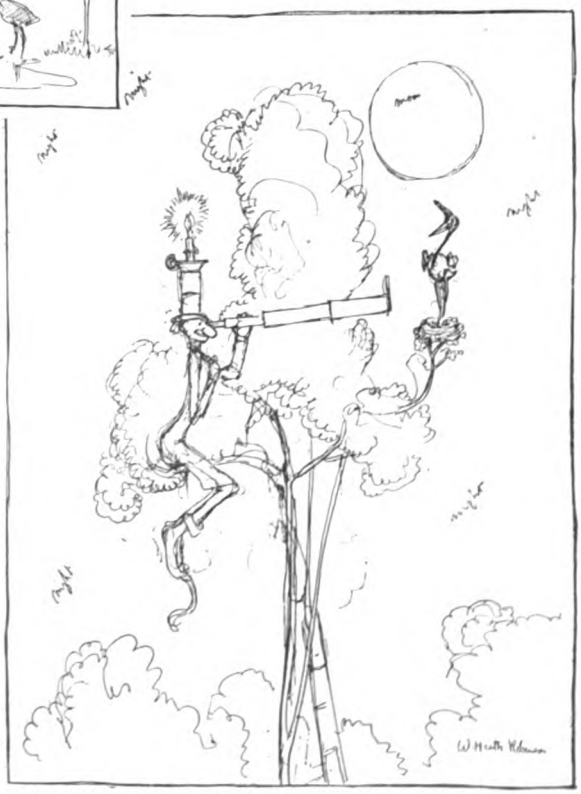
A book for them, I feel, should take them most seriously. 'Struwwelpeter' to a child is real earnest, and is consequently, I believe, the most successful book with children. The humour that it has is accidental, and is for us 'grown-ups' alone.

"How did I come to be an artist at all? I can hardly answer, except that my development was gradual only. I suppose, too, the instinct was hereditary. At all events, my father was an artist and my grandfather was an artist. I don't believe I showed any great promise as a boy, although I was certainly fond of drawing, and, like most boys, drawing more from my fancy. I fear I was a poor copyist; in fact, the ordinary school drawing lesson used to bore me as much as some of the other lessons.

"Later, as a student, I was all enthusiasm about everything connected with my profession, and this carried me smiling through the vast amount of plaster cast and antique drawing I was destined to do."

Somehow one finds it difficult, in looking about Mr. Robinson's studio and through his portfolio of inimitably droll sketches, to picture him drawing careful studies of Ilyssos and the frieze of the Parthenon. He began his training at a suburban art school when about the age of sixteen, going through the ordinary course of instruction.

"I gained there the usual prizes and passed the usual 'exams,' or some of them," he added, modestly. As a matter of fact he was a particularly brilliant pupil, and one of his fellows predicted of him a glowing success as a Royal Academician. After a course of study at the British Museum, young Robinson secured the coveted R.A. Studentship. "After that," he observed, grimly, "I could study more antique



SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.—A STUDENT OF BIRDOLOGY DISGUISED AS A GLOW-WORM STUDYING THE HABITS OF THE NIGHTJAR.

A typical specimen of one of Mr. Robinson's preliminary Sketches.

MRS. ——: "BUT WE'VE CAUGHT THE FISH."

A PLEASANT AFTERNOON.

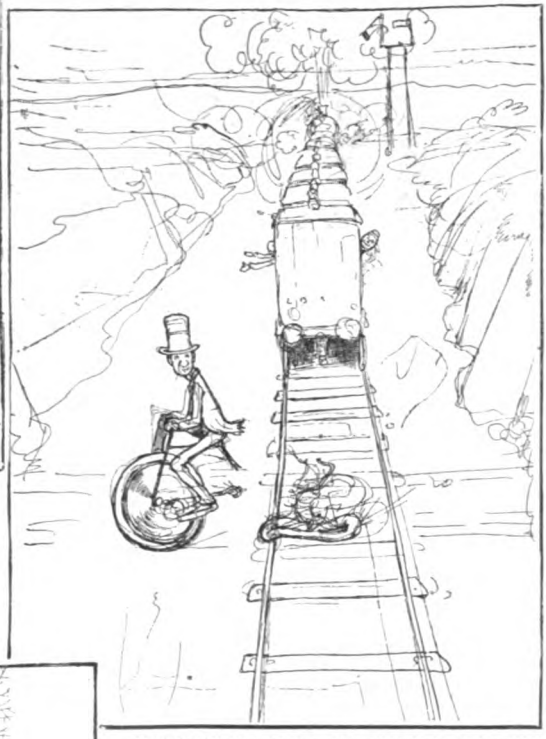
than ever. Nowadays, they tell me, the student is not required to study so much of the antique. Otherwise, I should not wonder if artists were sometimes driven to become comic draughtsmen from sheer desperation! My refuge for a time was in landscape, and landscape painting is still a source of keen enjoyment to me."

Forced at an early age to earn his own livelihood, Mr. Robinson's systematic art education ended on the day that a firm of London publishers bought his first drawing for publication. To book illustration he turned. Besides numerous volumes for children, many of the classics have been embellished by his pencil, and at the present time he is engaged upon a series of drawings in colour illustration—one of the great masterpieces of literature—a reproduction of which will appear this autumn. This work will give the artist an opportunity of displaying his powers as a colourist and decorative painter.

A MISSING LINE COMPETITION.

"NERVE."

"I liked drawing for children. It was a relief to my mind, because I didn't feel it necessary to restrict myself; I could just put down whatever came into my head, without thinking whether or not it violated the canons of probability. My humour, I should say, has been subject to literary rather than artistic influences, and in this way I possibly owe something to Lewis Carroll and W. S. Gilbert.



NARROW ESCAPES.—A "THRILL" ON THE BRIGHTON LINE.

HOW THE MISSUS FOUND OUT ABOUT THE VALENTINE.

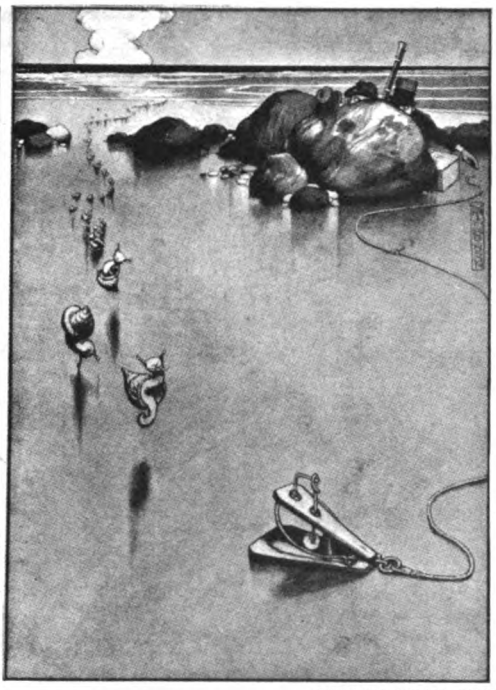
"Gradually I found that what was primarily meant to interest the children interested their elders a good deal more. If a sketch of mine was very extravagant the youngsters turned from it in incredulity, but I observed that the boredom of the child was directly in inverse ratio to the delight of his parent."

"Then that was really the beginning of your humorous work as we know it now?"

"Yes; the first of my serious drawings of a comic idea, intended for adults, appeared some three years ago in the *Tatler*. Please note that in my opinion a humorous artist may regard his work every bit as seriously as even a religious painter. I have always tried to make my drawing humorous internally, so t

THE GENTLE ART OF CATCHING THINGS.—TICKLING FOR THE BANDICOOT IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

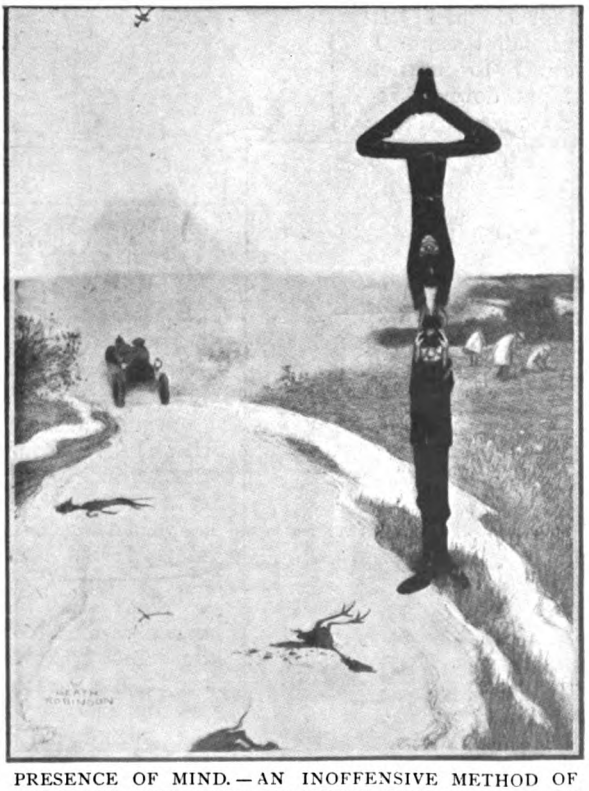
By permission of "The Sketch."



THE GENTLE ART OF CATCHING THINGS.—TRAPPING WHELKS ON THE SHORES OF THE CASPIAN SEA.

By permission of "The Sketch."

speak, as well as externally in its subject. I try to convey as much as possible by the drawing alone, or, where wording is necessary, to make that as succinct as I can. I like a series—that is, a succession of adventures happening to the same person—or ramifications and applications of the same idea, because I find that this gives me the greatest chance to let myself go and bring all the drollery out of which the notion



PRESENCE OF MIND.—AN INOFFENSIVE METHOD OF REDUCING THE SPEED OF MOTOR-CARS ADOPTED BY TWO COUNTRY POLICEMEN.

By permission of ["The Sketch."

is capable." Though Mr. Robinson believes in boiling down the letterpress he believes in "piling up" the drawing, putting in all the accessories his fancy can supply, so that the result becomes ludicrous from very excess of realism. This is a novel adaptation of the artlessness of the child, whose sketches will make a man roar with laughter, but which are done in all seriousness. You see this in

such drawings as "The Gentle Art of Catching Things," "British Sports," and "The Wiles of Wily Willy," one of the first-named of which series so tickled the fancy of President Fallières that he passed it round the table at an Elysée Palace luncheon, serious or heavy. Cynicism, I find, is particularly unpopular.

"What is my method of work? Rather a plodding one. When a likely subject strikes me I jot it down, and afterwards draw it in outline, as if I were drawing for children or

CUPID AND THE JESTER.

causing, we are told, many of the guests to nearly choke with laughter. Other series are "The Seven Ages of Man," "Exceptions That Prove the Rule," "Presence of Mind," and "The Descent of Man."

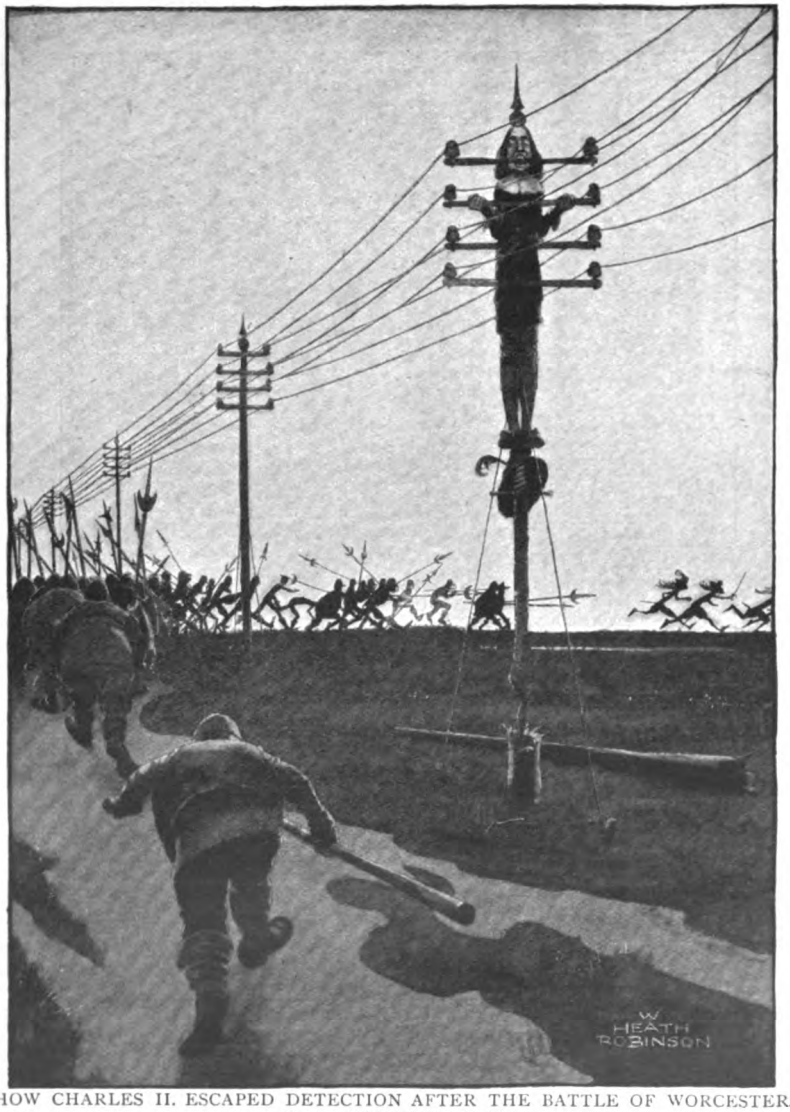
"I think," says the artist, as we turn the portfolio of original sketches, "'The Descent of Man' was least popular on account of its cynicism and its gruesomeness. People want their humour to be as light as it can be, and for the time to be reminded of nothing for my own amusement. The final drawing is usually a copy of this in wash. I don't deviate much, as you will see on comparison of the preliminary sketches with those that have been published."

Opinions may, perhaps, differ as to which is the funnier of the two—the original sketch, bearing all the marks of the inspiration of the moment (even though the moment be, in reality, a somewhat protracted one), or the subsequent carefully-wrought wash-draw

But after having heard the artist's own theory and explanation one is bound to say there is something in it, and that Mr. Robinson's ideas gain by being elaborated as much as possible.

Of course, we do not get very much of his splendid technique in the original sketches, such as that reproduced under the title, "An Eminent Birdist disguised as a rain-cloud studying the ways of the Umbrella Bird," or "A Student of Birdology disguised as a glow-worm studying the habits of the Nightjar," because the artist's *forte* technically is his landscape treatment, and here we have only an outline, and faint at that.

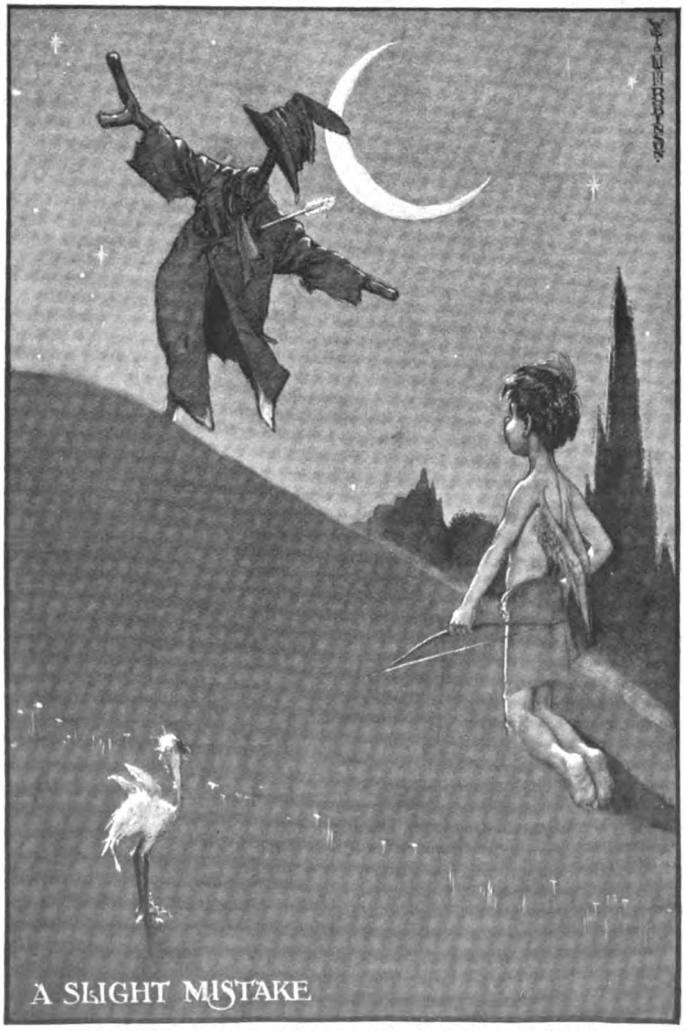
It may be objected, also, that Mr. Robinson's birds—from a nightingale to the common or garden hen—are singularly alike. In fact, he confesses to a "comic" bird—a creation of his own, which he regards as a kind of "property" to be introduced as often as possible—with the assurance that it will be found amusing. You will find this humorous fowl—generally plucked—cropping up unexpectedly in his designs until it has now won recognition in juvenile circles. One little miss of five who saw a plucked fowl for the first time on the kitchen-table ran to tell her mamma that one of Mr. Robinson's



HOW CHARLES II. ESCAPED DETECTION AFTER THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER.
By permission of "The Sketch."

birds had flown in downstairs and gone to sleep!

It is not so noticeable—this lack of realistic accessories—in such a sketch as that called "A Missing Line Competition," where a passing balloonist is seen making off with the products of a morning's dreary waiting on the part of four listless--and irresistibly droll—anglers.



An example of Mr. Heath Robinson's Comic-Sentimental Allegory.
By permission of "The Tatler."

Very quaint and droll are some of the titles that greet the eye. Mr. Robinson seems almost to have invented a new species of humour in titles alone, as, for instance, "Tickling for the Bandicoot in New South Wales," "Trapping Whelks on the Shores of the Caspian Sea," and so forth. Having once got such a legend one can see how the artist brings out all the drollery of the theme, dwelling lovingly on each detail, so that, to use his own words, "I almost get to believe in it myself."

Comic draughtsman though he is, Mr. Robinson has a very strong vein of picturesque sentiment in his composition, although he is careful, unless drawing for children, to keep this strictly within bounds. One of the best of his sketches in this vein is a representation of Cupid, who, in his nocturnal rambles, has shot a moon-struck loiterer fairly through the heart with one of his gold-tipped shafts, only to discover that he has wasted an arrow on a scarecrow. There is gentle satire in this allegory. The short-sighted love-god, we fear, shows a prankish humour sometimes in his choice of a target.

From a] THE GOVERNOR OF UGANDA AND A GROUP OF BAGANDA NATIVES. *[Photograph.*

"MY AFRICAN JOURNEY."

BY THE RT. HON. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, M.P.

V.—THE KINGDOM OF UGANDA.

THE East Africa Protectorate is a country of the highest interest to the colonist, the traveller, or the sportsman. But the Kingdom of Uganda is a fairy tale. You climb up a railway instead of a beanstalk, and at the end there is a wonderful new world. The scenery is different, the vegetation is different, the climate is different, and, most of all, the people are different from anything elsewhere to be seen in the whole range of Africa. Instead of the breezy uplands we enter a tropical garden. In place of naked, painted savages clashing their spears and gibbering in chorus to their tribal chiefs a complete and elaborate polity is presented. Under a dynastic King, a Parliament, and a powerful feudal system an amiable, clothed, polite, and intelligent race dwell together in an organized monarchy upon the rich domain between the Victoria and Albert Lakes. More than two hundred thousand natives are able to read and write. More than one hundred thousand have embraced the Christian faith. There is a Court, there are Regents and Ministers and nobles, there is a regular system of native law and tribunals; there is discipline, there is industry, there is culture, there is peace. In fact, I ask myself whether there is any other spot in the whole earth where the dreams and hopes of the negrophile, so often mocked by results and stubborn facts, have ever attained such a happy realization.

Three separate influences, each of them powerful and benevolent, exercise control over the mass of the Baganda nation. First, the Imperial authority, secular, scientific, disinterested, irresistible; secondly, a native Government and feudal aristocracy corrected of their abuses, yet preserving their vitality; and thirdly, missionary enterprise on an almost unequalled scale. Under the shelter of the British Flag, safe from external menace or internal broil, the child-King grows to a temperate and instructed maturity. Surrounded by his officers of State, he

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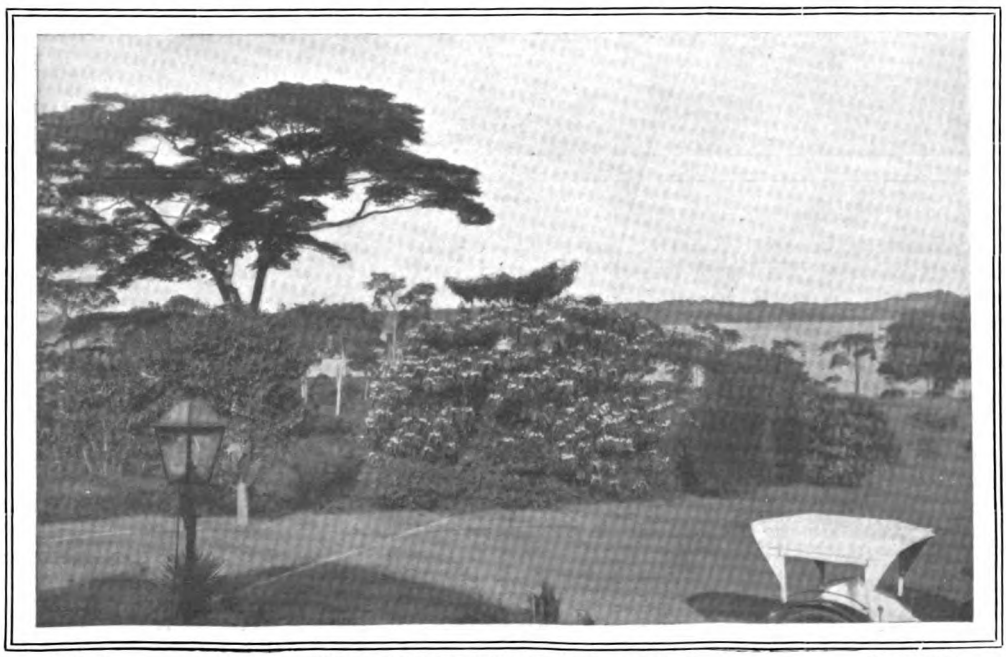
presides at the meetings of his council and Parliament, or worships in the huge thatched cathedral which has been reared on Namirembe Hill. Fortified in their rights, but restrained from tyrannical excess, and guided by an outside power, his feudatories exercise their proper functions. The people, relieved from the severities and confusions of times not long ago, are apt to learn and willing to obey. And among them with patient energy toils a large body of devoted Christian men of different nations, of different Churches, but a common charity, tending their spiritual needs, enlarging their social and moral conceptions, and advancing their education year by year.

An elegance of manners springing from a naive simplicity of character pervades all classes. An elaborate ritual of friendly salutations relieves the monotony of the wayfarer's journey. Submission without servility or loss of self-respect is accorded to constituted authority. The natives evince an eagerness to acquire knowledge and a very high observant and imitative faculty. And then Uganda is from end to end one beautiful garden, where the staple food of the people grows almost without labour, and where almost everything else can be grown better and easier than anywhere else. The planter from the best islands in the West Indies is astonished at the richness of the soil. Cotton grows everywhere. Rubber, fibre, hemp, cinnamon, cocoa, coffee, tea, coca, vanilla, oranges, lemons, pineapples are natural or thrive on introduction. As for our English garden products, brought in contact with the surface of Uganda they simply give one wild bound of efflorescence or fruition and break their hearts for joy. Does it not sound a paradise on earth? Approach and consider it more closely.

The good ship *Clement Hill*, named after a well-known African explorer, has carried us smoothly and prosperously across the northern corner of the Victoria Nyanza, and reaches the pier of Entebbe as the afternoon draws towards its close. The first impression that strikes the eye of the visitor fresh from Kavirondo is the spectacle of hundreds of natives all dressed in long clean white garments which they wear with dignity and ease. At the landing-place a sort of pavilion has been erected, and here come deputations from the Chamber of Commerce—a limited body of Europeans—from the Goanese community, and from the numerous Indian colony of merchants. A tonga drawn by two mules takes me to Government House, and from a wide mosquito-proof veranda I am able to survey a truly delightful prospect. The most beautiful plants and trees grow in profusion on all sides. Beyond a blaze of violet, purple, yellow, and crimson blossoms, and an expanse of level green lawns, the great blue



From a] THE GARDEN OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE—ENTEBBE. *[Photograph.*

lake lies in all its beauty. The hills and islands on the horizon are just beginning to flush to the sunset. The air is soft and cool. Except that the picture actually looks more English in its character, one would imagine it was the Riviera. It must be too good to be true.

It *is* too good to be true. One can hardly believe that such an attractive spot can be cursed with malignant attributes. Yet what is true of the East Africa Protectorate is even more true of Uganda. The contrast between appearance and reality is more striking and more harsh. Behind its glittering mask Entebbe wears a sinister aspect. These smiling islands which adorn and diversify the scenery of the lake supported a few years ago a large population. To-day they are desolate. Every white man seems to feel a sense of undefinable oppression. A cut will not heal; a scratch festers. In the third year of residence even a small wound becomes a running sore. One day a man feels perfectly well; the next, for no apparent cause, he is prostrate with malaria, and with malaria of a peculiarly persistent kind, turning often in the third or fourth attack to blackwater fever. In the small European community at Entebbe there have been quite recently two suicides. Whether, as I have suggested in East Africa, it be the altitude, or the downward ray of the Equatorial sun, or the insects, or some more subtle cause, there seems to be a solemn veto placed upon the white man's permanent residence in these beautiful abodes.

There are many who advocate the abandonment of Entebbe as the administrative capital and the restoration of the seat of Government to Kampala. But the expense of transferring public offices and buildings lately erected to another site is altogether beyond the slender resources and not among the most urgent needs of the Uganda Protectorate. Great improvements have been effected recently in the sanitation of Entebbe. The bush and trees, which added so greatly to its picturesque appearance, have been ruthlessly cut down; and with them, *mirabile dictu*, have vanished the mosquito and the sleeping-sickness tsetse fly. Half a mile away on either side of the settlement are groves which it might easily be death to enter; but the inhabited area is now quite clear.

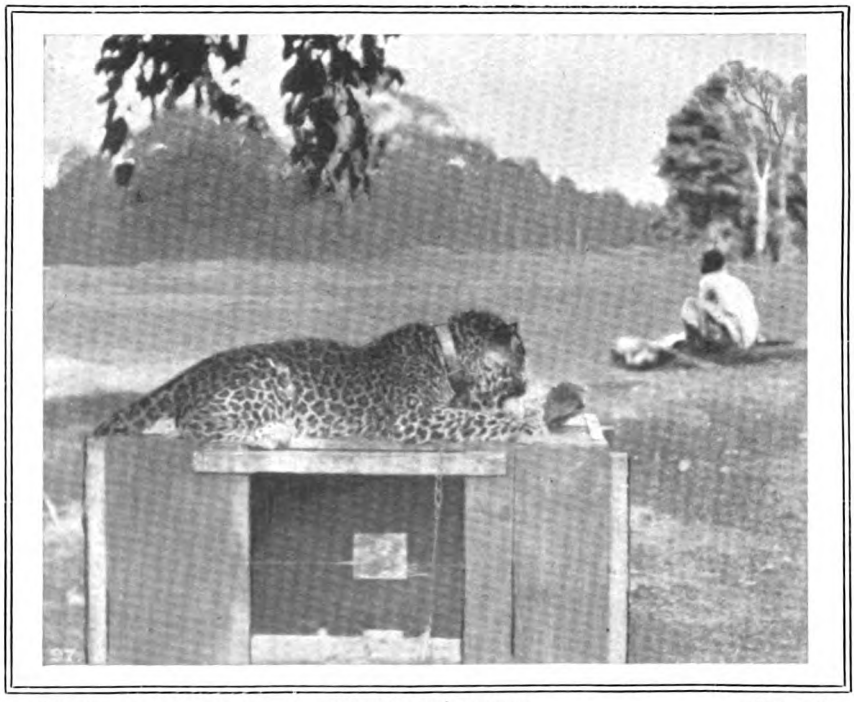
Besides, the general unhealthiness of the country so far as the European is concerned is not local to Entebbe. It is widely spread in slightly different degrees throughout the whole of Uganda; and Kampala is certainly not exempt. Finally, there is a reason of a different character which ought to impose a final bar on any return of the Imperial Government to the native city. Uganda is a native State. Much of our success in dealing with its population arises from the fact that we work through and by the native Government. And that Government could not fail to lose much, if not all, of its separate and natural identity if it were overwhelmed by the immediate proximity of the supreme Administration.

For a new station in an almost unknown

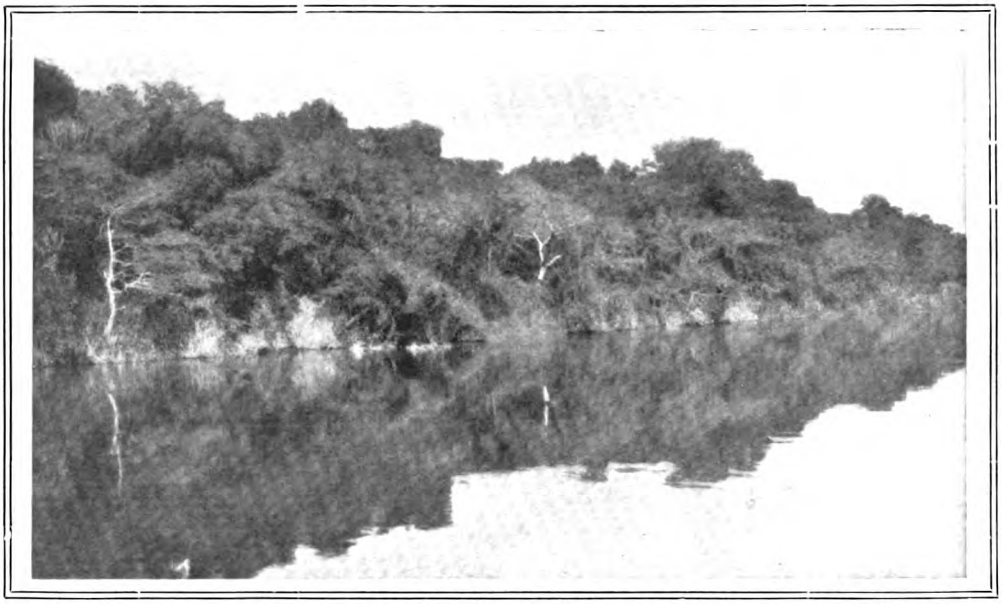
From a] THE LAKE AT ENTEBBE. *[Photograph.*

land, Entebbe certainly presents many remarkable evidences of progress. The slopes of the lake shore are covered with pretty villas, each standing in its own luxuriant garden. There is an excellent golf course, and a very bright and pleasant society. Guardian over all this stands the Sikh. There are two companies of these soldiers, one at Entebbe and the other at Kampala, who, being entirely immune to local influences of all kinds, constitute what Mr. Gladstone used to call the "motor muscle" of Imperial authority. I have always admired the Sikh in India, both in his cantonments and in the field. But somehow his graceful military figure and grave countenance under the turban, as he stands erect beside his rifle on guard over British interests six thousand miles from the Punjab, impresses the eye and the imagination with an added force. He is a picked volunteer from all the Sikh regiments, who delights in Uganda, thrives under its, to him, milder sun, lives on nothing, saves his doubled pay, and returns to India enriched and proud of his service across the sea. If at any time considerations of expense, or the desire to obtain a complete homogeneity in the military forces of the Protectorate, should lead to the disbandment or withdrawal of these two companies, those who take the decision will have incurred a responsibility which few would care to share with them.

So far as human force is concerned, the British power in these regions is at present beyond challenge. No man can withstand it. But a new opponent has entered the lists and will not be denied. Uganda is defended by its insects. It would even seem that the arrival of the white man and the increased movement and activity which his presence has engendered have awakened these formidable atoms to a realization of their powers of evil. The dreaded *Spirillum* tick has begun to infest the roads like a tiny footpad, and scarcely any precautions avail with certainty against him. This tick is a dirty, drab-coloured creature the size and shape of a small squashed pea. When he bites an infected person he does not contract the Spirillum fever himself, nor does he transmit it directly to other persons. By a peculiarly malevolent provision of Nature this power is exercised not by him but by his descendants, who are numbered in hundreds. So the poison spreads in an incalculable progression. Although this fever is not fatal, it is exceptionally painful in its course and distressing in its consequences. There are five or six separate and successive attacks of fever,



From a] THE GOVERNOR'S LEOPARD. *[Photograph.*



From a] ON THE VICTORIA NILE. *[Photograph.*

in which the temperature of the victim may rise even to 107 degrees; and afterwards the eyes and hearing are temporarily affected by a kind of facial paralysis. Road after road has been declared infected by this scourge, and officer after officer struck down as he moves on duty from place to place. The only sure preventive seems to be the destruction of all old grass-huts and camping-grounds, and the erection along the roads of a regular system of stone-built, properly-maintained and disinfected rest-houses, in which the traveller may take refuge from the lurking peril. And this will have to be done.

But a far more terrible shadow darkens the Uganda Protectorate. In July, 1901, a doctor of the Church Missionary Society Hospital at Kampala noticed eight cases of a mysterious disease. Six months later he reported that over two hundred natives had died of it in the Island of Buvuma, and that thousands appeared to be infected. The pestilence swiftly spread through all the districts of the lake shore, and the mortality was appalling. No one could tell where it had come from or what it was caused by. It resisted every kind of treatment and appeared to be universally fatal. Scientific inquiries of various kinds were immediately set on foot, but for a long time no results were obtained, and meanwhile the disease ran along the coasts and islands of the great lake like fire in a high wind. By the middle of 1902 the reported deaths from *Trypanosomiasis*, or "sleeping sickness" as it has come to be called, numbered over thirty thousand. It was still spreading rapidly upon all sides, and no clue whatever to its treatment or prevention had been obtained. It seemed certain that the entire population of the districts affected was doomed.

On April 28th, 1903, Colonel Bruce, whose services had been obtained for the investigation of "sleeping sickness" through the instrumentality of the Royal Society, announced that he considered the disease to be due to a kind of trypanosome, conveyed from one person to another by the bite of a species of tsetse fly called *Glossina palpalis*. His theory was strongly supported by the fact that the disease appeared to be confined to the localities infested by the fly. The fly-belt also could be defined with precision, and was rarely found to extend more than a mile or two from water. The news that Europeans could no longer consider themselves immune from the infection caused, as might be imagined, much consternation in the white community. Nearly everybody had been bitten by tsetses at one time or another, but whether by this particular species when actually infected remained in suspense. Moreover, tsetse flies abounded in such numbers on all parts of the lake shore that their wholesale destruction seemed quite impossible. What then?

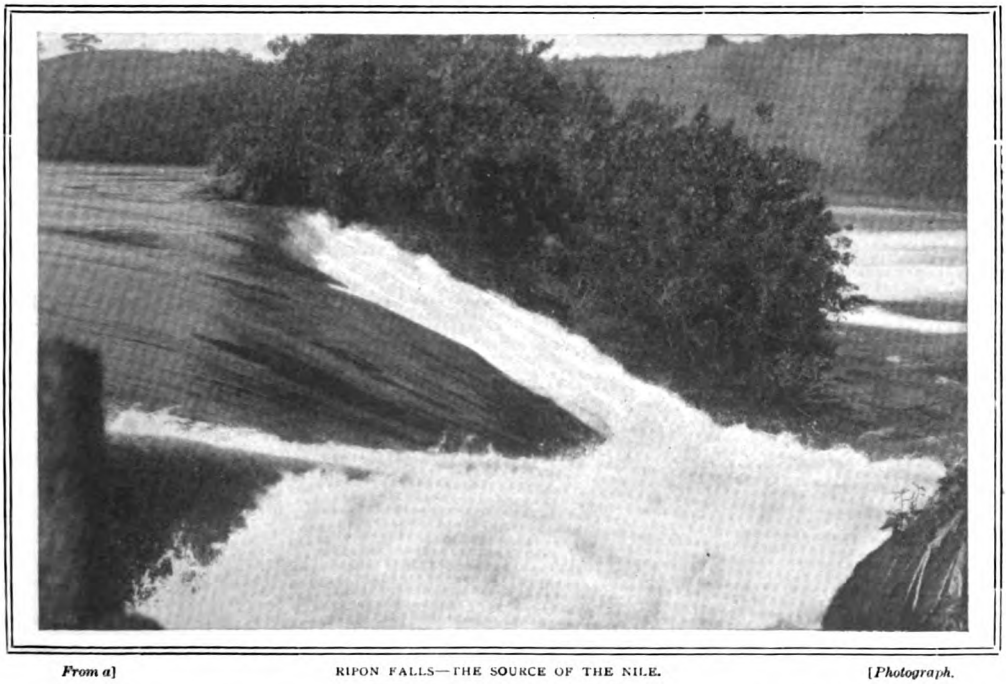
For a time Colonel Bruce's discovery almost paralyzed all preventive and restrictive

measures. The scourge fell unchecked. By the end of 1903 the reported deaths numbered over ninety thousand, and the lake shores were becoming fast depopulated. Whole villages were completely exterminated, and great tracts in Usoga, which had formerly been famed for their high state of cultivation, relapsed into forests. The weakness of the victims and the terror or apathy of the survivors permitted a sudden increase in the number of leopards, and these fierce animals preyed with daring and impunity upon the living, the dying, and the dead.

Further investigations, which were anxiously pushed on in many directions, revealed the existence of the tsetse fly over widespread areas. In the interior of Usoga, on the banks of many rivers, in swamps on the shores of the Albert Lake and Lake Albert Edward, these swarming emissaries of death were found to be awaiting their message. All that was needed to arm them with their fatal power was the arrival of some person infected with the microbe. The Albert shores and several parts of the Upper Nile soon became new centres of pestilence. Thousands of deaths occurred in Unyoro. By the end of 1905 considerably more than two hundred thousand persons had perished in the plague-stricken regions, *out of a population* in those regions *which could not have exceeded three hundred thousand.*

Any decrease in the mortality in any district up to the present time is due, not to any diminution in the virulence of the disease, but simply to the reduction of possible victims, owing to the extermination of the inhabitants. Buvuma, a few years ago one of the most prosperous of all the islands, contains fewer than fourteen thousand out of thirty thousand. Some of the islands in the Sesse group have lost every soul, while in others a few moribund natives, crawling about in the last stages of the disease, are all that are left to represent a once teeming population.

"It might have been expected," writes Mr. Hesketh Bell, the Governor of Uganda, to whom I am indebted for much valuable information on this subject, "that, even though the negroes showed inability to grasp the theory of the transmission of disease by the agency of insects, the undeniable deadliness of the countries bordering on the lake shore would have induced them to flee from the stricken land and to have sought in the healthier districts inland a refuge from the pestilence that was slaying them by thousands. An extraordinary fatalism, however, seems to have paralyzed the natives, and, while deploring the sadness of their fate, they appear to have accepted death almost with apathy."



From a] RIPON FALLS—THE SOURCE OF THE NILE. *[Photograph.*

The police of science, although arrived late on the scene of the tragedy, were now following many converging clues. Therapeutic investigation into the treatment and origin of the disease, entomological examination of the resorts, habits, dangers, and life-history of the fly, and administrative measures of drastic authority are now being driven sternly forward. Knowledge has accumulated. Fighting the sleeping sickness is like laying a vampire. To make the spell work, five separate conditions must be present—water, bushes, trees, the tsetse fly (*Glossina palpalis*), and one infected person. Remove any one of these and the curse is lifted. But let them all be conjoined, and the sure destruction of every human being in the district is only a matter of time.

The Government of Uganda is now pursuing a policy based on the appreciation of these facts. Wherever it is necessary to come to the lake shores, as at Entebbe Munyonyo, Ripon Falls, Fajao, etc., the tsetse fly is banished or eliminated by cutting down the trees, clearing away the bush, and planting in its place the vigorous, rapid growing *citronella* grass, which, once firmly established, holds its own against invading vegetation. Wherever it is not possible to clear the shores of tsetse flies, they must be cleared of inhabitants. And the extraordinary operation of moving entire populations from their old homes to new places—often against their will—has been actually accomplished within the last year by a combined dead-lift effort of these three tremendous forces of Government which regulate from such different points of view the lives and liberties of the Baganda.

It does not follow that the lake shores will have to be abandoned for ever. In a very short time—some say two days, some eleven hours—the infected tsetse is free from poison and can no longer communicate it; and once the disease has been eradicated from the population, healthy people might return and be bitten with impunity. Nor, on the other hand, can we hope, unless some cure capable of being applied on a large scale can be perfected, that the mortality in the immediate future will sensibly diminish. For there are many thousands of persons still affected, and for these segregation, nursing, and compassion comprise the present resources of civilization.

One thing is, however, above all things important. There must be no losing heart. At any moment the researches which are being conducted in so many laboratories, and in which Professor Koch has taken a leading part, may produce an absolute therapeutic remedy. By the administrative measures now vigorously enforced it is believed that the fatal contact between infected persons and uninfected flies, between infected flies and uninfected persons, will have been effectively broken. We cannot fail to learn more of the tsetse. The humble black horse-fly, indistinguishable to the casual observer from harmless types, except that his wings are folded neatly like a pair of shut scissors, instead of splaying out on either side of his back, is now under a bright, searching, and pitiless eye. Who are his enemies? What are his dangers? What conditions are essential to his existence? What conditions are fatal or inimical? International Commissions discuss him round green tables, grave men peer patiently at him through microscopes, active officers scour Central Africa to plot him out on charts. A fine-spun net is being woven remorselessly around him. And may not man find allies in this strange implacable warfare? There are fishes which destroy mosquitoes, there are birds which prey upon flies, there are plants whose scent or presence is abhorrent or injurious to particular forms of insect life. In what places and for how long will the tsetse continue to fly as he is wont over the smooth, gleaming water, just above the reeds and bushes, just below the branches of the overhanging trees? *Glossina palpalis contra mundum!*

I have not sought to conceal the perils in describing the riches and the beauties of Uganda. The harsh contrasts of the land, its noble potentialities, its hideous diseases, its fecundity alike of life and death, are capable of being illustrated by many more facts and examples than I can here set down. But what an obligation, what a sacred duty is imposed upon Great Britain to enter the lists in person and to shield this trustful, docile, intelligent Baganda race from dangers which, whatever their cause, have synchronized with our arrival in their midst! And, meanwhile, let us be sure that order and science will conquer, and that in the end John Bull will be really master in his curious garden of sunshine and deadly nightshade.

Winston S. Churchill

(*To be continued.*)

SALTHAVEN

BY

W. W. JACOBS

CHAPTER XVII.

JOAN HARTLEY'S letter to her father was not so easy to write as she had imagined. She tore up draft after draft, and at last, in despair, wrote him a brief and dutiful epistle, informing him that she had changed her name to Trimblett. She added—in a postscript—that she expected he would be surprised; and, having finished her task, sat trying to decide whether to commit it to the post or the flames.

It was a question that occupied her all the evening, and the following morning found her still undecided. It was not until the afternoon, when a letter came from Captain Trimblett, declining in violent terms and at great length to be a party to her scheme, that she made up her mind. The information that he had been recalled to Salthaven on the day following only served to strengthen her resolution, and it was with a feeling of almost pious thankfulness that she realized the advantages of such an arrangement. She went out and posted her letter to her father, and then, with a mind at ease, wrote a nice letter to Captain Trimblett, full of apologies for her precipitancy, and regretting that he had not informed her before of what she called his change of mind. She added that, after mature deliberation, she had decided not to return to Salthaven until after he had sailed.

Captain Trimblett got the letter next morning and, hurrying off to the nearest post-office, filled up a telegraph-form with a few incisive words dashed off at white heat. He destroyed six forms before he had arrived at what he considered a happy mean between strength and propriety, and then at the lady clerk's earnest request altered one of the words of the seventh. A few hours later he was on his way to Salthaven.

It was late when he arrived and the office of Vyner and Son was closed. He went on to Laurel Lodge, and, after knocking and ringing for some time in vain, walked back

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to the town and went on board his ship. The new crew had not yet been signed on, and Mr. Walters, the only man aboard, was cut short in his expressions of pleasure at the captain's return and sent ashore for provisions.

"Time you went to sea again," said the captain a little later as the boatswain went on his hands and knees to recover the pieces of a plate he had dropped.

"I wish I'd gone a month ago, sir," said Mr. Walters. "Shore's no place for a sailorman."

The captain grunted, and turning suddenly surprised the eye of Mr. Walters fixed upon him with an odd, puzzled expression that he had noticed before that evening. Mr. Walters, caught in the act, ducked from sight, and recovered a crumb that was trying to pass itself off as a piece of china.

"What are you staring at me for?" demanded the captain.

"Me, sir?" said the boatswain. "I wasn't staring, sir."

He rose with his hands full of pieces and retreated to the door. Almost against his will he stole another glance at the captain and blinked hastily at the gaze that met his own.

"If I've got a smut on my nose——" began the captain, ferociously.

"No, sir," said Mr. Walters, disappearing.

"Come here!" roared the other.

The boatswain came back reluctantly.

"If I catch you making those faces at me again," said the captain, whom the events of the last day or two had reduced to a state of chronic ill-temper, "I'll—I'll——"

"Yessir," said Mr. Walters, cheerfully.

"I——" He disappeared again, but his voice came floating down the companion-ladder. "I 'ope—you'll accept—my good—wishes."

Captain Trimblett started as though he had been stung, and his temperature rose to as near boiling-point as science and the human mechanism will allow. Twice he opened his mouth to bellow the boatswain back again, and twice his courage failed him. He sat a picture of wrathful consternation until, his gaze falling on a bottle of beer, he emptied it with great rapidity, and pushing his plate away and lighting his pipe sat trying to read a harmless meaning into Mr. Walters's infernal congratulations.

He rose early next morning and set off for Laurel Lodge, a prey to gloom, which the furtive glances of Mr. Walters had done nothing to dissipate. Hartley was still in his bedroom when he arrived, but Rosa showed him into the dining-room, and, having placed a chair, sped lightly upstairs.

"I've told him," she said, returning in a breathless condition and smiling at him.

The captain scowled at her.

"And he says he'll be down in a minute."

"Very good," said the captain, with a nod of dismissal.

Miss Jelks went as far as the sideboard, and, taking out a tablecloth, proceeded to spread the table, regarding the captain with unaffected interest as she worked.

"He ain't been very well the last day or two," she said, blandly.

The captain ignored her.

"Seems to have something on his mind," continued Miss Jelks, with a toss of her head, as she placed the sugar-bowl and other articles on the table.

The captain regarded her steadily for a moment, and then, turning, took up a newspaper.

"I should think he never was what you'd call a strong man," murmured Miss Jelks. "He ain't got the look of it."

The captain's temper got the better of him. "Who are you talking about?" he demanded, turning sharply.

Miss Jelks's eyes shone, but there was no hurry, and she smoothed down a corner of the tablecloth before replying.

"Your father-in-law, sir," she said, with a faint air of surprise.

Captain Trimblett turned hastily to his paper again, but despite his utmost efforts a faint wheezing noise escaped him and fell like soft music on the ears of Miss Jelks. In the hope that it might be repeated, or that manifestations more gratifying still might be vouchsafed to her, she lingered over her task and coughed in an aggressive fashion at intervals.

She was still busy when Hartley came downstairs, and, stopping for a moment at the doorway, stood regarding the captain with a look of timid disapproval. The latter rose and, with a significant glance in the direction of Rosa, shook hands and made a remark about the weather.

"When did you return?" inquired Hartley, trying to speak easily.

"Last night," said the other. "I came on here, but you were out."

Hartley nodded, and they sat eyeing each other uneasily and waiting for the industrious Rosa to go. The captain got tired first, and throwing open the French windows slipped out into the garden and motioned to Hartley to follow.

"Joan wrote to you," he said, abruptly, as soon as they were out of earshot.

"Yes," said the other, stiffly.

"Understand, it wasn't my fault," said the captain, warmly. "I wash my hands of it. I told her not to.

"Indeed!" said Hartley, with a faint attempt at sarcasm. "It was no concern of mine, of course."

The captain turned on him sharply, and for a moment scathing words hung trembling on his lips. He controlled himself by an effort.

"She wrote to you," he said, slowly, "and instead of waiting to see me, or communicating with me, you spread the news all over the place."

"Nothing of the kind," said Hartley. "As a matter of fact, it's not a thing I am anxious to talk about. Up to the present I have only told Rosa."

"Only!" repeated the choking captain. "Only! Only told Rosa! Where was the town-crier? What in the name of common sense did you want to tell her for?"

"She would have to be told sooner or later," said Hartley, staring at him, "and it seemed to me better to tell her before Joan came home. I thought Joan would prefer it; and if you had heard Rosa's comments I think that you'd agree I was right."

The captain scarcely listened. "Well, it's all over Salthaven by now," he said, resignedly.

He seated himself on the bench with his hands hanging loosely between his knees, and tried to think. In any case he saw himself held up to ridicule, and he had a strong feeling that to tell the truth now would precipitate a crisis between Vyner and his chief clerk. The former would probably make a fairly accurate guess at the circumstances responsible for the rumour, and act accordingly. He glanced at Hartley standing awkwardly before him, and, not without a sense of self-sacrifice, resolved to accept the situation.

"Yes; Rosa had to be told," he said, philosophically. "Fate again; you can't avoid it."

Hartley took a turn or two up and down the path.

"The news came on me like a—like a thunderbolt," he said, pausing in front of the captain. "I hadn't the slightest idea of such a thing, and if I say what I think——"

"Don't!" interrupted the captain, warmly. "What's the good?"

"When were you married?" inquired the other. "Where were you married?"

"Joan made all the arrangements," said the captain, rising hastily. "Ask her."

"But——" said the astonished Hartley.

"Ask her," repeated the captain, walking towards the house and flinging the words over his shoulder. "I'm sick of it."

He led the way into the dining-room and, at the other's invitation, took a seat at the breakfast-table, and sat wondering darkly how he was to get through the two days before he sailed. Hartley, ill at ease, poured him out a cup of coffee and called his attention to the bacon-dish.

"I can't help thinking," he said, as the captain helped himself and then pushed the dish towards him—"I can't help thinking that there is something behind all this; that there is some reason for it that I don't quite understand."

The captain started. "Never mind," he said, with gruff kindness.

"But I do mind," persisted the other. "I have got an idea that it has been done for the benefit—if you can call it that—of a third person."

The captain eyed him with benevolent concern. "Nonsense," he said, uneasily. "Nothing of the kind. We never thought of you."

"I wasn't thinking of myself," said Hartley, staring; "but I know that Joan was uneasy about you, although she pretended to laugh at it. I feel sure in my own mind that she has done this to save you from Mrs. Chinnery. If it hadn't——"

He stopped suddenly as the captain, uttering a strange gasping noise, rose and stood over him. For a second or two the captain stood struggling for speech, then, stepping back with a suddenness that overturned his chair, he grabbed his cap from the sideboard and dashed out of the house. The amazed Mr. Hartley ran to the window and, with some uneasiness, saw his old friend pelting along at the rate of a good six miles an hour.

Breathing somewhat rapidly from his exertions, the captain moderated his pace after the first hundred yards, and went on his way in a state of mind pretty evenly divided between wrath and self-pity. He walked in thought with his eyes fixed on the ground, and glancing up, too late to avoid him, saw the harbour-master approaching.

Captain Trimblett, composing his features to something as near his normal expression as the time at his disposal would allow, gave a brief nod and would have passed on. He found his way, however, blocked by sixteen

stone of harbour-master, while a big, red, clean-shaven face smiled at him reproachfully.

"How are you?" said Trimblett, jerkily.

The harbour-master, who was a man of few words, made no reply. He drew back a little and, regarding the captain with smiling interest, rolled his head slowly from side to side.

"Well! Well! Well!" he said at last.

Captain Trimblett drew himself up and regarded him with a glance the austerity of which would have made most men quail. It affected the harbour-master otherwise.

"C—ck!" he said, waggishly, and drove a forefinger like a petrified sausage into the other's ribs. The assault was almost painful, and, before the captain could recover, the harbour-master, having exhausted his stock of witticisms, both verbal and physical, passed on highly pleased with himself.

It was only a sample of what the day held in store for the captain, and before it was half over he was reduced to a condition of raging impotence. The staff of Vyner and Son turned on their stools as one man as he entered the room, and regarded him opened-eyed for the short time that he remained there. Mr. Vyner, senior, greeted him almost with cordiality, and, for the second time in his experience, extended a big white hand for him to shake.

"I have heard the news, captain," he said, in extenuation.

"'C—CK!' HE SAID, WAGGISHLY, AND DROVE A FOREFINGER LIKE A PETRIFIED SAUSAGE INTO THE OTHER'S RIBS."

Captain Trimblett bowed, and in response to an expression of good wishes for his future welfare managed to thank him. He made his escape as soon as possible, and, meeting Robert Vyner on the stairs, got a fleeting glance and a nod which just admitted the fact of his existence.

The most popular man in Salthaven for the time being, he spent the best part of the day on board his ship, heedless of the fact that numerous acquaintances were scouring the town in quest of him. One or two hardy spirits even ventured on board, and, leaving with some haste, bemoaned as they went the change wrought by matrimony in a hitherto amiable and civil-spoken mariner.

The one drop of sweetness in his cup was the news that Mrs. Chinnery was away from home for a few days, and after carefully reconnoitring from the bridge of the *Indian Chief* that evening he set off to visit his lodgings. He reached Tranquil Vale unmolested, and, entering the house with a rather exaggerated

air of unconcern, nodded to Mr. Truefitt, who was standing on the hearthrug smoking, and hung up his cap. Mr. Truefitt, after a short pause, shook hands with him.

"She's away," he said, in a deep voice.

"She? Who?" faltered the captain.

"Susanna," replied Mr. Truefitt, in a deeper voice still.

The captain coughed and, selecting a chair with great care, slowly seated himself.

"She left you her best wishes," continued Mr. Truefitt, still standing, and still regarding him with an air of severe disapproval.

"Much obliged," murmured the captain.

"She would do it," added Mr. Truefitt, crossing to the window and staring out at the road with his back to the captain. "And she said something about a silver-plated butter-dish; but in the circumstances I said 'No.' Miss Willett thought so too."

"How is Miss Willett?" inquired the captain, anxious to change the subject.

"All things considered, she's better than might be expected," replied Mr. Truefitt, darkly.

Captain Trimblett said that he was glad to hear it, and, finding the silence becoming oppressive, inquired affectionately concerning the health of Mrs. Willett, and learned to his discomfort that she was in the same enigmatical condition as her daughter.

"And my marriage is as far off as ever," concluded Mr. Truefitt. "Some people seem to be able to get married as often as they please, and others can't get married at all."

"It's all fate," said the captain, slowly; "it's all arranged for us."

Mr. Truefitt turned and his colour rose.

"Your little affair was arranged for you, I suppose?" he said, sharply.

"It was," said the captain, with startling vehemence.

Mr. Truefitt, who was lighting his pipe, looked up at him from lowered brows, and then, crossing to the door, took his pipe down the garden to the summer-house.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"THIS time to-morrow night," said Mr. Walters, as he slowly paced a country lane with Miss Jelks clinging to his arm, "I shall be at sea."

Miss Jelks squeezed his arm and gave vent to a gentle sigh. "Two years'll soon slip away," she remarked. "It's wonderful how time flies. How much is twice three hundred and sixty-five?"

"And you mind you behave yourself," said the boatswain, hastily. "Remember your promise, mind."

"Of course I will," said Rosa, carelessly.

"You've promised not to 'ave your evening out till I come back," the boatswain reminded her; "week-days and Sundays both. And it oughtn't to be no 'ardship to you. Gals wot's going to be married don't want to go gadding about."

"Of course they don't," said Rosa. "I shouldn't enjoy being out without you neither. And I can get all the fresh air I want in the garden."

"And cleaning the winders," said the thoughtful boatswain.

Miss Jelks, who held to a firm and convenient belief in the likeness between promises and pie-crusts, smiled cheerfully.

"Unless I happen to be sent on an errand I sha'n't put my nose outside the front gate," she declared.

"You've passed your word," said Mr. Walters, slowly, "and that's good enough for me; besides which I've got a certain party wot's promised to keep 'is eye on you and let me know if you don't keep to it."

"Eh?" said the startled Rosa "Who is it?"

"Never you mind who it is," said Mr. Walters, judicially. "It's better for you not to know, then you can't dodge 'im. He can keep his eye on you, but there's no necessity for you to keep your eye on 'im. I don't mind wot *he* does."

Miss Jelks maintained her temper with some difficulty; but the absolute necessity of discovering the identity of the person referred to by Mr. Walters, if she was to have any recreation at all during the next two years, helped her.

"He'll have an easy job of it," she said, at last, with a toss of her head.

"That's just wot I told 'im," said the boatswain. "He didn't want to take the job on at first, but I p'inted out that if you behaved yourself and kept your promise he'd 'ave nothing to do; and likewise, if you didn't, it was only right as 'ow I should know. Besides which I gave 'im a couple o' carved peach stones and a war-club that used to belong to a Sandwich Islander, and took me pretty near a week to make."

Miss Jelks looked up at him sideways. "Be a bit of all right if he comes making up to me himself," she said, with a giggle. "I wonder whether he'd tell you that?"

"He won't do that," said the boatswain, with a confident smile. "He's much too

well-behaved, 'sides which he ain't old enough."

Miss Jelks tore her arm away. "You've never been and set that old-fashioned little shrimp Bassett on to watch me?" she said, shrilly.

"Never you mind who it is," growled the discomfited boatswain. "It's got nothing to do with you. All you've got to know is this: any time 'e sees you out—this party I'm talking of—he's going to log it. He calls it keeping a dairy, but it comes to the same thing."

"I know what I call it," said the offended maiden, "and if I catch that little horror spying on me he'll remember it."

"He can't spy on you if you ain't out," said the boatswain. "That's wot I told 'im; and when I said as you'd promised he saw as 'ow it would be all right. I'm going to try and bring him 'ome a shark's tooth."

"Goin' to make it?" inquired Rosa, with a sniff. "And might I ask," she inquired, as the amorous boatswain took her arm again, "might I ask who is going to watch you?"

"Me?" said the boatswain, regarding her with honest amazement. "I don't want no watching. Men don't."

"In—deed!" said Miss Jelks, "and why not?"

"They don't like it," said Mr. Walters, simply.

Miss Jelks released her arm again, and for some time they walked on opposite sides of the lane. Her temper rose rapidly, and at last, tearing off her glove, she drew the ring from her finger and handed it to the boatswain.

"SHE DREW THE RING FROM HER FINGER AND HANDED IT TO THE BOATSWAIN."

"There you are!" she exclaimed. "Take it!"

Mr. Walters took it and, after a vain attempt to place it on his little finger, put it in his waistcoat-pocket and walked on whistling.

"We're not engaged now," explained Rosa.

"Aye, aye," said the boatswain, cheerfully. "Only walking out."

"Nothing of the kind," said Rosa. "I sha'n't have nothing more to do with you. You'd better tell Bassett."

"What for?" demanded the other.

"What for?" repeated Rosa. "Why, there's no use him watching me now."

"Why not?" demanded Mr. Walters.

Miss Jelks caught her breath impatiently. "Because it's got nothing to do with you what I do now," she said, sharply. "I can go out with who I like."

"Ho!" said the glaring Mr. Walters. "Ho! Can you? So that's your little game, is it? Here——" He fumbled in his pocket and, producing the ring, caught Miss Jelks's hand in a grip that made her wince, and proceeded to push it on her little finger. "Now you behave yourself, else next time I'll take it back for good."

Miss Jelks remonstrated, but in vain. The boatswain passed his left arm about her waist, and when she became too fluent increased the pressure until she gasped for breath. Much impressed by these signs of affection she began to yield, and, leaning her head against his shoulder, voluntarily renewed her vows of seclusion.

She went down to the harbour next day to see him off, and stood watching with much interest the bustle on deck and the prominent share borne by her masterful admirer. To her thinking, Captain Trimblett, stiff and sturdy on the bridge, played but a secondary part. She sent the boatswain little signals of approval and regard, a proceeding which was the cause of much subsequent trouble to a newly-joined A.B. who misunderstood their destination. The warps were thrown off, a bell clanged in the engine-room, the screw revolved, and a gradually-widening piece of water appeared between the steamer and the quay. Men on board suspended work for a moment for a last gaze ashore, and no fewer than six unfortunates responded ardently to the fluttering of her handkerchief. She stood watching until the steamer had disappeared round a bend in the river, and then, with a sense of desolation and a holiday feeling for which there was no outlet, walked slowly home.

She broke her promise to the boatswain the following evening. For one thing, it was her "evening out," and for another she felt that the sooner the Bassett nuisance was stopped, the better it would be for all concerned. If the youth failed to see her she was the gainer to the extent of an evening in the open air, and if he did not she had an idea that the emergency would not find her unprepared.

She walked down to the town first and spent some time in front of the shop-windows. Tiring of this she proceeded to the harbour and inspected the shipping, and then with the feeling strong upon her that Bassett was, after all, to provide the major part of the evening's entertainment, she walked slowly to the small street in which he lived, and taking up a position nearly opposite his house paced slowly to and fro with the air of one keeping an appointment. She was pleased to observe, after a time, a slight movement of the curtains opposite, and, satisfied that she had attained her ends, walked off. The sound of a street door closing saved her the necessity of looking round.

At first she strolled slowly through the streets, but presently, increasing her pace, resolved to take the lad for a country walk. At Tranquil Vale she paused to tie up her boot-lace, and, satisfying herself that Bassett was still in pursuit, set off again.

She went on a couple of miles farther, until turning the sharp corner of a lane she took a seat on the trunk of a tree that lay by the side and waited for him to come up. She heard his footsteps coming nearer and nearer, and with a satisfied smile noted that he had quickened his pace. He came round the corner at the rate of over four miles an hour, and, coming suddenly upon her, was unable to repress a slight exclamation of surprise. The check was but momentary, and he was already passing on when the voice of Miss Jelks, uplifted in sorrow, brought him to a standstill.

"Oh, Master Bassett," she cried, "I am surprised! I couldn't have believed it of you."

Bassett, squeezing his hands together, stood eyeing her nervously.

"And you so quiet, too," continued Rosa; "but there, you quiet ones are always the worst."

The boy, peering at her through his spectacles, made no reply.

"The idea of a boy your age falling in love with *me*," said Rosa, modestly lowering her gaze.

"*What!*" squeaked the astonished Bassett, hardly able to believe his ears.

"Falling in love and dogging my footsteps," said Rosa, with relish, "and standing there looking at me as though you could eat me."

"You must be mad," said Bassett, in a trembling voice. "Stark staring mad."

"Don't make it worse," said Rosa, kindly. "I suppose you can't help it, and ought to

be pitied for it really. Now I know why it was you winked at me when you came to the house the other day."

"*Winked!*" gasped the horrified youth. "*Me!*"

"I thought it was weakness of sight at the time," said the girl, "but I see my mistake now. I am sorry for you, but it can never be. I am another's."

Bassett, utterly bereft of speech, stood eyeing her helplessly.

"Don't stand there making those sheep's eyes at me," said Rosa. "Try and forget me. Was it love at first sight, or did it come on gradual like?"

Bassett, moistening his tongue, shook his head.

"Am I the first girl you ever loved?" inquired Rosa, softly.

"No," said the boy. "I mean—I have never been in—love. I don't know what you are talking about."

"Do you mean to say you are not in love with me?" demanded Rosa, springing up suddenly.

"I do," said Bassett, blushing hotly.

"Then what did you follow me all round the town for, and then down here?"

Bassett, who was under a pledge of secrecy to the boatswain, and, moreover, had his own ideas as to the reception the truth might meet with, preserved an agonized silence.

"It's no good," said Rosa, eyeing him mournfully. "You can't deceive me. You are head over heels, and the kindest thing I can do is to be cruel to you—for your own sake."

She sprang forward suddenly and, before the astounded youth could dodge, dealt him a sharp box on the ear. As he reeled under the blow she boxed the other.

"'IT'S TO MAKE YOU LEAVE OFF LOVING ME,' SHE EXPLAINED."

"It's to make you leave off loving me," she explained; "and if I ever catch you following me again you'll get some more; besides which I shall tell your mother."

She picked up her parasol from the trunk, and after standing regarding him for a moment with an air of offended maidenhood, walked back to the town. Bassett, after a long interval, returned by another road.

(*To be continued.*)

CHILD BEAUTY.

The Ideals of Representative Lady Artists.

IN depicting the beauty of childhood the photographer probably enjoys a greater advantage over the painter than in any other branch of portraiture. "You have to shoot as it flies," said Mr. Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., on one occasion, in reference to the constant movement, the ever-varying charm of a child, and "to shoot as it flies" the camera is a far easier instrument to handle than the brush. Few children can stand the strain of even a short sitting without losing some of their freshness and spontaneity, and no amount of sympathetic understanding or manual quickness on the part of a painter will always overcome the difficulty. Thus it comes about that a photograph, in comparison with a painting, will often gain in animation what it loses in colour. But, of course, there are photographs and photographs, and even with the prettiest models it is not every photographer who knows how to make the best use of his natural advantages. This much must be apparent to everyone who glances into shop windows where the photographs of children form so attractive a feature.

How are these photographs regarded from the painters' standpoint? Which are the types of childish beauty as rendered by the camera which most appeal to them? We have submitted the question to a number of lady artists, who are so much more successful, as a rule, than their brothers of the brush in the portrayal of children, doubtless because they understand so much better their caprices and moods, and can more easily manage them as sitters. Every woman is a born connoisseur in the beauty of childhood, but a woman artist such as Mrs. Perugini or Mme. Canziani, so much of whose studio life has been spent in its rendering, is also a trained expert.

To the work of contemporary photographers Mrs. Perugini does not feel very complimentary, judging by her opinion of a large number of examples submitted to her. "All the children are affectedly posed," she remarks, after carefully studying them, "and there is a distressing air of self-consciousness about them I do not like. One profile portrait of a kind, thoughtful-looking little girl is nice; but, as the dear child is completely disfigured by the vulgar and terrible little hat and veil she wears, her picture is scarcely presentable."

Eventually Mrs. Perugini made an exception in favour of "Springtime," the little dark-featured maiden with the garland of flowers, reproduced on page 67, although of opinion that the photographer had not succeeded in making the pretty face very interesting.

In passing judgment upon the same collection of photographs Mme. Canziani, whose pictures of childhood, though of a different type, are as warmly admired as those of Mrs. Perugini, was much more favourable. She found at least three worthy of her commendation. "As a type of pure childish beauty, with holy expression and perfect features, I prefer 'Somebody's Sailor-Boy,' though why the white of the eye in the shadow side of the face should

be so *very* white I fail to see. It goes far to spoil the beauty of the head, and I wonder whether the photographer has indiscreetly 'touched it up.' Of the others I don't think much. Those that are pretty are spoilt by artificial posing and affectation, or by the indiscreet touching-up of the photographer."

Miss Edith Scannell, who has been exhibiting pictures of children at the Royal Academy for many years past, selected the photograph which she considered "the most simple and childlike."

"It reminds me," she declared, "of the lines by Jean Ingelow:—

> The sweet thing smiled,
> But did not speak;
> A dimple came in either cheek,
> And all my heart went out to her."

In Miss Scannell's opinion you must be fond of children to be very successful either in photographing or painting them. "The one thing you must not do," she adds, "is to pose them. Watch them, and some characteristic attitude will give you a picture twenty times prettier and more graceful than any you could have arranged."

Mrs. Ernest Normand (Henrietta Rae) found so many charming conceptions of childhood among these photographs that she had some difficulty in choosing the one which best expressed her ideal. "I like this the best," she said finally, taking up the photograph we reproduce, "because there is a certain suggestion of wild Nature about its beauty. I don't care at all for the drawing-room type of prettiness in children, such as finds most favour with artists at the Royal Academy. It is the gipsy type, the wilful, perhaps even the naughty, children, which appeal to me most—although I might not say so if I had to paint many of them. Still, as you know, I speak as a mother who has brought up two boys, and therefore I know something about children on the practical, as well as artistic, side."

Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, the painter of that charming idyll of childhood in the Tate Gallery, "Love Locked Out," made her choice because the face in the photograph was "really childlike and natural." But she explained that if it had come within the scheme of our article she would have preferred to send us a photograph from a portrait she painted some years ago, when the child was kept quite unconscious of the fact of posing.

Miss Maude Goodman sent us the photograph of a child which has more than once figured, we believe, in her own pictures, although not in one of those by which she is so widely known. Miss Goodman's "most pleasing" child was about three years of age when the photograph was taken. She is now about eight.

"I think you will agree," she says, "that the expression is so very natural. I regret that the photograph cannot give an idea of the child's colouring—golden hair, blue eyes, and rather brilliant complexion."

I have referred to Miss Maude Goodman by the maiden name under which she first won fame as a painter of children, because it is by this name that she has continued to be known to the great public. But it is no secret that she is known to her friends as Mrs. Scanes, the mother of children now grown up who, in their early years, were the models for some of the most successful pictures by which she has charmed so many thousands of child-lovers.

Mrs. Jopling-Rowe had at hand the photograph of a child which, to her eyes, was the embodiment of an ideal.

"Is it necessary to say why I admire it?" she exclaims. "Analyzing a sentiment robs it of its flavour (I have just been ordering dinner, so forgive a culinary expression). A Frenchman's remark always remains in my memory. He was standing in front of one of Whistler's pictures. A friend asked him why he liked it? 'Je ne sais pas pourquoi,' he answered; 'mais cela donne une émotion' ('I do not know why; but it gives me an emotion'). If anything can make us feel emotional, what more do we want?"

Mrs. Murray Cookesley, who has painted some sweet children, although she is best known in the Royal Academy catalogues for her Egyptian subjects, had no difficulty in defining her preference for the photograph by which she is represented.

"It represents the higher-bred type of child beauty. The face expresses mind and feeling as well as charm of form and colouring. The figure appears to be also perfectly formed, and therefore the photograph as a whole fulfils my ideal of a beautiful child."

It is the children of the slums, rather than those of high breeding, that Lady Stanley—whom probably many readers still think of as Miss Dorothy Tennant—has chosen to depict, but she has shown a keen eye for the grace of childish form even when clothed in rags. For her ideal Lady Stanley referred me to a photograph taken by her friend, Mrs. Eveleen Myers, but she desired to let the picture speak for itself, and had nothing to say by way of pointing out the qualities in the face which made so strong an appeal to her.

SELECTED BY
MRS. PERUGINI.

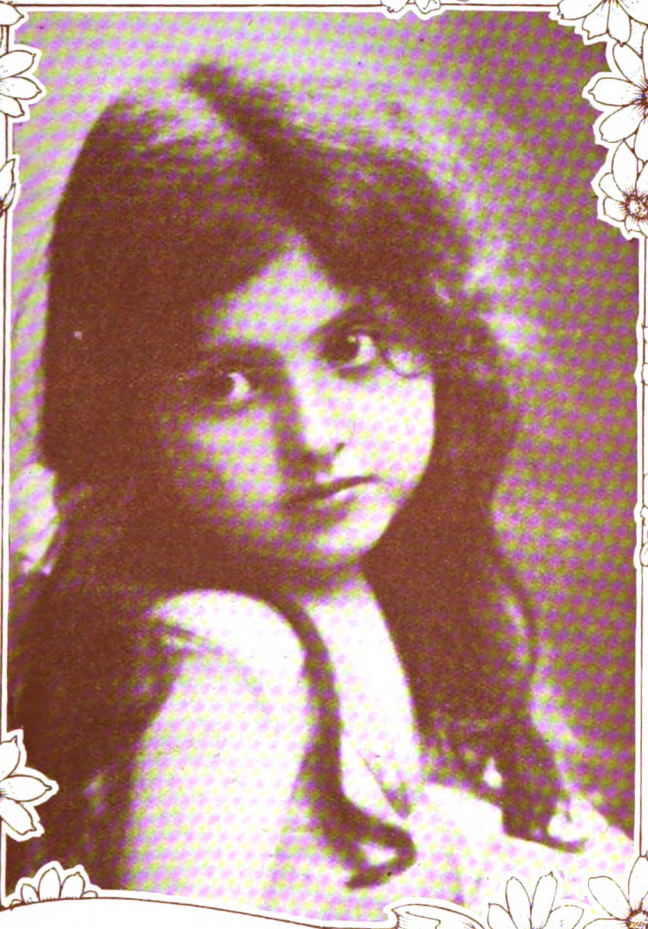
From a Photograph by The Rotary Photographic Co.

SELECTED BY MME. CANZIANI.

From a Photograph by The Rotary Photographic Co.

SELECTED BY MISS EDITH SCANNELL.

From a Photograph by The Rotary Photographic Co.



SELECTED BY HENRIETTA RAE
(MRS. NORMAND).

From a Photograph by The Rotary Photographic Co.

SELECTED BY MRS. ANNA LEA MERRITT.

From a Photograph by The Rotary Photographic Co.

SELECTED BY MISS MAUDE GOODMAN.

From a Photograph by Chas. Luff, Slough.

SELECTED BY MRS. JOPLING-ROWE.

From a Photograph by Marian Maxwell, Johannesburg.

SELECTED BY MRS. MURRAY COOKESLEY.

Copyright by The Rotary Photographic Co.

SELECTED BY LADY STANLEY.

From a Photograph by Mrs. F. W. H. Myers.

STORIES STRANGE AND TRUE.

V.—The Monster of "Partridge Creek."

By GEORGES DUPUY.

[M. Georges Dupuy, the well-known French writer and traveller, who has made many explorations in the Polar regions, here relates a most extraordinary experience which befell him in the frozen steppes of Alaska. M. Dupuy, whose good faith is beyond question, takes full responsibility for his narrative, which is, it may be noted, however remarkable, in no way contradicted by known scientific facts. The drawings which acoompany this article have been made from sketches and descriptions supplied by M. Dupuy.]

THE story which follows is in no sense a romance. I wish, in the first place, to ask the readers of the following narrative to believe that I am in no way attempting to impose upon their credulity. Concerning the amazing spectacle I am about to describe, I report nothing but plain facts, however astounding and apparently incredible they may seem at first glance, precisely as they appeared to my own eyes—and I am possessed of excellent sight—and to those of my three companions—all three white men—without counting five Indians of the Klayakuk tribe, who have their camps on the shores of the River Stewart.

The following are the names of the three ocular witnesses who are ready to testify to the truth of my assertions: the first is my hunting companion for many years, Mr. James Lewis Buttler, banker, of San Francisco; the second is Mr. Tom Leemore, miner, from McQuesten River, in the Yukon Territory; and lastly, the Reverend Father Pierre Lavagneux, a Canadian Frenchman and missionary at the Indian village of Armstrong Creek, not far from McQuesten.

In the course of ten years' rambling in the four quarters of the world it has been my lot to witness a great number of amazing spectacles, and the strange experience of which I speak had become no more than a vivid recollection when, a few days ago—on January 24th, 1908—the following letter reached me at Paris. It came from Father Lavagneux, who passes his life with his savage flock six hundred miles north-west of the Klondike. I give it here word for word:—

"Armstrong Creek,

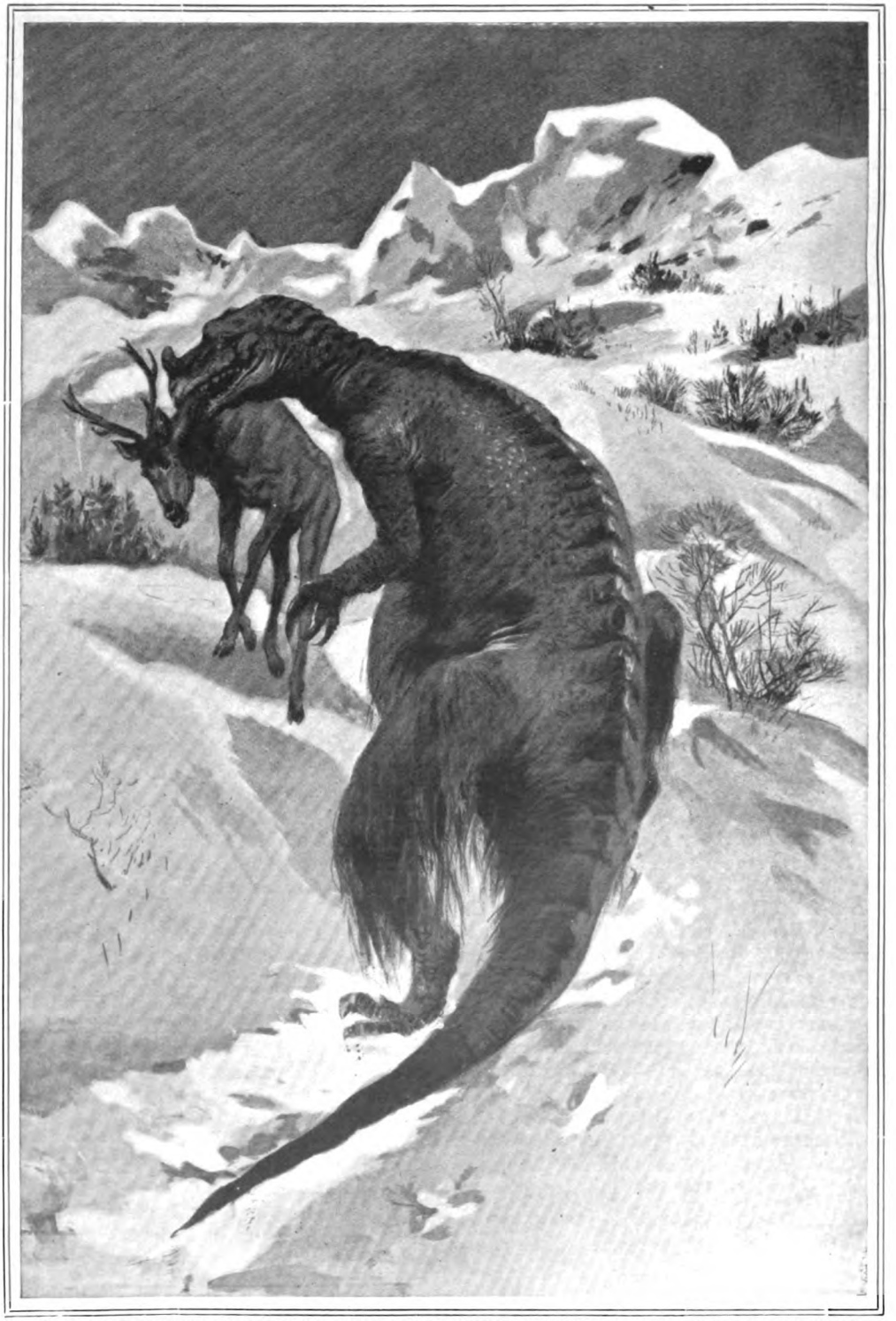
"January 1st, 1908.

"MY DEAR SON,—The 'trader' of McQuesten has just stopped here with his train of dogs and sledges. He has had a hard journey from Dawson, by Barlow, Flat Creek, and Dominion. I expect to receive by him in another fortnight fresh provisions and news of the outside world. To-day is the first day of the New Year, and I want this letter to express my affectionate wishes for your health and happiness. I hope it will give me the pleasure of receiving you under my humble roof, here, at the other end of the earth. I will not believe that you will let your old friend in the Great North leave his old carcass to the Indians (who will some day or other make his coffin out of branches) without seeing him once more.

"I have received your book, the reading of which has given me the greatest pleasure. By the way, you are wrong in regard to that poor fellow, John Spitz. Alas! he is no longer mail-carrier of the Duncan district. He died, poor fellow, at Eagle Camp, soon after you departed, not having survived the wound he received from the 'bald-face,'* which you will remember.

"Talking of ferocious animals, will you believe me when I tell you that ten of my Indians and myself saw again, on Christmas Eve, that horrible beast of Partridge Creek passing like a whirlwind over the frozen surface of the river, breaking off with his hind feet enormous blocks of ice from the rough surface? His fur was covered with hoar-frost, and his little eyes gleamed like fire in the twilight. The beast held in his jaws something which seemed to me to be a caribou. It was moving at the rate of more than ten miles an hour. The temperature that day was forty-five degrees below zero. At the corner of the 'cut-off' it disappeared. It is undoubtedly the same animal that we saw before. Accompanied by Chief Stineshane and two of his sons I followed the traces, which were exactly like

* The bald or cinnamon bear—the brown bear of the Arctic regions.



"THE BEAST HELD IN HIS JAWS SOMETHING WHICH SEEMED TO ME TO BE A CARIBOU."

those which we all saw—Leemore, Buttler, you, and I—in the mud of the 'moose-lick.' Six times, on the snow, we were able to measure the impression of its enormous body, the same size as we found it before, almost to the twentieth of an inch. We followed them to Stewart, fully two miles, when the snow began to fall slightly and blotted out the traces."

It was on receipt of this letter that I decided to write the story of my own experience, which it recalled so vividly to mind, and of which it afforded a striking confirmation.

From a] THE SPOT WHERE THE AUTHOR MET HIS FRIEND BUTTLER. *[Photograph.*

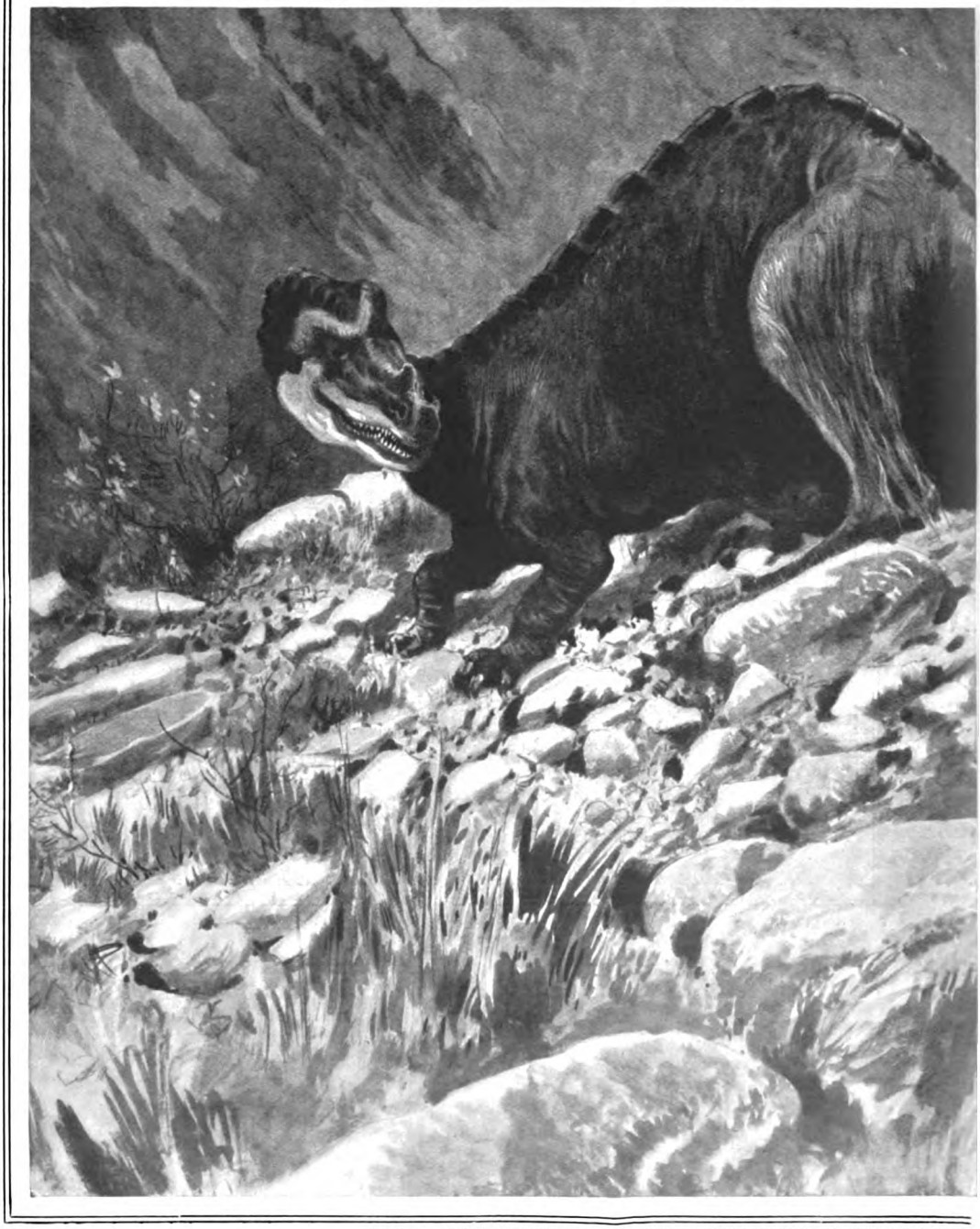
The Story of My Friend Buttler.

THE station of McQuesten, that far-off corner of the strange country of the Yukon, where the eight months of winter are so terrible but the short summer so marvellously beautiful, was on four occasions my chosen retreat during the eight years that I have known the North. A friend of mine in San Francisco, Mr. Buttler, who had come to Dawson City in order to purchase gold-mining concessions, had promised to join me in order that we should go hunting together. I was taking my coffee one afternoon in the veranda of Father Lavagneux's cabin when all at once I heard someone whistle from the farther bank of the river. A bark canoe, paddled by two Indians, was coming up the river in the shadow of the trees. Buttler was with them.

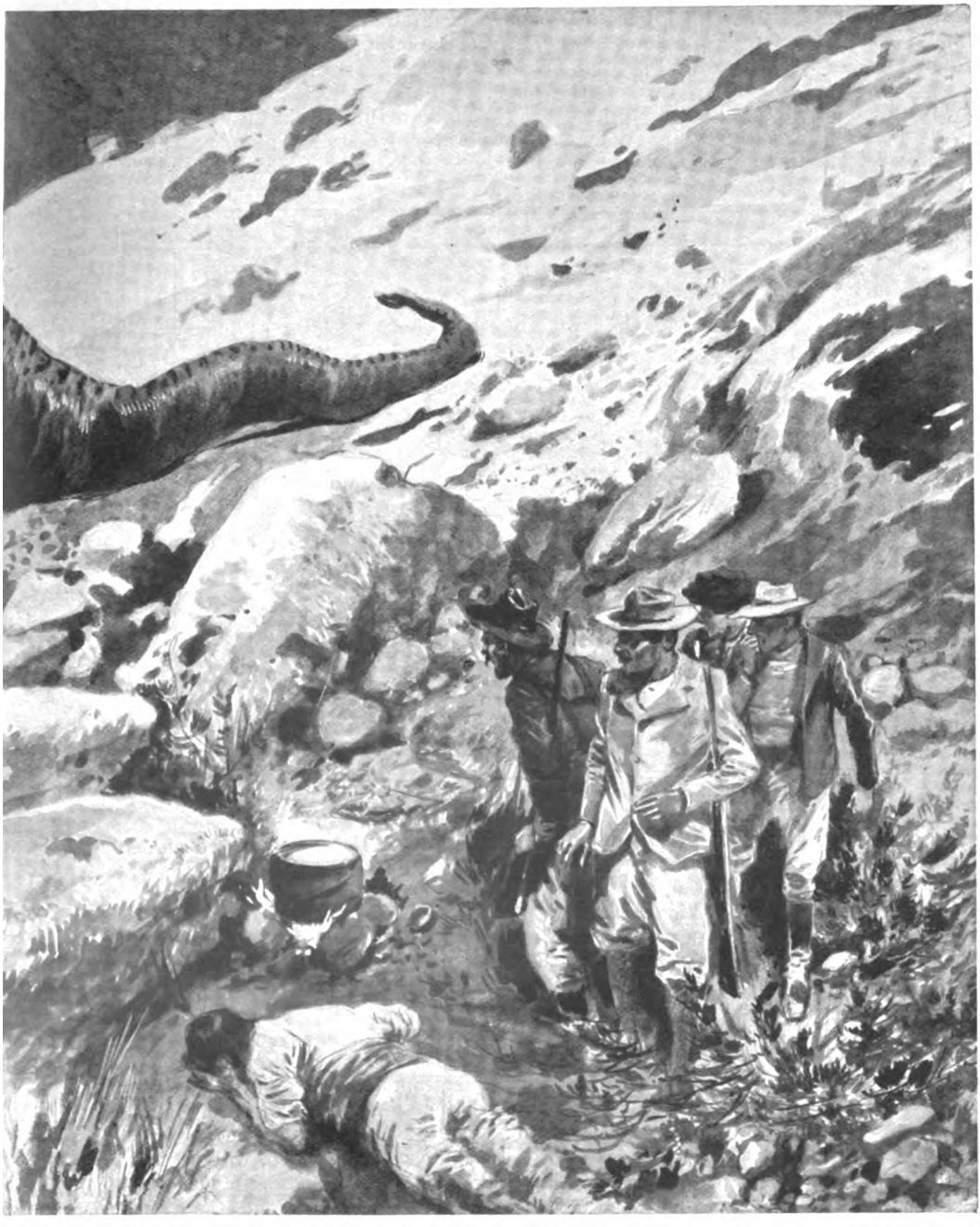
"My dear fellow," he said, smiling as I met him, and endeavouring to hide his visible agitation, "I have something very strange to tell you. Do you know that prehistoric monsters still exist?"

I broke out laughing, and together we returned by the little path which led to the Father's house. When Buttler had taken off his muddy boots and was ensconced in a comfortable seat he began to recount his story as follows:—

"Leaving Gravel Lake, where I arrived on Tuesday evening, my last stage was the mouth of Clear Creek, where I knew that you would send someone to meet me. Travelling was frightfully bad—forty miles of marshy country. At last, at nightfall, I descended a hill, and had the pleasure of seeing Grant's cabin, which was lighted up. Grant was at home, and a good supper was waiting for me. Early the next morning



"'THE DINOSAURUS!—IT IS THE DINOSAURUS OF THE ARCTIC



CIRCLE!' MUTTERED FATHER LAVAGNEUX, WITH CHATTERING TEETH."

(yesterday) he came to tell me, in his reserved and silent manner, that three fine moose were feeding quietly behind the plateau of Partridge Creek. After swallowing a hasty mouthful all four of us—Grant, your two men, and I—started out from the hut. We made a wide *détour*. At the top of a hill, where we had hidden ourselves, all of us stretched full length on the ground, we perceived, a short distance off in the valley, near a 'moose-lick,'* three enormous moose moving slowly forward and quietly browsing on the moss and lichens. All at once they gave three simultaneous bounds, and, one of the males giving vent to the striking bellow which these animals utter only when they are hunted or mortally wounded, the three went off at a mad gallop towards the south.

"WE FOLLOWED THE TRACKS OF THE MONSTER IN THE VALLEY FOR FIVE OR SIX MILES.'

"What had happened?

"We decided to approach the spot where the animals had taken fright so suddenly. Arriving at the 'moose-lick,' a spot about sixty feet long and fifteen wide, we saw in the mud, and almost on a level with the water of the 'lick,' the fresh imprint of the body of a monstrous animal. Its belly had made an impression in the slime more than two feet deep, thirty feet long, and twelve feet wide. Four gigantic paws, also deeply impressed, had left at each end of the main imprint, and a little to the side, footprints five feet long by two and a half feet wide, the claws being more than a foot long, the sharp points of which had buried themselves deeply in the mud. There was also the print, apparently, of a heavy tail, ten feet long and sixteen inches wide at the point.

"We followed the tracks of the monster in the valley for five or six miles, and then, at the ravine of Partridge Creek—a place which the miners call a gulch—they ceased suddenly as if by enchantment."

* A sulphur spring, rarely freezing in the winter, where animals come to drink at all seasons.

How the Monster Appeared to Us.

THE next day, at five o'clock in the morning, Father Lavagneux, Buttler, Leemore, a neighbouring miner hastily summoned, myself, and five men of the tribe, crossed the River Stewart in two canoes. Neither of the first two guides, who were overcome with terror, nor the sergeant of the Mounted Police, who received our story with scepticism, nor the letter-carrier, would consent to accompany us.

All day long we searched, without result, the valley of the little River McQuesten, the flats of Partridge Creek, and the country between Barlow and the lofty, snow-covered mountains.

At last, towards evening, tired out, after having toiled for a long time through the great marsh, we lighted a fire at the top of a

rocky ravine. The sun was setting. Lying by the fire we let our eyes wander over the glittering expanse of marsh which we had just traversed.

The tea was boiling and everyone was preparing to dip his tin cup into the pot, when suddenly a noise of rolling stones and a strange, harsh, and frightful roar made us all spring to our feet.

The beast for which we had been looking—a black, gigantic form, the corners of his mouth filled with blood-stained slime, his jaws munching something, I know not what—was slowly and heavily climbing the opposite side of the ravine, making the large boulders roll into the valley as he went!

Struck with terror, Father Lavagneux, Leemore, and myself tried to utter a cry of fright, but no sound issued from our parched throats. Unconsciously we had seized each other's arms. The five Indians were crouching down with their faces against the ground, trembling like leaves shaken by the wind. Buttler was already rushing down the hill.

"The dinosaurus!—it is the dinosaurus of the Arctic Circle!" muttered Father Lavagneux, with chattering teeth.

The monster had stopped scarcely twenty paces from us, and, resting upon his huge belly, was staring, motionless, at the red sun, which was bathing all the landscape in a weird light.

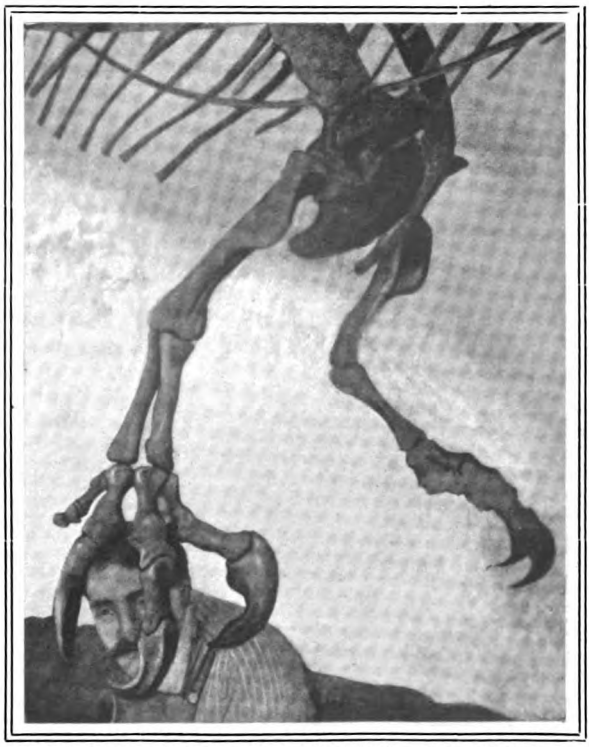
For a full ten minutes, riveted to the spot by some strange force which we could not overcome, did we contemplate this terrible apparition.

We were, however, in full possession of all our senses. There was not, and never will be, in our minds the least doubt as to the reality of what we saw. It was indeed a living creature, and not an illusion, which we had before us.

The dinosaurus then turned his immense neck, but did not seem to see us. His withers were at least eighteen feet above the ground. His entire body from the extremity of his yawning jaws—which were surmounted by a horn like that of a rhinoceros—to the end of the tail must have measured at least fifty feet. His hide was like that of a wild boar, garnished with thick bristles, in colour a greyish-black. His belly was plastered with thick mud.

At this moment Buttler returned to us. He told us that he thought the animal weighed about thirty tons.

Suddenly the dinosaurus moved his jaws, visibly chewing some thick viscid kind of food, and we heard a sound like that of the crunching of small bones. Then, with a sudden movement, he raised himself on his hind legs, and giving utterance to a roar—a hollow, indescribable, frightful sound—and wheeling round with surprising agility, with movements resembling those of a kangaroo, he sprang with a prodigious bound into the ravine.



A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CLAW OF A DINOSAURUS, FROM THE NEW YORK MUSEUM.

On the 24th, Buttler and myself, having taken two days' rest, started for Dawson City, for the purpose of demanding from the Governor fifty armed men and mules.

Here my story ends. For a month we were the laughing-stock of the Golden City, and the *Dawson Daily Nugget* published an article about me, which was at the same time flattering and satirical, entitled "A Rival of Poe."

POOR AND PROUD.

By R. RAMSAY.

I.

IT was a cheap house in a suburb.

A row of these houses, all alike, equally cramped, equally sordid, faced the scorching sun. The neighbourhood was one to break the heart of anyone shut in there from sea and heather and the sight of anything but dust that suggested summer—and in bitter irony the builder of these narrow prisons had dignified them with historic names. "Holyrood," "Balmoral," "Inverary," "Windsor," read like a piteous joke painted up on the blistered doors.

It was in "Holyrood" that Miss Clementina McLean of Bargaly was trying to make her bed.

She was young and slight and pretty, with pale gold hair like an aureole, and a wistful mouth that trembled a little, half in mirth, half in real despair, when she saw what a poor business she was making of it.

"SHE SAW WHAT A POOR BUSINESS SHE WAS MAKING OF IT."

She had tucked up her sleeves, poor child, in valiant imitation of a housemaid; but her flimsy white skirt had a train and was sadly unsuitable to the work she was gallantly attempting. And she was not playing at Cinderella. Her eyes were still dark and tragic with the catastrophe that had driven them, the McLeans of Bargaly—always since the beginning of Scotland in history the McLeans of Bargaly—landless and penniless into a strange, harsh world.

It had been their grandfather's fault at first, and afterwards their father's. Ruin had been staved off with desperate expedients hidden from the children of the house, until at last the earthquake had befallen. When Peter McLean the younger lifted his inheritance he had nothing in his hands.

And so there they were, the three of them—Peter and Clementina, and Miss Beauchamp, their English aunt, making their brave effort to live a kind of life in a narrow brick house in a hot and airless street.

"I'm a poor sort of Cinderella," said Clementina, laughing, and caught her breath; for in the real Cinderella story there had been a Prince, and in hers—alas!——

Her hands shook suddenly and she dropped the ends of her counterpane and sat down, gazing into the quivering heat to which she had vainly flung up her window. A faint pink came into her cheek and then died away, leaving it paler. In this horrible little brick house there could be no secrets; it was impossible to be deaf to the voices, terribly distinct, in the room below.

Miss Beauchamp was as usual lamenting their straitened lot and how hard it was to be careful. It was the chops, she said, plaintively, that *killed* her; she had thought it would be so economical to live on chops. And Peter was asking—the girl could fancy him jerking up his red head and stammering his impatience—why she would incessantly harp on their fallen fortunes.

There was a perceptible pause, to give point to the solemnity of her answer.

"To point the moral. I must ask you to be civil to that man Smith."

The girl could hear Peter kicking a chair out of his way.

"Civil to him? That bounder! When I think that his father——"

"Lent yours money? It was most obliging."

"Yes; and then——" the boy's voice choked.

"Wanted it back? Naturally. And took Bargaly. My dear, Providence has settled things very nicely. Suppose this Smith was a middle-aged wretch with a family! Instead of which he is quite possible. If I could only prevail upon you and Tina to see things in the proper light——"

The girl upstairs felt her cheeks turn a bitter scarlet.

"The poor man worships her," continued Miss Beauchamp, shrilly; "and he is so astonishingly rich——"

"We are not for sale."

Miss Beauchamp never permitted herself to notice irrelevant interruptions; she pursued, louder.

"All my efforts," she said, "appear to go for nothing. Tina is so difficult to persuade, and you scowl at him openly and watch him like a tiger. I've coughed myself hoarse, and you would not leave them alone."

Then Clementina heard her brother's voice moved out of all caution.

"Oh, I know what you want. You want me to persecute my sister, my only sister—to taunt and reproach her and drive her into marrying this man Smith."

"I never expect you," broke in Miss Beauchamp, sharply, "to have the sense."

The house door shut with a bang that made the slight walls quiver, and the girl upstairs smiled faintly. Peter was fiercely loyal to the family pride and to her, and he looked at this thing as others would look at it. Friendless but stanch, fighting a hard, unfamiliar battle, his soul took fire at the shameful idea of buying peace. Had she called herself Cinderella? Ah, if the Prince should come, in his pomp of money, she could not for very shame say "Yes" to what he should ask her.

She leaned out suddenly as if she wanted air. How strange and heavy this heat was; how threatening, like the sultry quiet before a storm! How could one breathe here, wanting the summer winds, cool off the sea and fragrant off the heather? Her heart cried out for Bargaly, for the wide sweep of the hills and the blue deepness of the water with its rush of little waves at the Sound.

He could wander unchecked in these dear places. All that was his, and in her dreams it was haunted by him. Why should he trouble to fight her defiant coldness? Why should he not choose another mistress for the old castle at Bargaly? A rich woman, one like himself, since it was dangerous to tempt the poor.

The thought hurt her. She caught her breath, sighing; and then trembled all over because she had seen him coming up the street.

He had followed them; he had found them out in this mean refuge where they had hidden themselves in exile. Clementina held on to the window-sill, fascinated, as she watched him looking up blankly from house to house.

Mr. Smith was a big young man with short fair hair and ridiculously freckled; he looked absurdly boyish for a man of thirty, and you noticed it when he smiled. He discovered the house and made a terrific noise on the knocker, and as Clementina wondered nervously who would have to open it, she heard Miss Beauchamp rejoicing as she flew at him and dragged him in.

It was a haughty Clementina who answered her aunt's third, most impatient, call by coming down slowly and walking into the sitting-room like a Princess.

Mr. Smith started up, and she was almost frightened at the eagerness in his face. Her heart fluttered as she honoured him with a

stiff and formal bow. "Won't you shake hands with me?" he said, openly disappointed.

The girl looked defiantly at Miss Beauchamp, who was signalling frantically to her to be polite, but let her little, limp hand

"'WON'T YOU SHAKE HANDS WITH ME?' HE SAID."

lie a minute in his. She felt like a caught bird, and her heart rebelled at the dreadful promptness with which Miss Beauchamp deserted her and left her patently, purposely alone with him. Only anger lent her the courage to stay and brave it out.

"Why are you so unkind to me?" said Mr. Smith.

She almost laughed in her nervousness. If she were to tell him why!

"Unkind?" she repeated, haughtily.

"Yes," he said, gazing at her, this young, slight wisp of a thing whose lip was so disdainful. "I've come a long way to see you. I'd have come before, but I didn't dare to."

Into Clementina's mind flashed a recollection of Miss Beauchamp posting a letter obstinately in person two nights ago. She trembled, hot all over.

"Did Aunt Mary ask you to come?" she said.

"She's awfully good to me," said Mr. Smith, not denying it. "It—it used to comfort me to feel I had an advocate."

"Advocate—for the persecution!" said Clementina, under her breath.

He did not catch it; he was looking at her in a despairing, adoring way, that would have softened any other woman but this desperate girl, who was asking herself passionately whether he too thought she was sure to capitulate because they were so poor and owed him money. His voice was not quite steady when he spoke.

"Don't look at me as if I was a dragon," he said. "If you don't want me to stay I'll go. I don't ask you if you care for me. I know you don't." The girl turned her face from him suddenly as if he had struck her. "But I'd like you to believe that if I've bothered you it's been only because I loved you so. Can't you understand?"

He stopped, and hesitated. Clementina was very still; he could catch the soft line of her cheek as she stood with her head turned away; and a wild hope seized him. His face lit up, and he stammered with eagerness.

"If you could try"—he said, unsteadily—"if you could try, my darling, I'd be very patient; as patient as the old house at Bargaly looking for its mistress!"

She turned round, and her eyes were blazing.

"Don't!" she cried. "It's yours, all yours. You can do what you like with it; ruin it, burn it down to the ground. Only don't dare to hold it out as a bribe. If I—loved you" (bravely), "do you think I should care for anything in the world but you? If I did not——"

He moved quickly, but she looked at him so indignantly that he dropped his arms.

"Oh!" she cried. "You think badly of me; you scorn me, or you would never dare

to insult me so. I would rather die than marry you, Mr. Smith."

"That's convincing,' he muttered, hopelessly. "You're very proud."

"Yes," said Clementina, slowly, "I suppose I'm proud."

There was a short silence. The young man was regarding her with a curious, searching look, as if to print her face on his memory for a long, long time.

"Well," he said, at last, "I'm sorry. I thought it was no good, but hope dies hard. I only came over, you know, to say good-bye."

"To say good-bye?" she repeated. The anger that had supported her was leaving her, and she felt strange and weak.

"Yes," he said, carelessly. "I'm going to Africa. A friend of mine, an explorer, is going out, and he and some others want to push into the interior."

"Like—like those men who get murdered?" said Clementina.

"In a mild way, yes. Old Turnham is cracked on wild beasts and cannibals, and likes to meet them on equal terms; they nearly ate him up once or twice, but he can't keep away, and the others are just as bad. I was awfully lucky to get the chance. One man's mother persuaded him to drop it, and Turnham let me take his place."

He spoke with an attempt at sprightliness, hardly noticing what he said, but Clementina shivered.

"Oh," she said, "but the danger——"

"That's half the fun," said Mr. Smith.

"And the savages—oh, the savages!"

"That's the other half," he said, cheerfully. "Oh, we're all fighting men. I'm the only one who's green, and even I can shoot. You see, a chap must have some diversion, and if I don't come back——"

"If you don't—come—back?" repeated Clementina; her voice sounded queer to herself.

"Well, I was going to say you would be rid of me for good," said Mr. Smith, with his brave, boyish smile. He held out his hand and took hers and shook it; she felt his touch in a dream. He was going. She would be released from his courtship, from the bitter consciousness that the McLeans had nothing to match his money but the pride of the dispossessed. The girl who had fought against being driven into a marriage whose obvious expediency would deserve contempt felt strangely reckless. She made him a low curtsy. "Bon voyage!" she said. "I hope you will find it—warm."

And then she found herself staring at him in a mist of sudden tears.

"Oh, take care of yourself!" she cried to him, with a sob.

He started; in a minute he had come back, and his arm was round her.

"Dearest," he said, in a glad, incredulous voice, "do you care?"

She held on to him with ridiculous little clinging hands.

"Oh," she said, "yes, yes, yes!"

For a moment there was silence, and then Clementina spoke. His arm had trembled as it held her, he had scarcely dared to touch her—only to kiss her hair.

"And you won't leave me?" she said. The man laughed softly.

"Leave you?" he said. "Why, you're my girl now—mine to take care of and love and comfort; mine always. Leave you? No."

And then Clementina too broke into shaking, almost defiant, laughter.

"To think that I was afraid!" she said. "Let people judge me; let them despise me! As if I cared!"

The queer recklessness in her voice puzzled him.

"Why, sweetheart," he said, "who is going to judge you? Only, you heartless baby, I'd like to know why you half killed me with your unkindness."

"Oh, I was a proud coward!" sighed Clementina; her eyes were still wistful, gazing up at him. "*You* believe in me at least," she added, faltering; "*you* understand."

"Understand?" he said. "Oh, it's too wonderful yet, sweetheart!"

And then a sudden, childish terror seized her. These horrible explorers might hold him to his word. They might say he was bound in honour not to leave a gap in their ranks.

When he said carelessly he supposed he would have to run up to town and explain, she clung to him nervously and implored him to telegraph. He laughed tenderly, holding her at arms' length.

"What?" he said. "Dash their hopes to the ground before I'm quite sure of you? I've not asked Peter's permission yet; he may tell me you are too precious——"

"Don't!" she said, shivering. "Quick, quick; don't lose a minute. Tell them immediately that you cannot go."

"Oh," he submitted, gaily. "Anything to oblige my Princess. If you'll kiss me to make it real, I'll run out and send a wire."

He stood over her, dear and smiling, and the girl's heart beat quickly as she lifted her

face to his. And then he was gone, and Clementina was left half dizzy with the memory of his kiss.

II.

THE girl felt so confident in her happiness that she forgot for the moment that the sky had not changed. To her it was heavenly kind, but to others it was still the same burning, unpitying sky of brass.

The first blow to her sudden confidence came from Peter, when she danced up to him, transfigured, and laid her hands on his shoulders. He had almost run into Mr. Smith at the street corner, and his face was disturbed, but Clementina was in too big a hurry to notice that.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" she cried. "Dear, I'm so—I'm so happy. Guess!"

The tall, shabby, red-haired young aristocrat started as if each little eager hand was a serpent. A look that was nearly horror sprang into his eyes.

"No, no, no!" he interrupted, fiercely. "Don't say that you've sold yourself, Tina, Tina!"

"Sold myself?" she faltered. She had already forgotten what would be the world's reproach.

"'NO, NO!' HE INTERRUPTED, FIERCELY. 'DON'T SAY THAT YOU'VE SOLD YOURSELF, TINA!'"

The hot blood of his ancestors flamed up in Peter McLean. Was it for this he had guarded and sheltered his little sister, worshipping her with a passionate determination to win a way for her back to her rightful place? Could she not trust him? Or was it a mad impulse of self-sacrifice that had cheated her into this? She had snubbed the man, shunned the man, scorning him publicly, and hitherto faced misfortune with the same high-spirited bravery as himself. His voice rose so high in its incredulous anger that it brought in Miss Beauchamp, and the girl ran to her blindly in her tears.

"Oh, comfort me, comfort me, Aunt Mary," she cried; "he will break my heart."

"Good gracious!" said Miss Beauchamp, staring from one to the other. She was a rather stout woman, of a commanding presence and an air of muddled diplomacy; she always meant to be kind and believed herself to be crafty.

"Mr. Smith," said Clementina, hurriedly, clinging to her—"Mr. Smith said he had come to say good-bye. He said he was going to Africa, and I said, 'Take care of yourself,' and he said, 'Do you care?' and I said — and I said ——" — her voice trailed away into excited pants.

"And you said, 'No'?" demanded Miss Beauchamp, severely.

"And I said, 'Yes.'"

"And *I*," burst in Peter, "say that my sister shall not marry a man for his money and disgrace herself. It's plain enough what she's doing it for. I would shoot him first!"

"You dear, good, sensible girl!" exclaimed Miss Beauchamp. She patted the girl triumphantly on the back.

"Hush!" she interposed. "Let me speak, my dear. Please remember, Peter, that your sister is no doubt acting more for your sake than for her own. Instead of reproaches you owe her thanks."

"Don't!" beseeched Clementina, writhing in her embrace.

"Dear child, I applaud your good sense; the more so as I hardly dared to expect it. It is so difficult for a girl of your age to rise above sentiment. Yes, I am quite proud of my dear, wise niece."

"Oh, don't touch me!" cried the girl, wildly, shaking off the approving hand. "Don't praise me—don't *dare* to praise me. Oh, I've tried to hate him; I've told myself he's rich and I'm poor, and his father helped to ruin us, and people would always whisper that I married him for his money; and I would rather die! But when he said good-bye to me I couldn't fight myself any longer—I loved him so."

She stopped in her hurrying explanation and looked imploringly at her brother.

"Can't you believe it?" she said. He shook his head.

"Poor little girl," he said, compassionately, "it's no good pretending."

"But I tell you I love him."

"Don't be a little hypocrite," said Peter, pity giving place in his voice to a sharp contempt.

Clementina stood looking from one to the other, and her young face was pale.

"If you can think so ill of me," she said, "you who have known me as a baby, what must *he* think? What better right has he to believe in me? Oh, I am so ashamed, I am so ashamed!"

She left the room, and they heard her sobbing wildly as she fled upstairs.

"You thankless wretch!" said Miss Beauchamp, following to console.

Peter tramped up and down restlessly, pulling at his straggling red moustache. It was a horrible position. In his prejudiced eyes it was unmistakable that Tina had succumbed to their aunt's worldly wisdom and incessant preaching of heartless prudence.

The child must be rescued, but how was it to be done?

There was only one way. He must send the fellow about his business. He stalked out into the narrow passage as Miss Beauchamp, with an air of magnanimous importance, came down the stair.

"How is Tina?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh, congratulate yourself," said Miss Beauchamp, sharply. "You have made her ill. She won't let me soothe her, but lies on her bed crying. Anyone would suppose from the way you two go on that this Mr. Smith was a monster in human shape. When I think of the difficulty I've had in prevailing upon her and making her see him in the proper light—— And now she accuses me of trying to wreck her life! I think you are both mad."

"Hush!" said Peter, savagely. He had heard a swift step in the street, and before Mr. Smith reached the knocker he had flung the door open.

Miss Beauchamp, thrust into the background, saw him usher the visitor, with grim politeness, into the sitting-room and shut the door. She started to pursue them, but hesitated, wringing her hands in alarm. Would it be safe to warn Tina that mischief was going on, or would she cling pusillanimously to her brother's side?

Mr. Smith looked at the man of the house with an air of glad comprehension that missed the sinister silence in which he had let him in.

"Has she told you?" he said. "Shake hands, will you, and wish us luck."

"Sit down," said Peter McLean; but the lover was too excited.

"It is just as if the stars had fallen," he said, his good-looking, freckled face broadening into a smile. "I'd made up my mind to clear out, you know. I thought it was no good haunting her; I thought it was utterly hopeless."

"Sit down," said Peter.

And then the young man realized that something was wrong.

"What is the matter?" he said. "I've been drivelling, but I'm so awfully happy, you see. What is it?"

Peter looked at him grimly, with folded arms.

"I want a word with you before we are interrupted," he said, significantly, "and I mean to have it. You are under the impression that my sister has promised to marry you."

Mr. Smith stared at him, puzzled.

"I must ask you," said Peter, slowly, "to have the goodness to release her."

"What do you mean, McLean? Have you taken leave of your senses?" cried Mr. Smith; and then, suddenly, "What have you done with Clementina?"

Peter McLean winced at the familiar confidence that spoke of his sister by her Christian name.

"My sister," he said, loftily, "is not fit to be present at this interview. I'm humbling myself for her sake. I'm not exactly a diplomat, and I can't fight you. But if you have any decent feeling you'll let her go."

"What on earth do you mean?" said Mr. Smith.

"Can't you see that she has been driven

into it?" said Peter, bitterly. "Told—I'm putting it plainly, Mr. Smith—that it was her business to mend the family fortunes by sacrificing herself to a rich man she hated?"

"What?"

Clementina's lover was breathing hard; the amazed and happy look was wiped out of his face, and he spoke, stammering:—

"That's a poor joke, McLean."

"It's no joke to us," said Peter. "Man, do you think it is a pleasure to tell you that? The family honour is all we have left. Oh, don't flatter yourself you can buy my sister."

It was at that moment—when Mr. Smith was staring at Clementina's champion, half incredulous, half stricken—that Miss Beauchamp, having recovered her presence of mind, sailed majestically into the room.

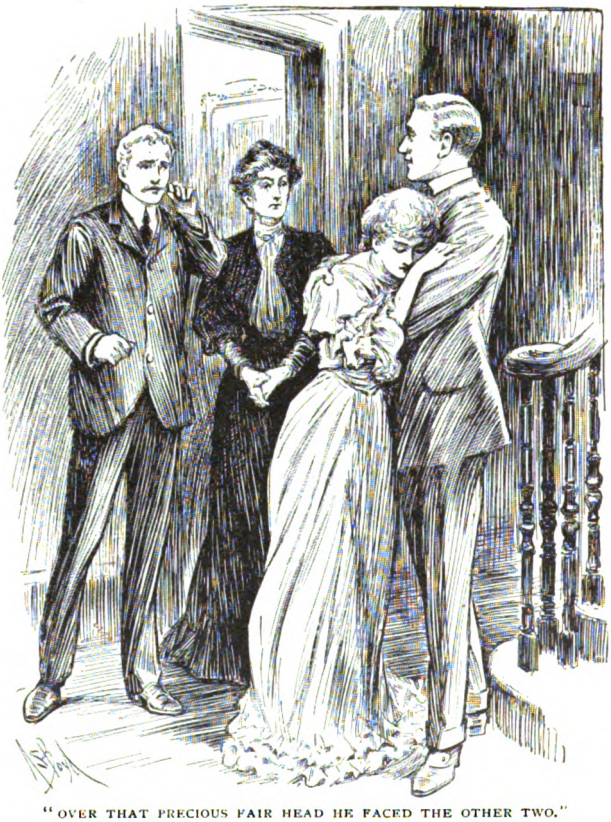
"What has that wicked boy been saying?" she exclaimed. "Don't believe it!" and then she lost her head and turned upon Peter with an incautiously loud aside—"You wretch! After your poor, good sister sacrificing herself for you——"

"You hear that?" said Peter, sardonically.

"I hear," said Mr. Smith.

There was a short pause. He looked round mechanically for his hat and straightened himself, moving to the door.

"So I must go to Africa after all," he said, bitterly.



"OVER THAT PRECIOUS FAIR HEAD HE FACED THE OTHER TWO."

"Africa?" shrieked Miss Beauchamp. "Oh, no, no, no! What shall I do? With Tina too upset to be reasonable! Wait till I ask her to come down——"

He stopped her, looking very big and boyish with that hurt look on his face, and a mouth that was sad and steady.

"Don't," he said. "I'd rather not. You can tell her I won't worry her any more. Tell her I'd have died twice over to save her a minute's pain. I was a fool, you know, but I thought she cared. Perhaps I'll get over it out there. And if there's fighting——"

He broke off. A little eager figure was hurrying down the stair. At her cry he turned round and took a hasty step towards her in time to catch her as she threw herself into his arms.

Over that precious, fair head he faced the other two like a soldier who had won back his flag.

"My goodness!" said Miss Beauchamp.

Peter was dumb with surprise, recognising something that was too real, too passionate for pretence. He found his voice at last.

"Tina," he said, breathlessly, "you don't mean to say you love him?"

Clementina lifted her head bravely from her lover's breast. With his arm round her she was safe.

"Oh," she said, laughing weakly, "I love him better than all the world."

The Line of Fashion.

By A. DRYSDALE-DAVIES.

IT rises and falls—the line of feminine fashion. It expands, it contracts, it curves, it deflects, it rolls with a large opulence or droops in rigid angularity; one year it is concave, another it is convex, and when it is and has done all these things it does them all over again. For there is nothing new—not even in the modes which the fair readers of THE STRAND are wearing this summer of 1908. Only there seems to be some occult law which governs the recurrence of the various styles. In fact, it is not mere chance—there is a science of fashion—if certain philosophers, who are now foolishly giving up their attention exclusively to economics, physics, and biology, would only condescend to find it out.

Of something more than colour and form and fabric is the costume *à la mode*—it is even more than line in its relation to the wearer. A hat or a dress may be the same in form and yet be entirely different according to the way it is worn. It is often a case, as a glance at the accompanying diagrams will show, that "Those behind cried 'Forward!' And those in front cried 'Back!'"

Many persons of the stupid male gender wonder why the attenuation—apparent, at any rate—of the present ladies' skirts should so suddenly follow the amplitude of 1906 and the threatened opulent rotundity of 1900. They think it is reaction, but it is not reaction. What were the previous marked periods of the hoop and crinoline? About 1770, 1820, 1857, 1860, 1865—all years indicating national, not to say European, depression. When, in the tenth year of the reign of the good and patient King George III., the skirts of the ladies of his Court began to expand he should have been filled with instant apprehension, as heralding the loss of the American Colonies. Just as when France and Napoleon were at the height of their glory the robes of the ladies were of unwonted scantiness, so when England met her first reverses in the Boer War the cry went forth, "Crinoline is coming in." The close of

In the above diagram the lines indicate the shape of the skirts at different periods—Note the respective length and shortness of crinolines for 1865 and 1857.

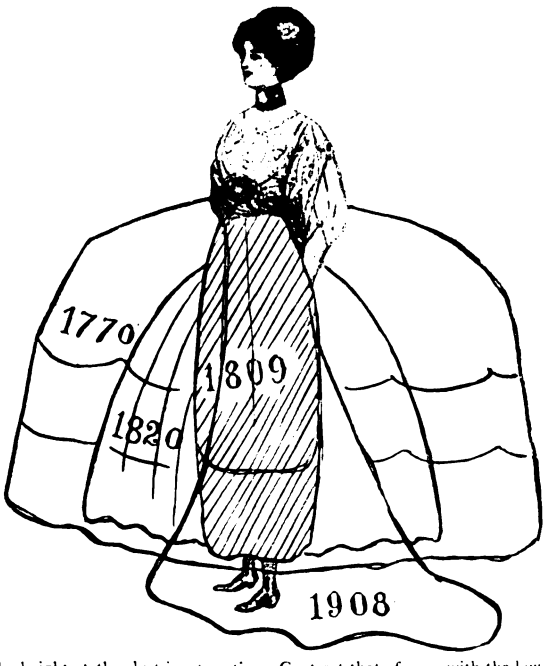
Above are shown four other outlines—Note the line of the "polonaise" for 1875 as compared with the close-draping skirt of to-day.

the American Civil War and the end of the cotton crisis brought with it the announcement from the mysterious oracle of fashion that "Crinolines will no longer be worn." In other words, it is the wind not of prosperity, but of adversity, which seems to inflate the skirt *à la mode*. Ready for any emergency, it would seem, are the skirts of the last two seasons. For while, with actual prosperity, they are apparently of the strictest tenuity, yet a closer examination reveals innumerable copious folds and tucks that are ready for any tightness in the money market or national disaster.

Look at the problem how you will, our only safety is in the "pull-backs," we think they were called, of 1875. The only objection comes from the ladies, who denounce what Miss Ellen Terry, in a letter to the present writer, called "vulgarity of line," and make no secret of their love for the full and flowing contours of the Greek. It is certainly more irksome to move about in a tight skirt, even if it does indicate that the good times are with us in which the dressmaker can be paid.

It has not escaped the notice of the observant, by the by, that men's nether garments also tend to contract in width at the same time that ladies' skirts diminish. When length and slimness are conjoined a graceful result is usually obtained; but it is otherwise when, as may be seen by the line for 1809, the skirt is short and made still shorter by a sort of overskirt, hardly more than an apron, which covers the upper portion of the garment. The outstanding feature of the skirt for 1820, as compared with the hoops and crinolines of both an earlier and a later day, is its extremely low suspension from the hips. It never went lower from the waist than in 1820; just as the high-water mark—if one may use the expression—of the waist-band was reached half a century earlier, in 1770. Ninety years afterwards the crinoline reached its amplest curves, but its progress upwards to the armpits was suddenly arrested, at least as far as the front was concerned, for the introduction of the "polonaise" about 1875 threatened to elevate the back not much below the fair wearers' shoulder-blades. This began the vogue of the bustle, or "dress improver," which synchronized with and followed the blessed era of the "Grecian bend."

For all that they are frequently joined,

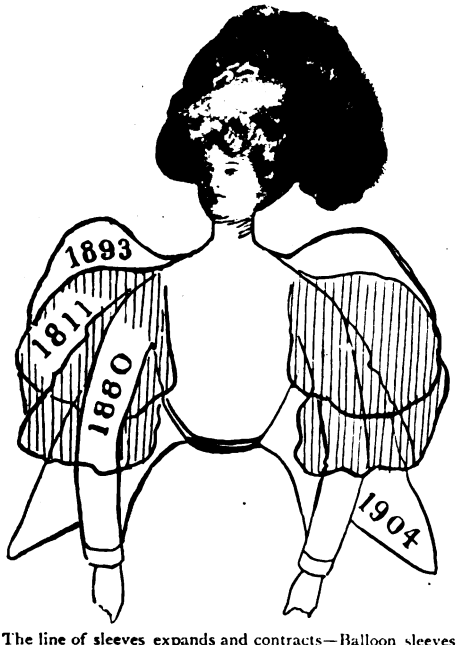


The height of the skirt is interesting—Contrast that of 1770 with the low-hung skirt of 1820.

more or less indissolubly, there is little real intimate relation between the skirt and the blouse. The size of the blouse, or "shirt," is, of course, regulated by the length or brevity of the waist. In 1785 the waist-line was low; in 1810 it came, in the woman of fashion, just under the armpits, leading a contemporary wit to remark that it was a pity the ladies pretended to have any waist at all, since by going an inch or two higher the neck would serve both purposes! But you cannot suspend a silk sash from the neck, to say nothing of leather belts with enormous buckles. Somewhere about 1829 the waist-line fell once more; but in the closing days of the crinoline it was approaching the armpits again. Six years ago long waists were the mode; now they are tending to shortness again, with the advent of pseudo-Greek draperies.

The waist-line rises or falls each season—It was absurdly high in 1810 and very low in 1902.

The historical outline and length of sleeves forms an interesting study. At the beginning of the last century the woman's sleeve was tight and came only to the elbow. A decade later it was long and baggy, while in 1811-12 it first attained the globularity of a balloon, and remained so, with intervals of partial deflation, until 1830. With the accession of Victoria the fashionable sleeve was long and close-fitting, and it was not until twenty years later that they began to bulge again. When they did they were gathered in tightly at the wrist, in great contrast to the later varieties, which assume the most fantastic shapes at their extremities. In 1875 restricted sleeves were again decreed because with the mountainous polonaise it would never do to have conspicuous sleeves as well. Tight sleeves were the fashion in 1880, and so remained for nearly a decade, when they began to bulge about the shoulder, and so led to the balloon sleeves of 1893–97. In 1904, while they were tight at the



The line of sleeves expands and contracts—Balloon sleeves appear and disappear at intervals.

In hats, the greatest size was attained in 1787 and in 1907—the oddest shape in 1810.

A wide gulf separates the "pork-pie" hat of 1860 from the befeathered picture-hat of 1908.

top, they were full below the elbow. We seem only to have left a season or two behind when the ladies appear determined to do without sleeves altogether for day wear; but fortunately, on the whole, we think, the new mode stopped short at the elbow. What Fashion seems to be ever striving for is not only novelty, which is refreshing, but also the greatest good of the greatest number. In a race of Katishas (the lady, you remember, who, though possessed of a caricature of a face, had an elbow that people came miles to behold) the ladies might forego all opaque arm drapery with impunity; but any style is short-lived which is becoming, not to say flattering, merely to a select few. After a half-sleeve period it now looks as though an era of close-fitting sleeves were beginning.

If we regard the outline of hats, what a gulf separates the turban of 1810 and the "pork-pie" of 1860 from the mighty structures of 1908! Yet we have not yet approached the dimensions of the hat of 1787. Nothing can be more certain than that the present reign of the big hat will be followed by a decade of the smallest variety of head-coverings.

Perhaps the style which will never altogether die out is what is denominated the "picture-hat," albeit its very modernness may influence us in our partiality and our prophecy. Yet the picture-hat covers a wide range of styles, none of which, we fear, would quite commend themselves to Volumnia or Valeria, or any of the old-world dames. The poke-bonnet of 1835 and 1863 has a charm of its own: it furnishes a piquant frame for a pretty face, and even a face which is not pretty may enjoy for the nonce a very becoming setting. The worst of it is, the poke-bonnet had to be taken off, and then, alas, came shattered illusions!

In the early 'sixties the poke-bonnet of 1835, shown in the first diagram on this page, was revived.

The styles in coiffure for a century are innumerable, but in the main the outline lasts a decade—sometimes two—before it is radically altered. The exception to this rule is in the last fifteen years or so, when the multiplicity of hairdressers and the increased attention given to the hair are responsible for the most ephemeral and fluctuating modes. The only style that has not been revived is the straight parting and ear-concealing tresses of the 'sixties. The chignon had, of course, its counterpart in the "bun" of 1894.

Ten years later the stupendous opulent upward sweep of the "Gibson roll" lent distinction to many otherwise plain faces and tournures. Just now an era of moderation has set in, and we are treated to little curls and a deft manipulation of Nature's tresses, somewhat in the Grecian spirit.

A varfety of lines of coiffure ranging from the simple net of 1865 to the Gibson roll of 1904-5.

When the Waters Were Out.

By MAX PEMBERTON.

I.

PICTURE a big-chimneyed, two-storeyed, red-brick house, dormer windows above and narrow lattices below, cover it with luxurious creeper, set it in a meadow not half a mile from the Thames, show the spires of Oxford for your far western horizon, place a farm-house within a mile of it and a mill within two, and you will have the home of Gideon Nedd, the rascally miser, as the village has remembered him. Here he starved himself for twenty long years—hither more than once came the knights of the skeleton-keys to try a bout with him. But Gideon had a double-barrelled shot-gun, and he was not afraid to let it off. "'Tis lead that is all you'll get in this house," he would say, and, for a certainty, few got more.

None knew how this miserable outcast lived or what his fortune might be. Tradition had it that he was very rich, and tradition would not be denied. His few relatives had been driven from the house long ago, not by his violence, mark you, but simply by loathing, for assuredly a more repulsive creature had rarely been seen by Thames-side. Short and deformed, his face awry and shrivelled, his skin lustrous and yellow, his eyes mean and watery, his step noiseless as that of a cat, men feared him less for that which he was than for that which he might be.

Now, this was the man who was waked from his sleep upon the night of the third day of December by a great sound of rushing waters and the dismal voice of winds. There had been rain and tempest in the river valley for many days past. Men spoke of nothing else but the floods which must follow, and duly prepared to resist them. But Gideon Nedd took no precautions. His house, built upon the rising meadow-land, had been girt about by water many a time, but never had water brought a message of warning to his door. Why should he trouble himself now, when so many years had passed?

Such was Gideon Nedd, who awoke upon that December night and heard the roaring of the waters as they leaped above the river's bank and spread far and wide across the low-lying meadows. He had a good courage of his own, and it was rare that any voice of the darkness affrighted him. If he could not sleep he would spend the time over his tattered accounts, or, it might be, in fingering the notes and coins which stood to him for the labour of a lifetime. Never had a better ingenuity been displayed in hiding a treasure. How he would gloat upon the glittering pieces, to be sure—what pains he had been at to hide them even from his own eyes, for he lived alone in the cottage and no other human being had set foot in it for more than ten years! Scarce a nook and cranny in that crazy building which had not its treasure-hole—the walls were riddled as though by cannon-shots; there was hardly a sound board in any floor you might step upon—the very rusting grates were so many strong-rooms wherefrom a deftly-plunged arm might have extracted treasure abundant.

Gideon sat up in his ragged bed and confessed that this particular night of December was a "wonder." Verily it seemed as though the house would be lifted up bodily in its humid embrace and hurled through the blackness. Even Gideon Nedd quailed before the sounds. He had never feared night before, but now he feared it exceedingly.

The measure of his fear on this night of flood is best to be expressed when we say that he ventured the luxury of a candle, and,

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"IT SEEMED AS THOUGH THE HOUSE WOULD BE LIFTED UP BODILY."

having lighted it, went downstairs to his sitting-room as though to hide himself from the dismal sounds above. Believing greatly in the stability of the Marsh House, as his cottage was proudly called, he had no real fear for his own safety; none the less he reminded himself that a chimney might fall, and that were it to do so he would be better off in his parlour than up there amid the falling tiles.

Such were the man's thoughts when he entered the parlour and set down the candle upon the bare wooden table. An instant later he had raised it again, with the nearest approach to a human cry that he had uttered for many years.

There was a little rill of water running under the outer door, and Gideon knew that the flood had crept over the highlands of the meadows and, defying all tradition, had come to menace his lonely security.

II.

He set the candle down upon the table once more, and crossing to the lattice he opened it in a hush of the wind that was ominous beyondany words. Then he recoiled from it, dumb and trembling — from the host of the waters, the deep, rushing waters pouring down from the distant hills, leaping above the river's bed, whitening the pastures with their foam — the waters crying, "There shall be no more land"; the waters which carried the dead derisively, blotted out the hedges, bent and broke the proud trees, gathered about the farm-buildings, swept through the villages—the mad, victorious waters which had come to his very door and must speedily engulf him. This Gideon knew as he drew back from the casement and crept toward the empty grate as one whose whole body had been struck by a sudden numbness, a chilling cold that palsied every limb.

Suddenly he awoke from his trance and leaping up recovered in an instant the whole power of his faculties. No old man now moved about that dank place of peril; no sturdy youth of twenty could have worked with a finer spirit or a braver will. For Gideon had remembered his money, the lodestar of his life, the very rock of his being. As in a flash it had come to him

that if the waters invaded his house, if the walls fell and the flood engulfed them, then was he ruined both in body and in soul. Fool had he been to defy the river and boast of his security!

Why, the very waters, swirling about his feet, had awakened him from trance and filled his veins with this warm desire to save his treasure and flee with it to the hills. Yes, yes, he said, a strong man could yet cross the higher meadows and breast a road to the highlands.

This was his sure hope, this his purpose as he ran from room to room, delving here and spying there, scattering the contents of crazy cabinets, pulling up the boards from the floor, thrusting his lank arms deep into the recesses of the walls, gathering gold and bank-notes everywhere and pressing them to his naked flesh as though their very touch brought healing. It was dawn when he had done—the wan light surprised him still at work; it fell as a shadow of death upon the heaped coins and the mouldy scrip—it struck upon his haggard face and caused him to look up. A voice cried, "Hasten"—he knew not whence it came, but went to the window of his bedroom and opened it to all its width

And then he perceived that the whole valley was submerged, and that anyone who would pass out must cross a torrent so frightful in its impetuosity and in its savage grandeur that a hand of miracle alone could deliver him.

III.

GIDEON blew out the candle—pity to waste it, even at Death's bidding—and, going again to the window, he asked himself if this were indeed the end or but the vain imaginings of an old man's brain.

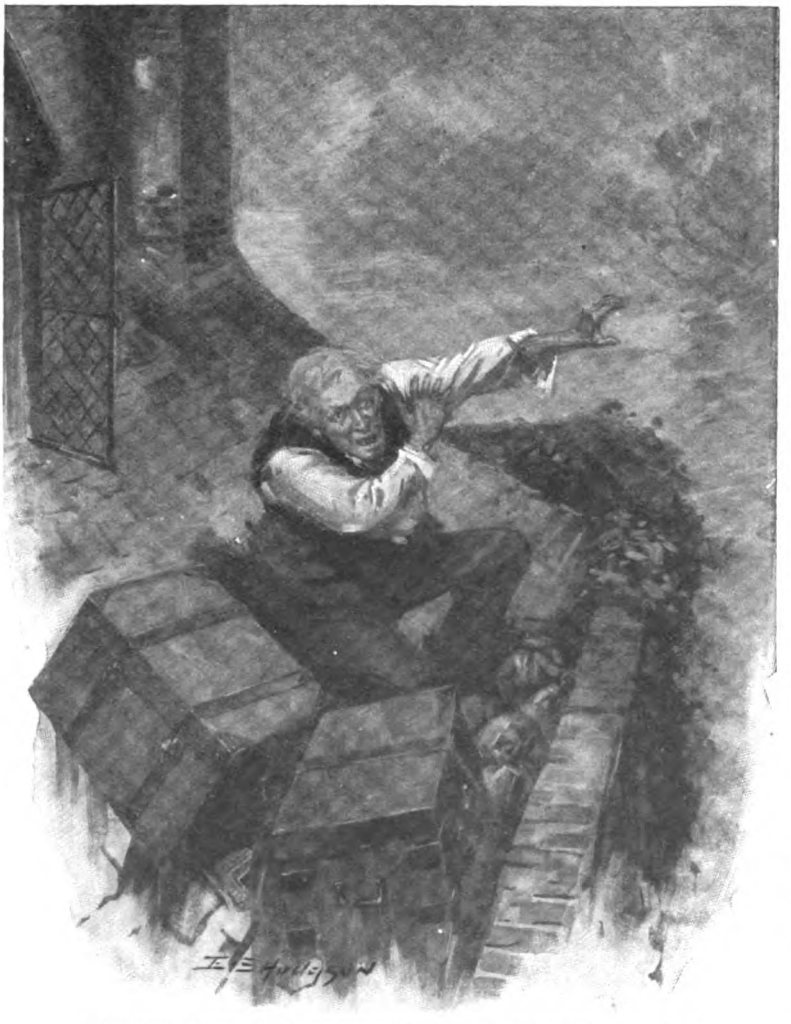
And what a scene had day revealed to him! Dead cattle went floating by upon the torrent of the stream—you could see their horns protruding from many a natural raft upon which they had sought shelter, and sought it vainly. There were the bodies of many creatures—sheep and dogs and even foxes. Birds had been drowned, none might say how. Many a farm-yard, many a park contributed to that surpassing scene of ruin. Trees and the furniture to which trees had been shaped—they went floating by together. Rare and costly treasures were swirled about in the company of vulgar kitchen furniture, common pots and pans, that had no title to keep such company. Of the people of the farms, however, Gideon could tell you nothing. There was a moment when he thought that he saw

"GATHERING GOLD AND BANK-NOTES EVERYWHERE."

a young face looking up to him from the very depths of the flood. But he turned away shuddering, and preferred to think that he had not seen it.

He would not believe in his own peril, and this was the plain truth. The mocking demon who whispered in his ear a story of the ultimate woe must be silenced by activity. How he worked in those morning hours! How he laboured to set his house in order! What care he took to arrange his treasure methodically—the gold and silver in bags, the bank-notes numbered and pinned together, the scrip still in the iron boxes. Someone would put off in a boat presently and take him from the cottage. This he repeated until it became a perpetual mutter upon his lips; and he would conclude each new spell of activity by running to the window and surveying that great expanse of waters with eyes in whose sockets the lamp of death was shining. There were boats, truly—little black shapes moving swiftly upon the far horizon—but none whose rowers remembered so much as the name of Gideon Nedd. What reason had they to do so? Which man among them had he befriended? Which had he not sought to cajole and to rob?

We may well imagine what the succeeding hours meant to this wretched man and in what agonies he passed them. Without pity himself, he craved pity now with all the desperation which deformed nature could inspire. Men will tell you that his frantic cries for help were heard far across the waters by those who rowed the boats to the homes more worthy. More than one party saw him at the window praying, cursing, beseeching them. Indeed, he seems to have spent his time running from room to room, in each of which he would throw the windows back wide upon their hinges and defy with arms extended the raging flood below. As the water, ever pitiless, mounted in the valley a fever came upon him to carry his treasure higher, and he ran with it to the very attics, and thence to the tiled roof, husbanding it by the chimneys and shrieking when the gold trickled out between his fingers. Here he lay many hours, a horrid crouching figure beating off death with arms upraised and crying to the God he had forgotten for the mercy he did not merit. And here



"A HORRID CROUCHING FIGURE BEATING OFF DEATH WITH ARMS UPRAISED."

his nephew Rupert found him ultimately—the last man Gideon would have named in all Oxfordshire to come upon such an errand at such a time.

IV.

THE punt loomed up in the shadows suddenly, a deft paddle steering it and the fine figure of an honest British lad at the stern.

"Uncle Gideon!" the voice cried; and upon that, "Where are you, Uncle Gideon? Come and catch the rope—I cannot save you unless you help me. It is I, Rupert, in Dave Williams's punt. Don't you hear me, Uncle Gideon?"

Now, old Gideon, when he heard these words, scrambled to his feet as though a hand had struck him. Many a time during that long day had he heard phantom voices mocking him; but this voice had too sonorous a ring in it to leave him doubting, and he recognised it instantly for that of his nephew Rupert, his sister's son, to whom he had not spoken a single word for five long years. How he had hated this lad for his very gifts of manliness, independence, and good courage! What threats he had uttered against him just because Rupert had the pluck to tell him the truth and to say, "You are a sour old curmudgeon, who never did any good in the world and never will." Had the boy been deformed, dissolute, a sycophant, and a liar, Gideon would have liked him well enough and left him every penny of his hoard. But he was none of these things—just a light-hearted English boy who did not care twopence about the old man's wealth and openly despised his meanness.

And it was Rupert who had now come over at the peril of his life to save him; Rupert who steered the punt cleverly against the corner of the crazy house and there clung to the leaden gargoyle with all his strength. Gideon could scarce believe his senses—and yet deep down in his mind there burned for an instant a little flame of envy which prompted him to say, "He shall save me, but I will not pay him a penny for doing it." Men do not shed the evil in their nature because affliction visits them. Gideon hated his nephew more than ever at that moment, and yet he would have sacrificed half his fortune to be set safely ashore where the waters could not harm him.

"You are a good lad, Rupert," he cried, "a good lad—and I shall remember this. Yes, I knew that you would not forget Uncle Gideon. Aye, what I have suffered since the sun rose this morning! What sights I have seen, what sounds I have heard! Nothing but dead people all about me—and now you are come and we will go away together—quickly, quickly, Rupert, away to the hills, where we shall laugh at this—oh, good lad, to remember old Gideon, to come to him when the others had forgotten."

Thus he chattered, half mad with the sudden joy of it and wholly unable to realize the perils which lay before him. A strong man still, for his penurious habits had made him that, he caught the rope which Rupert threw to him and moored the punt with a skill and dexterity worthy of a youth. The waters had now risen almost to the level of the attics below him; he perceived that the force of the torrent was broken a little here by the higher meadow-land; nevertheless, it caught the punt and drove it against the brick-work as though to crush it of very spite. There was not an instant to be lost, and so Rupert told him.

"If you would save your life, uncle, come at once," he said. "Let the sun go down, and there will be no to-morrow for any out in boats this night. Put your hands upon my shoulders, and I will help you down. What does anything matter when the waters are out. Oh, come at once, for God's sake!"

Old Gideon answered him by taking his money-bags one by one and throwing them down into the punt. He did not offer any explanation, nor was any needed. Rupert knew perfectly well that the old man had dragged his fortune to the roof, and was making this last desperate effort to save it. A smile, in truth, rested upon his face as the bags came thumping down and the iron boxes crashed upon the wooden boards about him. Who ashore would buy this hoard at any price to-night, he asked himself. Why, an instant's blundering, and it would be overboard, washed out by the flood.

They were off at last, loosening the rope through their fingers and letting the punt grate against the eaves until the open water caught her and she was swirled onward in the torrent's full embrace. Now, for a truth, old Gideon understood why the lad had spoken of haste and what the meaning of his fearful words had been. Here, in the open, the waters raged as though every spirit of storm and tempest had been loosed upon them. A foaming, seething torrent raced down toward Oxford as though the flood-gates of an ocean had been opened. Over fields and hedges, by submerged farms, hill and dale to be recognised no more, so that

desperate voyage went. They were going out, it would seem, to the very whirlpool of the flood. Thither the lad tried to steer them; that was the madness of which the old man accused him.

"To the left, Rupert—to the hills," he would cry again and again; "yon is the river—we shall drown there. What are you doing, boy?—to the left, I tell you. Are you gone mad, then—do you not see where the waters are?"

Rupert, straining at a monstrous paddle, answered as calmly:—

"I am going to Farmer Weston's. He and Linney are there. I am going to take them ashore with us."

Gideon started up and faced him with blazing eyes.

"HE THRUST HIM BACK WITH A YOUNG GIANT'S STRENGTH."

"What is he to us? Is he more than life? Do you not see that the boat will sink? What are these folk to us? Ho, ho! a pretty face grinning at the window. And there is death below—death, I tell you. To the hills, lad; I will kill you if you disobey me."

Rupert did not pay the smallest attention to him, but continued to steer the punt toward the open, where, as it seemed in the very vortex of the current, an old red farm-house stood up proudly. When Gideon tried to snatch the paddle from the lad's hand, he thrust him back with a young giant's strength and resumed his task as though it were the most ordinary thing in the world to do. Was not Linney looking across the waters, waiting for him to come to her? All that day he had watched her house afar, wondering that none went to her help, and helpless himself because he had no boat. Now, however, he accepted the call as one he would not have passed by for a king's ransom. None but he knew what terrible woe and despair had wrung his heart that bitter day—but they were forgotten by this time, for the danger drove them out and he went upon his way as though some clear star of his love stood in the heavens to guide him to Linney's side. As for this gibbering old maniac, Rupert wondered that he had the patience to hear him at all.

"I am going to save Linney and her father," he rejoined, calmly; "everyone seems to have forgotten them, but I have not forgotten. All this day I watched from the hill and saw that no boat went near them. What does it matter? I must go to them whatever happens to me."

Gideon sank back upon the boards with a low cry of despair.

"You will drown, lad—you are mad," he said. "No boat such as this could live in yon waters. They will find your body beyond Oxford city to-morrow. Will a pretty face help you then?"

"I shall have done my best—no one can do more than that. Please to keep still, uncle. It is you who are foolish to think that I would turn back. We shall be there

in a few minutes. Linney is waiting for me, and I must go to her."

He plunged the paddle once more into the boiling torrent and turned the punt's head toward the distant farm. Old Gideon, more afraid than ever he had been in all his life, crouched upon the wet floor and fell to muttering incoherent words that might have been an incantation against the desperate madness of the deed.

Well for old Farmer Weston that his house stood upon good high land. He would still be safe in the upper rooms, and toward these Rupert drove the whirling punt, every muscle taut to the task, his eyes upon the distant goal, as though turned toward the gates of Paradise.

"The water is above the ricks, uncle," he exclaimed, as the farm came at last clear to their view. "We must steer by them and make for the porch above the hall. I can see Linney at the window now. There are two or three people there, and she is waving to me. Do you throw them a rope when we come up. That won't keep us a minute, and we'll let the punt drift afterwards and try to make for Mr. Siever's gardens. His house will be above this, you know, and we might land upon one of the terraces. I'm glad to see Linney. You don't know what things I've been telling myself about her, and there she is, looking not a bit frightened, because she knew I was coming for her. Now, weren't you wrong to wish me to turn back, uncle?"

Gideon made no reply He was all hunched up in the middle of the boat, his money-bags about him; and there he sat muttering like an ogre, his face black with angry thoughts, his hands itching to snatch the paddle and to steer madly for that distant haven of the hills, which tempted his eyes perpetually.

Rupert, therefore, had to manage all this affair by his own wit, and right bravely he acquitted himself, despite the craven he had taken aboard. Never was a coxswain in a race cooler or more level-headed than he while he steered the punt across the rushing stream and brought it deftly alongside old Weston's porch. Despising Gideon's help, he himself took the painter in his hand and climbed with it to the little balcony on which Linney stood. It was a moment they would never forget.

"I saw you from the hills, and the hours were a torture," he said; and then in a breath he asked her, "What has happened? Why did no one come for you? Oh, Linney, if you had known—if you had only known what it has been! And now we are all safe together—my little girl, my dearest."

There were tears upon the girl's face, but they were tears of gladness. The old farmer could not utter a single word of thanks, so overcome was he. The trembling maid-servant blubbered aloud for joy. To each of them Rupert said, "We must go at once; there is not a moment to lose," and then, running again to the porch, he would have drawn the punt nearer for them to embark at their ease. So it was he discovered the truth. Gideon Nedd had cut the cord, and man and boat were already gone from his sight.

Thus, indeed, it happened, and thus were those four people left at the farm, the floods still rising around them, and night coming down as though to hide them from the eyes of the living.

V

THE water swept through the lower rooms of the farm like a mill-race, but there were stout timbers above which offered a brave resistance and would yet save the inmates if the flood rose no higher. Old Weston, one of the bravest hearts in Oxfordshire, did but shrug his shoulders when he ran over to confirm Rupert's story—and, as for the girls, they believed it to be but a momentary accident which would speedily be repaired. The rope had slipped and the boat drifted away. Well, was there not a man in charge of it and would not he make haste to return?

"He always was the greatest rogue out of Newgate," the farmer said aside to Rupert—and then in a gentler voice, "It is not so much for myself as for the girls. He have no more heart in his body than a heathen, and that be the truth of it. Why, I wouldn't treat a dog so, as I'm a living man. And he to leave us here and the flood still rising! Well, Rupert, lad, we must make the best on't. Won't do to show the white feather before Linney, poor lass. Do you tell her some tale or another and I'll stand here, forby the old villain should come back. A pretty thing to hope for, that. He be half-way to Oxford, sure and certain."

Rupert admitted that it must be so. Very quietly and without any fuss he told Linney that the rope had broken and the punt drifted away.

"The rope's slipped, you know, Linney, and there'll be trouble to get the punt round again. Don't you fret about it, dear; your father and I will find a way out somewhere. Now, just be my brave little girl and go and

make us some tea. This old house has laughed at many a flood, and she'll laugh with the bravest to-night. Trust my word for that, dear; we'll be in Oxford to-morrow night, and you know what that means. Eh, Linney, don't you remember what you promised me when we go to Oxford together? There'll be no Linney Weston then, but just my brave little wife, who never was afraid in all her life, and is not going to be afraid to-night."

He kissed her very gently on the forehead, knowing well how little he believed the words he spoke. Even Red Farm, as the old house was called, could hardly stand out against such an onslaught as this. Why, the very floors heaved to the rushing waters, the walls trembled, the foundations were quivering. Let a few hours go by, let the river breast those beams on which they stood, and the whole fabric must collapse as a house of cards. None knew this better than Rupert, nor did any so rage in his heart when he remembered the trick that had been played. That monster of a man, that devil in human shape—was he any better than a common murderer, to leave gentle women to this fate, to save himself and his dirty money when the worst of men would have turned back?

Rupert swore that if he lived he would avenge the night. The agony that he suffered was for one whom he loved best on earth, and there is no human grief to surpass such mental torture as that.

They took their tea in the front bedroom of the farm, and gathered afterwards upon the porch of the house, setting a candle upon the window-sill and crying out from time to time lest any rescue party were abroad. The night had turned wondrously silent, with a glorious canopy of stars above, and a great golden moon to make lakes of light upon the eddying waters. Everywhere the scene was so unfamiliar that even Farmer Weston could make nothing of it.

"The very hills have moved," he would say; "this be a new world for me. Aye, children, that things should change so—and we the happiest people in all England three days ago. Well, God's will be done. 'Tis not in us to alter the Divine Providence, whatever it may be."

He called them all to the window, for in his heart he believed that the end was near and that the old house must speedily be submerged.

Taking his seat upon the parapet, whereby the stream raced joyously as though in triumph of its victories, he put his arm about Linney's waist and bade her sing to him.

"The old hymn, lass, that I have loved all my life—sing the old hymn and let the waters hear."

She obeyed him, giving Rupert her hand to hold, and looking out wistfully upon the golden night. Very sweetly the familiar words, "O, God, Our Help in Ages Past," went ringing across the waters, at once a dirge and a prayer which should be answered or be hushed as Fate inscrutable alone could determine. And when the hymn was sung all sat very silent for a full hour, watching the creeping waters and knowing that the end was very near.

Rupert was the first to break in upon this terrible silence, and he did so standing up and shading his eyes, that he might the better pierce the shadows. Fearful almost of his own vision, he asked the farmer presently whether or no his eyes cheated him, and, receiving a vague answer, he remained there, none the less, a black figure in the aureole, a man who trembled lest the night deceived him and the worst were unknown.

"Yonder!" he cried; "what is that yonder, farmer?"

"'Tis the shadow of the old barn upon the waters, Rupert."

"God send that it be something else. Give me your hand, farmer; I am going up to the roof above."

Farmer Weston, trembling like a child, helped him up to the dormer window, and counted ten full seconds before he spoke again.

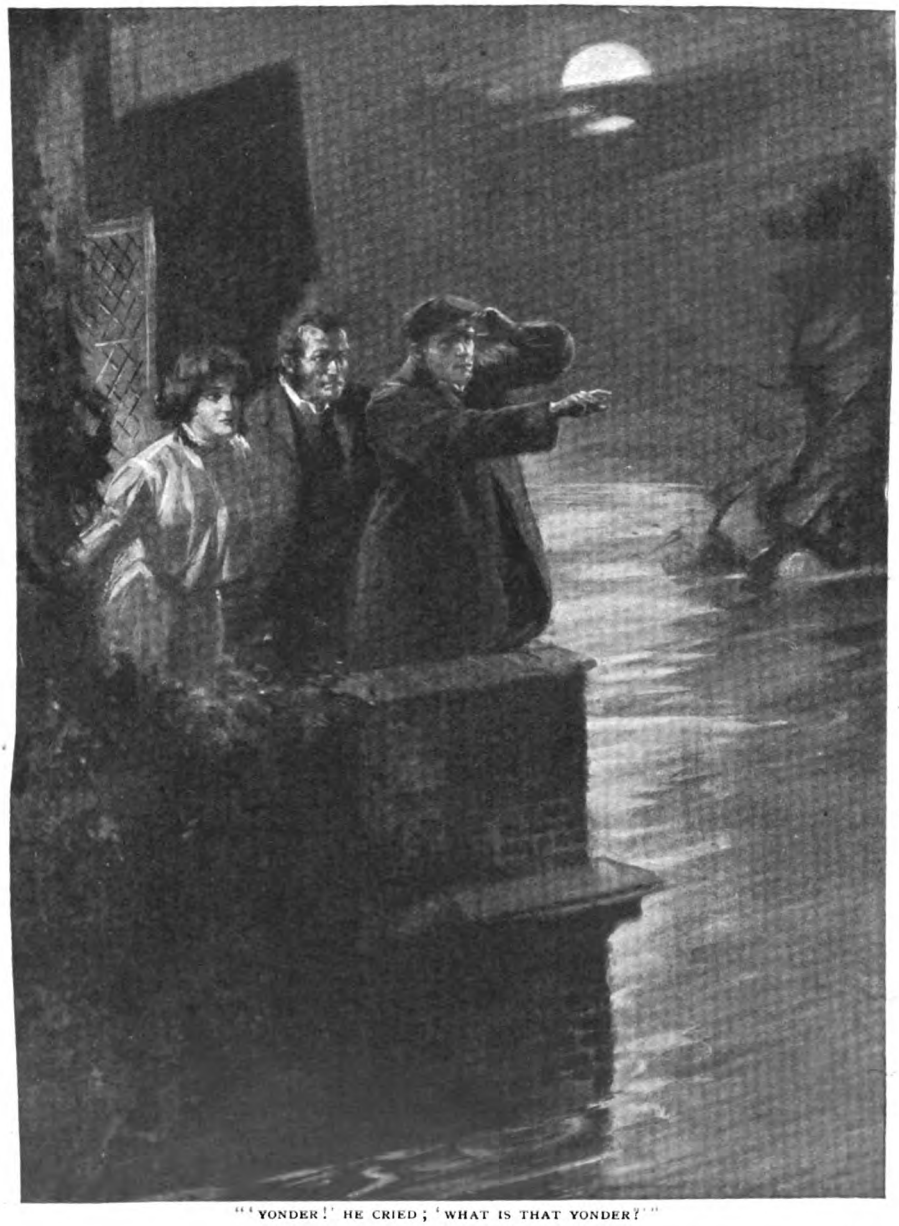
"Is aught there to see, Rupert, lad?"

"I cannot tell you, Mr. Weston; wait now awhile. There's something afloat between the eaves of the barn—I'm going over to see."

Again a spell of silence. The farmer cried, "Go careful, lad, for Linney's sake." He did not dare to speak to his daughter; did not dare to look at her. But she was by his side when Rupert spoke again, and her eyes were wet with tears when they heard his voice.

"The boat is here, farmer. Come you and give me a hand. The boat is here, I say—we are saved, as sure as God's in Heaven."

Farmer Weston climbed to the roof without a word. The punt was there, as Rupert had declared it to be. But of Gideon Nedd, of him or of his money, there was no trace whatever.

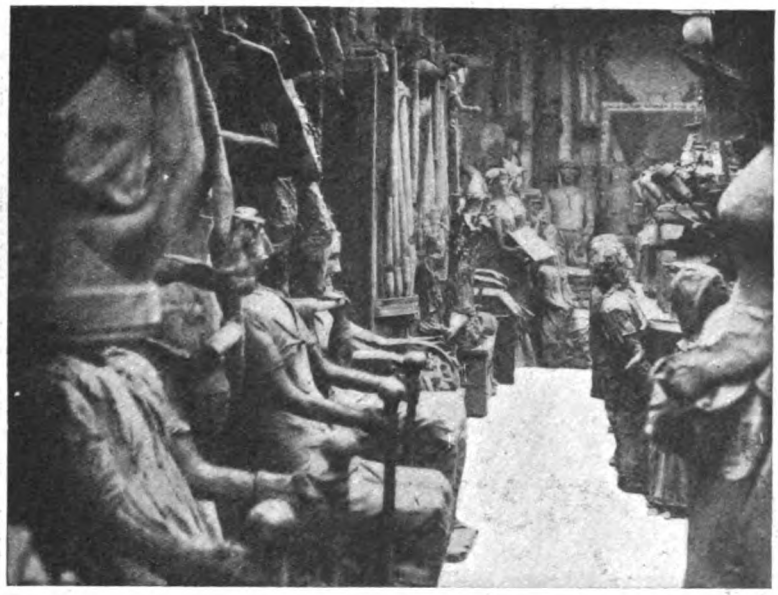


"'YONDER!' HE CRIED; 'WHAT IS THAT YONDER?'"

VI.

OF the miser's end none will ever tell the story. No man knows how he died or by what irony of the waters his fortune was engulfed. Many victims of that memorable flood there were, but none whose death was so little mourned. He had striven to save his life, and, striving, had lost it. True, there is a tradition of a bag of gold being dragged from the river some months afterwards; and romantic youths hunt the fields to this day for the treasure that was lost. Rupert, upon his part, has long forgotten it. "'Twould have brought no luck," he says, and that is the common verdict.

For Rupert has riches enough in his cottage amid the hills—and there the river's gift lies close to his heart, priceless beyond any treasure that man could win.



General view of the collection as it stands to-day—note the leather-covered organ on the left.

An Inquisition in Leather.

By W. H. RICHARDS.

With Photographs by the Author.

IT was in an antique shop in the purlieus of Westminster that I first met him — a pleasant-faced little old gentleman who might have stepped out of a page of Dickens—whose years ran well into the allotted span. He was contemplating with no small degree of satisfaction the latest acquisition to his store of treasures—a devil, no less, life-sized and fashioned of leather. The workmanship was exquisite, the appearance fearsome and awe-inspiring.

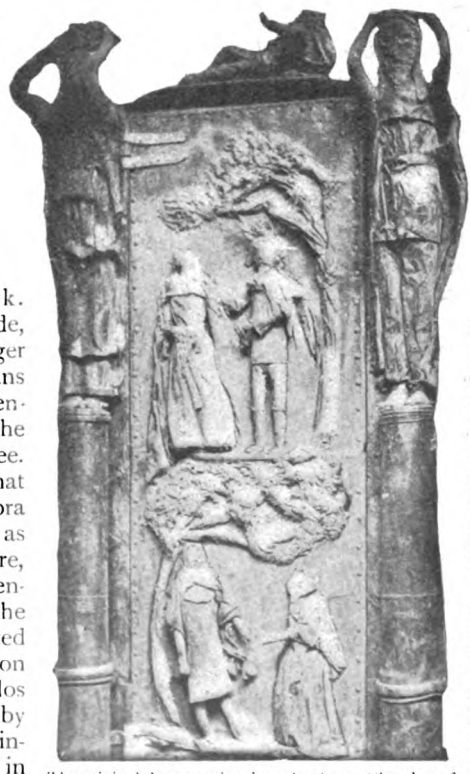
"This, I think, completes the collection," said he, contemplatively, as he stood back to better survey his prize.

Sitting, for we were neither of us pressed for time, he told me a wonderful story—a tale of the Spanish Inquisition, of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of Torquemada, the Inquisitor-General of impious memory. The sinister effigy standing by was, he said, a relic of that barbarous institution, the evil works of which were unequalled by even Nuremberg or the massacres of St. Bartholomew's Day. The figure before us was, I learnt, but one of nearly a thousand pieces of wondrous design and marvellous craftsmanship, the last of which he now believed had passed into his hands. Their age, he calculated, would be about four hundred years. They stood originally in the council chamber of the Inquisitors at Lisbon, but of the fact concerning their removal to England there was no record. The only thing that was known regarding them in this respect was that they were removed from Lisbon in the early part of the seventeenth century by one Don Carlos Sebastian, a pirate, whose last will and testament my antiquarian friend still holds.

In this will the erstwhile freebooter boldly confesses that he stole the effigies, but how, when, or where, he leaves to the imagination. It is possible that the gruesome collection was being conveyed by sea to some unknown port, when the slow-sailing merchantmen of the period were overhauled by the speedier piratical craft belonging to Don Carlos. On

the other hand, they may have been stolen from Lisbon itself. They may have been seized upon whilst being carried in procession, or the dark chamber of the arch-Inquisitors may have been raided in the dead of night and the relics in this way removed. But whatever their history there is no doubt that they were in the possession of the buccaneer, Don Carlos, by the middle of the seventeenth century.

The will in which he disposes of them is a quaint and curious document. It is dated 1650. In lettering still quite distinct it commences, "I, Carlos Don Sebastian," and passes on to say that he was a pirate by profession. In many curious phrases he expresses regret for a mis-spent life, and concludes a remarkable screed by bequeathing, *inter alia*, the hundreds of Inquisition relics to a James Allinson, of Nespra Hall, York. Inquiries have been made, but Nespra Hall no longer exists, and antiquarians are still engaged in endeavouring to solve the mystery of the legatee. All that is known is that James Allinson, of Nespra Hall, was a soldier, as country gentlemen were, more or less, in the seventeenth century, but the relationship which existed between James Allinson the soldier and Don Carlos Sebastian the pirate is by no means so clear. Allinson died intestate, and in the course of time the whole of the collection passed into the Court of Chancery. There it remained for many a long year, until the property came into the possession of someone unknown, who, through the medium of a mysterious third party, sold the relics to the present owner.



The original door opening into the Secret Chamber of the Inquisition at Lisbon.

The story of how they came into his possession is no less weird than the objects themselves. One day a strange, rough-looking man came and offered the model of an ancient Spanish galleon, worked in leather, for sale. The venerable connoisseur, recognising the value of the relic, purchased it at once In guarded terms the stranger inquired if the purchase of any further lots of like value would be considered. A bargain was struck, and as a result, during a period extending over twelve years, bit by bit, the whole unique collection has passed into the hands of my friend, the last only a few weeks ago. The effigies always arrived in the dead of the night. Unexpected, still heartily welcomed, a ring would come at the bell in the small hours, and the connoisseur would be invited to come down from bed, to look at one or more pieces that lay, straw-covered, in the bottom of a farmer's cart that stood at the door. A bargain would be struck, the pieces removed, and the carter would disappear, perhaps for months. Presently he would bob up again in the same mysterious manner, sometimes with a huge piece that filled a wagon, at others with a single piece that could be carried in the hand. Never by any chance would the carter say from whom or whence he came; only once did he admit in the course of bargaining that he had to go forty miles every time to fetch the images.

On one occasion the purchaser endeavoured to solve the mystery for himself. In the dead of night he followed on foot the cart that had deposited the latest treasure at his door. Through Westminster to the City and Whitechapel the carter drove, until in Brick Lane, Spitalfields, he pulled up to stay the remainder of the night. In the same house sat my friend awaiting the dawn and a continuance of the journey. Dropping off to sleep, however, he awoke to find the carter gone, and there the quest ended.

It was in this strangely romantic way that the whole of what is believed to be the unique collection passed into the hands of the gentleman who now owns them. Quite recently the lease of the premises in which the treasures were housed fell in, and the

The original table around which the masked Inquisitors sat. The figure in the centre is holding a candelabrum. Alongside is a model of a Spanish galleon in leather used as a wine decanter.

collection had to be removed. A large hall was therefore built, and in it to-day are arranged the Inquisition relics in something of their original and fearsome splendour. The building itself is more like a huge strong-room than a mere warehouse, for the collection is looked upon by those who have seen it as an extremely valuable one. Roughly estimated, its worth has been set down at thirty thousand pounds.

An invitation to inspect the relics was immediately accepted, so, hailing a taxicab, we drove off, my friend and I, to the south side of the river. At length we drew up before a small dwelling-house, which we entered through the basement. Carefully unlocking the outer door with a number of keys, and as carefully locking it when it had closed again, we passed through various vaults to the place which had been built to accommodate the relics.

The last of the strong-room doors opened and then clanged behind us. And what a sight! On all sides were devils, and gnomes, and hideous faces, grim-hooded Inquisitors, mustiness, and an awful silence. Here, in the throbbing heart of London, we stood, as it were, alone in the presence of the dead past. To describe the scene as it presented itself to me is somewhat difficult. To commence with, everything in the chamber was of leather. Leather deadens sound, as the Supreme Council well knew. The floor, the walls, the ceiling, the very door itself and its internal fittings were of beautifully-worked skin in an excellent state of preservation. In the centre was the table, ten feet long by eight feet wide, leather covered, and supported by ten cowled monks, fashioned of the same material to the most minute detail. The chairs that were drawn up to the table were life-sized figures in a sitting position, with hands at rest on staves. The occupant of the chair would have to sit in the lap of the figure, the arms of which provide the arms of the chair. Several settees on the same principle stood round. At the end of the room was the presidential chair, from which Torquemada and his successors no doubt conducted their ghastly business. On each side stood other chairs of equally marvellous design and workmanship, that were occupied at one time, very possibly, by the two assessors.

Judging from the feelings of horror that the sight of the relics inspire even to-day, the procedure of the Holy Office, as arranged by Torquemada, must have thoroughly succeeded in its purpose of terrifying all who came within its meshes. It will be remembered that, when once the members of the council had given their opinion, it was usual to remove the prisoner to a secret prison in the building. There he was cut off from all communication with the outside world.

A devilish device for terrifying the victims of the Inquisition. When passing from the dungeon to the Secret Chamber, a figure seven feet high stood in the way. A secret string pulled by someone unseen brought the sword-arm smartly down, with evil results to whoever might be passing.

Close by the preceding figure was a leather colleague with mouth wide open. Note the pistol showing near the bottom lip. A secret string in this case fired the pistol as the prisoner passed.

In the "audiences" that followed, in the original of the chamber in which we then stood, it struck me how easy it must have been to wring almost any "confession" from the unfortunate victim by the aid of such impedimenta as this. Many of the tortures were diabolically ingenious. After a few such "audiences" it is difficult to believe that any survived for the ultimate auto-de-fé.

All round the room stood devils and dragons, angels and elves, all gloriously mixed up, speaking, mutely though it be, of a dead art and a dead superstition. On either side of the door we entered stood a doorkeeper of massive proportions with a fiendish expression on his leather face. The right arm was uplifted, the hand gripping a long, rusty sword as though to strike. With devilish ingenuity it had been so fashioned that on pulling a string the arm falls rapidly, when anyone passing must receive an ugly cut. Opposite the swordsman stood his leather colleague, with mouth wide open, as though in the act of shouting. Right at the back of the throat is fitted a pistol, which, like the sword-arm of the opposite figure, is operated by a string. One can well imagine the terror that would seize on the wretched prisoner, who, by the time he had run the gauntlet of a corridor full of such as these, would be ready to confess anything! Another devilish device was embodied in the effigy of a life-size Mephistopheles—Satan, with forked tongue and tail and huge wings, all in red morocco, who carried in front of him a box, much as one would hold a snap-shot camera. From the front protruded a serpent's head, sufficiently terrible in itself. A secret string in this case also liberated some four feet of the body of the snake concealed within, which springs out at one with a realism too nerve-shattering to describe.

Side by side with red gnomes making horrible grimaces hung the lovely figures of angels, the idea apparently being to convey to the untutored an impression of the joy or sorrow of the hereafter. One of the most beautiful and artistic pieces of the whole collection was that representing Old Father Time. Just as he is depicted to-day, so the Spaniards of nearly five centuries ago imagined him. Resting on his scythe with his left arm, in the right hand he held an hour-glass. Over his head was a chariot with galloping horses, a clock face taking the place of the wheel and recording the passing hour. The clock still keeps excellent time, although it is not often set going.

Another fine piece of work was a leather dragon, perfect in detail — so perfect, indeed, that one would imagine it to be of curiously-wrought metals. The dragon was engaged in the pastime of flogging his Satanic Majesty with a seven-thonged whip, composed of serpents. On each side of a huge leather sideboard, on which were a number of leather tankards or beakers, were a male and a female devil, life-sized, holding aloft, as in the act of throwing away, the

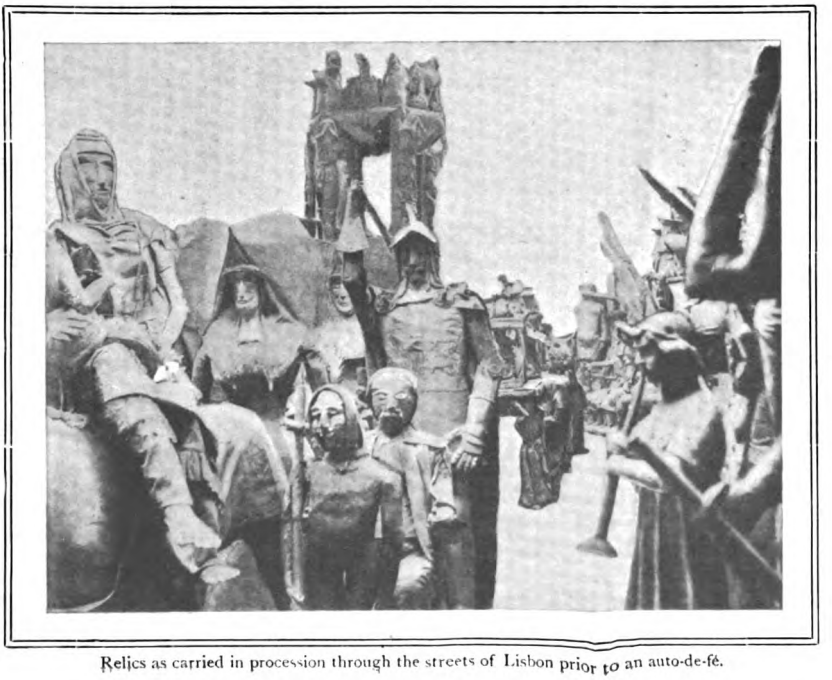
"Father Time."

A male and female devil throwing victims to perdition. From the man's hand gold coins are falling, from the woman's a goblet of wine is being spilt.

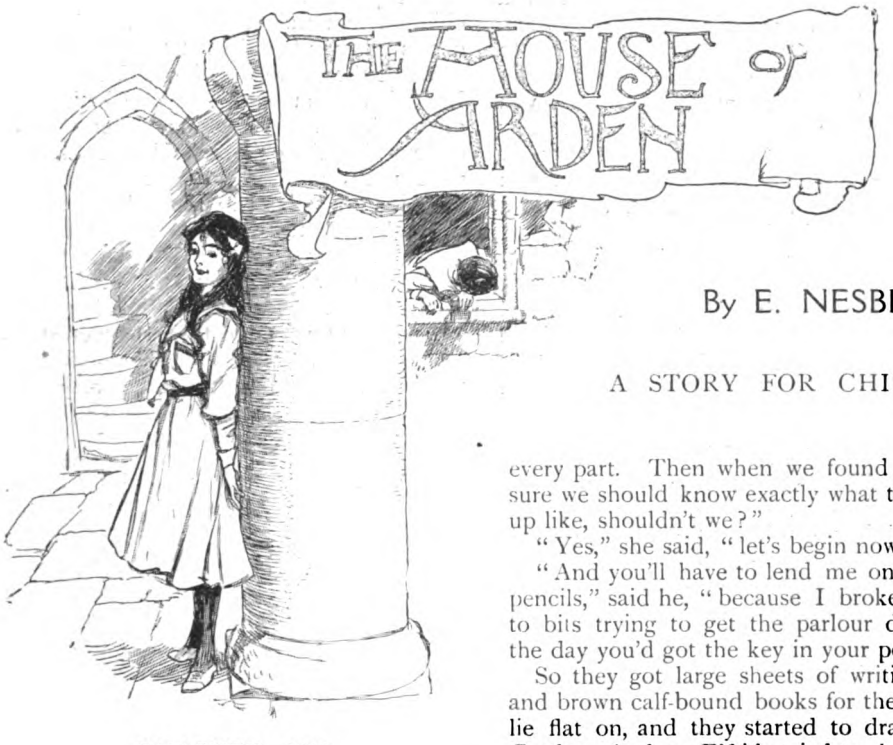
body of a man. From the uplifted glass of one the wine was being spilt, from the fingers of the other coins were falling to the ground.

On the other hand, curiously jumbled up with satyrs and dragons and evil-looking personages of unknown degree, were some beautiful specimens, rich with suggestion, representative of the life of Christ. Jesus entering Jerusalem on an ass was an exquisite piece of work. Another striking group was that of Mary, seated also on an ass, with the infant Saviour in her lap. By the side walked Joseph, leading the animal, and a little lamb accompanied the party. Christ on the cross and a Crusader in armour were not the least imposing pieces of the collection.

For an hour and a half I wandered round amid these relics of a long-forgotten past, irresistibly attracted by the uncanniness of the place. Sitting on the leathern knees of a dummy, where grim, bemasked Inquisitors once sat, with the eye of faith one could almost discern Torquemada in the chair of state, from which he was wont to terrorize and send to the stake all whose religious or political convictions were not those of the persecuting elect. There they stand, grinning and weeping as they have grinned and wept for ages, absurd, monstrous, yet beautiful withal.



Relics as carried in procession through the streets of Lisbon prior to an auto-de-fé.



By E. NESBIT.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER VII.

GUY FAWKES.

THREE days, because there had been a quarrel. But days pass quickly when the sun shines, and it is holiday time, and you have a big ruined castle to explore and examine—a castle that is your own—or your brother's.

"After all," said Elfrida, sensibly, "we might quite likely find the treasure ourselves, without any magic mouldiwarpiness at all. We'll look thoroughly. We won't leave a stone unturned."

So they climbed the steep, worn stairs that wound round and round in the darkness—stairs littered with dead leaves and mould and dropped feathers and the dry, deserted nests of owls and jackdaws.

Then there were arched doors that led to colonnades with strong little pillars and narrow windows, wonderful little unexpected chambers and corners—the best place in the whole wide world for serious and energetic hide-and-seek.

"I've got an idea," said Edred, "if we could get back to where the castle was all perfect like a model and draw pictures of every part. Then when we found the treasure we should know exactly what to build it up like, shouldn't we?"

"Yes," she said, "let's begin now——"

"And you'll have to lend me one of your pencils," said he, "because I broke mine all to bits trying to get the parlour door open the day you'd got the key in your pocket."

So they got large sheets of writing-paper, and brown calf-bound books for the paper to lie flat on, and they started to draw Arden Castle. And as Elfrida tried to draw everything she knew was there, as well as everything she could see, her drawing soon became almost entirely covered with black-lead.

"Oh," cried Edred, jumping up and dropping his masterpiece and the calf-bound volume and the pencil, "*I* know. The Brownie!"

"The Brownie?"

"Yes—take it with us. "Then we could photograph the castle all perfect."

This intelligent idea commanded Elfrida's respect, and she wished she had thought of it herself. So she said:—

"You're getting quite clever, aren't you?"

"Aha," said Edred, "you'd like to have thought of that yourself, wouldn't you? I can be clever sometimes, same as you can."

It is very annoying to have our thoughts read. Elfrida said, swiftly, "Not often you can't," and then stopped short. In a moment the children stood looking at each other with a very peculiar expression. Then a sigh of relief broke from each.

"Fielded!" said Edred.

"Just in time!" said Elfrida. "It wasn't a quarrel; nobody could say it was a quarrel. Come on, let's go and look at the cottages, like the witch told us to."

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They went. They made a tour of inspection that day, and the next and the next. And they saw a great many things that a grown-up inspector would never have seen. Poor people are very friendly and kind to you when you are a child. They will let you come into their houses, and talk to you and show you things in a way that they would never condescend to do with your grown-up relations. This is, of course, if you are a really nice child, and treat them in a respectful and friendly way.

And when they weren't visiting the cottages or exploring the castle they found a joyous way of passing the time in the reading aloud of the history of Arden. They took it in turns to read aloud. Elfrida looked carefully for some mention of Sir Edward Talbot and his pretending to be the Chevalier St. George. There was none, but a Sir Edward Talbot had been accused, with the Lord Arden of the time, of plotting against His Most Christian Majesty King James I.

"I wonder if he was like my Edward Talbot?" said Elfrida. "I would like to see him again. I wish I'd told him about us having been born so many years after he died. But it would have been difficult to explain, wouldn't it? Let's look in Green's History Book and see what they looked like when it was His Most Christian Majesty King James the First."

Perhaps it was this which decided the children, when the three days were over, to put on the clothes which most resembled the ones in the pictures of James I.'s time in Green's History.

Edred had full breeches, puffed out like balloons, and a steeple-crowned hat, and a sort of tunic of crimson velvet, and a big starched ruff round his little neck more uncomfortable even than your Eton collar is after you've been wearing flannels for days and days. And Elfrida had long, tight stays with a large, flat-shaped piece of wood down the front, and very full long skirts over a very abrupt hoop.

When the three days were over the door of the attic, which, as usual after a quarrel, had been quite invisible and impossible to find, had become as plain as the nose on the face of the plainest person you know, and the children had walked in, and looked in the chests till they found what they wanted.

While they were dressing Elfrida held the Brownie camera tightly, in one hand or the other. This made dressing rather slow and difficult, but the children had agreed that if it were not done the Brownie would be, as Edred put it, "liable to vanish," as everything else belonging to their own time always did —except their clothes. I can't explain to you just now how it was that their clothes *didn't* vanish. It would take too long.

And now a very odd thing happened. As Edred put on his second shoe—which was the last touch to their united toilets—the

"THE WALLS SEEMED TO TREMBLE AND SHAKE AND GO CROOKED."

walls seemed to tremble and shake and go crooked, like a house of cards at the very instant before it topples down. The floor slanted to that degree that standing on it was so difficult as to be at last impossible. The rafters all seemed to get crooked and mixed like a box of matches when you spill them on the floor. The tiled roof that showed blue daylight through seemed to spin like a top, and you could not tell at all which way up you were. All this happened with dreadful suddenness, but almost as soon as it had begun it stopped with a jerk like that of a clockwork engine that has gone wrong. And the attic was gone—and the chests, and the blue-chinked tiles of the roof, and the walls and the rafters. And the room had shrunk to less than half its old size. And it was higher, and it was not an attic any more, but a round room with narrow windows, and just such a fireplace, with a stone hood, as the ones the children had seen when they looked down from the tops of the towers.

"*I* see," said Edred, when breath enough for speech had returned to him. "This is the place where the attic was after the tower fell to pieces."

"But there isn't any attic, really," said Elfrida. "You know we can't find it if we've quarrelled, and Mrs. Honeysett doesn't ever find it. It isn't anywhere."

"Yes, it is," said Edred. "We couldn't find it if it wasn't."

"Well," said Elfrida, gloomily, "I only hope we *may* find it, that's all. I suppose we may as well go out. It's no use sticking in this horrid little room." Her hand was on the door, but even as she fumbled with the latch, which was of iron and of a shape to which she was wholly unaccustomed, something else happened, even more disconcerting than the turn-over-change in which the attic and the chests had disappeared. It is very difficult to describe. Perhaps you happen to dislike travelling in trains with your back to the engine? If you do dislike it you dislike it very much indeed.

The sensations which now held Edred and Elfrida were exactly those which—if you don't like travelling backwards—you know only too well—and the sensations were so acute that both children shut their eyes. When the two children opened their eyes it was in a room which Edred at least had never seen before. To Elfrida it seemed strange yet familiar. The shape of the room, the position of doors and windows, the mantelpiece with its curious carvings—these she knew. And some of the furniture, too. Yet the room seemed bare—barer than it should have been. But why should it look bare—barer than it should have been—unless she knew how much less bare it once was? Unless, in fact, she had seen it before?

"Oh, I know," she cried, standing in her stiff skirts and heavy shoes in the middle of the room. "I know. This is Lord Arden's town house. This is where I was with Cousin Betty. Only there aren't such nice chairs and things, and it was full of people then."

Edred remained silent, his mouth half open and his eyes half shut in a sort of trance of astonishment.

"I don't like it," he began. "Let's go back. I don't like it. And we didn't take the photograph. And I don't like it. And my clothes are horrid. I feel something between a balloon and a Bluecoat boy. And you've no idea how silly you look—like Mrs. Noah out of the Ark, only tubby. And I don't know who we're supposed to be. And I don't suppose this is Arden House. And if it is, you don't know *when*. Suppose it's Inquisition times, and they put us on the stake? Let's go back; I don't like it," he ended.

"Now you just listen," said Elfrida, knitting her brows under the queer cap she wore. "I know inside me what I mean, but *you* won't unless you jolly well attend."

"Fire ahead."

"Well, then, even if it was Inquisition times it would be all right—for us."

"How do you know?"

"I don't know how I know, but I know I *do* know," said Elfrida, firmly. "You see, *I've* been here before. It's not real, you see."

"It *is*," said Edred, kicking the leg of the table.

Elfrida frowned. Afterwards she was glad that she had done no more than frown. It is dangerous, as you know, to quarrel in a boat, but far more dangerous to quarrel in a century that is not your own. She frowned and opened her mouth. And just as her mouth opened the door of the room followed its example, and a short, dark, cross-looking woman in a crimson skirt and strange cap came hurrying in.

"So it's here you've hidden yourselves!" she cried. "And I looking high and low to change your dress."

"What for?" said Edred, for it was his arm which she had quite ungently caught.

"For what?" she said, as she dragged him

out of the room. "Why, to attend my lord your father and your lady mother at the masque at Whitehall. Had you forgot already? And thou so desirous to attend them in thy new white velvet broidered with the orange-tawny, and thy lady mother's diamond buckles, and the silken cloak, and the shoe-roses, and the cobweb-lawn starched ruff, and the little sword, and all."

The woman had dragged Edred out of the room and up the stairs by this time. Elfrida, following, decided that her speech was the harshest part of her.

"If she was really horrid," thought the girl, "she wouldn't try to cheer him up with velvet and swords and diamond buckles."

"Can't *I* go?" she said, aloud.

The woman turned and slapped her—not hard, but smartly. "I told thee how it would be if thou wouldst not hold that dunning tongue. No; thou can't go. Little ladies stay at home and sew their samplers. Thou'lt go to Court soon enough, I warrant."

So Elfrida sat and watched while Edred was partially washed—the soap got in his eyes just as it gets in yours nowadays—and dressed in the beautiful white page's dress, white velvet, diamond buckles, little sword, and all.

"You are splendid," she said. "Oh, I do wish I was a boy," she added, for perhaps the two thousand and thirty-second time in her short life.

"It's not that you'll be wishing when *your* time comes to go to Court," said the woman. "There, my little lord, give thy old nurse a kiss and stand very cautious and perfect, not to soil thy fine feathers. And when thou hearest thy mother's robes on the stairs go out and make thy bow like thy tutor taught thee."

It was not Edred's tutor who had taught him to bow. But when a rustling of silks sounded on the stairs he was able to go out and make a very creditable obeisance to the stately magnificence that swept down towards him. Elfrida thought it best to curtsy beside her brother. Aunt Edith had taught them to dance the minuet, and somehow the bow and curtsy which belong to that dance seemed the right thing now. And the lady on the stairs smiled, well pleased. She was a wonderfully-dressed lady. Her bodice was of yellow satin, richly embroidered; her petticoat of gold tissue, with stripes; her robe of red velvet, lined with yellow muslin with stripes of pure gold. She had a point lace apron and a collar of white satin under a delicately-worked ruff. And she was a blaze of beautiful jewels.

"Thou'rt a fine page, indeed, my dear son," said the lady. "Stand aside and take my train as I pass. And thou, dear daughter, so soon as thou'rt of an age for it, thou shalt have a train and a page to carry it."

She swept on, and the children followed. Lord Arden was in the hall, hardly less splendid than his wife, and they all went off in a coach that was very grand, if rather clumsy. Its shape reminded Elfrida of the coach which the fairy-godmother made for Cinderella out of the pumpkin, and she herself, as she peeped through the crowd of liveried servants to see it start, felt as

"'THOU'RT A FINE PAGE, INDEED, MY DEAR SON,' SAID THE LADY. 'STAND ASIDE AND TAKE MY TRAIN.'"

much like Cinderella as anyone need wish to feel, and perhaps a little more. But she consoled herself by encouraging a secret feeling she had that something was bound to happen, and sure enough something did. And that is what I am going to tell you about. I own that I should like to tell you also what happened to Edred, but his part of the adventure was not really an adventure at all—though it was a thing that he will never forget as long as he remembers any magic happenings.

"We went to the King's house," he told Elfrida later. "Whitehall is the name. I should like to call my house Whitehall—if it wasn't called Arden Castle, you know. And there were thousands of servants, I should think, all much finer than you could dream of, and lords and ladies, and lots of things to eat, and bear-baiting and cock-fighting in the garden."

"Cruel!" said Elfrida. "I hope you didn't look."

"A little I did," said Edred. "Boys have to be brave to bear sights of blood and horror, you know, in case of them growing up to be soldiers. But I liked the masque best. The Queen acted in it. There wasn't any talking, you know, only dressing up and dancing. It was something like the pantomime, but not so sparkly. And there was a sea with waves that moved all silvery, and panelled scenes, and dolphins and fishy things, and a great shell that opened, and the Queen and the ladies came out and danced, and I had a lot to eat, such rummy things, and then I fell asleep, and when I woke up the King himself was looking at me and saying I had a bonny face. Bonny means pretty. You'd think a King would know better, wouldn't you?"

This was all that Edred could find to tell. I could have told more, but one can't tell everything, and there is Elfrida's adventure to be told about.

When the coach had disappeared in the mist and the mud—for the weather was anything but summer weather—Elfrida went upstairs again to the room where she had left the old nurse. She did not know where else to go.

"Sit you down," said the nurse, "and sew on your sampler."

There was the sampler, very fine indeed, in a large polished wood frame.

"I wish I needn't," said Elfrida, looking anxiously at the fine silks.

"Tut, tut," said the nurse; "how'll thee grow to be a lady if thou doesn't mind thy needle?"

"I'd much rather talk to you," said Elfrida, coaxingly.

"Thou canst chatter as well as sew," the nurse said, "as well I know to my cost. Would that thy needle flew so fast as thy tongue! Sit thee down, and if the little tree be done by dinner-time thou shalt have leave to see thy Cousin Richard."

"I suppose," thought Elfrida, taking up the needle, "that I am fond of my Cousin Richard."

The sewing was difficult, and hurt her eyes—but she persevered. Presently someone called the nurse and Elfrida was left alone. Then she stopped persevering. "Whatever *is* the good," she asked herself, "of working at a sampler that you haven't time to finish, and that would be worn out, anyhow, years and years before you were born? The Elfrida who's doing that sampler is the same age as me, and born the same day," she reflected. And then she wondered what the date was, and what was the year. She was still wondering, and sticking the needle idly in and out of one hole, without letting it take the silk with it, when there was a sort of clatter on the stairs, the door burst open, and in came a jolly boy of about her own age.

"Thy task done?" he cried. "Mine too. Old Parrot-nose kept me hard at it, but I thought of thee, and for once I did all his biddings. So now we are free. Come play ball in the garden." This, Elfrida concluded, must be Cousin Dick, and she decided at once that she *was* fond of him.

There was a big and beautiful garden behind the house. The children played ball there, and they ran in the box alleys, and played hide-and-seek among the cut trees and stone seats, and statues and fountains.

Old Parrot-nose, who was Cousin Richard's tutor, and was dressed in black, and looked as though he had been eating lemons and vinegar, sat on a seat and watched them, or walked up and down the flagged terrace with his thumb in a dull-looking book.

When they stopped their game to rest on a stone step, leaning against a stone seat, old Parrot-nose walked very softly up behind the seat, and stood there where they could not see him and listened. Listening is very dishonourable, as we all know, but in those days tutors did not always think it necessary to behave honourably to their pupils.

I always have thought, and I always shall think, that it was the eavesdropping of that tiresome old tutor, Mr. Parados, or Parrot-nose, which caused all the mischief. But Elfrida has always believed, and always will

believe, that the disaster was caused by her knowing too much history. That is why she is so careful to make sure that no misfortune shall ever happen on *that* account, any way. That is one of the reasons why she never takes a history prize at school. "You never know," she says. And, in fact, when it comes to a question in an historical examination, she never *does* know.

This was how it happened. Elfrida, now that she was no longer running about in the garden, remembered the question that she had been asking herself over the embroidery frame, and it now seemed sensible to ask the question of someone who could answer it. So she said:—

"I say, Cousin Richard, what year is——" (Elfrida, to show off her history, tells about Gunpowder Plot. The tutor listens, and gets all the names of conspirators that she can remember.) "I say, Cousin Richard, what day is it?"

Elfrida understood him to say that it was the fifth of November.

"Is it really?" she said. "Then it's Guy Fawkes day. Do you have fireworks?" And in pure lightness of heart began to hum:—

Please to remember
The Fifth of November
The gunpowder treason and plot.
I see no reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.

"'Tis not a merry song, cousin," said Cousin Richard, "nor a safe one. 'Tis best not to sing of treason."

"But it didn't come off, you know, and he's always burnt in the end," said Elfrida.

"Are there more verses?" Cousin Dick asked.

"No."

"I wonder what treason the ballad deals with?" said the boy.

"Don't you know?" It was then that Elfrida made the mistake of showing off her historical knowledge. "*I* know. And I know some of the names of the conspirators, too, and who they wanted to kill, and everything."

"Tell me," said Cousin Richard, idly.

"The King hadn't been fair to the Catholics, you know," said Elfrida, full of importance, "so a lot of them decided to kill him and the Houses of Parliament. They made a plot—there were a whole lot of them in it. They said Lord Arden was, but he wasn't, and some of them were to pretend to be hunting, and to seize the Princess Elizabeth and proclaim her Queen, and the rest were to blow the Houses of Parliament up when the King went to open them."

"I never heard this tale from my tutor," said Cousin Richard. "Proceed, cousin."

"Well, Mr. Piercy took a house next the Parliament House, and they dug a secret passage to the vaults under the Parliament Houses; and they put three dozen casks of gunpowder there and covered them with faggots. And they would have been all blown up, only Mr. Tresham wrote to his relation, Lord Monteagle, that they were going to blow up the King and——"

"What King?" said Cousin Richard.

"King James the First," said Elfrida. "Why—what——" for Cousin Richard had sprung to his feet, and old Parrot-nose had Elfrida by the wrist.

He sat down on the seat and drew her gently till she stood in front of him—gently, but it was like the hand of iron in the velvet glove (of which, no doubt, you have often read).

"Now, Mistress Arden," he said, softly, "tell me over again this romance that you tell your cousin."

Elfrida told it.

"And where did you hear this pretty story?" he asked.

"Where are we now?" gasped Elfrida, who was beginning to understand.

"Here, in the garden—where else?" said Cousin Richard, who understood nothing of the matter.

"Here—in my custody," said the tutor, who thought he understood everything. "Now tell me all—every name, every particular—or it will be the worse for thee and thy father."

"Come, sir," said Cousin Richard, "you frighten my cousin. It is but a tale she told. She is always merry, and full of many inventions."

"It is a tale she shall tell again before those of higher power than I," said the tutor, in a thoroughly disagreeable way, and his hand tightened on Elfrida's wrist.

"But—but—it's *history*," cried Elfrida, in despair. "It's in all the books."

"Which books?" he asked, keenly.

"I don't know—all of them," she sullenly answered; sullenly, because she now really did understand just the sort of adventure in which her unusual knowledge of history, and, to do her justice, her almost equally unusual desire to show off, had landed her.

"Now," said the hateful tutor, for such Elfrida felt him to be, "tell me the names of the conspirators."

'OLD PARROT-NOSE HAD ELFRIDA BY THE WRIST.'

Elfrida does not remember very exactly what happened after this. She was furiously angry, and when you are furiously angry things get mixed and tangled up in a sort of dreadful red mist. She only remembers that the tutor was very horrid, and twisted her wrists to make her tell, and she screamed and tried to kick him; that Cousin Richard, who did not scream, did, on the other hand, succeed in kicking the tutor; that she was dragged indoors and shut up in a room without a window, so that it was quite dark.

"If only I'd got Edred here," she said to herself, with tears of rage and mortification, "I'd try to make some poetry and get the Mouldiwarp to come and fetch us away. But it's no use till he comes home."

When he did come home—after the bear-baiting and the cock-fighting and the banquet and the masque—Lord and Lady Arden came with him, of course. And they found their house occupied by an armed guard, and in the dark little room a pale child exhausted with weeping, who assured them again and again that it was all nonsense, it was only history, and she hadn't meant to tell—indeed she hadn't. Lady Arden took her in her arms and held her close and tenderly, in spite of the grand red velvet and the jewels.

"Thou'st done no harm," said Lord Arden—"a pack of silly tales. To-morrow I'll see my Lord Salisbury and prick this silly bubble. Go thou to bed, sweetheart," he said to his wife, "and let the little maid lie with thee—she is all a-tremble with tears and terrors. To-morrow my Lord Secretary shall teach these popinjays their place, and Arden House shall be empty of them, and we shall laugh at this fine piece of work that a solemn marplot has made out of a name or two and a young child's fancies. By to-morrow night

"It *can't* do any harm," Elfrida told herself. "This is James the First's time, and I'm in it. But it's three hundred years ago all the same, and it all *has* happened, and it can't make any difference what I say, so I'd better tell all the names I know."

The hateful tutor shook her.

"Yes, all right," she said; and to herself she added, "It's only a sort of dream; I may as well tell. Yet when she opened her mouth to tell all the names she could remember of the conspirators of the poor old Gunpowder Plot that didn't come off, all those years ago, she found herself not telling those names at all. Instead, she found herself saying:—

"I'm not going to tell. I don't care what you do to me. I'm sorry I said anything about it. It's all nonsense—I mean, it's only history, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, listening behind doors—I mean, out of doors behind stone seats, when people are talking nonsense to their own cousins."

"THEY FOUND THEIR HOUSE OCCUPIED BY AN ARMED GUARD."

all will be well, and we shall lie down in peace."

But when to-morrow night came it had, as all nights have, the day's work behind it. Lord Arden and his lady and the little children lay, not in Arden House in Soho, not in Arden Castle on the downs by the sea, but in the Tower of London, charged with high treason and awaiting their trial.

For my Lord Salisbury had gone to those vaults under the Houses of Parliament and had found that bold soldier of fortune, Guy Fawkes, with his dark eyes, his dark lantern, and his dark intent; and the names of those in the conspiracy had been given up, and King James was saved, and the Parliaments —but the Catholic gentlemen whom he had deceived, and who had turned against him and his deceits, were face to face with the rack and the scaffold.

And I can't explain it at all—because, of course, Elfrida knew as well as I do that it all happened three hundred years ago—or, if you prefer to put it that way, that it had never happened, and that, anyway, it was Mr. Tresham's letter to Lord Monteagle, and not Elfrida's singing of that silly rhyme, that had brought the Ardens and all these other gentlemen to the Tower and to the shadow of death. And yet she felt that it was *she* who had betrayed them. That they were traitors to King and Parliament made no manner of difference. It was she, as she felt but too bitterly, who was the traitor. And in the thick-walled room in the Tower, where the name of Raleigh was still fresh in its carving, Elfrida lay awake, long after Lady Arden and Edred were sleeping peaceful, and hated herself, calling herself a Traitor, a Coward, and an Utter Duffer.

(To be continued.)

The Strange Revelation of a Great Picture Fraud.

By ALFRED WHITMAN.

THE picture fraud to be revealed in the present article was the skilful work of two young artists, assisted by a third, in 1801. The scheme proved a great success, the conspirators netting a clear thousand pounds, and the public of the day had no idea that it had been gulled. In fact, everyone has remained in happy ignorance from that year until now, when for the first time the full details are about to be published.

But, before beginning to learn the story, will the reader please carefully peruse the advertisement, here reproduced, that appeared in the *Morning Post* of March 10th, 1801? In this advertisement we are informed that Mr. J. J. Masquerier, having been in Paris during the previous January and February, was induced to ask, and succeeded in obtaining, permission to paint a portrait of Napoleon reviewing his Consular Guards at the Tuileries Palace; that the picture he painted included a faithful portrait of the First Consul taken from life, and was the only one of the kind in this country; that the picture was on view at 22, Piccadilly, and could be seen for the admission price of a shilling. All this sounded most attractive in the ears of the British public, and, as it was the first accurate likeness in England of the young Napoleon, with whom we were at deadly war, thousands flocked to the gallery in Piccadilly, where, besides paying the cost of admission, they eagerly bought a pamphlet, "Description of the Great Historical Picture," for an extra sixpence. This sixpenny pamphlet or catalogue was one of the first that was ever sold in England at a private exhibition.

BONAPARTE.

MR. MASQUERIER has the honour respectfully to inform the Public, that being in Paris during the months of December and January, he was induced, when there, to solicit permission to PAINT a PORTRAIT of the FIRST CONSUL, BONAPARTE, at the Grand Review of the Consular Guards; which having obtained, is now open for Exhibition, at No. 22, Piccadilly, opposite the Green Park.

Mr. MASQUERIER begs leave to observe, that he is the only English Artist who ever had similar means of accuracy: the Likeness which he has taken has met with the most flattering approbation, and it is the only one in this country PAINTED FROM THE LIFE.

The Exhibition is open from Nine till Five. Admission One Shilling.

ADVERTISEMENT OF THE EXHIBITION OF THE PICTURE FROM THE "MORNING POST" OF MARCH 10TH, 1801.

So far everything appears genuine and splendid, and as Napoleon was the name on every lip we can well understand the rush that took place to see the great picture, for it measured twenty-seven feet long by twenty high.

But now let the story be traced from its genesis, and as it proceeds let it be borne in mind that the whole of the facts here given can be substantiated by documentary proofs preserved in public archives.

The two young artists alluded to had been fellow-students at the Royal Academy, and were fast friends. One, Charles Turner, is known to fame chiefly as a most industrious engraver, who mezzotinted a number of very fine plates; and the other, John James Masquerier, was born in London of French parents, had studied art in Paris, and was familiar with that capital. In 1800 the former was twenty-six and the latter twenty-two years of age. In November of that year the two young men, in quite a legitimate manner, discussed the question of a visit to Paris to obtain a portrait of Napoleon. It was agreed that Masquerier should go over to Paris and, if possible, paint the portrait for Turner to engrave, so that for the first time it might be possible to introduce an English engraving of the famous General to the public. On January 28th, 1801, Masquerier returned to London and revealed to Charles Turner that not only had he secured a portrait of Napoleon, but that he had also obtained a picture of a far more ambitious character—nothing less than a review of the Consular Guards. Within six weeks all arrangements had been completed for exhibiting this latter picture, painted on the spot and from life, and the gallery was thrown open to an eager and expectant public on Monday, March 9th.

By the aid of the following illustration we can examine the picture. The review is taking place in the court of the Tuileries Palace, opening to the Place du Carrousel. This was where, during the Revolution, the fatal attack had been made on the famous Swiss Guards on August 10th, 1792, which date can be seen inscribed on several parts of the building. The troops are chosen from

the flower of the French army, particularly from among the regiments that served at the Battle of Marengo, which took place on June 14th, 1800. The officers are Napoleon's relatives and confidential friends. The day on which this review took place was one of special spectacular brilliance; for, as Napoleon had recently been the victim of an attempt to assassinate him while going to the Opera, the most distinguished members of the military staff crowded round him, and the most kept at liberty to take off his hat to the colours, the only salute he pays in public.

A little to the right, with his back turned towards the spectator, is General Lasne, Commander-in-Chief of the Consular Guards, a tall stout man, who was the only person in the carriage with Napoleon when the bomb exploded. Other officers present include General Durocq and General Berthier, and on the right is a young Mameluke chief who came back with Napoleon from Egypt.

THE FRAUDULENT PICTURE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE REVIEWING THE CONSULAR GUARDS.

fashionable of the Parisians graced the scene. Many of the windows of the palace are broken by the concussion caused by the bomb, which exploded about a hundred yards to the right of the picture.

Napoleon appears on his charger, La Styrie, dressed in a General's uniform, over which is the grey coat he wore at the Battle of Marengo. Whilst everyone around him is glittering in gold and silver, decked with plumes and full of animation, Napoleon is remarkable for his plain dress, short figure, and sallow, pensive countenance. He sits rather stooping on his horse, and while with his right hand he holds the reins, his left is

Such was the picture the people crowded to see, and it was stated that the exactness, both of feature and expression, in the portrait of the First Consul received the most flattering approbation from every person both in England and France who was enabled to decide; and a fortnight after the opening of the exhibition, when M. Tallien, who had recently returned from Egypt, saw the picture he left the written testimony: "I have seen the portrait of General Bonaparte made by Mr. Masquerier, and have found it very life-like." The picture, having remained on view for some time in London, was shown in the provinces.

The public may be forgiven for believing that they were admiring a picture that Masquerier had painted on the spot in Paris, with the sanction and under the personal favour of Napoleon and his Generals, who had graciously given the artist sittings that he might obtain faithful and accurate portraits.

But no; here comes the great shock—here the bomb explodes. *Masquerier never saw Napoleon or any of his Generals!*

GENERAL LASNE'S HORSE IN THE FRAUDULENT PICTURE

—COMPARED WITH—

THE PRINCIPAL HORSE IN VELAZQUEZ'S PICTURE, "THE SURRENDER OF BREDA."

This is what took place. Masquerier, when in Paris, made himself agreeable to the valet of a famous French painter, and by bribing this servant he surreptitiously made a tracing from a drawing of the subject of the review the French painter had executed, and by these means obtained the composition of the picture. For the head of Napoleon Masquerier secured a small china bust, and for the portraits of the Generals he bought prints in the Paris shops. For the horse of General Lasne a copy was made of the principal horse in Velazquez's famous picture, now in the Prado Gallery at Madrid, of "The Surrender of Breda," as will be quite evident to the reader if he will compare the two diagrammatic reproductions here given.

These were the materials Masquerier collected when in Paris, and these were the "studies" he brought to London from which to produce the picture. Arrived in London, Masquerier went to Charles Turner's house in Warren Street, Fitzroy Square, and there a small picture of the review was made, to serve as a model for the large one. Then the large canvas was set up in Turner's room in Warren Street on January 31st, and, as soon as Turner had sketched out the picture upon it, both artists set themselves to the task of painting as quickly as possible. On February 2nd another artist, Henry Bernard Chalon, was called in to paint the horses, and so, by painting all day, the picture was sufficiently advanced for it to be removed to 22, Piccadilly, on the 21st, where work was resumed and continued until even after the opening of the exhibition.

It will surely be agreed that the fraud was most skilfully planned, cleverly managed, and adroitly placed before an admiring public; and it has been reserved for the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE to be the first to pierce through the deception and know the complete facts of the case.

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

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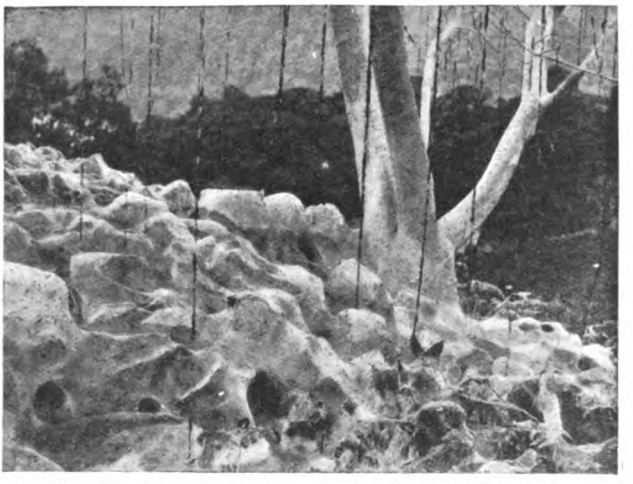
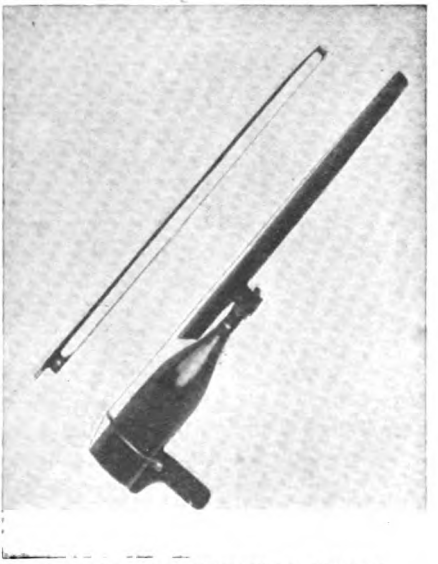
A COATING OF CATERPILLARS.



I SEND you a photograph of a tree which, with the stones round it, was completely covered with a web made by thousands of caterpillars. The tree and ground were perfectly white and not a leaf had been left. Dozens of caterpillar-strings were hanging from the branches, as may be seen from the photograph, which was taken in Glencorn Wood, on the shores of Ullswater Lake.—Mr. William L. Fletcher, Stoneleigh, Workington, Cumberland.



A NOVEL ONE-STRINGED FIDDLE.

THINKING it might be of interest to some of your readers, I have ventured to show how a fiddle of this kind may be easily constructed from the common glass beer-bottle with a screw stopper. The handle is fastened by a small bolt passed through the centre of the stopper, which is then screwed in, as may be seen in the photograph. The string is held at the bottom of the bottle by a common horse nail screwed to the piece of wood, which is held in position by a thin brass wire band round the bottle to hold between the knees while playing the instrument. With a hole cut in the side of the bottle it will be found to produce a fine tone with a gut string.—Mr. H. Sawyer, The Cottage, L.G.O. Company's Depôt, Stonebridge Park, Harlesden, N.W.

PUSHING A PERAMBULATOR ROUND THE WORLD.

MR. GREEN, who is now "walking round the civilized parts of the world" wearing a wig and pushing a perambulator, created quite a commotion on his arrival in the little town of Shepton Mallet in Somerset. A leaflet bought from Green himself tells us that, originally a shop assistant and clerk in Ireland, in 1872 he turned his attention to athletics and soon came to the front as a pedestrian. Many fine performances stand to his credit in the past, and on his present undertaking he is everywhere receiving good wishes for his success.—Miss Mary Bown, Westleigh, Shepton Mallet.

chump

ARE THERE OTHERS?

AS you will notice, the slang word "chump," if written in the manner here shown, reads the same even when held upside down. I think it is the only word in the English language which has this peculiarity, and therefore hope you will consider it worthy of insertion in your "Curiosities" column.—Mr. Mitchell T. Lavin, 931, West Ninth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A.

PELICAN AS A LECTERN.

IT is very unusual to find the pelican chosen for a lectern, so that the accompanying photograph of a finely-carved example to be seen in St. Saviour's Church, Reading, is of particular interest. The lectern is an illustration of the old idea that the pelican fed its young with blood from its own breast; and—the better to convey the idea—there is a patch of bright crimson on the dark oak of the carving.—Mr. H. A. King, 22, Queen Victoria Street, Reading.

STILL ANOTHER OPTICAL ILLUSION.

I send you an addition to the many interesting optical illusions which have appeared recently in your pages. The inside circle in Fig. 1 appears to be greater in diameter than that in Fig. 2, but this is not so, since the diameter is the same in each case.—Mr. R. J. Samuel, 85, Torbay Road, Brondesbury, N.W.

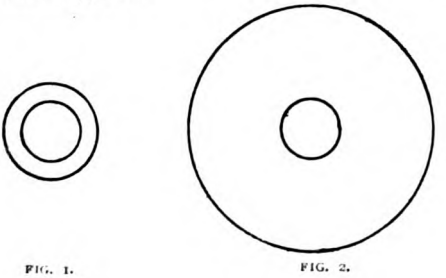


FIG. 1.

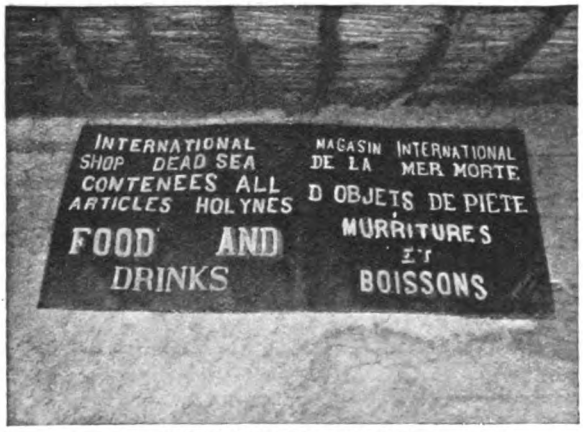
FIG. 2.

STAG MADE OF FOUR TREES.

HERE is a photograph of a curious Chinese little tree, or, rather, four little trees planted in the same pot, twisted into shape and bound together so as to resemble a stag. Two branches are left free to represent the antlers, and round berries are attached to the head for eyes. Little trees such as these may be trained into the forms of many other animals, especially lions and tigers. If carefully attended to they live for quite a long time, and always retain their shape. They are brought round every spring by the Chinese flower-men.—Mr. J. H. Jordan, c/o Rev. Frank Willcox, Great Bentley Vicarage, near Colchester, Essex.

A CURIOUS MEMORIAL.

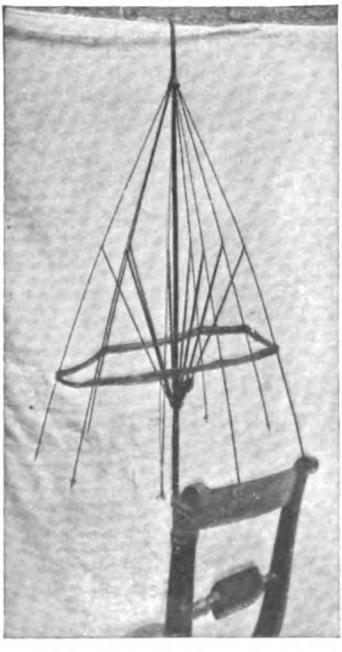
ALMOST realistic piece of carving is shown in the photograph I am sending you of a curious memorial to be seen above a grave in Barnack churchyard, about four miles from Stamford. Few would guess, on looking at this picture, that it shows, not a fallen tree, but merely a clever specimen of carving.—Mr. W. Malcolm, Thorpe House, Stamford.



MORE QUAINT ENGLISH.

DURING a recent visit to the shores of the Dead Sea I came across a small hut built of wattle and mud, and thatched with straw. Under the eaves of the shanty I discovered a quaint inscription, painted both in English and French, a print of which I send you. On inquiry I found that the words, "All articles holynes," referred to small crosses, crucifixes, etc., made of black Dead Sea stone, and also other articles manufactured in the Holy Land, which were for sale inside the hut.—Mr. S. Hunt, c/o Mr. Sheppard, Derby Road, Marehay, near Derby.

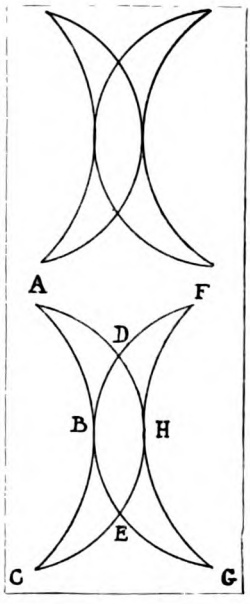
WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR OLD UMBRELLA.



FROM this photograph and the accompanying directions it will be seen that an old umbrella can very easily be made to serve as an excellent wool-winder. First remove the cover and handle, also the catch near the latter, then procure a piece of metal tube about six inches in length and of slightly larger internal diameter than that of the umbrella stick. Next drive a wood plug tightly into one end of this tube and lash it securely to the back of a chair with the plugged end downwards. Place the umbrella stick in the tube and the winder is ready for use.—Mr. C. W. Govett, Stamford Hill, N.

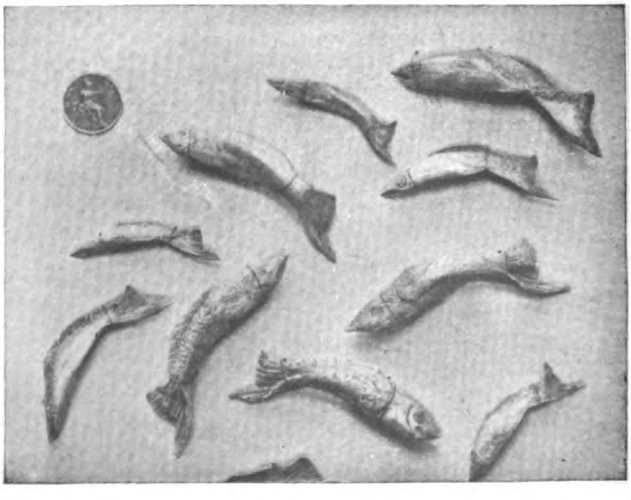
CAN YOU DO THIS?

AT first sight it seems impossible to draw this figure with one continuous line. But, as a little investigation will show, this is by no means the case. For instance, it may be done by starting at the point marked F, and going in turn to D, B, A, D, H, E, C, B, E, G, H, and so back again to the starting-point at F.—T. G. G. B., Kenegie, Penzance.



A NEW USE FOR FISH BONES.

THESE little objects, resembling fishes, are really bones, two of which occur in every haddock. They are situated near the neck or shoulder of the fish, and perhaps correspond to the shoulder-blades of warm-blooded animals. The bones vary in size according to the size of the haddock. Those shown here have been touched with a dash of colour to increase their likeness to real fishes, and in a few instances a little surplus bone has been removed with a penknife. I have placed a penny on the card to show the comparative size.—Mr. W. H. Patterson, Garranard, Strandtown, Belfast.

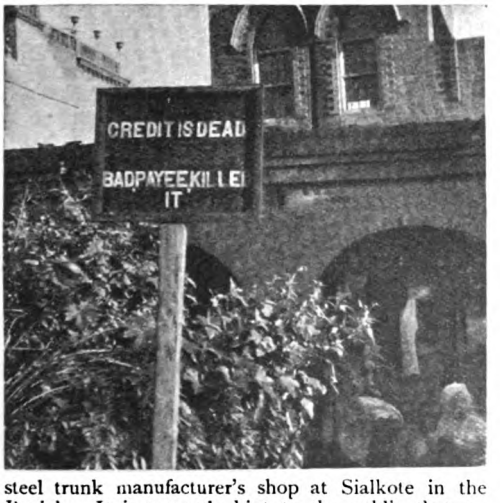


CAN THIS BE BEATEN?

WE noticed that you gave, some months ago, an illustration of a post-card with an address in technical chemical terms, and asking if any one of your readers could quote an address as short. We send you herewith a photograph of an actual post-card received here from London, and you will see there is nothing on it but three letters—"B.S.A."—which certainly is shorter than the one quoted in your Magazine.—The Birmingham Small Arms Company, Limited.

A GENTLE HINT.

KNOWING that you are interested in curious sign-boards and advertisements, I send you a photograph of a board to be seen outside an Indian



steel trunk manufacturer's shop at Sialkote in the Punjab. It is a gentle hint to the public that no credit dealings are countenanced, although at first sight its meaning is anything but clear. Very likely, however, the announcement, by reason of its quaintness, received far greater attention than it would have done had it been set forth in the best King's English.—Mr. Henry Waters, Station School, Rawal Pindi, India.

A RELIC WITH A HISTORY.

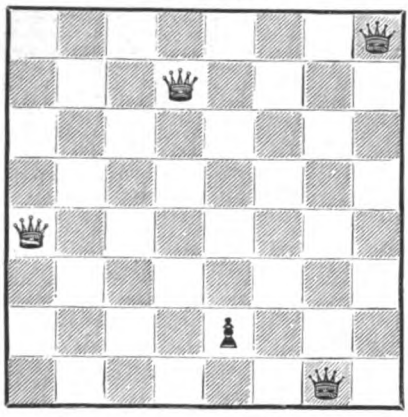
I PURCHASED this curious object from a Mexican wood-chopper, one José Gonzales, who discovered it on a live oak tree at Watson's Ranch, fifteen miles from Monterey, California, on January 18th, 1908. When found, it was on one of five limbs about twenty-five feet from the ground, the tree itself being five feet in diameter. The limb in this picture is one foot thick. An Indian ninety-seven years of age, living in this vicinity, has the following to say concerning its origin: Sixty years ago a member of his tribe while hunting came upon a bear in a tree. Being a skilful hunter he managed to slay the beast with a single shot without so much as dropping him to the ground. But as he was a long distance from camp and unable to take the entire body, which had lodged in the fork

of the tree, he cut away as much as he could conveniently carry and left the remainder, which in time fell away, leaving a single bone around which the limb has grown. In itself this relic was a most interesting possession, but its value was greatly enhanced by the strange story related by the old Indian.—Mr. Emmet McMenamin, P.O. Box 34, Monterey, California, U.S.A.

A STRIKING DOUBLE EXPOSURE.

HERE is a good example of "double exposure" photography, obtained while fishing in the Dee. The photograph of myself was secured first, and when, shortly afterwards, I caught a salmon—which was taken on to the bank—it was photographed by my wife without the plate having been changed. The curious picture which I send you was the result.

SOLUTION TO THE CHESS PROBLEM IN THE LAST NUMBER.



THE above diagram gives the solution to Mr. Wallis's problem, which was to command every square on the board by the use of four queens and a pawn. It will be seen that the four queens control all the squares but two. Although this solution probably employs the least power by which all the squares can be controlled, it is not the most difficult. By far the hardest task is to control all the squares by using four queens and a knight. The solution to this most ingenious problem by the author of the above will be given in our next number.

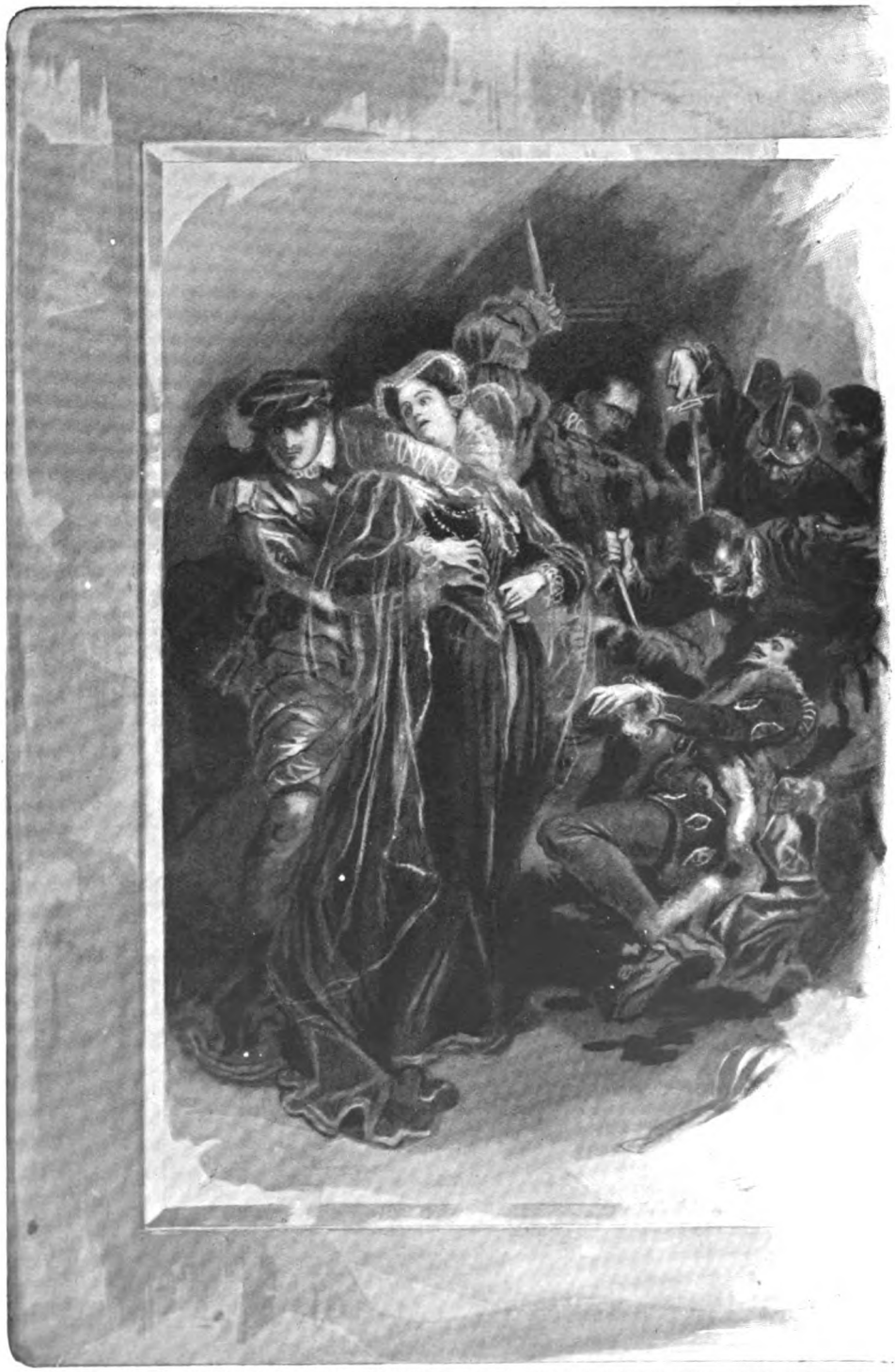
THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA.

A YOUNG Japanese stag of mine, Jacob by name, has a marked penchant for games of play. His favourite pastime takes the form of tossing skyward, and then catching between his antlers with marvellous dexterity, any bough or block of wood which he may chance to come across. Sometimes he will get hold of a pole fifteen or twenty feet long. Then he will have a high old time, in more senses than one. I have known him to keep up the game for an hour at a stretch —indeed, he seldom cries "Pax" until either he or the

plaything is worn out. The other day, however, Jacob chanced to catch a piece of partially-rotten tree-stump with such dexterity that it forthwith became firmly fixed between his horns, and neither he nor I have as yet contrived to move it. Not that Jacob has shown any undue hankering after the removal of the foreign body so curiously acquired; on the contrary, he seems quite proud of his strange head-dress. The dilemma, upon the horns of which I am at present as securely impaled as is the block of wood in the accompanying photograph between the horns of Jacob, is—whether to break the heart of Jacob by forcibly removing his plaything with a crow-bar, or risk his getting brain-fever from the unaccustomed weight upon his noble brow?—Mr. H. W. Shepheard-Walwyn, M.A., F.Z.S., etc., Dalwhinnie, Kenley.

WIND *v.* WATERFALL.

THIS photograph was taken by myself at Motutara, near Auckland, during a heavy gale, and shows how the tremendous force of the wind arrested the waterfall in its downward course and blew it back upwards into the air.—Mr. Henry Winkelmann, 316, Victoria Arcade, Auckland, New Zealand.



"THEY HAD TORN THE CROUCHING MAN AWAY FROM HIS HOLD UPON THE SKIRT OF HER DRESS."

(*See page* 128.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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The Silver Mirror.

By ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

JAN. 3.—This affair of White and Wotherspoon's accounts proves to be a gigantic task. There are twenty thick ledgers to be examined and checked. Who would be a junior partner? However, it is the first big bit of business which has been left entirely in my hands. I must justify it. But it has to be finished so that the lawyers may have the result in time for the trial. Johnson said this morning that I should have to get the last figure out before the 20th of the month. Good Lord! Well, have at it, and if human brain and nerve can stand the strain I'll win out at the other side. It means office-work from ten to five, and then a second sitting from about eight to one in the morning. There's drama in an accountant's life. When I find myself in the still early hours while all the world sleeps, hunting through column after column for those missing figures which will turn a respected Alderman into a felon, I understand that it is not such a prosaic profession after all.

On Monday I came on the first trace of defalcation. No heavy game hunter ever got a finer thrill when first he caught sight of the trail of his quarry. But I look at the twenty ledgers and think of the jungle through which I have to follow him before I get my kill. Hard work—but rare sport, too, in a way! I saw the fat fellow once at a City dinner, his red face glowing above a white napkin. He looked at the little pale man at the end of the table. He would have been pale too if he could have seen the task that would be mine.

Jan. 6.—What perfect nonsense it is for doctors to prescribe rest when rest is out of the question! Asses! They might as well shout to a man who has a pack of wolves at his heels that what he wants is absolute quiet. My figures must be out by a certain date; unless they are so I shall lose the chance of my lifetime, so how on earth am I to rest? I'll take a week or so after the trial.

Perhaps I was myself a fool to go to the doctor at all. But I get nervous and highly-strung when I sit alone at my work at night. It's not a pain—only a sort of fullness of the head with an occasional mist over the eyes. I thought perhaps some bromide, or chloral, or something of the kind might do me good. But stop work! It's absurd to ask such a thing. It's like a long-distance race. You feel queer at first and your heart thumps and your lungs pant, but if you have only the pluck to keep on you get your second wind. I'll stick to my work and wait for my second wind. If it never comes—all the same I'll stick to my work. Two ledgers are done, and I am well on in the third. The rascal has covered his tracks well; but I pick them up for all that.

Jan. 9.—I had not meant to go to the doctor again. And yet I have had to. "Straining my nerves, risking a complete break-down, even endangering my sanity." That's a nice sentence to have fired off at one. Well, I'll stand the strain and I'll take the risk; but so long as I can sit in my chair and move a pen I'll follow the old sinner's slot.

By the way, I may as well set down here

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the queer experience which drove me this second time to the doctor. I'll keep an exact record of my symptoms and sensations, because they are interesting in themselves—"a curious psycho-physiological study," says the doctor—and also because I am perfectly certain that when I am through with them they will all seem blurred and unreal, like some queer dream betwixt sleeping and waking. So now, while they are fresh, I will just make a note of them, if only as a change of thought after the endless figures.

There's an old silver-framed mirror in my room—it was given me by a friend who had a taste for antiquities, and he, as I happen to know, picked it up at a sale and had no notion where it came from. It's a large thing, three feet across and two feet high, and it leans at the back of a side-table on my left as I write. The frame is flat, about three inches across, and very old; far too old for hall-marks or other methods of determining its age. The glass part projects, with a bevelled edge, and has the magnificent reflecting power which is only, as it seems to me, to be found in very old mirrors. There's a feeling of perspective when you look into it such as no modern glass can ever give.

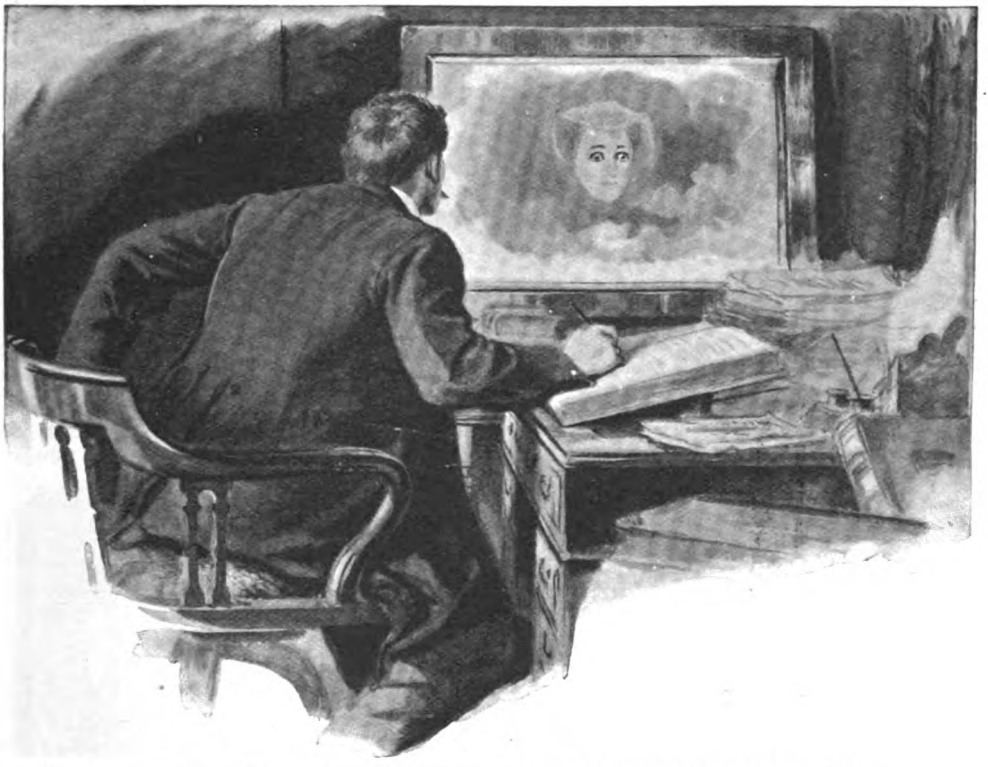
The mirror is so situated that as I sit at the table I can usually see nothing in it but the reflection of the red window curtains. But a queer thing happened last night. I had been working for some hours, very much against the grain, with continual bouts of that mistiness of which I have complained. Again and again I had to stop and clear my eyes. Well, on one of these occasions I chanced to look at the mirror. It had the oddest appearance. The red curtains which should have been reflected in it were no longer there, but the glass seemed to be clouded and steamy, not on the surface, which glittered like steel, but deep down in the very grain of it. This opacity, when I stared hard at it, appeared to slowly rotate this way and that, until it was a thick white cloud swirling in heavy wreaths. So real and solid was it, and so reasonable was I, that I remember turning, with the idea that the curtains were on fire. But everything was deadly still in the room—no sound save the ticking of the clock, no movement save the slow gyration of that strange woolly cloud deep in the heart of the old mirror.

Then, as I looked, the mist, or smoke, or cloud, or whatever one may call it, seemed to coalesce and solidify at two points quite close together, and I was aware, with a thrill of interest rather than of fear, that these were two eyes looking out into the room. A vague outline of a head I could see—a woman's, by the hair, but this was very shadowy. Only the eyes were quite distinct; such eyes—dark, luminous, filled with some passionate emotion, fury or horror, I could not say which. Never have I seen eyes which were so full of intense, vivid life. They were not fixed upon me, but stared out into the room. Then as I sat erect, passed my hand over my brow, and made a strong conscious effort to pull myself together, the dim head faded into the general opacity, the mirror slowly cleared, and there were the red curtains once again.

A sceptic would say, no doubt, that I had dropped asleep over my figures and that my experience was a dream. As a matter of fact, I was never more vividly awake in my life. I was able to argue about it even as I looked at it, and to tell myself that it was a subjective impression—a chimera of the nerves—begotten by worry and insomnia. But why this particular shape? And who is the woman, and what is the dreadful emotion which I read in those wonderful brown eyes? They come between me and my work. For the first time I have done less than the daily tally which I had marked out. Perhaps that is why I have had no abnormal sensations to-night. To-morrow I must wake up, come what may.

Jan. 11.—All well, and good progress with my work. I wind the net, coil after coil, round that bulky body. But the last smile may remain with him if my own nerves break over it. The mirror would seem to be a sort of barometer which marks my brain pressure. Each night I have observed that it had clouded before I reached the end of my task.

Dr. Sinclair (who is, it seems, a bit of a psychologist) was so interested in my account that he came round this evening to have a look at the mirror. I had observed that something was scribbled in crabbed old characters upon the metal work at the back. He examined this with a lens, but could make nothing of it. "Sanc. X. Pal." was his final reading of it, but that did not bring us any farther. He advised me to put it away into another room; but, after all, whatever I may see in it is, by his own account, only a symptom. It is in the cause that the danger lies. The twenty ledgers—not the silver mirror—should be packed away if I



"I WAS AWARE, WITH A THRILL OF INTEREST RATHER THAN OF FEAR, THAT THESE WERE TWO EYES LOOKING OUT INTO THE ROOM."

could only do it. I'm at the eighth now, so I progress.

Jan. 13.—Perhaps it would have been wiser after all if I *had* packed away the mirror. I had an extraordinary experience with it last night. And yet I find it so interesting, so fascinating, that even now I will keep it in its place. What on earth is the meaning of it all?

I suppose it was about one in the morning, and I was closing my books preparatory to staggering off to bed, when I saw her there in front of me. The stage of mistiness and development must have passed unobserved, and there she was in all her beauty and passion and distress, as clear-cut as if she were really in the flesh before me. The figure was small, but very distinct—so much so that every feature, and even every detail of dress, is stamped in my memory. She is seated on the extreme left of the mirror. A sort of shadowy figure crouches down beside her—I can dimly discern that it is a man—and then behind them is cloud, in which I see figures—figures which move. It is not a mere picture upon which I look. It is a scene in life, an actual episode. She crouches and quivers. The man beside her cowers down. The vague figures make abrupt movements and gestures. All my fears were swallowed up in my interest. It was maddening to see so much and not to see more.

But I can at least describe the woman to the smallest point. She is very beautiful and quite young, not more than five-and-twenty, I should judge. Her hair is of a very rich brown, with a warm chestnut shade fining into gold at the edges. A little flat-pointed cap comes to an angle in front, and is made of lace edged with pearls. The forehead is high, too high perhaps for perfect beauty, but one would not have it otherwise, as it gives a touch of power and strength to what would otherwise be a softly feminine face. The brows are most delicately curved, over heavy eyelids, and then come those wonderful eyes —so large, so dark, so full of overmastering emotion, of rage, of horror, contending with a pride of self-control which holds her from sheer frenzy. The cheeks are pale, the lips white with agony, the chin and throat most

exquisitely rounded. The figure sits and leans forward in the chair, straining and rigid, cataleptic with horror. The dress is black velvet, a jewel gleams like a flame in the breast, and a golden crucifix smoulders in the shadow of a fold. This is the lady whose image still lives in the old silver mirror. What dire deed could it be which has left its impress there so that now in another age, if the spirit of a man be but attuned to it, he may be conscious of its presence?

One other detail: down on the left side of the skirt of the black dress was what I thought at first was a shapeless bunch of white ribbon. Then, as I looked more intently or as the vision defined itself more clearly, I perceived what it was. It was the hand of a man, clenched and knotted in agony, which held on with a convulsive grasp to the fold of the dress. The rest of the crouching figure was a mere vague outline, but that strenuous hand shone clear on the dark background, with a sinister suggestion of tragedy in its frantic clutch. The man is frightened—horribly frightened. That I can clearly discern. What has terrified him so? Why does he grip the woman's dress? The answer lies amongst those moving figures in the background. They have brought danger both to him and to her. The interest of the thing fascinated me. I thought no more of its relation to my own nerves, but I stared and stared as if in a theatre. But I could get no farther. The mist thinned. There were tumultuous movements in which all the figures were vaguely concerned. Then the mirror was clear once more.

The doctor says I must drop work for a day, and I can afford to do so, for I have made good progress lately. It is quite evident that the visions depend entirely upon my own nervous state, for I sat in front of the mirror for an hour to-night, with no result whatever. My soothing day has chased them away. I wonder whether I shall ever penetrate what they all mean? I examined the mirror this evening under a good light, and besides the mysterious inscription, "Sanc. X. Pal.," I was able to discern some signs or heraldic marks, very faintly visible upon the silver. They must be very ancient, as they are almost obliterated. So far as I could make out, they were three spear-heads, two above and one below. I will show them to the doctor when he calls to-morrow.

"IT WAS THE HAND OF A MAN CLENCHED AND KNOTTED IN AGONY."

Jan. 14.—Feel perfectly well again, and I intend that nothing else shall stop me until my task is finished. The doctor was shown

the marks on the mirror and agreed that they were armorial bearings. He is deeply interested in all that I have told him, and cross-questioned me closely on the details. It amuses me to notice how he is torn in two by conflicting desires—the one that his patient should lose his symptoms, the other that the medium—for so he regards me—should solve this mystery of the past. He advised continued rest, but did not oppose me too violently when I declared that such a thing was out of the question until the ten remaining ledgers have been checked.

Jan. 17.—For three nights I have had no experiences—my day of rest has borne fruit. Only a quarter of my task is left, but I must make a forced march, for the lawyers are clamouring for their material. I will give them enough and to spare. I have him fast on a hundred counts. When they realize what a slippery, cunning rascal he is I should gain some credit from the case. False trading accounts, false balance-sheets, dividends drawn from capital, losses written down as profits, suppression of working expenses, manipulation of petty cash—it is a fine record!

Jan. 18.—Headaches, nervous twitches, mistiness, fullness of the temples—all the premonitions of trouble, and the trouble came sure enough. And yet my real sorrow is not so much that the vision should come as that it should cease before all is revealed.

But I saw more to-night. The crouching man was as visible as the lady whose gown he clutched. He is a little swarthy fellow, with a black pointed beard. He has a loose gown of damask trimmed with fur. The prevailing tints of his dress are red. What a fright the fellow is in, to be sure! He cowers and shivers and glares back over his shoulder. There is a small knife in his other hand, but he is far too tremulous and cowed to use it. Dimly now I begin to see the figures in the background. Fierce faces, bearded and dark, shape themselves out of the mist. There is one terrible creature, a skeleton of a man, with hollow cheeks and eyes sunk in his head. He also has a knife in his hand. On the right of the woman stands a tall man, very young, with flaxen hair, his face sullen and dour. The beautiful woman looks up at him in appeal. So does the man on the ground. This youth seems to be the arbiter of their fate. The crouching man draws closer and hides himself in the woman's skirts. The tall youth bends and tries to drag her away from him. So much I saw last night before the mirror cleared. Shall I never know what it leads to and whence it comes? It is not a mere imagination, of that I am very sure. Somewhere, some time, this scene has been acted, and this old mirror has reflected it. But when—where?

Jan. 20.—My work draws to a close, and it is time. I feel a tenseness within my brain, a sense of intolerable strain, which warns me that something must give. I have worked myself to the limit. But to-night should be the last night. With a supreme effort I should finish the final ledger and complete the case before I rise from my chair. I will do it. I will.

Feb. 7.—I did. My God, what an experience! I hardly know if I am strong enough yet to set it down.

Let me explain in the first instance that I am writing this in Dr. Sinclair's private hospital some three weeks after the last entry in my diary. On the night of January 20th my nervous system finally gave way, and I remember nothing afterwards until I found myself three days ago in this home of rest. And I can rest with a good conscience. My work was done before I went under. My figures are in the solicitors' hands. The hunt is over.

And now I must describe that last night. I had sworn to finish my work, and so intently did I stick to it, though my head was bursting, that I would never look up until the last column had been added. And yet it was fine self-restraint, for all the time I knew that wonderful things were happening in the mirror. Every nerve in my body told me so. If I looked up there was an end of my work. So I did not look up till all was finished. Then, when at last with throbbing temples I threw down my pen and raised my eyes, what a sight was there!

The mirror in its silver frame was like a stage, brilliantly lit, in which a drama was in progress. There was no mist now. The oppression of my own nerves had wrought this amazing clarity. Every feature, every movement, was as clear-cut as in life. To think that I, a tired accountant, the most prosaic of mankind, with the account-books of a swindling bankrupt before me, should be chosen of all the human race to look upon such a scene!

It was the same scene and the same figures, but the drama had advanced a stage. The tall young man was holding the woman in his arms. She strained away from him and looked

up at him with loathing in her face. They had torn the crouching man away from his hold upon the skirt of her dress. A dozen of them were round him—savage men, bearded men. They hacked at him with knives. All seemed to strike him together. Their arms rose and fell. The blood did not flow from him—it squirted. His red dress was dabbled in it. He threw himself this way and that, purple upon crimson, like an over-ripe plum. Still they hacked, and still the jets shot from him. It was horrible — horrible ! They dragged him kicking to the door. The woman looked over her shoulder at him and her mouth gaped. I heard nothing, but I knew that she was screaming. And then, whether it was this nerve-racking vision before me, or whether, my task finished, all the overwork of the past weeks came in one crushing weight upon me, the room danced round me, the floor seemed to sink away beneath my feet, and I remembered no more. In the early morning my landlady found me stretched senseless before the silver mirror, but I knew nothing myself until three days ago I woke in the deep peace of the doctor's nursing home.

Feb. 9.—Only to-day have I told Dr. Sinclair my full experience. He had not allowed me to speak of such matters before. He listened with an absorbed interest. "You don't identify this with any well-known scene in history?" he asked, with suspicion in his eyes. I assured him that I knew nothing of history. "Have you no idea whence that mirror came and to whom it once belonged?" he continued. "Have you?" I asked, for he spoke with meaning. "It's incredible," said he, "and yet how else can one explain it? The scenes which you described before suggested it, but now it has gone beyond all range of coincidence. I will bring you some notes in the evening."

Later.—He has just left me. Let me set down his words as closely as I can recall them. He began by laying several musty volumes upon my bed.

"These you can consult at your leisure," said he. "I have some notes here which you can confirm. There is not a doubt that what you have seen is the murder of Rizzio by the Scottish nobles in the presence of Mary, which occurred in March, 1566. Your description of the woman is accurate. The high forehead and heavy eyelids combined with great beauty could hardly apply to two women. The tall young man was her husband, Darnley. Rizzio, says the chronicle, 'was dressed in a loose dressing gown of furred damask, with hose of russet velvet.' With one hand he clutched Mary's gown, with the other he held a dagger. Your fierce, hollow-eyed man was Ruthven, who was new-risen from a bed of sickness. Every detail is exact."

"But why to me?" I asked, in bewilderment. "Why of all the human race to me?"

"Because you were in the fit mental state to receive the impression. Because you chanced to own the mirror which gave the impression."

"The mirror! You think, then, that it was Mary's mirror—that it stood in the room where this deed was done?"

"I am convinced that it was Mary's mirror. She had been Queen of France. Her personal property would be stamped with the Royal arms. What you took to be three spear-heads were really the lilies of France."

"And the inscription?"

"'Sanc. X. Pal.' You can expand it into Sanctæ Crucis Palatium. Someone has made a note upon the mirror as to whence it came. It was the Palace of the Holy Cross."

"Holyrood!" I cried.

"Exactly. Your mirror came from Holyrood. You have had one very singular experience, and have escaped. I trust that you will never put yourself into the way of having such another."

In Our Next Number

"A Reminiscence of SHERLOCK HOLMES,"

By Arthur Conan Doyle.

THE STOLEN BLENKINSOP.

By ARTHUR MORRISON.

I.

IF it had been necessary for Mr. Hector Bushell to make a fortune for himself there can be little doubt that he would have done it. Fortunately or unfortunately—just as you please—the necessity did not exist, for his father had done it for him before he was born. Consequently, Hector, who was a genial if somewhat boisterous young man, devoted his talents to the service of his friends, whose happiness he insisted on promoting, with their concurrence or without it, by the exercise of his knowledge of the world and whatever was in it, his business-like acumen, his exuberant animal spirits, and his overflowing, almost pestilential, energy. Quiet-mannered acquaintances who spied him afar dodged round corners and ran, rather than have their fortunes made by his vigorously-expressed advice, enforced by heavy slaps on the shoulder and sudden digs in the ribs, and sometimes punctuated with a hearty punch in the chest. For he was a large and strong, as well as a noisy, young man, accurately, if vulgarly, described by his acquaintances as perpetually "full of beans."

He had given himself a reputation as an art critic, on the strength of a year or two's attendance at an art school in Paris; and, indeed, he maintained a studio of his own, expensively furnished, where he received his friends and had more than once begun a picture. But his energies in this matter were mainly directed to the good of painters among his acquaintances who were under the necessity of living by their work. He told them how their pictures should be painted, and how they could certainly be sold. Indeed, in this latter respect he did better than advise the painter—he advised the buyer, when he could seize one, and trundled him captive into the studio of his nearest friend with great fidelity and enthusiasm.

"The chance of your life, my dear sir!" he would say, snatching at the lapel of some wealthy friend's coat, and raising the other hand with an imminent threat of a slap on the shoulder. "The chance of your life! *The* coming man, I assure you! Something *like* an investment. A picture they'll offer you thousands for some day, and I do believe I can get it for you for a couple of hundred! Come and see it before some dealer gets in!"

It was with some such speech as this that he interrupted Mr. Higby Fewston, the margarine magnate, full of the report of the robbery a day before of a Gainsborough portrait from a house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square. Mr. Fewston was not the sort of man to take a deal of interest in pictures for their own sake, but the newspapers estimated the money value of the missing picture at twenty thousand pounds, and he found that very touching. He had the same respect for that Gainsborough, which he had never seen, that he would have had for a cheque for the sum signed by the firm of Rothschild; rather more, in fact, for if the cheque were stolen it might be stopped and so rendered valueless; but there was no stopping the Gainsborough till you had caught the thief. So that Mr. Fewston found himself taking an unwonted interest in art; and when Hector Bushell, seizing the opportunity and pulling at his arm, drew him in the direction of Sydney Blenkinsop's studio, he offered less resistance than otherwise he might have done.

"Man named Blenkinsop," declaimed the zealous Hector. "Capital chap, and paints like—like a double archangel. His studio's close by—come and look for yourself. Of course, nothing need be said about buying the picture, if you don't want to. But just come and see it—— I'll pretend we were passing and just dropped in. You'll have the sort of chance that people had in Gainsborough's own time. Why, I don't suppose *he* got more than a couple of hundred or so for the very picture the papers are so full of to-day!"

Mr. Fewston suffered himself to be dragged through many streets—the studio was not so near as Hector's enthusiasm made it seem—and finally into the presence of Mr. Sydney Blenkinsop, the painter. Blenkinsop was, by the side of Bushell, a comparatively quiet young man, not without apprehension of the possible consequences of his friend's devotion; for one never could tell what wild things Bushell might have been saying about one.

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"Ah, Sydney, old boy!" cried that enthusiast. "How have you been all this time?" They had last met the day before, when Hector had hauled in some other possible patron. "How have you been? Just looked in as we were passing, you know—just looked in! This is my friend, Mr. Higby Fewston, much interested in art, and what he don't know about a picture—well, there! Working on anything just now, eh? I say"—this with a start of apprehension—"you haven't sold that picture yet, have you? The stunner, you know, the Keston?"

"Oh, that?" responded Blenkinsop, who had never sold a picture in his life. "No, I haven't. Not that one."

"Ah, plain enough Agnew hasn't been here lately. I'd like to have another look at it, old chap; probably sha'n't have another chance, unless it goes somewhere where I know the people. Ah, there now; look at that now!"

Mr. Fewston looked at it blankly. "It—it's a *landscape*," he said, presently, after consideration. The stolen Gainsborough had been a portrait, and Mr. Fewston liked things up to sample.

"Rather!" replied Hector. "It *is* a landscape, as you say, and no mistake! Something like a landscape that, eh? I knew you'd like it, of course, having an eye for such a thing. Ah, it's a topper!"

He fell back by the side of the man of margarine, and the two inspected the marvel in silence, the one with head aside and a smile of ecstasy, and the other with all the expression of a cow puzzled by a painted field with nothing to eat on it. Sydney Blenkinsop shuffled uneasily.

Presently Mr. Fewston thought of something to say. "Where was it taken?" he asked.

"Keston Common," murmured Sydney faintly, and "Keston Common" repeated Hector loudly, making the title sound like a fresh merit. He also drew attention to the wonderful effects of light in the picture, the extraordinary painting of the sky, the subtle suggestion of atmosphere, and the marvellous "values." Mr. Fewston listened patiently to the end. There was another pause, longer and more awkward than the last; it seemed likely to endure till something burst in Sydney Blenkinsop. Then, at last, Mr. Higby Fewston spoke, weightily.

"Keston," he said, with solemn conviction,

"THE TWO INSPECTED THE MARVEL IN SILENCE."

"is a place I don't like. There's a bad train service."

Such a criticism as this even Hector Bushell could not readily answer. He attempted to evade the point, and returned again to his "values." But any reference to values unsupported by definite figures made little impression on the commercial mind of Mr. Fewston, and in a very few minutes more he drifted out, with Hector Bushell still in close attendance.

Hector, however, remained with the margarine Mæcenas only long enough to discharge another volley of admiration for the picture, and took his leave at the first convenient corner. As a consequence he was back in five minutes, to discover Sydney Blenkinsop vengefully kicking a lay figure.

"Don't bring another chap like that to this place," cried the painter, savagely, "or I'll pitch him out o' window!"

"My dear chap, don't be an ass! You've got no business instincts. A man like that's invaluable, if you can only kid him on. He'll buy any old thing, if he buys at all."

"If!"

"You're an ungrateful infidel. I tell you I'm going to sell that 'Keston Common' for you. What could you do with it by yourself?"

"Put a stick through it—burn it—anything! I'm sick of the whole business."

"Just what I expected. You could put a stick through it or burn it—and what's the good of that?"

"What's the harm? I can't sell it, and they won't hang it at the shows; I know that before I send it."

"You know everything that's no use to you and nothing that pays. You can burn a picture, but you can't sell it. Now, I'm going to sell that picture for you, if you'll let me. Will you?"

"You can do what you like with it."

"Done with you, my boy! I'll make you famous with it, and I'll get you money for it. I've an idea such as you couldn't invent in a lifetime. Shut up the shop now and we'll talk it over at the Café Royal. Come along. We'll have a little dinner out of the money I'm going to make for you. But you've to take orders from me, mind."

II.

THE evening papers flamed with the tale of the lost Gainsborough, as the morning papers had done before them, and the morning papers of the next day kept up the flame with scarcely diminished violence. Sydney Blenkinsop rose with nothing but a headache to distinguish him from the other unknown people about him, but by lunch-time he was as famous as Gainsborough himself. For another picture had been stolen. The evening papers came out stronger than ever, giants refreshed by a new sensation, with the blinding headline, ANOTHER PICTURE ROBBERY! Sub-headings sang of A DANGEROUS GANG AT WORK, and deplored a YOUNG PAINTER'S MISSING MASTERPIECE. Sydney Blenkinsop was the young painter, and the view of Keston Common was the missing masterpiece. In the eyes of thousands of worthy people Mr. Sydney Blenkinsop became an artist second only in importance to Gainsborough, if second to anybody; and Mr. Sydney Blenkinsop, himself appalled by the overwhelming success of Mr. Hector Bushell's scheme, would have fled the country, but for the superior will-power of that same Hector Bushell, who never left his side.

For journalists haunted the studio and "wrote up" the whole business afresh for every edition of all the daily newspapers in England. Sydney would have bolted the door and fled from the rear, but Hector ordered in caviare sandwiches and oyster patties and a case of champagne, and was the life and soul of the party. When Sydney seemed at a loss for a judicious answer—which occurred pretty often—Hector was instantly equal to the occasion. The main story was simple enough, and was cunningly left to rest entirely on the word of the police. The constable on the beat had perceived, in the grey of the morning, that a window of the studio had been opened, and a pane broken in the process. Nobody seemed to be in the place, so the policeman kept watch by the window till assistance arrived, when it was found that obviously a thief had entered the place, but had left. It was not found possible to communicate with Mr. Blenkinsop till the morning was well advanced and somebody was found who knew the address of his lodgings; and then he was met as he was leaving home for the studio, in company with his friend, Mr. Bushell. Things in the studio had been much disarranged, and the picture, a view of Keston Common, had been cut from its frame and taken.

So much for the simple facts as observed by the police; but the frills, embroideries, tassels, tinsels, and other garnishings which lent variety and interest to the narrative came in an inexhaustible and glorious torrent from Hector Bushell. He took each

"HECTOR WAS INSTANTLY EQUAL TO THE OCCASION."

separate journalist aside and gave him the special privilege of some wholly new and exclusive information as to the surprising genius of Sydney Blenkinsop, and the amazing prices his pictures were worth and would certainly fetch, some day. Doubtless the thief was a knowing file, and was laying up for the future—"saving his stake," as it were. Any possible slump in Gainsboroughs—of course, nobody expected it, but such a thing might happen—would be compensated by the certain rise in Blenkinsops. And with this astute suggestion Hector shut one eye, tapped the side of his nose, and surprised the favoured reporter with one of his celebrated digs in the ribs.

The newspapers on their part neglected nothing. Gainsborough and Blenkinsop had a column apiece, side by side, in most of them, and in the rest they had more, or were fraternally mingled together. "Is no masterpiece safe?" asked the Press. And answering its own question with no more than a paragraph's delay, the Press gave its opinion that no masterpiece was. To have put in question the new-born eminence of Blenkinsop would have been to spoil the boom in the most unbusinesslike way. Of course, a Turner or a Raeburn or another Gainsborough would have been preferable, but as it was the Press had to do its best with the material to hand, and so it did, to the glory of Blenkinsop. The notion of a thief or a gang of thieves going about after valuable pictures was too good to waste, and every newspaper expressed the sage conjecture that where one picture was, there would the other be found. One scribbling cynic managed to squeeze in a hint that this might suggest the valuable clue of lunacy in the culprit; though nobody noticed that in the general flood of Blenkinsoppery.

But in the intervals of interviewing, when the friends had a few minutes of private conversation, there was a notable lack of gratitude in Sydney's acknowledgments.

"This is a fine ghastly mess you've landed me in!" he protested, at the first opportunity. "How do you expect me to look all these people in the face?"

"How? Oh, the usual way—only the usual way, you know! The more usual the better. *I* don't find any difficulty!"

"You? No—you're enjoying it; you've the cheek for anything. I'm the sufferer. I've had to stand here and yarn to a police-inspector about the beastly business!"

"Yarn! The simple, plain, clear truth! You dined with me last night at the Café Royal, leaving the studio just as usual. And in the morning you come here also as usual, and find the police in charge. Straightforward enough. Of course, he didn't ask you anything about *me*. It seems to me you've got the soft job. I'm doing all the work, and as to enjoying it, of course I am! Why aren't you?"

"Enjoying it! Good heavens, man, I never expected such a row as this; I was a fool to listen to you."

"Now, there!" Hector Bushell spread his arms in injured protest. "There's ingratitude! I've positively made you the most celebrated painter alive, all in the course of a few hours, and you — you pretend you don't like it! Oh, come off it! Why, there are thousands of respectable people in this country to-day, who couldn't name six painters who ever lived, that know all about you—and Gainsborough. I fetched the Press round—did it all!"

"And how's it all going to end? And where *is* the picture? Why won't you tell me that?"

"Well, I was afraid somebody might catch on to a sort of idea that you knew where it was, and I wanted you to be able to say you didn't, that's all. Nobody has had any such unworthy suspicions, and so there's no harm in inviting you to admire the dodge. When I got home last night with the canvas rolled up under my arm I just took it to bed with me till the morning. When I woke I thought it over, and I remembered a big roll of old stair-carpet up in a garret where nobody went—a useless old roll that my dear old mother has dragged about with us for years—ever since we lived in Russell Square, in fact. It's never been touched since it came, and never will be. So I nipped out and up into the garret with the picture, unrolled a few yards of the carpet, slipped the canvas in very carefully, painted side out, rolled up the carpet again, tied it, and shoved it back among the other old lumber. And there it can stay, safe as the Bank, till we want it again!"

"Till we want it again! And when will that be?"

"When we've sold it. You leave it to me, my bonny boy. Remember that other Gainsborough that was stolen—the 'Duchess.' Would that have fetched such a price if it hadn't been stolen and boomed up? Not on your life. I'm out to sell that picture for you, and I'm going to do it—to say nothing of immortal glory, which I'm positively shovelling on you where you stand. Hark! There's another reporter. Keep up that savage, worried look—it's just the thing for the plundered genius!"

But this visitor was no reporter. It was, indeed, Mr. Higby Fewston, much more alert and affable than yesterday, and eager for news of the picture.

"Is there any chance of getting it?" he asked, with some eagerness. "Have the police got on the track of the thief yet?"

"No, they haven't—yet," replied Hector Bushell, calmly. "But I should think there was a very good chance of getting the picture, ultimately."

"I suppose you'll offer a reward?"

"Well, we'll have to think it over. It's a bit early as yet."

"Tell me now," Mr. Fewston pursued, with increasing animation, "can the picture be properly repaired? Isn't it cut out of the frame?"

"Yes, but that's nothing. It's easily relined and put back."

"That's satisfactory. And now as to the flowers—I think I remember yellow flowers right in the front of the picture. They *are* cowslips, I hope?"

"Oh, yes—cowslips, of course," replied Hector, with easy confidence, since cowslips seemed to be required. While Sydney Blenkinsop, who had spotted in a few touches of yellow in the foreground because it seemed to be wanted, and with a vague idea of possible furze-blossoms, or buttercups, gasped and wondered.

"And I suppose more cowslips could be put in, if required, by a competent man?"

"I don't think any more are required," put in Sydney Blenkinsop, decidedly.

"No—very likely not — just an inquiry. I *did* think at the time there seemed to be rather a lot of cowslips for Keston Common, but I do a good deal in the 'Cowslip' brand of—the—the article I deal in, and there might be a possibility of reproducing the work as an advertisement. One has to consider all these things, of course; and on the whole I'd like to buy that picture, if you get it back. What about price?"

"Five hundred," said Hector promptly, before Sydney could open his mouth.

"Um, rather high, isn't it?" commented Fewston, equably. "I was thinking of, say, three hundred."

"Well, yes," Hector responded, just as affably. "Yesterday that might have done, but just now it's to-day." And he regarded the margarine magnate with a long, deliberate, placid wink.

"Ah, well, I understand, of course," replied Fewston, who appeared to far better advantage to-day, discussing business, than yesterday, misunderstanding art. "Of course, I quite recognise that all this publicity—naturally Mr. Blenkinsop wants all the benefit possible from it—quite legitimate, of course. But there, the picture isn't recovered yet. Meantime, I may consider I have the refusal of it contingently, I suppose? You see, Mr. Bushell—you are evidently a man of

"HAVE THE POLICE GOT ON THE TRACK OF THE THIEF YET?"

business—this may be useful to me. A great deal of space is being devoted to Mr. Blenkinsop and his picture in the papers, and I—well, it would be worth my while to be in it, as conspicuously as possible. Do you perceive?"

"I think I see. To-morrow morning's papers, for instance: 'We are at liberty to state that Mr. Sydney Blenkinsop's now famous picture was destined for the galleries of one of the best known of our merchant princes; in fact, that in the event of its hoped-for recovery it is to be purchased by Mr. Higby Fewston, and will make a conspicuous feature of that gentleman's collection.' I think that can go in—no doubt even a little more."

"Excellent! Will you do that? And it is understood that if you get the picture—you say there's a very good chance—I have first refusal?"

"At five hundred pounds."

"Three hundred, I think."

"Wouldn't do, really, as things go. Consider what the Gainsborough would cost you if you could get that, now that it has been stolen!"

"Well, well, we'll leave it at *four* hundred, unless you get a higher offer; it's rather absurd discussing this, with the picture lost. But I do want to be sure that I get proper publicity in the papers. You'll see to that, won't you? You see, this is just the time I want it. I am putting up for the County Council, and—this *strictly* between ourselves—there is just the possibility that I may be turning my business into a limited company. So all these things help, and I and my family are keeping ourselves forward as much as possible just now. Mrs. Fewston, for instance, is making an appeal for the Stockjobbers' Almshouses, and running a sale. And this picture—well, if it's recovered we sha'n't quarrel about the price so long as you get me well into the papers in the meantime. You see, I'm perfectly frank—we'll do our best for each other, mutually."

And so it was settled between Mr. Fewston and the untiring Bushell, while Sydney Blenkinsop hovered uneasily in the background, a superfluous third party in the disposal of his own picture; which also seemed to be superfluous, so far as its merits were concerned—or even its present possession.

III.

MR. HIGBY FEWSTON was well satisfied with the next morning's newspapers. Hector Bushell saw to it that every office was supplied with information of the merits and doings of that patron of fine art, and during the day the evening papers interviewed Mr. Fewston himself, to the combined glory of Fewston and Blenkinsop. Mr. Fewston

expressed strong views as to the inefficiency of the police, and made occasion to allude to his views on the London County Council. Speaking as an art critic, Mr. Fewston considered Mr. Blenkinsop certainly the greatest painter of the present time; and the stolen masterpiece was a great loss to him, personally, the intending purchaser. There could be no doubt in Mr. Fewston's mind that the same clever gang had captured the two great pictures — evidently educated criminals of great artistic judgment. And then came certain notable and mysterious hints as to astonishing things that Mr. Fewston might say as to the whereabouts of the plunder, if it were judicious—which at this moment of course it was not. The "boom" went so well that Sydney Blenkinsop himself began to look upon his sudden notoriety with a more complacent eye. In another day or two the affair had run best part of the ordinary course of a newspaper "boom," the Bishop of London had given his opinion on it, and while the Gainsborough column shrank considerably, the Blenkinsop column became a mere paragraph at its foot. It would seem to be the proper moment for the recovery of the picture.

And now it grew apparent that this was the great difficulty. What had been done was easy enough; it had almost done itself—with the constant help of Hector. But to restore the picture—naturally, unsuspiciously, and without putting anybody in jail—this was a job that grew more difficult the more it was considered. Hector Bushell grew unwontedly thoughtful, and Sydney Blenkinsop began to get ungrateful again. He had been dragged up a blind alley, he said, and now he wanted to know the way out. Hector smoked a great many strong cigars without being able to tell him.

They parted moodily one night toward the end of the week, and the next day Sydney was alone in his studio all the morning. He was growing fidgety and irritable, notwithstanding his new-found eminence, and he wondered what kept Hector away. Was he going to shirk now that the real pinch was coming? Work was impossible, so the partaker in Gainsborough's glory loafed and smoked and kicked his furniture, and smoked and loafed again. His lunch was brought him from the corner public-house, and he ate what he could of it. Then he took to looking out of door, as is the useless impulse of everybody anxiously awaiting a visitor. He had done it twice, and was nearing the lobby again when the cry of a running newsboy struck his ear. He pulled the door open hurriedly, for he seemed to hear something like the name Gainsborough in the shout. There came the boy, shouting at each studio door as he passed and waving his papers. Sydney extended his coin and snatched the paper as the boy ran past. It was fact; he *had* heard the name of Gainsborough, for the thousandth time that week. The picture had been discovered in the thief's lodgings, but the thief had bolted and was still at large. There was not much of it under the staring headline, but so much was quite clear. The picture was found, but the thief had got away.

Wasn't there a chance in this? Surely there ought to be. Why didn't Hector Bushell come? Surely, if they were prompt enough, some little dodge might be built on this combination of circumstances by which his picture might be brought to light again—also without the thief. They knew, now, where the thief *had* been, and that he was gone. This was good news. Hector could certainly make something of that. Where was he?

He was at the door, in the lobby, in the studio, even as the thought passed. Flushed and rumpled, wild of eye, with dust on his coat and a dint in his hat, Hector Bushell dropped into the nearest seat with an inarticulate "G'lor!"

"What's up?" cried Sydney. "The Gainsborough—do you know? They've got it!"

"Blow the Gainsborough—where's the Blenkinsop? Sydney, it's a bust-up!"

"What is?"

"The whole festive caboodle! The entire bag of tricks! My mother's been and sent the roll of stair-carpet to the jumble sale!"

"The *what?*"

"Jumble sale—Mrs. Fewston's jumble sale; Stockjobbers' Almshouse Fund!"

"Great heavens!"—Sydney leapt for his hat—"where is it? When is it? What——"

"No go!" interrupted Hector, with a feeble wave of the hand. "No go! It's to-day—I've been there. Blazed off there the moment I knew it. They'd sold the carpet to an old woman just before I arrived. Streaked out after her and caught her two streets off; she was shoving it home in a perambulator. I grabbed it with both hands and offered to buy it. I was a bit wild and sudden, I expect, and the old girl didn't understand; started screaming, and laid into me with an umbrella. I wasn't going to wait for a crowd, so I out with the stair-carpet and bowled it open all along the

pavement. There was no picture in it—nothing! I kicked it the whole length out, all along the street, and then pelted round the next corner while the old party was tangled up with the other end. Sydney, my boy, it's pretty plain. He could never afford to stultify himself publicly after the advertisement he had so anxiously gained. And the interviews in the newspapers! And the County Council election! And the limited

"I GRABBED IT WITH BOTH HANDS."

my belief Fewston's got that picture now! The carpet was sent to the house!"

"What in the world shall we do? We're in a fine sort of mess!"

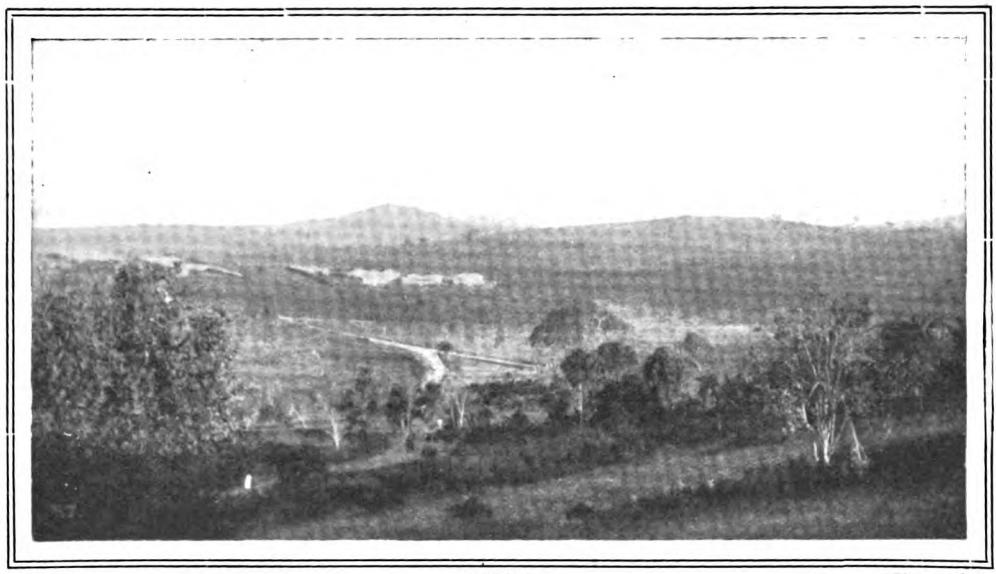
For a time Hector Bushell had no answer. It was quite clear that Fewston must be in possession of the picture, for the carpet had been in his house since the evening of the day before yesterday. More, now that he came to rescue his memory from the confusion wrought by his recent adventure, it struck him that at the jumble sale Mrs. Fewston had treated him to a cool stare of severe disdain which—— At the moment it had passed almost unnoticed, such was his excitement, but now he remembered it well enough. Also, it suggested many things. Why had nothing been heard from Fewston? He had had a full day and a half to flare up in, if to flare up he had wished, but he was lying low. Why? The answer seemed company! It was plain that Mr. Fewston's interests were not wholly divorced from their own, after all.

"What *shall* we do?" reiterated Sydney, wildly. "We're in a most hideous mess!"

"Mess?" repeated Hector, straightening his hat and gradually assuming his customary placidity. "Mess? Oh, I don't know, after all. I was a bit startled at first, but we haven't accused anybody, you know. *We're* perfectly innocent. If you like to authorize me to get in at your studio window to fetch a picture, why shouldn't you? And if the police like to jump to conclusions—well, they ought to know better. Lend me a clothes-brush."

"But what about Fewston?"

"That's why I want the clothes-brush. He's in it pretty deep after those published interviews, eh? We'll go round and collect that money."



From a] KAMPALA. *[Photograph.*

"MY AFRICAN JOURNEY."

BY THE RT. HON. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, M.P.

VI.—KAMPALA.

TWO days after I had arrived at Entebbe the Governor took me over to Kampala. The distance between the ancient and the administrative capital is about twenty-four miles. The road, although unmetalled, runs over such firm, smooth sandstone, almost polished by the rains, that, except in a few places, it would carry a motor-car well, and a bicycle is an excellent means of progression. The Uganda Government motor-cars have not yet, however, arrived, and meanwhile the usual method is to travel by rickshaw. Mounted in this light bicycle-wheeled carriage, drawn by one man between the shafts and pushed by three more from behind, we were able to make rather more than six miles an hour in very comfortable style.

The rickshaw-boys, who were neatly dressed in white tunics and red caps, were relieved every eight miles. They have their own way of doing business. From the moment when the travellers are seated in the rickshaw and their labour begins, they embark upon an ever-varying but absolutely interminable antiphony, which, if it exhausts their breath, serves undoubtedly to keep their spirits up. "Burrulum," cry the pushers; "Huma," says the puller. "Burrulum," say the pushers again, and so on over and over for a very long time. All these chaunts have their meanings, and if the traveller is found to be heavy or known to be ignorant of the language, he would not always be complimented by a correct translation. The phrase I have quoted means "iron upon wood"; and its signification is that the iron of European strength and skill, however superior, yet cannot get along without the wood of native labour and endurance. With such unexceptionable sentiments no one would quarrel. Yet even these lose their flavour by repetition, and after half an hour of "Burrulum" and "Huma" I was constrained to ask the singers whether they could not possibly manage to convey us in silence. They tried their best, but I could see they

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were unhappy, and after a while, out of compassion and to improve the pace, I withdrew the ban, and the chorus was joyfully resumed in a new and more elaborate form.

The manners of the Baganda are ceremonious to a degree. They well deserve Sir Harry Johnston's description of them as "the Japanese of Africa." If you say "Good morning" to a stranger on an English road, it is as like as not that his surprise will throw him into a posture of self-defence; but when two Baganda meet they begin to salute each other as soon as they come within earshot. "How are you?" cries the one. "Who am I that you should care to know?" replies the other. "Humble though I be, yet I have dared," rejoins the first. "But say first how are *you*," continues the second. "The better time his face beams with a most benignant and compulsive smile, and he purrs "A—o, a—o, a—o," as much as to say, "My cup of joy is overflowing."

It is not in accordance with our ideas that man should kneel to man, and one feels uncomfortable to see it done. Yet it should not be thought that the action, as performed by the Baganda, involves or implies any servility. It is their good manners—and meant to be no more. Nor, once you are used to it, do they seem to lose at all in dignity. Only they win your heart.

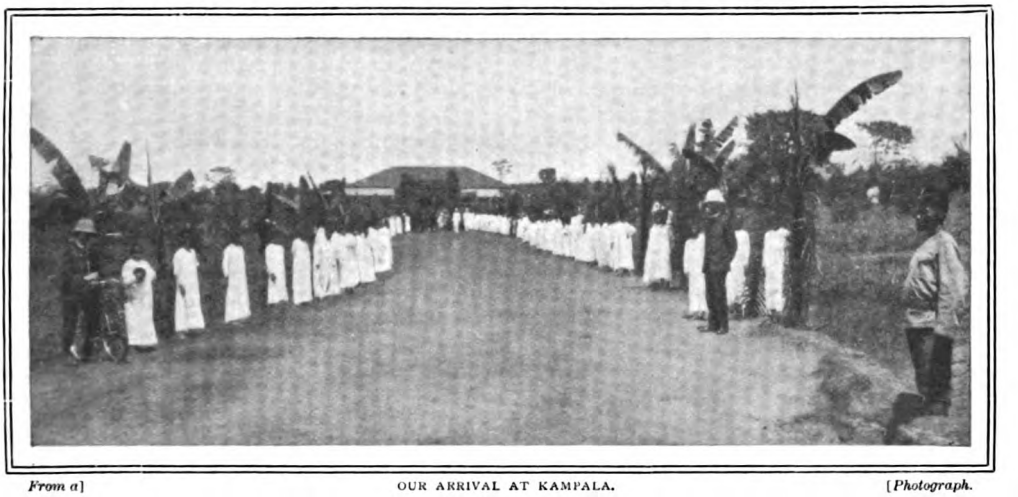
The road from Entebbe to Kampala passes through delicious country. Along its whole length a double avenue of rubber trees has just been planted, and behind these on each side are broad strips of cotton plants, looking

From a] WHITE-ROBED BAGANDA CLAPPING THEIR HANDS IN SIGN OF WELCOME. *[Photograph.*

for the honour you have done me," is the answer. By this they have already passed each other and there is only time for the Parthian affability, "The honour is mine and I shall treasure it," and a quavering of delicately-modulated, long-drawn "A—a—a's" of contentment and goodwill which gradually die away in the distance, leaving neither of them the worse circumstanced nor the better informed. I must add, for the reader's caution, that the aforesaid dialogue is not an invariable ritual. The phrases may be varied *ad infinitum* to suit the occasion; but it will suffice as an illustration of these roadside courtesies.

If you wish to make a Baganda perfectly happy, all you need to do is to say, "Way wally," which means a sort of supremely earnest "Well done." The moment this talismanic expression has left your lips the native to whom it is addressed will probably fall on his knees and, clasping his two hands together, will sway them from side to side, as if he were playing a concertina, while all the beautiful with their yellow flowers or pinky-white bolls. American upland cotton grown in Uganda actually commands a higher price in the Manchester market than when it is grown in the United States. There appears to be practically no natural difficulty in its cultivation throughout the larger part of Uganda. A great development is only a question of organization and—money.

But I have forgotten that we have been moving swiftly along the Kampala road, and now we are almost in sight of the city. Almost, but not quite; for, to tell the truth, no one has ever seen Kampala. The traveller sees the Government buildings and residences neat and prim on one hill; he sees the King's house and his Ministers' houses on another. Upon a third, a fourth, or a fifth hill he may discern successively the Protestant Cathedral, the Catholic Mission, and the White Father's Monastery. But Kampala, the home of sixty thousand persons, is permanently invisible. The whole town is buried under the leaves of innumerable banana



From a] OUR ARRIVAL AT KAMPALA. *[Photograph.*

plantations, which afford shade and food to its people, and amid which their huts are thickly scattered and absolutely concealed.

We were still three miles out of this "garden city" when the native reception began, and we travelled for a quarter of a mile between lines of white-robed Baganda, all mustered by their chiefs and clapping their hands in sign of welcome. At last our procession of rickshaws reached a hillock by the roadside, at the top of which stood a pavilion, beautifully constructed of stout elephant grass woven together with curious art. Down from this eminence, over a pathway strewn with rushes, came to meet us the King and his notables in a most imposing array. Daudi Chewa, the King or Kabaka of Uganda, is a graceful, distinguished-looking little boy, eleven years old. He was simply dressed in a flowing black robe edged with gold, and a little white gold-rimmed cap. Around him were the Council of Regency;

WATCHING THE WAR-DANCE—MR. CHURCHILL, DAUDI CHEWA (KING OF UGANDA), AND MR. HESKETH BELL.
From a Photograph.

and at his right hand stood the Prime Minister, Sir Apolo Kagwar, a powerful, determined-looking man, wearing a crimson, gold-laced robe, on which shone many decorations, several British war medals, and the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

We all shook hands and were then led up into the pavilion, where we took our seats on wicker chairs and ate sweet jellies while we conversed. The King, who is being most carefully educated by an English tutor, understands and speaks English quite well, but on this occasion he seemed too shy to say much more than "Yes" or "No," in a low, sweet drawl, and this formal interview soon came to an end.

The afternoon was consumed in ceremony; for the Commissioner of Uganda had to be sworn in the rank of Governor, to which he has been lately raised; and there was a parade of troops, in which some five or six hundred very smart-looking soldiers took part, headed by the Kampala company of Sikhs. It was not until the shadows began to lengthen that we visited the Kabaka on the Royal Hill. He received us in his Parliament House. In this large and beautifully-constructed grass building about seventy chiefs and Baganda notables were assembled. The little Kabaka sat on his throne and his subjects grouped themselves around trees before him. We were given seats at his side, and the Prime Minister explained that the Baganda would show us the ceremony of swearing a chief. One of the most portly and dignified of the councillors thereupon advanced into the centre of the room, threw himself face downward on the ground, and poured out a torrent of asseverations of loyalty. After a few minutes he rose and began brandishing his spears, chaunting his oath all the while, until he had created an extraordinary appearance of passion. Finally he rushed from the building to go and slay the King's enemies outside. It was not until he returned a moment later, calm, sedate, and respectable, that I realized, from the merry smile on his face and from the mirth of the company, that he was "only pretending," and that the ceremony was merely a representation given to interest us. The incident is remarkable because it illustrates the rapidity with which the Baganda people are leaving their past behind them. Already they laugh at their old selves. Ceremonies which twenty years ago had a solemn and awful significance are to-day reproduced by this reflective people in much the same spirit as the citizens of Coventry revive the progress of Lady Godiva. The same thing happened at the war-dance the next day. Two or three thousand men, naked and painted for war, rushed frantically to and fro to the beating of drums and

From a] WAR-DANCE AT KAMPALA. *[Photograph.*

barbaric music, with every sign of earnestness and even frenzy. Yet a few minutes later they were laughing sheepishly at one another, and bowing to us like actors before the curtain, and the Prime Minister was making a speech to explain that this was meant to be a pageant of the bad old times reproduced for our benefit. Indeed, so unaccustomed to carry arms had the warriors become that not one in ten could find a spear to arm himself with, and they had to come with sticks and other stage-properties.

"THE BRAVEST MAN IN THE ARMY."
From a Photograph.

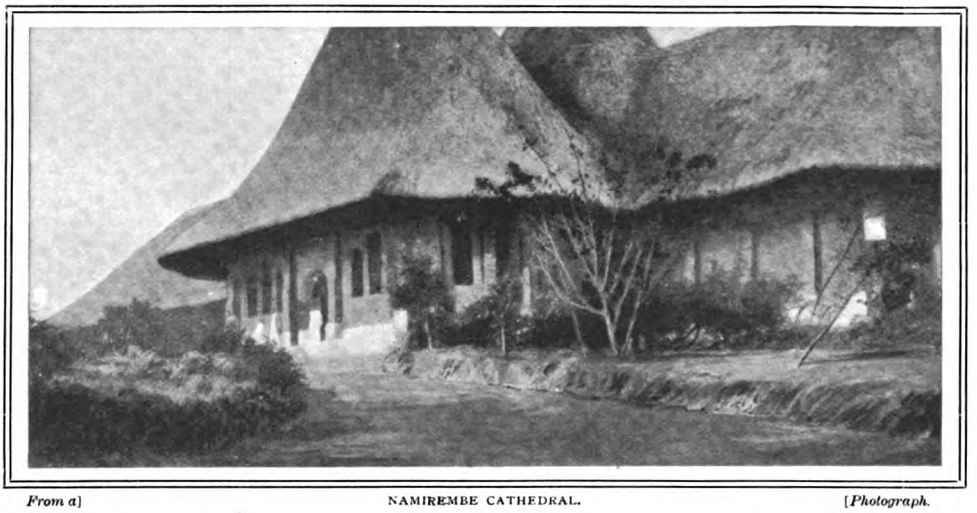
Even a comic element was provided in the shape of a warrior painted all over in a ridiculous manner, and held by two others with a rope tied round his middle. This, we were told, was "the bravest man in the army," who had to be restrained lest he should rush into battle too soon. It is not easy to convey the air of honest fun and good humour which pervaded these curious performances, or to measure the intellectual progress which the attitude of the Baganda towards them implied.

The Kabaka gave us tea in his house. It is a comfortable European building, quite small and modest, but nicely furnished, and adorned with familiar English prints and portraits of Queen Victoria and King Edward. Gradually he got the better of his shyness, and told me that he liked football more than anything else, and that his mathematical studies had advanced as far as "G.C.M.," initials which never fail to stir disagreeable memories in my mind. He can write a very good letter in English, rides well on a nice pony, and will probably become a well-educated and accomplished man. Altogether it is a very pleasing spectacle to find in the heart of Africa, and amid so much barbarism, squalor, and violence, this island of gentle manners and peaceful civilization.

The next day was one unending pilgrimage. I have described how Kampala lies under the leaves of the plantain groves about the slopes of many hills. Each hill has its special occupants and purpose. Each of the different Christian missions has a hill to itself, and in the bad old days a Maxim gun was not thought at all an inappropriate aid to Christian endeavour. It would, however, be very unfair to charge the missionaries with having created the feuds and struggles which convulsed Uganda twelve years ago. The accident that the line of cleavage between French and British influence was also the line of cleavage between Catholic and Protestant converts imparted a religious complexion to what was in reality a fierce political dispute. These troubles are now definitely at an end. The arrival upon the scene of an English Catholic mission has prevented national rivalries and religious differences from mutually embittering one another. The erection of a stable Government and the removal of all doubts about the future of Uganda have led to an entire abatement of strife among devoted men engaged in a noble work. Not only is there peace among the different Christian missions themselves, but the Government of Uganda, so far from watching missionary enterprise with sour disfavour, is thoroughly alive to the inestimable services which have been and are daily being rendered by the missions to the native population, and very excellent relations prevail.

In duty bound I climbed one hill after another and endeavoured to make myself acquainted with the details of mission work in Kampala. It comprises every form of

moral and social activity. Apart from their spiritual work, which needs no advocacy here, the missionaries have undertaken and are now maintaining the whole educational system of the country. They have built many excellent schools, and thousands of young white-dressed youths upon the floor. The Kabaka and Sir Apolo Kagwar, who has himself five sons at the school, were upon the platform. The Governor presided. The Bishop made a speech. The schoolboys sang English songs and hymns in very good tune



From a] NAMIREMBE CATHEDRAL. *[Photograph.*

Baganda are being taught to read and write in their own language. The whole country is dotted with subsidiary mission stations, each one a centre of philanthropic and Christian effort. There are good hospitals, with skilful doctors and nurses or sisters of charity, in connection with all the missions. The largest of these, belonging to the Church Missionary Society, is a model of what a tropical hospital for natives ought to be. Technical education is now being added to these services, and in this it is to be hoped the Government will be able to co-operate. I do not know of any other part of the world where missionary influence and enterprise have been so beneficently exerted, or where more valuable results have been achieved.

On Namirembe Hill, where the Church Missionary Society have their head-quarters, a really fine cathedral, with three tall, quaint, thatched spires, has been built out of very primitive materials; and this is almost the only building in Uganda which offers the slightest attempt at architectural display. Under the shadow of this I found myself on the afternoon of the 20th of November, engaged in opening a high school for scholars who are more advanced than can be instructed in the existing establishments. A large and well-dressed audience, native and European, filled a good-sized room. The scholars crowded together in a solid mass of and rhythm. It was astonishing to look at the map of the British Empire hanging on the wall and to realize that all this was taking place near the north-western corner of the Victoria Nyanza.

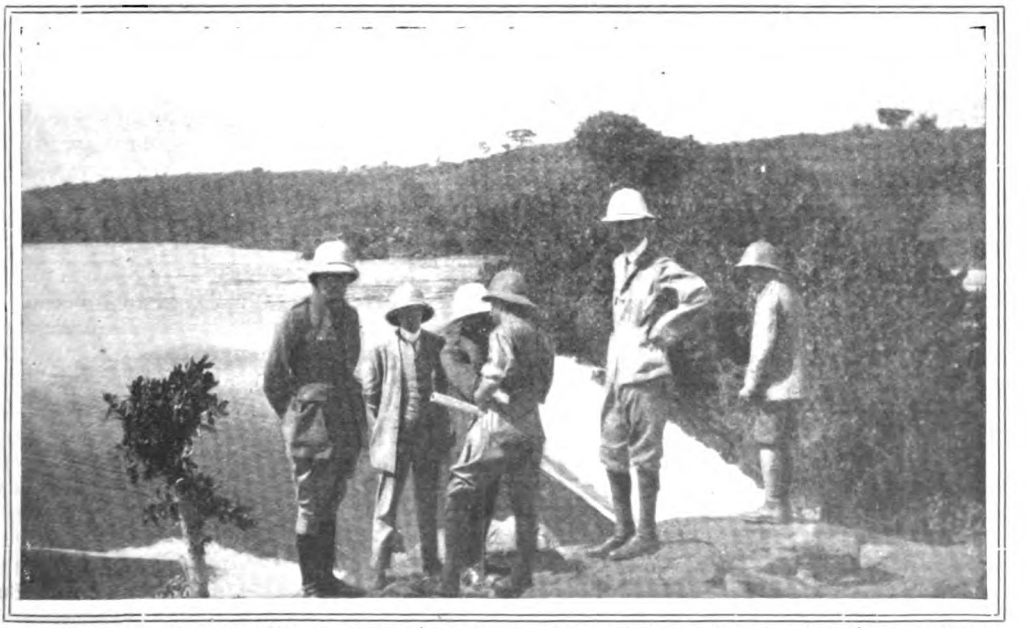
It is eight miles from Kampala to Munyonyo, its present port on the lake, and this distance we covered in rickshaws over a shocking road. Munyonyo is itself little more than a jetty and a few sheds, but it affords a very good example of the salutary effects of cutting down the bush and forest. Mosquitoes and tsetses have been absolutely banished from the cleared area, and a place which a year ago was a death-trap is now perfectly safe and healthy. Plans are now on foot to make a new port a little farther along the coast at a point only five miles away from Kampala; and when this has been connected with the capital, as it must be, by a line of mono-rail tramway, there is every reason to expect a substantial and growing trade.

The *Sir William Mackinnon*, a venerable vessel of the Uganda Marine, awaited our party, and we steamed off on the smooth waters of the lake, through an archipelago of beautiful islands—each one more inviting than the other—and all depopulated by sleeping sickness. All day long we voyaged in these sheltered waters, and in the evening the lights of Jinja guided us to our destina-

tion. One cannot help admiring the luck which led Speke to his thrilling discovery of the source of the Nile. There are five hundred gulfs and inlets on the northern shore of Lake Victoria, and nothing distinguishes this one from the rest. No current is perceptible to the ordinary mariner until within a few miles of the rapids, and although the presumption that so vast a body of fresh water would have an overflow somewhere had behind it a backing of strong probability, the explorer might have searched for a year without finding the spot. Instead of which he drifted and paddled gently along until all of a sudden the murmur of a distant cataract and the slight acceleration in the pace of his canoe drew him to the long-sought birthplace of the most wonderful river in the world.

It was dark when we landed at Jinja, and I could not properly see the preparations made for our reception by the local chiefs and the Indian traders, of whom there was a considerable crowd. The darkness, otherwise a cause of disappointment, afforded the opportunity for just the sort of brave act one so often finds a British officer ready to do. As the baggage was being landed from the steamer on to the jetty, a poor coolie slipped under his load, and in an instant was engulfed in the deep black waters below. Whereupon, as a matter of course, a young civilian in the Political Department jumped in after him in the darkness and among the crocodiles and fished him out safe and sound, an act of admirable behaviour which certainly requires the attention of the Royal Humane Society. I am not quite sure that in all parts of Africa so high a standard of honour and respect for the life of the humble native would prevail.

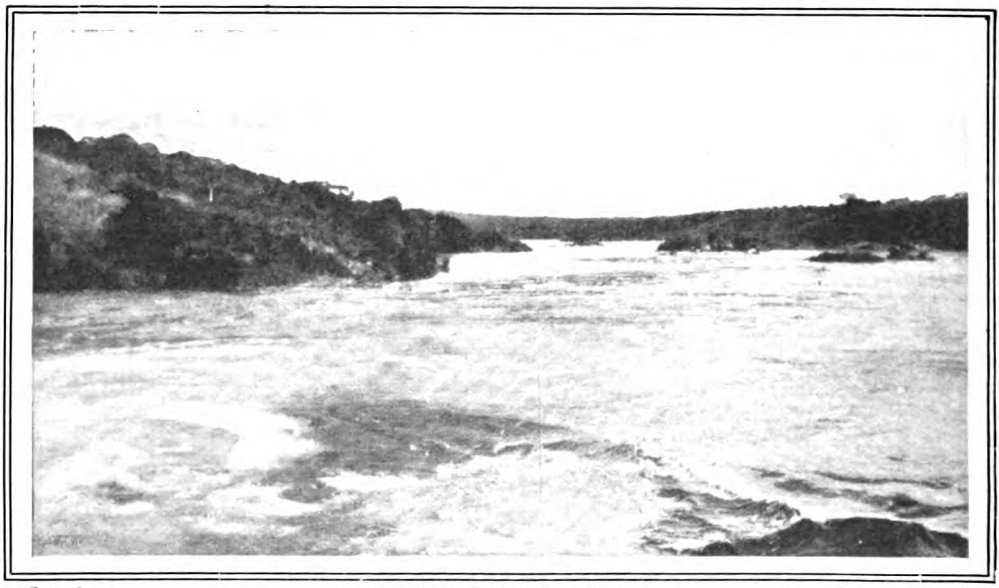
Jinja is destined to become a very important place in the future economy of Central Africa. Situated at the point where the Nile flows out of the Great Lake, it is at once on the easiest line of water communication with Lake Albert and the Soudan, and also where great water-power is available. In years to come the shores of this splendid bay may be crowned with long rows of comfortable tropical villas and imposing offices, and the gorge of the Nile crowded with factories and warehouses. There is power enough to gin all the cotton and saw all the wood in Uganda, and it is here that one of the principal emporia of tropical produce will certainly be created. In these circumstances it is a pity to handicap the town with an outlandish name. It would be much better to call it Ripon Falls, after the beautiful cascades which lie beneath it, and from whose force its future prosperity will be derived.



AT RIPON FALLS — MR. CHURCHILL, MR. WATTS (DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC WORKS, BRITISH EAST AFRICA), THE GOVERNOR, CAPTAIN STEVENSON, R.E., MR. A. BOYLE, LIEUTENANT FISHBOURNE, R.E.
From a] [Photograph.

The Ripon Falls are, for their own sake, well worth a visit. The Nile springs out of the Victoria Nyanza a vast body of water as

wide as the Thames at London Bridge, and this imposing river rushes down a stairway of rock from fifteen to twenty feet deep, in smooth, swirling slopes of green water. It would be perfectly easy to harness the whole river and let the Nile begin its long and



From a] THE NILE BELOW RIPON FALLS. *[Photograph.*

beneficent journey to the sea by leaping through a turbine. It is possible that nowhere else in the world could so enormous a mass of water be held up by so little masonry. Two or three short dams from island to island across the falls would enable, at an inconceivably small cost, the whole level of the Victoria Nyanza—over an expanse of a hundred and fifty thousand square miles—to be gradually raised six or seven feet; would greatly increase the available water-power; would deepen the water in Kavirondo Bay, so as to admit steamers of much larger draught; and, finally, would enable the lake to be maintained at a uniform level, so that immense areas of swampy foreshore, now submerged, now again exposed, according to the rainfalls, would be converted either into clear water or dry land, to the benefit of man and the incalculable destruction of mosquitoes.

As one watches the surging waters of the Ripon Falls and endeavours to compute the mighty energies now running to waste, but all within the reach of modern science, the problem of Uganda rises in a new form on the mind. All this water-power belongs to the State. Ought it ever to be surrendered to private persons? How long, on the other hand, is a Government, if not prepared to act itself, entitled to bar the way to others? This question is raised in a multitude of diverse forms in almost all the great dependencies of the Crown. But in Uganda the arguments for the State ownership and employment of the natural resources of the country seem to present themselves in their strongest and most formidable array.

Uganda is a native State. It must not be compared with any of those colonies where there is a white population already established, nor again with those inhabited by tribes of nomadic barbarians. It finds its counterparts among the great native States of India, where Imperial authority is exercised in the name and often through the agency of a native prince and his own officers.

This combination of the external brain and the native hand results in a form of government often highly acceptable to the general body of the inhabitants, who are confronted with no sudden or arbitrary changes in the long-accustomed appearances of things. But it involves all the administration of affairs in a degree of complexity and delicacy which is absent from simpler and cruder systems. In such circumstances there cannot be much opening for the push and drive of ordinary commercial enterprise. The hustling business man—admirably suited to the rough and tumble of competitive production in Europe or America—becomes an incongruous and

even a dangerous figure when introduced into the smooth and leisurely development of a native State. The Baganda will not be benefited either morally or materially by contact with modern money-making or modern money-makers. When a man is working only for the profits of his company and is judged by the financial results alone, he does not often under the sun of Central Africa acquire the best method of dealing with natives; and all sorts of difficulties and troubles will follow any sudden incursion of business enterprise into the forests and gardens of Uganda. And even if the country is more rapidly developed by these agencies, the profits will not go to the Government and people of Uganda to be used in fostering new industries, but to divers persons across the sea who have no concern other than purely commercial in its fortunes. This is not to advocate the arbitrary exclusion of private capital and enterprise from Uganda. Carefully directed and narrowly controlled, opportunities for their activities will nó doubt occur. But the natural resources of the country should, as far as possible, be developed by the Government itself, even though that may involve the assumption of many new functions.

Indeed, it would be hard to find a country where the conditions were more favourable than in Uganda to a practical experiment in State Socialism. The land is rich; the people pacific and industrious. There are no great differences between class and class. One staple article of food meets the needs of the whole population, and produces itself almost without the aid of man. There are no European vested interests to block the way. Nowhere are the powers of the Government to regulate and direct the activities of the people more overwhelming or more comprehensive. The superiority of knowledge in the rulers is commanding. Their control upon the natives is exerted through almost every channel; and besides the secular authorities —native and Imperial—there is the spiritual and educative influence of the missionaries to infuse human sympathy and moral earnestness into the regular machinery of State.

The first, and perhaps the greatest, difficulty which confronts the European Socialist is the choosing of Governors to whom the positively awful powers indispensable to a communistic society are to be entrusted. If a race of beings could be obtained when and as required from a neighbouring planet, whose practical superiority in virtue, science, wisdom, and strength was so manifest as to be universally acclaimed, this difficulty would disappear, and we might with composure await the decision of popular elections with all their defects and advantages. But in the absence of this dispensation the problem of how rulers are to be selected, and how, having been selected, they are to be controlled or changed, remains the first question of politics, even in days when the functions of Government are, in general, restricted to the modest limits of *laissez-faire*.

In Uganda, however, this difficulty does not exist. A class of rulers is provided by an outside power as remote from and, in all that constitutes fitness to direct, as superior to the Baganda as Mr. Wells's Martians would have been to us. The British administration is in its *personnel* absolutely disinterested. The officials draw their salaries, and that is all. They have no end to serve, except the improvement of the country and the contentment of its people. By that test and that test alone are they judged. In no other way can they win approbation or fame. They are furthermore controlled in the exercise of their functions by a superior authority, specially instructed in this class of administrations, and itself answerable to a Parliament elected on a democratic franchise. At no point in the whole chain of command is there any room for corruption, usurpation, or gross inefficiency.

It is clear that larger powers could be entrusted to the State in regard to the labour of its citizens than would ever be accorded to private employers. The subjects of every European Power have accepted the obligation of military service to defend their respective countries from external attack. The Baganda, relieved from this harsh obsession, have no higher duty than to cultivate and develop the beautiful land they live in. And if it were desired to organize scientifically, upon a humane and honourable basis, the industry of an entire population, and to apply the whole fruits of their labour to their own enrichment and elevation, no better conditions are likely to be discovered than those which now exist in Uganda.

It might at any rate be worth while to make such an experiment, if only as a prelude to those more general applications of the principles of Socialism which are held in some quarters to be so necessary.

Winston S. Churchill

(*To be continued.*)

Mephistopheles on the Links.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO BALZAC.)

By G. A. RIDDELL and BERNARD DARWIN.

IT was a constant source of disappointment to his many friends and admirers that John Lee, of Marsland Heath, had never won the Open Championship. He was a glorious player, and especially as fine a driver as ever swung a club; so far would he hit that his drives would not infrequently find a grave in bunkers reserved for the second shots of ordinary mortals, and John would scratch his head with an aggrieved air before dislodging the ball with a niblick and a shower of sand.

One weak joint there was in his harness—those miserable little short putts, that he never could make sure of. For a day or two he would cope with them triumphantly, and then came the crash—a putt too short or a putt too long, and life was never the same again. Yet, even with this millstone hanging round his neck, Lee had twice been second in the Championship, and in either case anything approaching decent putting would have made him a comfortable winner.

Poor old John battled manfully with the putts. He would go out on to the last green of an evening and wrestle in prayer with his weakness. Putters of wood, iron, and aluminium lay scattered in profusion on the ground, and now with one and now with the other would he woo the fickle goddess of the green, till his back ached with stooping and his eyes swam with looking at the elusive little white ball that would not go where it was told. Sometimes he thought he had got the secret and would march home, flushed with a modest confidence. Was it really possible that he had lived all these years without realizing that just that slight crook of the elbow, combined with the use of an aluminium putter—an iron one was absurd—made it a sheer impossibility to miss?

Yet the very next day—ridiculous and improbable though it might appear—the putts were missed and the unhappy groping after a new remedy had to begin all over again.

John got so tired of hearing people say, "Why, I could putt better with the handle of my umbrella," that he was reputed to have been seen stealing out one night under cover of dusk, armed with two ancient umbrellas, one with a round knob and the other with a curved handle, to see if by chance some word of wisdom had fallen from the mouth of the scoffers.

"ARMED WITH TWO ANCIENT UMBRELLAS, ONE WITH A ROUND KNOB AND THE OTHER WITH A CURVED HANDLE."

It was more flattering but almost equally tiresome to have to listen to the constant lamentations of Postlethwaite the millionaire, stricken down in his middle age with golfing insanity, that he could not drive as far as he wanted.

"Dash it all, John," he would say, "here am I would give ten thousand pounds for another few yards only on to my drive, and I can't make them go. I've been able to get most things I wanted in this life, but I can't get that infernal ball to go another foot, and my best shots just fall into all the bunkers, confound it! while yours carry them

with about sixty yards to spare. It's not fair," whined the poor man, perspiring with the effort of repeated niblick shots.

John got a little restive under this flood of complaints. "Well, sir," he said, "I'd willingly give up twenty yards of my drive if I could make sure of them darned little putts. Why, sir, at that last Championship I missed——" and then would pull himself together and laboriously encourage the legs and arms and wrists of the millionaire to behave in a reasonable manner. "Try and look more compacter like," he would say, his meaning struggling not very successfully to find expression, and then—in a rare flight of imagination—"Use your 'ips more"; and so the weary lesson went on.

John was not, as may be gathered, a particularly inspired teacher, but his great reputation as a player brought him pupils from afar off. He was not, therefore, much surprised to see a stranger walk into his shop one day and ask, in a rather peremptory tone, for a lesson.

John had just heard with profound thankfulness that a lady could not come for her lesson. He was terribly bored with his lady pupils—you could not see what they were doing with their legs, and if you alluded to them they didn't like it—and they did miss the ball so terribly often. He had hoped, therefore, for a little peace, and was just going to say that he was engaged. He looked up at the stranger; there was nothing particular about him—rather a dark, saturnine type of face and a pair of dark eyes with a curious steely glitter in them. There was, as I say, nothing particular about him, but somehow John felt that he couldn't refuse him. He just picked up a club, took a pocketful of the villainous old balls that he kept for his pupils, and followed his visitor out of the shop.

They walked in silence, the stranger still leading, to where there was a fine stretch of turf, a little off the beaten track of the course.

"I don't want a lesson," said the stranger, suddenly. "I want a little talk with you."

"Oh, Lord!" thought John to himself, "one of them interviewers," for he feared the Press even as the ladies.

"No, I am not a reporter," said the other, as if answering the unspoken thought, and he curled back his lip over his dog tooth in a smile that somehow sent a shiver down John's back.

"Listen to me!" he went on, imperiously. "You said the other day that you would willingly give up some of that driving that you are so proud of—don't interrupt," as John showed signs of denying the charge of pride. "You said you would give up some of your driving for the power to hole your putts. Think once or twice before you answer me. Did you mean it?"

"The man must be a lunatic," reflected John, "and I must humour him." And yet he had an uncomfortable feeling that it was fear rather than good nature that impelled him.

"Yes, sir," he quavered, "I'd give up twenty yards and more of my drive if I could hole them darned little putts. Why, sir, at that last Championship, I do assure you——"

"Hush," said the stranger, and his voice seemed to freeze the words on John's lips. "You shall have your wish on certain conditions. You may sell a certain number of yards off your drive."

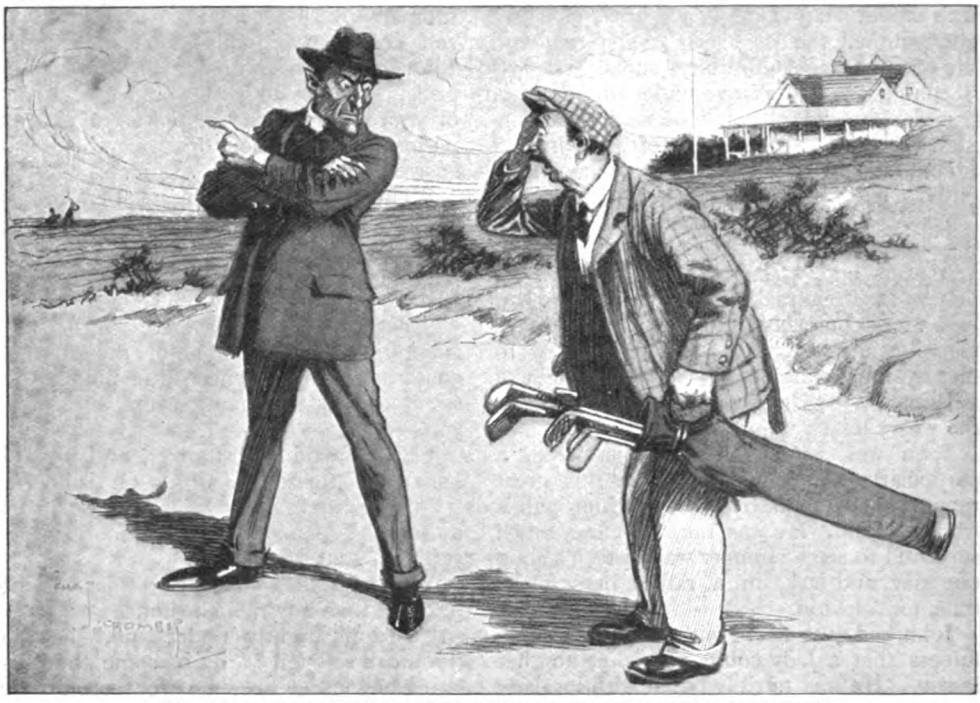
John scratched his head; this was more puzzling than any niblick shot.

"I don't rightly understand," he said; "you can sell ten yards of some things, sir, string or sausage like," he went on, dragging his mental depths for appropriate illustrations, "but ten yards of drive—I don't see some'ow——"

"Be silent, you dolt," said the stranger, fiercely, and John collapsed. "Listen! You have but to make the bargain—you'll find a buyer easily enough—and the yards will be transferred to him by an agency that can do many things that you cannot understand. If you don't want money you may part with your drives to me for putt, that I can give you. Now attend to me," and he bent his black eyes on John with a piercing glance. "Whenever, before you putt, you deliberately wish—you need not speak, for I can read your thoughts—but whenever you merely wish to hole that putt it shall be holed, but for every yard of that putt six inches will be taken from your drive and can never be replaced. Do you accept?"

"Poor chap," thought John; "p'r'aps it'll sort of soothe 'im if I do what 'e wants. All right, sir," he said; "I accepts."

"One more thing," said the stranger. "Beware of using my gift too freely. Your present drive is two hundred yards. You may sell it till it has gone down to one hundred and seventy yards. Should you attempt to dispose of it beyond that you will lose it all at once and for ever. I say again, beware. You think to win the Championship.



"'BE SILENT, YOU DOLT,' SAID THE STRANGER, FIERCELY, AND JOHN COLLAPSED."

Take care, lest the price you pay for it be too great."

The stranger spoke with a menacing earnestness that impressed John in spite of himself. He had opened his lips to reply when a mist seemed to rise before his eyes, his head swam, and he tottered and almost fell. The whole thing took but a fraction of a second; when he recovered himself the same player was still at the top of his swing in the distance—in the whole landscape nothing had changed, but the stranger was gone, utterly and completely.

John walked homewards very silent and thoughtful; as he stopped in front of the shop door he saw a curious mark in the soft earth in front. He bent down to examine it more closely; it was a solitary hoof-mark.

Even these rather terrifying occurrences did not rob our hero of the sound sleep with which good health and a good conscience had endowed him, and after a long night's rest he awoke, only dreamily conscious that something or other curious or interesting had happened to him. What was it? What had happened? Then he remembered, and laughed aloud.

"That were a rum go," he said: "that chap—— Dotty he must 'ave been, and no mistake. Don't suppose I shall ever see 'im no more. Funny 'ow 'e managed to slip away without my seeing 'im, though; wonder 'ow 'e did it?"

There was little time for wonderings, however. Breakfast had to be eaten and the greens looked to, and John never gave his strange visitor another thought till he was starting out on a round with the always-persevering Mr. Postlethwaite. On the very first green he missed a putt of a yard, and "One more of the old sort, Jack," said the millionaire, jocularly. Another one went wrong at the third, and he was left with yet another of the fatal length to get down at the fifth. "By George," he thought, "I wish I could make sure of this one. Suppose that mad chap wasn't gammoning me after all? Six inches off my drive wouldn't be much. I'll try it."

It really was a nasty little putt, for the green was keen and fiery, and the hole on something of a slope. John concentrated his mind in one frantic wish and struck the ball. Rap! it went against the back of the hole and sat down comfortably enough at the bottom, as differently as possible from the way in which his putts usually hesitated on the brink and just toppled into the hole with a last dying kick.

His visitor had not been mad; the thing

was not a nightmare, but a fact. He could hole any putt he pleased—and then came the shameful thought that he had cheated—he, John Lee, had cheated. It was not golf at all if you knew the ball was going into the hole.

"That's your hole, that last one," he stammered. "I didn't put that putt in fair, sir."

"Didn't put it in fair?" cried the astonished millionaire. "Why, I never saw a ball cleaner hit in my life."

"It's not that, sir," said John; "it was 'it fair enough, but it wasn't me as 'it it not really. It was the devil as done it, sir," he went on, in an awestruck whisper; "leastways, I can't think who else 'e can 'ave been. 'E come to me last night and says as 'ow I could put in any putt I wants to just by wishing it, and then off 'e goes—just disappears in a kind of a mist like."

Mr. Postlethwaite let his club drop on the grass and gasped at John in amazement.

"Devil!—disappear in a mist! Why, man, you've had a touch of the sun or you've been practising putting too hard. Good heavens, don't tell me you're drunk, John—at this hour in the morning, too."

"No, sir. I'm not drunk," replied John, steadily. "It's Gospel truth as I'm telling you. I can hole them putts, and my drives——" He stopped abruptly, as if recollecting something, and then went on, excitedly, "Look 'ere, sir. You're always going on as 'ow you want some yards of my drive. What'll you give me for twenty yards on to your drive?—which you shall 'ave 'em as sure as my name's John Lee. Will you give me a thousand pounds?" said John, naming the largest lump sum of money that had ever entered into his mind.

It was Mr. Postlethwaite's turn to be alarmed now. Was the man a maniac or a blackmailer? At any rate, he had better pay him the money. It was easy enough to stop the cheque.

"Come on, sir," said John, seeing him waver; "money down and the twenty yards are yours."

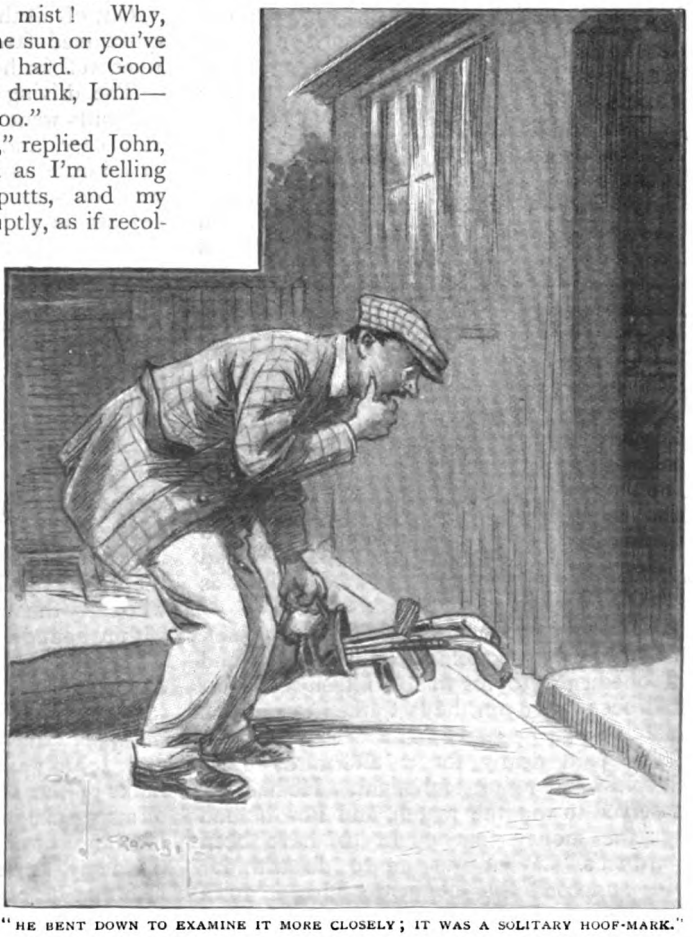
The millionaire drew a cheque-book and a fountain-pen from his pocket and wrote a cheque with a trembling hand.

"I don't think my bankers will know my signature, anyhow," he said to himself as he surveyed the wavering and disjointed letters, and then aloud: "Here you are, John, here's your cheque; and now I must be going," and with a murmured reference to an important engagement he made as if to slink away.

John stood astonished, for it had not occurred to him that he was supposed to be a homicidal maniac.

"Why, sir," he said, "you're never going in now without ever trying those twenty yards? Just have one shot, sir," he pleaded, "to see if it's all right."

The millionaire looked at him with an apprehensive glance. There he stood, the picture of good nature—not in the least like any murderer Mr. Postlethwaite had ever



"HE BENT DOWN TO EXAMINE IT MORE CLOSELY; IT WAS A SOLITARY HOOF-MARK."

seen at Mme. Tussaud's. Well, he would risk it. He teed his ball warily, so as to have John where he could see him—a frontal attack would be less appalling. Then he lifted up his club and smote, and away went the ball towards a distant bunker.

"It's over it, sir," said John, smiling.

"Nonsense!" said the millionaire, irritably. "I never carried it in my life"; but a faint hope was dawning in his breast that he would carry it. On flew the ball; it had carried it, and the impossible was accomplished.

"By gad, sir," he shouted, "you're a magician, a conjurer, sir, by gad! I never saw such a thing in my life," and he fairly ran after his ball.

It was a weary but happy millionaire that ultimately retired to his lunch, but John went home very grave, and wrote off twenty yards from his drive in a little pocket-book. He must keep a record of his disbursements, so as to be well within the mark. Twenty yards was a lot, but, then, so were one thousand pounds. How many stockings would be needed to hold them? The vista of speculation thus opened up was altogether too vast for him.

John had one or two exhibition matches to play before the Championship, and out of these ordeals he came with flying colours. His driving was not quite so long as it had been, but it was long enough. "Lee," said the sporting Press, "is not driving quite such a colossal distance as formerly, but he seems to be taking it easier and playing well within himself," and John was glad to leave them under the impression that he could hit another twenty yards if he wanted to.

It was only on one or two occasions that he had resort to supernatural aid on the greens. The sight of the ball running into the hole, even though the credit for it was not his, had given him confidence, and he was really putting better than ever he had done, so that his supporters were jubilant as to his prospects.

In a match against his chief rival, Gardner, however, he had yielded to temptation, and in obedience to his wish a fifteen-yard putt had been holed on the last green to win the match.

He paid dearly for it afterwards by a sleepless and remorseful night. He had not deserved to win the match, and now he had got the money that ought to have been Gardner's. What was he to do with it? He supposed he ought to give it to a hospital or something as a penance.

At any rate, he never, never would hole a putt in that way again. With a great oath he got up, took up his little pocket-book, tore it to shreds, and scattered the pieces to the four winds. Now, at any rate, he could not cheat again, for he did not know how many yards he could afford to take. It was a great thing to have that weapon against temptation—not that he ever meant to be tempted again, but still, in case.

The Championship was to take place at Seamouth, the course whereon John had been born and bred, and many were the hopes that with his foot upon his native heath he would at last justify the never-flagging confidence of his partisans.

He himself felt very fit and hopeful. True, he was not driving quite so far, but he was hitting every ball as clean as a whistle, and in spite of his good resolutions he was putting for once in his life really well, so that his supporters stood amazed at the confidence and precision of his holing-out.

Out of all the big field he started the unquestioned favourite, and on the first day all went well for him.

The driving was straight as an arrow and the putts went in nicely. The game seemed very easy, and under the admiring eyes of Mr. Postlethwaite, who followed him round with dog-like devotion, he holed out in seventy-six and seventy-five and led the field by two strokes.

A bright June morning, calm and serene, dawned on the second day of the Championship, and John, too, felt wonderfully serene and unruffled as his turn to start was drawing near. He teed his ball, drove a beauty straight down the middle, and was off on his third round, that most momentous of the four rounds of a Championship.

He heard the tramp, tramp of the crowd surging along behind him and the shouting of the rosetted fore-caddies. "Back on the left there—room for the players, please," and there were the fishermen in their blue jerseys, who carry the ropes that keep unruly spectators within bounds. The crowd seemed of very little importance, however, and with perfect calm he played the difficult second shot over the big bunker and landed his ball close to the hole. It was his partner's turn to putt, and John was looking idly at the packed ranks of the spectators. There were several of his special supporters, but the greater part of the crowd he had never seen before. Suddenly, however, he caught a glimpse of a face that he could not mistake; it was but a glimpse, but it was enough. Was he likely

to be mistaken about those steely, glittering eyes and the dark, wicked face? The stranger half smiled at him—the smile that had sent a shiver down John's back at their memorable interview. Then he disappeared among the crowd, and John stood staring, immovable and rigid, at the place where he had been.

With an effort he came out of his trance, to find it his turn to play. The one glance of those flashing eyes had upset the placid, even state of his nerves. Suppose he should have one of his old breakdowns on the green—how ghastly it would be! Was that what the ominous stranger had come to see? He scuffled up his long putt somehow to within a yard of the hole, and then examined the line with the most anxious care.

Try as he would, he could not concentrate his thoughts wholly and solely on the stroke. He could not wait for ever; the ball must be hit, and he hit it; it reached the lip of the hole, and then—oh, horror! curled round it and sat obstinately upon the edge.

The crowd gave a groan of anguish. Was the old, old tragedy to be repeated again?

It had seemed so impossible to miss those little putts; and suddenly the whole world had grown dark and it seemed impossible to do anything but miss them.

John struggled on manfully, though he seemed to hear all the whispered comments of the crowd on his putting. He peered amongst them ever and anon, but there was no glimpse to be had of his strange visitor—he had passed before him like a breath and was gone.

The round went wearily on. Sometimes the putts fell half-heartedly into the hole, but for the most part they remained persistently outside. It was only the excellence of the rest of his game that made his score respectable. He finished in eighty-one, but on so fine a day the scores were ruling low, and Gardner, who had been second on the first day, had done seventy-six.

A lead of two turned into a deficit of three is never particularly pleasant, but at any rate there was lunch, and no doubt he would do better after that.

The fates, however, seemed to will it otherwise. "My old grandmother could kick 'em in better," groaned poor John, "and 'er turned eighty-seven"; and no doubt with this venerable ally to help him on the green he would have done considerably better. As it was he took forty for the outgoing half, which was by far the shorter of the two.

Things were really getting desperate, and his crowd were beginning to drop away in mingled sorrow and disgust. It was too much to disgrace himself thus before his own people. And as this thought was passing through his mind he saw among the crowd for an instant that dark, cruel face smiling at him.

This time the smile did not unnerve him; it braced him to a desperate venture. He had some yards of his drive still to spare; exactly how much he did not know and hardly cared. "I wish to hole it!" he muttered to himself between his clenched teeth, and the next minute the onlookers burst into a delighted cheer as a ten-yard putt went down for a three.

The welcome sound of the clapping sang in his brain like wine. He would win that Championship and let the rest go hang.

News came that Gardner had played an excellent round of seventy-seven, so that John had a seventy-three to win. That meant a thirty-three for the long nine holes home, a feat beyond human power—unless a few long putts were holed. Yet at the eleventh his conscience pricked him so severely that he tried a five-feet putt unaided. Result, another miss and a long-drawn groan from the crowd.

Then his good resolutions were finally thrown to the winds, and on the next three greens the putts went flying in, and the crowd cheered itself hoarse with delight. There was still a chance of a Seamouth man winning the Championship.

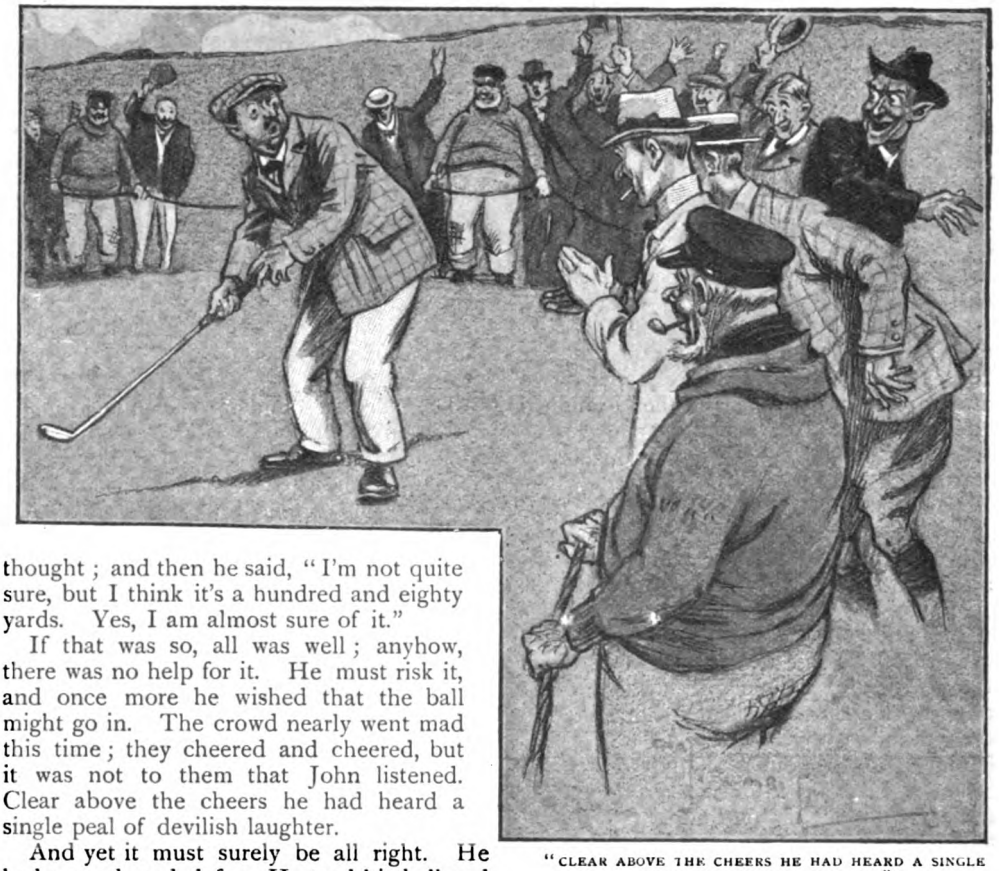
John was feeling far from comfortable, however, for he saw his drives getting perceptibly shorter. Straight and clean, however, they still were, and they got over the bunkers.

But two holes left to play now, and two fours wanted to win. Easy enough fours for a long driver, but at the seventeenth there was a longish carry from the tee. He might go round it, but surely he still had sufficient length to get over. He hit the ball clean—it seemed to soar away, then ducked in its flight and fell, not over, but in.

John hacked it out savagely, amid a deep and sympathetic silence. A good iron shot put him on the green, about ten yards from the hole. He must hole it; and yet, could he afford it? Had he as much as six inches left? That last drive had been terribly short.

"How long a carry is it over that bunker, could you tell me?" he asked his marker, abruptly.

"I don't exactly know," said the marker, a little astonished. "This must be a cool chap to ask such a question, when he's got to hole a putt to win a Championship," he



"CLEAR ABOVE THE CHEERS HE HAD HEARD A SINGLE PEAL OF DEVILISH LAUGHTER."

thought; and then he said, "I'm not quite sure, but I think it's a hundred and eighty yards. Yes, I am almost sure of it."

If that was so, all was well; anyhow, there was no help for it. He must risk it, and once more he wished that the ball might go in. The crowd nearly went mad this time; they cheered and cheered, but it was not to them that John listened. Clear above the cheers he had heard a single peal of devilish laughter.

And yet it must surely be all right. He had several yards left. He teed his ball and took more care than usual over his shot. He was conscious of timing it beautifully, and away went his arms in his characteristic follow through, but—the ball was still on the tee. If only he had not believed that wretched marker! He had drawn once too often upon his supernatural debtor and the draft had not been honoured—his driving was gone for ever, and all hope was gone with it.

No, not all; the iron clubs had played no part in that nefarious bargain. There was still his cleek, and seizing it he hit a tremendous shot. If only he had taken it at first! He had only a little chip to play over the bunker and might yet put it dead.

The crowd had been struck dumb by the extraordinary events on the tee, but now their tongues were loosened and not even the importance of the occasion could quiet them. But John was past heeding them; he took plenty of time and played the stroke to perfection. The ball rolled on and on till it lay within four or five feet of the hole.

Only that little putt to win now, but he had to do it all unaided. At least he would hit it hard enough, and he did. The ball struck the back of the tin, leaped up in the air, and fell, not in, but on the far side of the hole, where it hung quivering on the last blade of grass.

John stood gazing at it like a thing of stone. He was roused by the sympathetic voice of the marker: "You must put it in place, Lee. You have that to tie, you know."

That to tie for the Championship! The irony of the situation suddenly struck him as funny, and he gave a mirthless laugh.

What was the use of a tie to him?

Could he go out and play it off before all those people with his iron clubs? He would be a laughing-stock. No, his golfing days were over, once and for all. At least he had that cursed thousand pounds to live on—the price of the glorious driving that had been his pride and joy.

Very deliberately he walked up to his ball and kicked it far away.

He had paid too great a price even for a Championship.

A WEDDING JOURNEY.

By C. C. ANDREWS.

Author of "Lawless of Presidio," etc.

THE wedding-party, gay with village bridal finery and bright with flowers and ribbons, stopped half-way down the flagged path from the meeting-house, and crowded together with a flutter of consternation. The bride's handsome face — handsome, though somewhat hard and high-coloured, as the face of the New England woman is apt to grow when once first youth is past — turned violently crimson and then white, a change repeated in a lesser degree in the stolid, middle-aged countenance of the bridegroom, at whose stout arm her white-gloved hand involuntarily clutched. Both stared blankly at young Hungerford by the gate, as erect and motionless in his saddle as a statue. He had perhaps gone a little pale and strained under his clear tan; his eyes, as he looked back, were both hard and humorous. A knot of Basset folk, gathered to see the wedding, waited, tense, for developments. At the rear of the group in the path a girl burst into an hysterical giggling titter. The bride's mother, small and nervously shrewish, elbowed her way to the front, standing before her daughter.

"BOTH STARED BLANKLY AT YOUNG HUNGERFORD BY THE GATE, AS ERECT AND MOTIONLESS IN HIS SADDLE AS A STATUE."

"You don't want to say anything, Dave Hungerford," she began, shrilly. "It won't do a mite of good if you do. An'—an' it's too late, anyway."

"Seems so," agreed Hungerford, composedly. He did not stir.

"I don't say but that you should have been let know. I said to Cynthy that she had ought to write and break off, but she—sort of felt she couldn't. And when your letter came saying you'd come to fetch her the wedding was all fixed up." She paused. "And I say you don't ought to blame her. A girl can't go on waitin' an' waitin'—everlastin' waitin'! She's been doing it now almost as much as seven years."

"Seems to me so have I," said Hungerford, gently as before.

"It did look as if you never were going to have things fixed so as you could get married. An'—an' Mr. Mansell, he offered to her, and he's plenty—what'll make her a sight more comfortable than ever you would, anyway."

"Guess he's had more time to get it—he's older," suggested Hungerford. He glanced at the stout bridegroom's florid, perturbed face. "Considerable," he added, dryly.

He inspected the rotund, flurried figure from head to foot again, and laughed.

"Seems to me," he drawled, deliberately, "that he isn't hardly what you could call real handsome now. I don't want to say anything except that if she'd wanted to break off any time these seven years she wouldn't have needed to do more than mention it. Good afternoon, Mrs. Mansell!"

He lifted his hat—the sun was bright upon his cropped dark head, his handsome face, and the satiric laughter that danced in his dark eyes; his bow, addressed to the bride, swept round and included all there. Then he turned his sorrel mare's head, riding off at a gallop.

He was hot with rage, for all that he had carried it off so coolly; in a fury of scorn, wonder, bewilderment, which kept him at top speed until Basset and its babble were far behind. But stronger than any other sensation, and overriding all, was one of contemptuous amusement. When presently he brought the heated mare to a walk his first impulse was to laugh.

"Sort of seems as if I didn't care much," he said aloud.

The thought moved him to an honest astonishment and perplexity. Boyishly proud at its beginning of his engagement to the handsome girl who was three years his elder, he had realized as little that the passing years had brought with them a diminishing ardour as the inexorable fact of the fading of her freshness and bloom.

His own homestead lay some distance beyond Palmersville, the flourishing township twenty miles away, where he had first known Cynthia. The white, winding road, baking dustily in the afternoon sunglare, was clearly not his way. If he struck into the forest—— He drew rein with an ejaculation. Looking ahead as he cogitated, he had seen nothing of the basket until the sorrel's hoof struck against it and the major part of its contents were sent rolling.

Hungerford was on his feet in a moment. The basket, a large one, had been hidden in a clump of fern beside the road. How had it come there? Asking himself the question as he picked it up, tilting back two just-escaping parcels, he saw a girl asleep in the hollow of the thicket, as though she lay in a green nest.

So sound asleep that she had heard neither the trot of hoofs, the overturning of her basket, nor his own exclamation. Her sunbonnet lay in her lap; her yellow hair, curling round her temples, and falling in a thick rope down her shoulder, was like gold against the green; one sunburnt hand nursed a pink cheek; the dust of the road was white upon the faded, frayed hem of her poor calico frock and her little, worn, clumsy country shoes. Hungerford, staring at her, thought her a child. He made some movement, and found himself staring only at her wide-open, golden-brown eyes.

"Oh!" she cried, and scrambled to her feet—no child, as he saw at once, although she was slim and small and the frayed skirt did little more than reach her ankles.

"It was my horse; I didn't see. I'll pick them up for you," said Hungerford, hastily.

Part of the basket's contents had been apples, which had rolled away as apples will, and took some minutes to collect. Finally he brought it back packed as the unskilled fingers of men do pack. She received it dubiously.

"I guess they won't stay so," she said, with doubt. "I'd best see if I can't put them a little different, I think."

She sat down on the knoll where she had been resting, and tipped all out on the grass at her side. Watching her for a moment—the next he dropped on his knee and handed parcel or apple as her glance or gesture indicated which.

"That's pretty heavy, I should think," Hungerford said, handing the last apple.

"Yes, it's real heavy. I wouldn't have

"HE SAW A GIRL ASLEEP IN THE HOLLOW OF THE THICKET."

sat down, but I was so tired, and I didn't mean to go to sleep. But it's quite a way from Basset——"

"You haven't carried all that from Basset?"

"Yes, I have."

"Why, it's as much as you ought to do to lift it!" He raised the basket and set it down again, frowning. "Guess your folks ought to know better than to let you," he said, bluntly. "They'd best send someone else next time—not a little slip of a thing like you."

"There isn't anyone else, and if there was——" She checked herself with a half laugh. "Guess I'm used to it," she finished, briefly.

"This must be all of three miles from Basset. If you've got to carry it much farther—— Say, you've got hurt, haven't you?"

He broke off. As she raised her arms to twist up her hair her loose sleeves had fallen back to the elbows, and across one a great livid bruise had turned the fair skin purple. She shook the sleeve down, her pink cheeks deepening to scarlet.

"It—it isn't anything! I—I did it myself," she declared, quickly.

"Why, of course you did!" Hungerford laughed gently. "I didn't reckon that anybody had been such a brute as to do it to you. If I did I'd ask who he was, so as I could lay him out. Guess I'd enjoy it considerable more than he would! I was going to ask if you've got much farther to go with that basket?"

"Not so very. It's a good piece along the track that way." She nodded towards the forest behind them. "On the road to the Bend."

"The Bend? I'm going that way. I was calculating when I saw you that I'd strike through and stay the night there."

"I guess you'll mean Bascombe's, not——" She stopped.

"Bascombe's, yes. I reckoned it would be all on the way to the Palmersville road, and——"

"Yes, but it's a pretty long way."

"So, if that's your way too, I'll be able to help you along. Do you reckon you can make out to sit in my saddle if I lead the mare?"

"I'd laugh if I couldn't. I can ride bareback when I want to. It's real good of you, Mr.——" Her eyes questioned.

"My name's Dave Hungerford. Maybe you'll tell me yours?"

"It's Barbara—Barbara Kent." Her look swept him over as candidly as a child's. "Somehow, I guessed you'd be going to Basset."

"Did you? Why?"

"Oh!"—she gave him another inspection—"well, you're real smart, aren't you?" she said, plainly admiring him for it.

"Smart?" Hungerford laughed, shortly. "Well, I suppose a man calculates to be smart when he goes on his wedding journey, doesn't he?"

"Wedding journey?" she echoed. "What, to the Bend?"

"No—from Basset!" He laughed again; the next sentence was out half involuntarily. "You see, when I got there a while ago I found she was just getting married to somebody else."

"Oh!" she cried, quite aghast. And then, "I guess you don't mean it?" she said.

"I guess I do, though," returned Hungerford, briefly. "You ready?"

She nodded. Her light spring as he lifted her made her as weightless as a rising bird; she seemed to settle into the saddle like one. He handed up the basket, placing it carefully so that she could hold it with ease, and went to the sorrel's head—they entered the tremulous dappled shadow of the forest. Under the puckered sunbonnet and the waves of yellow hair Hungerford knew that the gold-brown eyes asked a torrent of eager questions. It was with a quite genuine laugh as he recalled it that he presently began to speak of the scene outside the Basset meeting-house, and the fright of Cynthia and her groom. Manlike, he did not at all realize how adroit were the little questions to which he had replied, and still less how very clear was the picture that he had given of Cynthia. She broke a long pause.

"Seems to me you don't care much," she suggested. "You didn't fuss any. I was thinking it will be real horrid to have to go home and tell folks—won't it?"

"That's so." He was irritatedly conscious that the question presented the case at a point which he had not yet reached—the idea stung. He laughed. "Maybe the best way to do will be to marry the first girl who'll have me, and stop them before they get a chance to start. Say, what's the matter? Guess you slipped, didn't you?"

Some sudden movement in her had made the sorrel start and swerve; the top packet in the basket shifted and fell. He picked it up, turning to replace it; the mare was standing still.

"Guess you slipped, didn't you?" he repeated.

"No." She looked straight ahead; with wonder he saw her scarlet, from yellow hair to slender throat. "Maybe that would be the best way," she said, deliberately, and stopped. Then—"Is she prettier than I am?" she demanded.

She had looked round; amazed, he stared into her bright, defiantly wide eyes. She laughed and shook back the sunbonnet.

"Is she prettier than I am?" she repeated, and laughed again bitterly. "Oh, I allow I've been told that I'm pretty times enough; I wish I hadn't, but I have! Is she prettier, that girl you were going to marry? Guess she can't be, when she's older than you. That's real old for a girl. But maybe you think she's prettier."

"Prettier?" He looked into the little vivid face, perhaps for the first time realizing it lovely, and recalled the picture of Cynthia in the meeting-house path—Cynthia violently flushed, half scared and half aggressive, stolid and angular in her stiff, ungraceful, unfamiliar bridal gear. If this girl were robed in that white frock and filmy veil—— "No," he said, honestly, "I reckon she wasn't ever half as pretty as you."

"Ah!" She kept her eyes on his. "I'll marry you if you like," she said, amazingly.

"Eh?" Hungerford ejaculated.

"I'll marry you if you like," she repeated, and burst into a reckless hysterical laugh. "Guess you said you had best take the first girl who would have you. You won't need to mind what folks say if you've got one prettier than the one that gave you the mitten, will you? Or to worry about my working too hard either—I haven't ever done anything else. And I can't treat you meaner than she has, anyway!"

"No," Hungerford assented. He was paler under his sun-bronze than he had been at the meeting-house gate as he looked at her. With a sudden movement he took hold of her wrist, pushed back the sleeve, and showed the cruel purple bruise. "Did you do that?" he asked.

"No." Her teeth shut upon the word; her throat swelled.

"Who did do it? Your father?"

"I haven't any father, or any folks except my cousin Nancy. I've lived with her and her husband, Chris Mason, since I was little. There isn't anyone else."

"He did it—Mason? On purpose?"

"I reckon Chris don't mind what he does when he gets mad."

"The brute beat you? A little soft thing like you?"

"Yes." She looked away. "Guess he's done it pretty often. And hurt me worse than that."

"We'll be married just as soon as I can fix it," said Hungerford, quietly.

She made a movement which set the mare in motion, and he walked on as before, with his hand on the rein. Glancing at the girl presently, he saw that she was as white as she had been pink, and that her mouth was set hard. The weight of the silence grew impossible; he broke it.

"What is Mason?" he asked, and added, with a tone of apology, "I guess you may as well tell me, perhaps."

"He doesn't do much of anything. He farms some." She stopped. "And he keeps a sort of saloon."

"I'd never heard of any place near the Bend but Bascombe's. I guess I'll stay the night over now, though."

"No! You had best go on."

Her suddenly sharp tone had a new note. Hungerford met the flash of her eyes as she turned her head.

"Why?" he asked, easily.

"Because you had. Chris isn't—your kind. You'd best go on to the Bend the way you meant to. I—I'd rather you would."

"Very well, I'll do as you say. I can come back to-morrow as easy as not. I'll stop and speak to Mason, though, if he's around."

"Why?"

"Why? To tell him that if he lays as much as a finger on you again I calculate to thrash him till he don't know himself! . . . Do we follow this track?"

"Yes. It comes out on the road a little piece away."

Nothing more had been said when they came out upon the road—unmade, rugged with the ruts of wheels and hoofs, thick with the powdery white dust. Hungerford, looking at the ramshackle, clapboarded building which stood in the rough clearing upon the forest's edge, saw a place as desolate, poor, unkempt, and dreary as he had expected. Outside the broken gate Barbara slipped down from the saddle.

"You had best go on," she said. "You'll soon be at the Bend. Thank you; good night."

Her voice had a curious harsh dryness; her face was whiter than it had been yet. Hungerford stared, keeping the basket she would have taken.

"I guess I'll come in," he said.

"No; I don't want you to. I want you to go."

"If you're going to marry me, I've got to see your folks," said Hungerford, quietly.

She stood aside without further protest, and he brought the sorrel within and fastened her to a hitching-post. Then, as he took up the basket, she turned and silently led the way into the house. The room she entered—behind the bar, which was empty—was comfortless and bare enough, with roughly-coloured walls and boarded floor.

"Is anyone around?" asked Hungerford.

She did not answer. Her fingers were busy with the strings of her sunbonnet; her face was turned away; some movement of her shoulders suggested a strangled sob. With a sudden impulse of tenderness he put his arm round her.

"It's all right, dear," he said, gently. "You don't need to feel this way. I—well, I reckon I can tell well enough that your folks aren't the kind that ought to belong to you. Mason isn't, anyway, the brute! Come, I guess it's all right, isn't it? Don't cry. . . . I'm sorry! I won't—till afterwards—if you'd rather I didn't."

He would have kissed her, much as he might have kissed a child, she seemed so young and helpless, so tender and small, but it was with a woman's strength that she had thrust him back and started away.

"There isn't going to be any afterwards!" she declared, harshly. "I was—joking!"

She had flung away the sunbonnet; her eyes blazed dark in her colourless face. Hungerford looked at her, bewildered. She burst into a reckless, mocking laugh.

"I was joking," she repeated. "I was only—just seeing—what you'd say. Guess you must be real silly to think I meant it! I didn't, anyhow."

"Joking?" Hungerford echoed, incredulously. He came a step forward. "That bruise on your arm isn't a joke, anyway," he said, quietly. "If you mean that you'd sooner stay here and let that brute beat you——"

"Why not? I guess I can stand a whipping—I've had plenty. Anyhow, I'm not going to marry you — I won't — I won't! You'd best go right away quick as you can—I don't want ever to see you again!"

"You mean it?"

"'Course I do! Your horse is waiting—you'll be at the Bend in an hour. If you keep to the road you can't miss the way."

She ran to a second door. But a change in her face as she reached it made Hungerford swing round. A man had entered from the bar, his lean, wiry figure blocking up the doorway—Chris Mason, of course, he thought rapidly, before the other's first words proclaimed as much. For an instant his sharp, dark eyes went from one face to the other with a scowling scrutiny; then he came forward.

"How do, boss?" he said, with a nod. "I don't know your name, but I guess if you know Mason's you know mine. What say about the Bend? If what you're wanting is good liquor and supper and to stay the night over, I calculate you're best where you are. Reckon we can fix you to rights as well as Bascombe's, anyway."

He spoke with a noisy joviality. Barbara came forward quickly between the two.

"He's going," she said. "He's got to go. He helped me bring the basket along halfway from Basset, else he wouldn't be here." She looked at Hungerford. "You're riding to the Bend to stay over at Bascombe's—you said you were. There isn't anything to stop here for—you'd best start now."

"Hang Bascombe's!" cried Mason. "Your tongue's mighty slick all at once, seems to me!" He turned to the other. "Guess if you're wise you'll stay where you are, boss. There ain't an uglier piece of road in the State than that from here to the Bend; it'll be dark as pitch in a little, and there isn't a moon. Sit down while I go and 'tend to your horse. And, Barbie, you hush up, and tell Nance to look right smart with supper, d'ye hear? Be spry, now!"

His hand upon the girl's shoulder only pushed her towards the door, and with no special roughness, but the glance that went with the gesture decided Hungerford, remembering as he did the livid bruise upon the slight arm; the man was a savage and merciless brute in every line.

"Maybe you're right," he said. "I don't know the road between this and the Bend, but if it's the kind you say——"

"'Tisn't; it's good!" declared Barbara, doggedly.

"Then I reckon I'm best here till morning. I'll stay the night over, anyhow."

"That's your sort!" said Mason, briskly. "Sit down and make you'self at home, boss, and I'll go 'tend to the mare. And you go right along and call Nance to get supper—d'ye hear me? Nancy! Here, Nance!"

He pushed the girl out, his face black as he turned it upon her, then hurried out through the bar. Hungerford sat down. In a moment or two the door opened again and Barbara entered, carrying a tray with a load of knives and forks and plates. She set it down, not looking at him, cleared the table of various objects that littered it, and began to spread a coarse soiled cloth. He rose to help her, and she suddenly turned upon him.

"You said you'd go," she said, bitterly. "I allowed you were the sort to keep your word."

"If you've changed your mind I reckon I may change mine," Hungerford returned, composedly. "What's there against my staying, anyhow?"

"It don't matter what there is—maybe nothing—but you'd be best at the Bend." She hesitated. "See here—after supper, if Chris asks you to—— Here's Nancy coming!"

She broke off as Mrs. Mason entered, a tall woman, pale, meagre, and eager, her drab hair wound into a tight knot at the back of her head, the torn sleeves of her calico gown turned back from her lean red wrists. Judging by the appearance of his wife, Chris Mason made the sort of husband he looked like, Hungerford thought, wondering, as he received her scant nod and "How do!" of greeting, whether this limp, dejected creature could also show her bruises. The table was half cleared, and Mason was in the bar, attending to the wants of a couple of passing teamsters, when, at the sound of a new voice, breaking loudly in upon the nasal hum of talk, his wife paused in her languid removal of the dishes.

"Who's that come in?" she said, in her spiritless drawl. "Seems to me it's Jake Peters; ain't it, Barbie?"

Her husband shouted her name; she hurried out. Hungerford turned to the girl.

"Who's Jake Peters?" he asked, easily.

"Guess he's—a sort of partner of Chris's. They're in most things together," she answered, constrainedly.

"Oh!" He looked at her. "You don't like him?" he said, quietly.

"I hate him!" She set her teeth. "Guess I hate him worse than Chris."

"Is that so?" He paused. "What was that you were saying to me not to do after supper?"

"Not to play cards. They'll want to—they always do; you'll see. You'd best not—unless you think you play as well as they do—if you don't want to lose."

"I guess they won't make me lose more than I've a mind to, anyhow," said Hungerford. "Thank you."

He had barely time to say it, for Mason, coming in, brought another man with him, a man younger, broader, taller, with a handsomely animal face and a jauntily swaggering manner. Watching the look of coarsely-bold admiration which he gave the girl with his loudly-effusive greeting, Hungerford understood that setting of her teeth. He assented mechanically when presently Mason proposed cards. In the act of sitting down, when all was ready, Mason suddenly stopped with a laugh, drew a revolver from his hip-pocket, and threw it on to a side table by the inner door.

"Reckon I'll set a good example, Jake, an' trouble you to follow it. Guess you're a sight too handy pulling your gun if the luck's ugly—a durn sight. I don't forget your drawing on me that time over in Green Springs. I calculate that if I hadn't kept cool and my hands on the table you'd have provided a funeral right smart." He took the revolver the other held out, tossed it on to the table with his own, and looked at Hungerford. "Jake's all right, boss, but his temper's sort of uncertain now and then. If you carry a shooter maybe you'll do as we do to make all pleasant. Thank'ee. Here, Nance—take a hold of this."

He held up over his shoulder as he sat down the revolver that Hungerford had handed him, and his wife, rising from the table, where she and Barbara were now seated with some needlework, obediently took it from him. Hungerford, turning his head—he was seated with his back that way—saw that she laid it carefully down beside the others as she went out at the door. Glancing then, as Mason dealt the cards, across at the girl, he wondered whether it was the sickly yellow flare of the kerosene lamps that made her face look even whiter than it had done in the shadow of the forest. When next he looked that way she was gone.

The game went on. Whatever the skill of his two fellow-players might be, the luck, for a couple of hours or so, favoured Hungerford fairly enough. Then, changing, it kept against him steadily; he lost, and continued to lose. He took a bill from his pocket-book presently, as Peters, with a laugh, swept the last won stakes across to himself.

"I'd best say that I don't calculate to lose any more after this five dollars," he said. "That's my limit, and I don't go beyond it. So when it's gone, as I reckon it's pretty sure to do the way the luck seems now, I guess I'll say good night."

"Just as you say, boss. Guess Jake's doing pretty much what he likes with us both," Mason answered. He half swung round. "What's the girl doing? She asleep?"

Barbara had come back five minutes ago, so noiselessly that Hungerford, glancing that way, had started to see her in her old place. Now her head lay forward on her arms on the table, as though she slept; her yellow hair shone in the lamplight. Mason looked towards the half-open door leading to the bar. He rose, yawning.

"It's getting pretty late; we won't have any more folks in to-night—guess I'll lock up. You don't get on over spry with your liquor, boss—don't care for the brand, maybe? I've got some prime rye I'd like you to sample—you won't match it in this State or the next, I don't reckon. It'll maybe change yer luck before we start the last game. I'll fetch ye a dram when I've fixed things out here."

He went out; in a moment there was a sound of shutting door and rasping bolts. Peters flung himself sprawling back in his chair, closing his eyes. Hungerford, making a movement to rise, stopped dead—over the man's broad, unconscious shoulder Barbara was looking at him.

Her sleep had been a feint. He saw it in the wide warning of her eyes, in the hand touching her lips, in the swift gesture that sent him silently back into his seat. Some milk spilt upon the bare boards of the deal table by which she sat had been untidily left there—she dipped her finger in the puddle and turned to the red-ochred wall. "Don't," she wrote upon it, in great, rapid, uncertain capitals, smeared it out, glanced at him again, wetted her finger again, and traced another "d." Before she could shape the next letter Mason's voice shouted from the bar.

"You, Barbie, here!" he called, roughly. "Wake the girl, Jake—send her along—d'ye hear?"

Peters rose, but she darted away before he could approach her—Hungerford caught the look she flung over her shoulder as she went—"Oh, don't you understand?"—the little wild white face seemed to cry the question to him. From the bar Mason spoke a word of harsh command, bidding her go to bed; the slam of a door told that he had shut it upon her. Then came a sound of stumbling and a smash of glass; he swore, and called to Peters; Hungerford was alone before the letter of her uncompleted warning had dried from the reddened wall.

Without doubt it was a warning, and a

genuine one—her face had told that—but what did it mean? Don't what? She had urged him strenuously, almost fiercely, to go on to the Bend. Why? Was Mason something more than the woman-bullying brute he showed himself, and Peters perhaps no better? She had said they were a sort of partners. Wondering, it was not pleasant to recollect that he carried more than five hundred dollars in bills, intended for an investment in Basset, or to recall that at supper, in reply to something said by Mason, he had carelessly spoken of having more upon him than he would care to lose. Anyhow, it would be well to pocket his revolver—they would be two to one. He rose, turning towards the table by the door, and saw that it was gone!

The shock was an ugly one; for a moment he stood staring. The revolver was certainly gone. And no less certain than that he had seen it laid beside the others was the fact that neither Mason nor Peters had since been near that part of the room. Who had removed it? Barbara? His involuntary movement forward stopped as he asked himself the question; he sank noiselessly back into his seat, seeing the handle of the closed door move. It was pushed open slowly, slowly, inch by inch—inch by inch a hand stole through the aperture. There was no mistaking the blunted, soddened red fingers—the hand was Mrs. Mason's; he could see her lean, corded wrist and soiled calico sleeve. Then, slowly as it had been advanced it was withdrawn, and his revolver was lying upon the table.

His impulse to start up he had the wit to check. Mason and Peters appeared from the bar together. They were between him and the weapons; they were two to one—he sat where he was. Mason put down the small demijohn he carried, took his glass, tossing the dregs it contained through the adjacent open window, poured out a stiff dram of the spirit, added water, and handed it to him.

"Reckon you won't match that liquor in a hurry, boss," he said, jovially. "Why, there ain't a headache in a hogshead of it. But I don't calculate to pull the cork out for everybody—no, sir. Guess it ain't your pizen to-night, Jake; there's mighty little left. Maybe you'll tote it back to where it came from."

He pushed the vessel over to the other, strode to the door and flung it open, shouting some rough direction to his wife; Hungerford raised the glass. His sense of smell was unusually keen—something in the savour of it, something strange and sinister, assailed his nostrils; in a flash he understood Barbara's warning—"Don't drink," she would have written—the stuff was drugged! He glanced round. Peters had vanished into the bar, Mason's back was turned; the window was close; with one swift movement forward and a dexterous twist of his wrist he jerked the liquor out. All his wits were about him. Peters entering, Mason turning round saw the glass at his lips and that he put it down empty.

It was good stuff that, he said, with a yawn. But he guessed he wouldn't play any more to-night; he was dead sleepy, somehow, and must be off bright and early in the morning—he would go to bed. He yawned again as Mason, acquiescing, lighted a candle, and staggered drowsily as he followed him to the door. In a minute or two he was shut into the room prepared for him, and listening to the man's footsteps as he withdrew.

His revolver had been handed to him as he passed the table; he examined it—every chamber empty! He glanced about the room. There was nothing in its poor furniture either heavy enough to block the door or formidable enough to serve as a weapon, and its only window was a skylight in the floor of the loft above, to which the ladder in the centre of course led the way—he might have done better to make a fight for it down below; the place was a trap! He had moved to the ladder—cautiously, for they might be listening—when he started to hear a whisper over his head, and looked up to see Barbara's face peering down.

"Quick!" she whispered, and put something into his hand; he felt what it was—a cartridge. "Nancy dropped it—she didn't know I was watching. Guess it's better than nothing if you have to shoot—they'll maybe think you've got more." She watched him slip it into place—the loft had a long, low window, and the pale night light streamed in—they could just see each other's faces in the gloom. "You didn't drink?" she asked, rapidly; "you guessed what I meant when I wrote on the wall?"

"No, I didn't drink. I smelt the stuff and guessed what you meant then; I hadn't before. I threw it away; they think I drank it," Hungerford answered as rapidly.

"I reckon they won't be in too much of a hurry if they think you've drunk the stuff; they'll wait for you to get to sleep. Your horse is ready saddled—I went out and did it—and they won't think about me—they reckon I've gone to bed. You ought

to be a good piece away before they come, if we don't make any noise." She drew him to the window. "There's a big tree outside, and a limb 'most touches the wall—it's a real easy climb down. I've done it before when Chris has shut me up, and so can you. I'll come after you and show you where your horse is—quick!"

She opened the window. Hungerford climbed out upon the great branch, made his way along it, and slid cautiously down. She followed, dropping lightly into his arms, and they stood for a moment with breath held, listening. The mumble of Mason's voice came from the open window round an angle of the wall, but no other sound was audible as they stole noiselessly across the yard to where the sorrel waited behind an outhouse.

"There isn't a gate this side," whispered Barbara; "we'll have to cross the yard. You'd best have your gun ready, for fear they hear."

Hungerford nodded. They were half-way to the gate when from some corner the dog sprang up with a volley of barks, and in a moment a door was flung open and Mason appeared. He saw the two — they were full in the light—and sprang forward with an oath. Hungerford flung the girl behind him, letting the revolver fall—its report, he remembered in a flash, would bring the second scoundrel to the aid of the first—and met the furious rush with a swinging uppercut that clicked the man's jaws together and lifted him from his feet; he fell crashing down. A shout came from the house and Peters ran out. Hungerford caught the glint of his pistol-barrel as his arm was lifted, heard the crack of a report at his shoulder, and saw him stumble forward and pitch headlong with a bullet through his thigh. He turned, and Barbara thrust his smoking revolver into his hand.

"'QUICK!' SHE WHISPERED, AND PUT SOMETHING INTO HIS HAND."

"Quick!" she gasped, breathlessly. "Chris will come to in a little, and Peters will shoot in a minute if he can. Guess it won't do to let them know that you can't shoot any more. Quick!"

"You're coming too," said Hungerford.

He caught her in his arms unresisting, swung her to the sorrel's neck, and sprang up behind her. A shot and a volley of curses came after them as the mare dashed out of the gate and down the road into the forest. Hungerford slackened the pace presently and Barbara spoke.

"You wanted to go to Palmersville," she said. "We'd best strike through to Platt's Crossing—that's the nearest road from this side — the coach from Leadville goes through at six o'clock."

Hungerford assented, and in a moment

"HE FELL CRASHING DOWN."

dismounted and put her into the saddle, himself leading the mare; the summer night, though moonless, was not dark, and the track was fairly clear. She broke a long silence.

"I guess," she said, slowly, "that you know what they wanted — Peters and Chris?"

"The money I was carrying, of course." He hesitated. "I suppose it was because you guessed how it might be that you didn't want me to stay?"

"No; I wanted you to go, but—— She broke off. "I was only afraid, when you let on at supper that you were carrying considerable, that they'd play cards and maybe cheat you. It was when Chris got away your shooter that I was scared. I saw him look at Peters; I guessed they meant something ugly. I went near crazy when Chris said about getting you the drink, until I thought of writing that up on the wall."

She laughed bitterly. "Guess it wouldn't

have been the first time there's been something like it happen!"

It was almost light when they reached the Crossing. A rough shed for the shelter of waiting passengers had been built beside the track, and a great felled trunk, all golden and green with moss, lay half buried in grass and fern. Hungerford lifted the girl down.

"It's getting pretty late. We won't have so very long to wait for the coach," he said, cheerfully.

"We?" She drew back with a start, looking up at him.

"You're coming," said Hungerford, quietly. "Guess if I let you go back I'd be as big a brute as Mason. I've got a married cousin in Palmersville—you shall stay with her for a while, anyway." He stopped. "I said I'd stay over last night because I allowed that, maybe, if you had time to think——" He broke off again. "If you hadn't been joking in what you said things would have been easy enough; I guess I wouldn't have wanted any help to look after you then. We'd have been married right away, and——"

"Married?" She drew back farther, with dilating eyes. "You say that now, when you know—when my folks——"

"I'm not troubling about your folks. I reckon I wouldn't have wanted to have much truck with them or let you have any. If you hadn't been joking——"

"I wasn't joking," she said, doggedly.

"What?" He stared at her.

"I wasn't joking," she repeated. "No, I wasn't. I meant I'd marry you—for a minute. Seemed as if I'd do 'most anything to have things different—to get quit of—— Oh, I guess you know; you had ought to by this time."

"I guess I ought," Hungerford assented. "Then why, afterwards, did you say you wouldn't?"

"Because I liked you!" She set her eyes on his, defiant of the flaming blush that reddened her. "I knew I liked you, 'most as soon as I'd said it, and that I'd go on liking you more. I couldn't marry you—that way—when I liked you—how could I? And when you didn't think anything of me!" Her hands clenched. "I guess I'd have killed Peters—if he'd have hurt you!"

Her tone was fierce; she bit a shaking lip. Hungerford moved a pace nearer.

"I reckon you're coming with me, dear," he said, quietly. "If you like me it's about all that matters. Because"—he hesitated and half laughed—"well, I guess you won't need to worry about whether I think enough of you! We'll be married in Palmersville soon as we get there, and maybe stay a day or two while you get fixed up with clothes. And then we'll go home."

"Home!" she echoed. Her breast rose high on a checked sob, but her eyes were still steady. "You don't ask," she said, with sharp breaks between the words, "whether I'm — good — whether I've always — kept good. You didn't before. And you—don't know!"

"I reckon I don't ask questions I haven't any need to ask. Particularly when I shouldn't believe any but one sort of answer," Hungerford returned, with composure.

"I have!" She moved a step nearer. "I have!" she declared, almost fiercely. "I have—always! Oh, seems to me I'd die—right now—this minute—if I hadn't!"

He caught the little hands with which she made the passionate gesture—a movement drew her into his arms; he held her close and felt her clinging — young blood ran warm to young blood—he kissed answering lips. In a moment she laughed against him softly, the little cooing, liquid laugh that bubbles only from the throat of the supremely happy woman; her fingers closed on his wrist.

"Dave," she whispered, fervently, "I'll be a real good wife—the very best I know how. Oh, I will—honest, I will! You'll see!"

"I guess you don't need to say that, dear—of course you will," Hungerford answered, tenderly. He laughed, looking down at the little radiant face, and kissed her again. "Say, darling, we'll send Cynthia a real smart wedding present for giving me the shake; shall we? I guess I've had about the luckiest sort of a wedding journey, after all."

The morning brightened over the forest until all its winged woodland life was vocal and astir; the mare, forgotten, cropped the lush grass patiently. Seated upon the great moss-dappled trunk the two waited, the girl's yellow head resting against the man's shoulder as sleepily as a drowsy child's. Neither had moved and hardly spoken again when at last the great coach came swaying and creaking along the track, and with a floundering of hoofs in the white dust, and a flourish of the driver's whip, drew up beside them.

Reminiscences & Reflections.

By JOHN HARE.

V.

ON the termination of my partnership with the Kendals, W. S. Gilbert offered to build me a new theatre and lease it to me for a term of years, as I was so fortunate as to have been offered the site on which the Garrick Theatre now stands.

During the time which elapsed between the closing of the St. James's and the building of the Garrick Theatre I spent a season in association with my old friend Arthur Chudleigh, on the opening of the new Court Theatre. I had secured the rights of a French farce by MM. A. Bisson and Mars, which had been produced with enormous success in Paris. It was entitled "Les Surprises du Divorce." I obtained the English rights on the strong advice of my agent, who had been present at the *répétition générale*. He had wired me that the part was one eminently suited to myself, and on no account whatever ought I to lose the option secured. In fact, so urgent did he deem it that he begged me to send him the money over in cash the next day, which I did. It was fortunate that I followed his advice, as the French author wished to withdraw his promise of the previous night, and was only kept to it by the presentation of the money in hard cash in fulfilment of the agreement.

I awaited the arrival of my somewhat costly purchase with eager curiosity and anxiety, which was not allayed by my discovery on reading the MS. that I had become the possessor of a roaring farce and not a comedy, as I had anticipated. The chief character, said to be "eminently suited" to me, was obviously intended for an eccentric light comedian. I determined, however, to experiment on this part, although somewhat out of my line, at the solicitation of Chudleigh, who, with Mrs. John Wood, was about to inaugurate a joint management of the new Court Theatre.

Thus I found myself once more in my old neighbourhood, and had the gratification of finding that the play ("Mamma," as we christened it) was a remarkable success all round. It ran for one hundred nights to packed houses.

April 24th, 1889, was a red-letter day to me, as on that date I opened the Garrick Theatre with cordial expressions of good wishes on the part of the public and Press. I then had the pleasure of producing Pinero's first great serious play, "The Profligate," which achieved an instantaneous and unqualified success. It was hailed by the critics as being a marked advance on his preceding dramatic and literary achievements. The excellent cast included Miss Kate Rorke and Miss Olga Nethersole, Lewis Waller and Forbes-Robertson, while I contented myself with the comparatively small part of Lord Dangars. The sketch on the next page, by Pinero himself, depicting his idea of the make-up of that character, may interest my readers. Unfortunately, however, I found it impossible to realize the author's admirable intentions. His imagination was greater than my ability to transform the face which God had given me to one which, with its luxuriance of hirsute adornment, might have inspired or irritated even Frank Richardson.

Apropos of "The Profligate," I may mention a curious fact which shows how unreliable and uncertain are the tastes of the public. Pinero's play was performed to

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crowded houses till the end of the London season, and in the autumn I started my provincial tour at Manchester with the same piece and cast. Having at all times met with the warmest support from the Manchester public, I naturally expected in this most theatre-loving of all cities an endorsement of the London verdict, and looked forward with confidence to a great success. To my dismay, however, we opened at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, to a house of forty pounds, which, strange to say, did not show any signs of increasing. On the Tuesday the manager of the theatre entreated me to revive "Mamma," the play previously produced at the Court. "The Profligate" company very kindly consented to rehearse in two days parts they had never seen played, and on the Thursday "Mamma" was presented to a two-hundred-pound house. This continued, and the extraordinary circumstance was emphasized by the fact that the Manchester public had not hitherto seen either play. Then came the reverse. We went to Liverpool the next week and played to the utmost capacity of the theatre with "The Profligate"! We did not require "Mamma" at all!

LORD DANGARS.
An Original Sketch by A. W. Pinero.

Following this came my production of an adaptation of Sardou's "La Tosca," the success of which was marred by the first great influenza panic which swept over London at that time and spread through the ranks of my company, worst of all affecting Mrs. Bernard Beere, who had been giving a splendid impersonation of the title-rôle. I took great pains with the *mise en scène*, and to the kindness and generosity of Mr. Abbey, R.A., I was indebted for the designs of the beautiful Empire costumes. The expenses of the production and company were too heavy to allow as long a run as it deserved.

About this time Mr. Sydney Grundy informed me that he had adapted and would like me to hear his revised version of a play produced in France thirty years before, entitled "Les Petits Oiseaux," by MM. Labiche and Delacour, the rights of which had then expired. It was called "A Pair of Spectacles." He came and read the play to me and I was delighted, deciding to put it into rehearsal immediately to follow "La Tosca." Conducting, as I have always done, rehearsals from the stalls of the theatre, I got the prompter to read my part of Benjamin Goldfinch, with the result that, prejudiced by the full-blooded performance of Sardou's drama, the apparent slightness of "A Pair of Spectacles" struck me as being only too real. At last I despaired of its success, and almost succeeded in imbuing the author with my melancholy anticipations. Indeed, I was on the point of endeavouring to induce him to agree to a withdrawal or postponement of the production when my wife, returning from a visit to Brighton, looked in to see a rehearsal at my request. She expressed her entire and unalloyed delight with the play, and assured us that it was bound to be a very great success. Encouraged beyond expression, we continued rehearsals with a light heart, and produced "A Pair of Spectacles" for the first time on February 22nd, 1890.

That the author himself recognised the value of my wife's encouragement and intuition is evident by the following letter:—

47, St. Mary Abbott's Terrace, W.,
February 28th, 1890.

DEAR MRS. HARE,—I have had no opportunity of expressing to you my appreciation of your share in the brilliant triumph achieved by your husband, by which I have so greatly benefited; but I am very conscious that your contribution to our success has extended far beyond the dresses.—Sincerely yours,

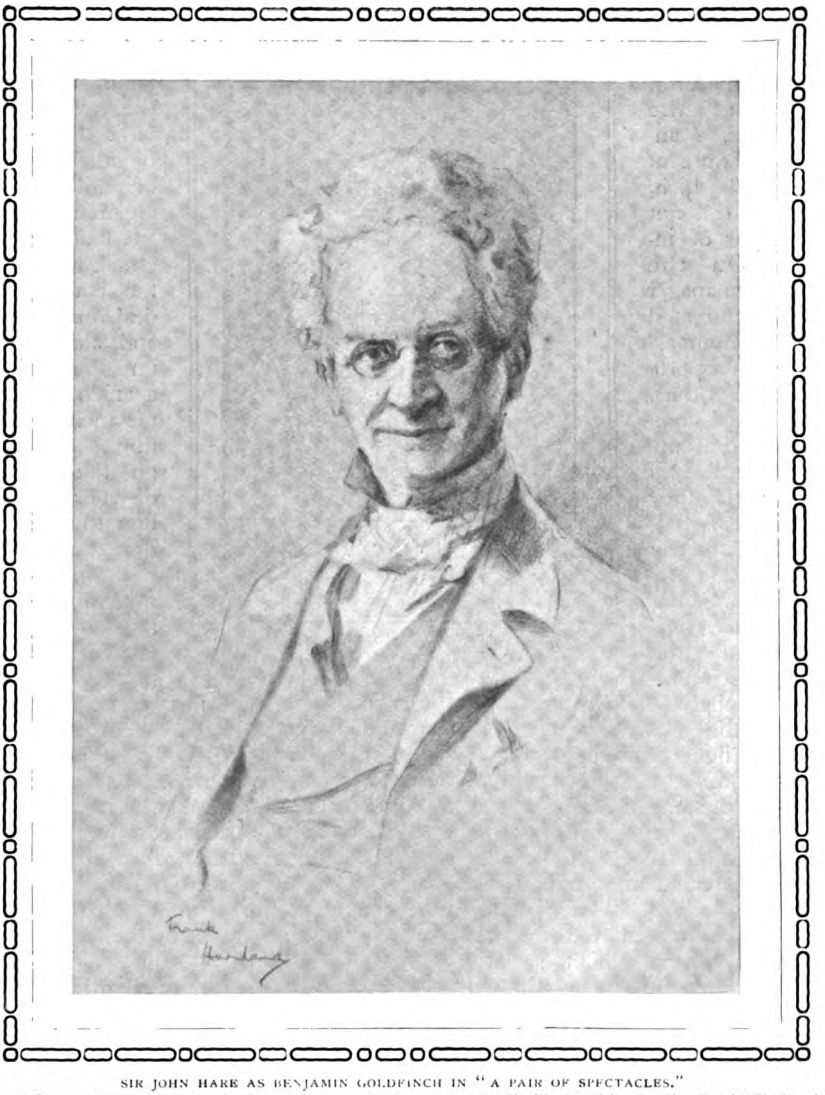
SYDNEY GRUNDY.

but I am very conscious that your contribution to our success has extended far beyond the dresses.

FACSIMILE OF PORTION OF SYDNEY GRUNDY'S LETTER.

In spite of the splendid reception of the play on the first night I was still not sure of its success. After the performance was over, and while I was dressing, Mr. Herbert Waring was announced. "Well," I said, half in jest and half in earnest, "is it a rank as perhaps the greatest of Mr. Grundy's many brilliant achievements.

It was during the run of "A Pair of Spectacles" that Mr. Gladstone, accompanied by Lord Rosebery, paid his first visit to my theatre. I saw him after the play,



SIR JOHN HARE AS BENJAMIN GOLDFINCH IN "A PAIR OF SPECTACLES."
From a Drawing by Frank Haviland. By permission of the Proprietors of "The Illustrated London News" and "The Sketch."

failure?" "A failure?" he repeated, emphatically and almost indignantly. "It is the most charming piece I ever saw, and will draw all London."

This prophecy came true. "A Pair of Spectacles" ran for a year on its first production, and has remained a firm and faithful friend ever since, while it deserves to when he expressed his great delight with the performance, and at the same time displayed his keen critical judgment by detecting a flaw which had escaped all the more experienced theatrical critics. "I have only one fault to find," he said, "with the construction of the play, which is, that the shoemaker does not have the chance of

reappearing at the end and rehabilitating himself like all the other characters." As a matter of fact, in the original the shoemaker did so, but, the play being a little too long, I persuaded Mr. Grundy to let me cut out his last entrance, thinking that nobody would notice his absence, although the author was not of my opinion.

Another incident in connection with Mr. Gladstone occurred shortly afterwards, when we were dining at the house of a mutual friend. After asking his hostess the names of those he had not met before, he looked inquiringly in my direction. On learning my name and vocation, I was told afterwards that he had replied: "Oh, yes! I know his *father*, the manager of the Garrick Theatre!" He had only hitherto seen me in the guise of a comparative patriarch. Later in the evening he laughed heartily over his mistake, and conversed with his invariable charm and appreciation of acting and actors of the past, especially Charles Kean and Macready, having been a great friend of the former, and I think they were at Eton together.

I am aware that the preceding story has been told before, but I repeat it as it may be new to many of my readers, and know the great interest still attaching to the memory of Mr. Gladstone.

He possessed that singular charm which belongs to a really great man of inspiring the highest respect without exciting the slightest fear or nervousness. He put all who came into contact with him at their ease, in spite of his dominating personality. At all times—and there were many occasions when I had the pleasure of meeting him—I found him simple-minded and sympathetic—in a word, a great gentleman.

I shall never forget the impression left upon my mind when I had the privilege of listening to Mr. Gladstone's delivery of the great speech he made on introducing the first Home Rule Bill into the House of Commons in 1886.

I was fortunate enough to obtain a seat in the Strangers' Gallery, and formed one of that vast audience who hung for four hours on the eloquent words which fell from Mr. Gladstone's lips. After the few questions of the day had been answered, the Prime Minister rose to perform his great task, and I can still vividly recall him as he stood before the Commons and the world.

With his noble face and figure, his dignified bearing and flashing eyes, he formed a striking picture, which stood out supreme, and I might say, without disrespect, seemed to make the rest of the distinguished House appear insignificant by his side. He looked indeed "the noblest Roman of them all," and only lacked the picturesque toga to remind one that he was in reality the tribune of the people.

I might say incidentally that I am myself a Radical and believer in Home Rule, without in any way presuming to parade as a politician. But, great admirer though I was of Mr. Gladstone, and a stanch supporter of his principles, I was not so carried away by his dazzling oratory as not to feel conscious of the fact that he leaped over two vital obstacles—namely, the questions of taxation and Irish representation in the House of Commons. These difficulties, it seemed to me, he tried to overcome like an accomplished horseman negotiating a high fence. He was over and away again before his listeners had time to pause and reflect. To show how his audience was carried away on that occasion by his magnificent peroration, which aroused the House of Commons to a scene of enthusiasm that I have never seen equalled, I recall a Conservative member who was sitting next to me emotionally grasping my hand at the close and inquiring with intense excitement, "How would you vote?" He implied by his tone that, if the vote had been taken at that moment, even many of Gladstone's opponents would have wavered in their convictions. His achievement was all the more remarkable when we consider that the great statesman, who had held the most intellectual audience in Great Britain enthralled for four hours listening breathlessly to his marvellous oration, was himself a man seventy-seven years of age.

I had been listening watch in hand as the hour approached eight, for I was due to appear on the stage at half-past, but could not tear myself away from the magnetic influence of Mr. Gladstone.

An incident connected with the above scene may be worth recording, as showing how a million to one chance may come off.

There being such a great demand for places to hear the Home Rule debate, strangers who had friends in Parliament had their names put down for ballot. My old and dear friend Sir Charles Mathews and myself were both candidates of different members of Parliament. We hoped and wondered if we might one or other of us be successful in the lottery. Not only were we both so fortunate, but by a strange coincidence found ourselves placed next

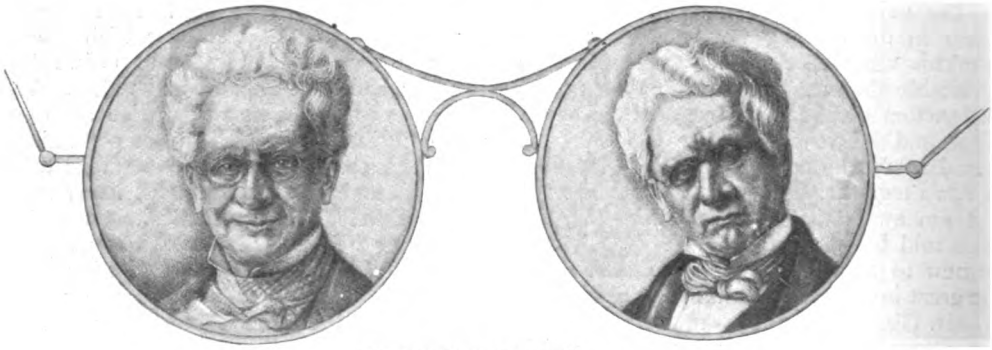
to each other in a draw which comprised several hundreds, if not thousands, of applicants.

"A Pair of Spectacles" has been, I think I may safely say, a special favourite of the Royal Family, and, in addition to the performances they have witnessed at the theatre, I have been commanded to play it on three different occasions before them—once before the late Queen Victoria at Windsor, once at Sandringham before His present Majesty King Edward (then Prince of Wales), and again at the State command at Windsor during the visit of the German Emperor towards the end of last year.

It is interesting to contrast the attitude of the audience at Windsor compared with that which prevails at Sandringham and Balmoral, where, being the private homes of the monarchs, State forms and ceremonies are relaxed.

I must revert to my earlier days at the Garrick to speak of the performance of "Diplomacy," in which I had the co-operation of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, as also when it was played at Balmoral. That latter event will be ever memorable to me for the great kindness and consideration shown us by Queen Victoria, and the care she took to make our visit enjoyable in every way. It was rendered doubly interesting by the presence of the Empress Eugénie, this being the first theatrical performance she had witnessed since her departure from France in 1871. I still retain in my mind the picturesque and pathetic sight of the two widowed Queens entering the Royal room together, and the charming and courtly manner in which they curtsied to each other before taking their respective chairs.

After the performance the late Queen received us with her other guests in the drawing-room, while the Empress, who was evidently inspired by her recollections of the theatre in days gone by, went from one actor to another plying them with questions and showing her reviving interest in an art which she had encouraged and loved so much in the past. After a little conversation, the Queen, who was not then in very good health, went to bed, and we sat down to supper, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg presiding. At the conclusion Prince Henry paid me the honour of proposing my health in a most charming speech, while the Queen showed that her interest in our welfare had not abated by sending down several times to ask how we were enjoying ourselves, and expressed a wish to know "how Mr. Hare liked Prince Henry's speech."



"A PAIR OF SPECTACLES."
From an Original and hitherto unpublished Sketch by an admirer of Sir John Hare.

It is needless to say that "Diplomacy" had proved one of our most successful revivals at the Garrick, where, in addition to the invaluable support of the Bancrofts, my company included Lady Monckton, Miss Kate Rorke, and Miss Olga Nethersole, Mr. Forbes-Robertson, Mr. Arthur Cecil, and my son Gilbert.

On March 7th, 1891, I produced "Lady Bountiful," a charming play by Mr. Pinero, which, however, did not meet with the measure of success it deserved, owing, possibly, to its being of too sad a nature. The following letter from Millais at that time displays his critical acumen, and at the same time a keen appreciation of the drama:—

2, Palace Gate, Kensington,
Sunday, March 8, 1891.

DEAR HARE,—Whatever may be the final result of the play you produced last night, I am sure you *were justified* in bringing it before the public. It has the elements of a lasting success, in spite of some jarring and rather tedious moments, all of which I believe

can be rectified. Pinero has extraordinary talent and knowledge of the stage, great originality and finish, but in the scene between Camilla and Sergeant Veale (just before the death) he has prolonged the painful beyond the endurance of a modern audience. I could see by the faces and gestures of all around me a feeling of impatience to have it over. Indeed, I think the death on the stage a mistake, albeit all that occurs is touching and good *if in a novel.* The end is exceedingly clever and dramatic, and the piece full of character and interest. Some little details struck me as capable of improvement. Dennis went out of his own door before Philliter, to whom he should give precedence, and Margaret Veale in her weakened state should not lift a heavy jug to smell the flowers; her husband might do that for her.

The acting was admirable and *my department*—scenery—charming. Now don't say, "Why doesn't Sir John stick to his own gallipots and leave criticism of my business to those who understand it?" Believe me I have only written as a loving friend.—Yours sincerely, J. E. MILLAIS.

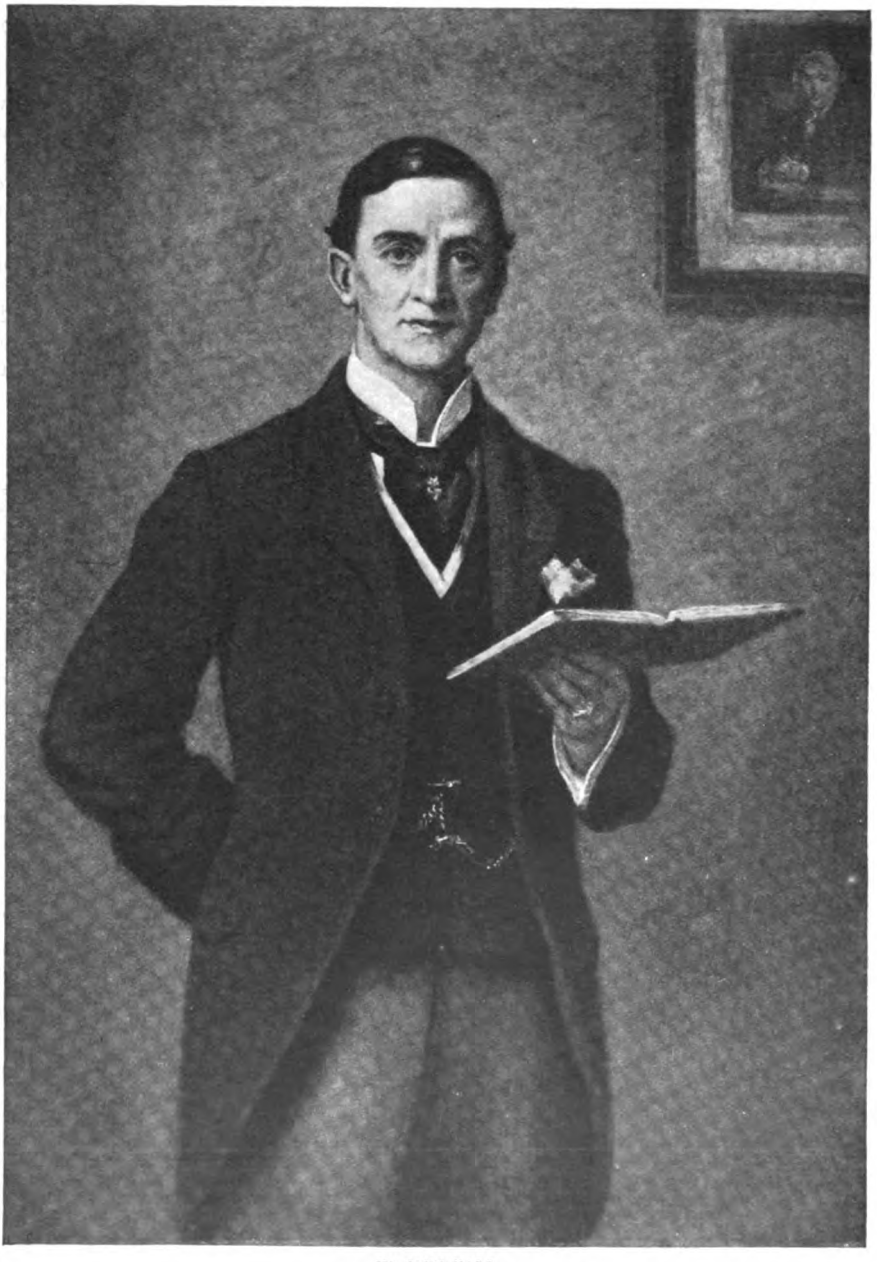
In my art I find people who are very ignorant make very sensible remarks—better often than the connoisseur—they generally light on the raw.

One of my happiest memories of that period is of when I sat to Millais for my portrait, at the request of the great artist himself. This was indeed a labour of love on his part, for he not only paid me the compliment of inviting me to sit for it, but presented the picture when finished to my wife.

The recollection of the hours that I spent in Millais's company (and I had over twenty sittings for this portrait) remains a treasured memory. He was as delightful in his conversation while engaged in the exercise of his art as he was in private life. I was never allowed to see the portrait until it was quite finished. Directly a sitting was completed, and I attempted to get a glimpse of his work, he would turn its face to the wall and say, "Run away, boy" (an affectionate attitude he frequently adopted to me, though there was no great disparity in our ages), as he pushed me playfully out of the room.

THE CAST IN "DIPLOMACY"—MR. ARTHUR CECIL, MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE, LADY MONCKTON, SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT, SIR JOHN HARE, MR. GILBERT HARE, LADY BANCROFT, MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON, MISS KATE RORKE.
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

Among Millais's greatest friends were John Bright and Henry James (now Lord James of Hereford), and it may interest my readers to see the famous trio reproduced in the signed photograph on page 171, taken in Scotland, and presented to me by Lord James of Hereford. With Lord James it has been my privilege to enjoy an uninterrupted friendship of nearly forty years; a more kind and sympathetic friend man never had.



SIR JOHN HARE.
From the Picture by Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A.

Mr. John Bright I only met once, and under the following circumstances. I was going to Manchester to fulfil an engagement, and arrived at the station just as the train was about to start. The guard opened the door of a carriage, and, as I entered, whispered confidentially in my ear: "The gentleman in the corner is Mr. John Bright, who is going to Rochdale." We entered into a conversation full of interest to me, which lasted during the whole time occupied by our journey, discussing various subjects, and, amongst others, the lovable qualities of our mutual friend, Millais. I recall one typical remark by Bright, which struck me very much by reason of its spontaneity and penetration. I asked him, apropos of some political topic we were discussing, "How do you account

REPRODUCTION OF A PHOTOGRAPH PRESENTED TO SIR JOHN HARE BY LORD JAMES OF HEREFORD.

for the fact, Mr. Bright, that most great poets have been Liberal in their politics?" His immediate answer was, "It is not difficult to understand that, for the noblest theme by which a poet can be inspired is *Freedom!*"

My next most important production at the Garrick Theatre was "A Fool's Paradise," by Sydney Grundy, originally called "The Mousetrap."

It was in "A Fool's Paradise" that young Harry Irving made his first success and gave promise of that ability he has since developed to a degree which has already given him a high position in his profession. His first appearance had taken place in my revival of "School," and no doubt his performance was marred by the nervousness of a beginner and was not altogether successful. His father was very anxious about him, but I had no doubt as to his latent ability, and told Sir Henry so. The following is an extract from a letter I received from Irving subsequently, and will speak for itself:—

. . . . I am afraid that Harry has been a great anxiety and worry to you, but your affectionate kindness will be remembered by him as long as he lives.

For myself, my dear Hare, I have no words to thank you with.

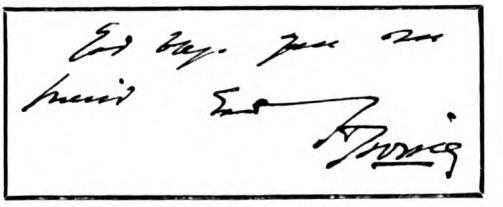
No one could or would have done what you have done, and with my heart and soul I hope and trust you may not be disappointed.

God bless you, old friend.—Ever,

HENRY IRVING.

September 4th, 1891.

I hear that you are doing great things—it serves you right! If that Sunday rehearsal comes off I'd like to look in, but unknown to young Beaufoy, for, as you say, his lordship is very nervous at times.



FACSIMILE OF SIGNATURE OF SIR HENRY IRVING.

I have seen it stated in a certain quarter that Sir Henry Irving had no appreciation of other actors' work. The following letter, apropos of "A Quiet Rubber," among many other instances of which I am aware, points conclusively to the contrary:—

15A, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W.

MY DEAR HARE,—Thank you—thank you. Perfectly delightful and remarkable. One of your greatest things.

The truth of it brought tears to my eyes.

A wonderful contrast to play with the "Spectacles."

I see you are getting bravely over your worries.

God bless you. HENRY IRVING.

May 6th, 1895.

On a revival of "Money" at the Garrick I was again indebted to the invaluable support of Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, Miss Maud Millett, Arthur Cecil, Arthur Bourchier, and Forbes-Robertson; in fact, the complete cast was one worthy of record, and lack of space must be my only excuse for not reproducing it in its entirety.

This *première*, which had proceeded with remarkable enthusiasm on the part of the audience, was marred at the close by a tragic episode in the fatal seizure of Edmund Yates, who had been present at the performance. As he was a personal friend of both the Bancrofts and myself, this naturally cast a great gloom over what would have been otherwise a happy evening.

"MR. HENRY IRVING PLACES HIS SON UNDER THE CARE OF DR. JOHN HARE."
From a Sketch by Alfred Bryan.

In 1895 I produced the last original play under my management of the Garrick Theatre. It was "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," by Pinero, a play which I have always regarded as his finest dramatic and literary achievement. The play made a most profound impression upon me when the author read it, and, as in the case I have already described of Robertson's reading of "Caste," I instinctively saw his creation of the Duke of St. Olphert come to life before me as Pinero read the play in his own masterly fashion. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who subsequently played the part of Mrs. Ebbsmith with such brilliant success, and I were the only two persons present at the reading. We had an absurd difficulty with the Censor over this play, which, however, was soon surmounted, as the Lord Chamberlain and those associated with him recognised that to deny the representation of so brilliant a work would be to deprive the public of one of the most remarkable plays of the age. It was highly moral, too, in its teaching, and in these days would have evoked little, if any, criticism on that score.

In this play Mrs. Patrick Campbell was at her very best, giving a superb and magnetic impersonation of the title-rôle. The play was performed to the utmost capacity of the theatre until Mrs. Campbell was claimed by Mr. Tree, to whom she was under contract, and her loss was severely felt by me.

During the run of this play we had a strange experience, but one not unusual with theatrical managers—a playgoer who happened to bear the same surname as Mrs. Ebbsmith objecting to its use on account of her character. This also happened in the case of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," strangely enough both the conscientious objectors being men. And yet I know that in the case of Ebbsmith the author went out of his way to find an original name for that character, and really thought he had invented one. In referring to "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," I must confess that in not availing myself of the opportunity of producing this play I made a serious managerial mistake, thinking it was before its time.

But Pinero knew his public and estimated his own powers better than I did.

The immense success of "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" brought my tenancy of the Garrick to a close, and having made up my mind to pay an extended visit to America, I endeavoured to let the theatre, but in vain. Times have changed very much since then. I could not find a tenant, and, being anxious not to have this great responsibility on my shoulders, I tried to dispose of my lease. Weeks and months elapsed, and after considerable difficulty I sold my home for what was not much more than a mess of pottage, compared with present rentals, not anticipating the rise in value which has resulted since.

Before I went to America, Sir Henry Irving kindly suggested I should give a performance of "Caste" at the Lyceum Theatre, and I then made my first London appearance in the part of Eccles. By this revival I am reminded of an amusing slip made by that fine actor, Forbes-Robertson, when playing D'Alroy. I don't think he cared very much about the part, and was sometimes apt to be a little abstracted. At the performance in question—no doubt engrossed in his own managerial plans, which were then ripening, and have since matured and reflected the greatest credit on himself and the stage he so worthily adorns—he came to the couplet:—

> Kinds hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood!

But in thinking of his brother, perhaps, in connection with the cast of a play he was shortly to produce, he rendered it thus:—

> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than *Norman Forbes!*

Again digressing for a moment, I might mention that whenever I got a holiday during my tenancy at the Garrick I availed myself of the opportunity to run across to Paris and renew my acquaintance with French art and French acting. On one occasion I received an invitation to dine from my friend Campbell Clarke, to meet the following distinguished men: MM. de Lesseps, Dumas *fils*, Sardou, Pailleron, and Rubinstein. This was indeed a tempting intellectual invitation; but not being a fluent French conversationalist I had a nervous apprehension of not being able to take part in the discussions which would no doubt ensue, and declined the invitation.

I have regretted it ever since, for it would have been a privilege never to be forgotten to have sat at the same table with such a unique and brilliant gathering, comprising some of the greatest men of their time.

I was informed the next day by Sir Campbell Clarke that the conversation of the preceding night was both witty and profoundly interesting. Dumas told a story of his father which I think well worth repeating here.

Dumas *père* was anxious to submit his now celebrated but then unfinished comedy of "Mlle. de Belle Isle" to the Comédie Française. At last a day was appointed. The sociétaires and director of the Française were assembled, and Dumas came up for judgment and commenced the task of reading his play before that august and exceedingly critical body. He read the first act, which was received in complete silence. The second act passed without comment. The third act also elicited no signs of approval from his frozen critics, but at the conclusion of the wonderful fourth act there was a palpable stir amongst the members, and the director, after a moment's whispered conversation with his confrères, called upon them to retire into another room. Dumas was left waiting in anxious suspense. On the return of the members into the room amends were made for their previous coldness, by the director stating that, speaking for himself and the body of the sociétaires assembled, they considered his comedy a most brilliant one, and, to show their appreciation of it, they begged to assure him that, if the fifth act was as good as the preceding four, the play should be put at once into rehearsal, and would be the next production at the Comédie Française.

Dumas had not written a word of the last act, but, not daring to risk the chance offered him, he made a call upon that wonderfully inventive brain, stood up with his back to the fire, and pretending to read from the blank pages of his manuscript, delivered himself of Act V. Those who have seen or read this wonderful comedy—a masterpiece of construction and engrossing interest — can readily understand that the director and sociétaires of the Comédie Française fulfilled their promise. "Mlle. de Belle Isle" was produced with enormous success, and remains to the present day one of the features of the repertoire of the French National Theatre.

To return to my own career, prior to my departure for the States my friends paid me the compliment of entertaining me at a farewell dinner in the Whitehall Rooms.

"THE HARE AND HIS MANY FRIENDS."
From a Sketch by Harry Furniss.

The occasion was a memorable one for me, and remarkable for the reason that the gathering was representative of all that was distinguished in art and literature, besides being noteworthy for brilliant speeches by Lord Rathmore and Sir Frank Lockwood. The Duke of Fife presided, and everybody conspired to shower kindnesses upon me, which I still recollect with feelings of the deepest gratitude.

The sketch by Harry Furniss, reproduced above, symbolical of my departure for the States, may be of interest, as also the sketch by Mr. Abbey, R.A., presented to each member of the Kinsman Club at a farewell dinner they gave me before my departure for the States. I am there represented as bringing back both dollars and hearts. I won't say much about the former, but I do believe that I had the happiness of making some new and true friends amongst our cousins across the sea — friends that I hope to meet again some time.

SKETCH BY MR. E. A. ABBEY, R.A., OF SIR JOHN HARE RETURNING FROM AMERICA WITH HEARTS AND DOLLARS.

(To be continued.)

SALTHAVEN

BY

W·W·JACOBS

CHAPTER XIX.

JOAN HARTLEY returned to Salthaven a week after Captain Trimblett's departure, and, with a lively sense of her inability to satisfy the curiosity of her friends, spent most of the time indoors. To evade her father's inquiries she adopted other measures, and the day after her return, finding both her knowledge and imagination inadequate to the task of satisfying him, she first waxed impatient and then tearful. Finally she said that she was thoroughly tired of the subject, and expressed a fervent hope that she might hear no more about it. Any further particulars would be furnished by Captain Trimblett, upon his return.

"But when I asked him about it he referred me to you," said Hartley. "The whole affair is most incomprehensible."

"We thought it would be a surprise to you," agreed Joan.

"It was," said her father, gloomily. "But if you are satisfied, I suppose it is all right."

He returned to the attack next day, but gained little information. Miss Hartley's ideas concerning the various marriage ceremonies were of the vaguest, but by the aid of "Whitaker's Almanack" she was enabled to declare that the marriage had taken place by licence at a church in the district where Trimblett was staying. As a help to identification she added that the church was built of stone, and that the pew-opener had a cough. Tiresome questions concerning the marriage certificate were disposed of by leaving it in the captain's pocket-book. And again she declared that she was tired of the subject.

"I can't imagine what your aunt was thinking about," said her father. "If you had let me write——"

"She knew nothing about it," said Joan, hastily; "and if you had written to her she would have thought that you were finding fault with her for not looking after me more.

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It's done now, and if I'm satisfied and Captain Trimblett is satisfied that is all that matters. You didn't want me to be an old maid, did you?"

Mr. Hartley gave up the subject in despair, but Miss Willett, who called a day or two later, displayed far more perseverance. After the usual congratulations she sat down to discuss the subject at length, and subjected Joan to a series of questions which the latter had much difficulty in evading. For a newly-married woman, Miss Willett could only regard her knowledge of matrimony as hazy in the extreme.

"She don't want to talk about it," said Mr. Truefitt the following evening as he sat side by side with Miss Willett in the little summer-house overlooking the river. "Perhaps she is repenting it already."

"It ought to be a tender memory," sighed Miss Willett. "I'm sure——"

She broke off and blushed.

"Yes?" said Mr. Truefitt, pinching her arm tenderly.

"Never mind," breathed Miss Willett. "I mean—I was only going to say that I don't think the slightest detail would have escaped *me*. All she seems to remember is that it took place in a church."

"It must have been by licence, I should think," said Mr. Truefitt, scowling thoughtfully. "Ordinary licence, I should say. I have been reading up about them lately. One never knows what may happen."

Miss Willett started.

"Trimblett has not behaved well," continued Mr. Truefitt, slowly, "by no means, but I must say that he has displayed a certain amount of dash; *he* didn't allow anything or anybody to come between him and matrimony. He just went and did it."

He passed his arm round Miss Willett's waist and gazed reflectively across the river.

"And I suppose we shall go on waiting all our lives," he said at last. "We consider other people far too much."

Miss Willett shook her head. "Mother always keeps to her word," she said, with an air of mournful pride. "Once she says anything she keeps to it. That's her firmness. She won't let me marry so long as Mrs. Chinnery stays here. We must be patient."

Mr. Truefitt rumpled his hair irritably and for some time sat silent. Then he leaned forward and, in a voice trembling with excitement, whispered in the lady's ear.

"Peter!" gasped Miss Willett, and drew back and eyed him in trembling horror.

"Why not?" said Mr. Truefitt, with an effort to speak stoutly. "It's our affair."

Miss Willett shivered and, withdrawing from his arm, edged away to the extreme end of the seat and averted her gaze.

"It's quite easy," whispered the tempter.

Miss Willett, still looking out at the door, affected not to hear.

"Not a soul would know until afterwards," continued Mr. Truefitt, in an ardent whisper. "It could all be kept as quiet as possible. I'll have the licence ready, and you could just slip out for a morning walk and meet me at the church, and there you are. And it's ridiculous of two people of our age to go to such trouble."

"Mother would never forgive me," murmured Miss Willett. "Never!"

"She'd come round in time," said Mr. Truefitt.

"Never!" said Miss Willett. "You don't know mother's strength of mind. But I mustn't stay and listen to such things. It's wicked!"

She got up and slipped into the garden, and with Mr. Truefitt in attendance paced up and down the narrow paths.

"Besides," she said, after a long silence, "I shouldn't like to share housekeeping with your sister. It would only lead to trouble between us, I am sure."

Mr. Truefitt came to a halt in the middle of the path, and stood rumpling his hair again as an aid to thought. Captain Sellers, who was looking over his fence, waved a cheery salutation.

"Fine evening," he piped.

The other responded with a brief nod.

"What did you say?" inquired Captain Sellers, who was languishing for a little conversation.

"Didn't say anything!" bawled Mr. Truefitt.

"You must speak up if you want me to hear you!" cried the captain. "It's one o' my bad days."

Truefitt shook his head, and placing himself by the side of Miss Willett resumed his walk. Three fences away, Captain Sellers kept pace with them.

"Nothing fresh about Trimblett, I suppose?" he yelled.

Truefitt shook his head again.

"He's a deep 'un!" cried Sellers—"wonderful deep! How's the other one? Bearing up? I ain't seen her about the last day or two. I believe that was all a dodge of Trimblett's to put us off the scent. It made a fool of me."

Mr. Truefitt, with a nervous glance at the open windows of his house, turned and walked hastily down the garden again.

"He quite deceived me," continued Captain Sellers, following—"quite. What did you say?"

"Nothing," bawled Mr. Truefitt, with sudden ferocity.

"Eh?" yelled the captain, leaning over the fence with his hand to his ear.

"Nothing!"

"Eh?" said the captain, anxiously. "Speak up! What?"

"Oh, go to—Jericho!" muttered Mr. Truefitt, and, taking Miss Willett by the arm, disappeared into the summer-house again. "Where were we when that old idiot interrupted us?" he inquired, tenderly.

Miss Willett told him, and, nestling within his encircling arm, listened with as forbidding an expression as she could command to further arguments on the subject of secret marriages.

"It's no use," she said at last. "I mustn't listen. It's wicked. I am surprised at you, Peter. You must never speak to me on the subject again."

She put her head on his shoulder, and Mr. Truefitt, getting a better grip with his arm, drew her towards him.

"Think it over," he whispered, and bent and kissed her.

"Never," was the reply.

Mr. Truefitt kissed her again, and was about to repeat the performance when she started up with a faint scream, and, pushing him away, darted from the summer-house and fled up the garden. Mr. Truefitt, red with wrath, stood his ground and stared ferociously at the shrunken figure of Captain Sellers standing behind the little gate in the fence that gave on to the foreshore. The captain, with a cheery smile, lifted the latch and entered the garden.

"I picked a little bunch o' flowers for Miss Willett," he said, advancing and placing them on the table.

"Who told you to come into my garden?" shouted the angry Mr. Truefitt.

"Yes, all of 'em," said Captain Sellers, taking up the bunch and looking at them. "Smell!"

He thrust the bunch into the other's face, and withdrawing it plunged his own face into it with rapturous sniffs. Mr. Truefitt, his nose decorated with pollen ravished from a huge lily, eyed him murderously.

"Get out of my garden," he said, with an imperious wave of his hand.

"I can't hear what you say," said the captain, following the direction of the other's hand and stepping outside. "Sometimes I think my deafness gets worse. It's a great deprivation."

"Is it?" said Mr. Truefitt. He made a funnel of both hands and bent to the old man's willing ear.

"You're an ARTFUL, INTERFERING, PRYING, INQUISITIVE OLD BUSYBODY," he bellowed. "Can you hear that?"

"Say it again," said the captain, his old eyes snapping.

Mr. Truefitt complied.

"I didn't quite catch the last word," said the captain.

"*Busybody!*" yelled Mr. Truefitt. "*Busybody! B—u—s——*"

"I heard," said Captain Sellers, with sudden and alarming dignity. "Take your coat off."

"Get out of my garden," responded Mr. Truefitt, briefly.

"Take your coat off," repeated Captain Sellers, sternly. He removed his own after a little trouble, and rolling back his shirt-sleeves stood regarding with some pride a pair of yellow, skinny old arms. Then he clenched his fists, and, with an agility astonishing in a man of his years, indulged in a series of galvanic little hops in front of the astounded Peter Truefitt.

"Put your hands up!" he screamed. "Put 'em up, you tailor's dummy! Put 'em up, you Dutchman!"

"Go out of my garden," repeated the marvelling Mr. Truefitt. "Go home and have some gruel and go to bed!"

Captain Sellers paid no heed. Still performing marvellous things with his feet, he ducked his head over one shoulder, feinted with his left at Mr. Truefitt's face, and struck with his right somewhere near the centre of his opponent's waistcoat. Mr. Truefitt, still gazing at him open-mouthed, retreated backwards, and, just as the captain's parchment-like fist struck him a second time, tripped over a water-can that had been left in the path and fell heavily on his back in a flower-bed.

"Time!" cried Captain Sellers, breathlessly, and pulled out a big silver watch to consult, as Miss Willett came hurrying down the garden, followed by Mrs. Chinnery.

"Peter!" wailed Miss Willett, going on her knees and raising his head. "Oh, Peter!"

"Has he hurt you?" inquired Mrs. Chinnery, stooping.

"No; I'm a bit shaken," said Mr. Truefitt, crossly. "I fell over that bla—blessed water-

can. Take that old marionette away. I'm afraid to touch him for fear he'll fall to pieces."

"Time!" panted Captain Sellers, stowing his watch away and resuming his prancing. "Come on! Lively with it!"

Miss Willett uttered a faint scream and thrust her hand out.

"Lor' bless the man!" cried Mrs. Chinnery, regarding the old gentleman's antics with much amazement. "Go away! Go away at once!"

She stepped forward, and her attitude was so threatening that Captain Sellers hesitated. Then he turned, and, picking up his coat, began to struggle into it.

"I hope it will be a lesson to him," he said, glaring at Mr. Truefitt, who had risen by this time and was feeling his back. "You see what comes of insulting an old sea-dog."

He turned and made his way to the gate, refusing with a wave of his hand Mrs. Chinnery's offer to help him down the three steps leading to the shore. With head erect and a springy step he gained his own garden, and even made a pretence of attending to a flower or two before sitting down. Then the deck-chair claimed him, and he lay, a limp bundle of aching old bones, until his housekeeper came down the garden to see what had happened to him.

CHAPTER XX.

FOR the first week or two after Joan Hartley's return Mr. Robert Vyner went about in a state of gloomy amazement. Then, the first shock of surprise over, he began to look about him in search of reasons for a marriage so undesirable. A few casual words with Hartley at odd times only served to deepen the mystery, and he learned with growing astonishment of the chief clerk's ignorance of the whole affair. A faint suspicion, which he had at first dismissed as preposterous, persisted in recurring to him, and grew in strength every time the subject was mentioned between them. His spirits improved, and he began to speak of the matter so cheerfully that Hartley became convinced that everybody concerned had made far too much of ordinary attentions paid by an ordinary young man to a pretty girl. Misled by his son's behaviour, Mr. Vyner, senior, began to entertain the same view of the affair.

"Just a boyish admiration," he said to his wife, as they sat alone one evening. "All young men go through it at some time or other. It's a sort of—ha—vaccination, and the sooner they have it and get over it the better."

"He has quite got over it, I think," said Mrs. Vyner, slowly.

Mr. Vyner nodded. "Lack of opposition," he said, with a satisfied air. "Lack of visible opposition, at any rate. These cases require management. Many a marriage has been caused by the efforts made to prevent it."

Mrs. Vyner sighed. Her husband had an irritating habit of taking her a little way into his confidence and then leaving the rest to an imagination which was utterly inadequate to the task.

"There is nothing like management," she said, safely. "And I am sure nobody could have had a better son. He has never caused us a day's anxiety."

"Not real anxiety," said her husband—"no."

Mrs. Vyner averted her eyes. "When," she said, gently—"when are you going to give him a proper interest in the firm?"

Mr. Vyner thrust his hands into his trouser pockets and leaned back in his chair. "I have been thinking about it," he said, slowly. "He would have had it before but for this nonsense. Nothing was arranged at first, because I wanted to see how he was going to do. His work is excellent—excellent."

It was high praise, but it was deserved, and Mr. Robert Vyner would have been the first to admit it. His monstrous suspicion was daily growing less monstrous and more plausible. It became almost a conviction, and he resolved to test it by seeing Joan and surprising her with a few sudden careless remarks of the kind that a rising K.C. might spring upon a particularly difficult witness. For various reasons he chose an afternoon when the senior partner was absent, and, after trying in vain to think out a few embarrassing questions on the way, arrived at the house in a condition of mental bankruptcy.

The obvious agitation of Miss Hartley as she shook hands did not tend to put him at his ease. He stammered something about "congratulations" and the girl stammered something about "thanks," after which they sat still and eyed each other nervously.

"Beautiful day," said Mr. Vyner at last, and comforted himself with the reflection that the most eminent K.C.'s often made inane remarks with the idea of throwing people off their guard.

Miss Hartley said "Yes."

"I hope you had a nice time in town?" he said, suddenly.

"Very nice," said Joan, eyeing him demurely.

"But of course you did," said Robert, with an air of sudden remembrance. "I suppose Captain Trimblett knows London pretty well?"

"Pretty well," repeated the witness.

Mr. Vyner eyed her thoughtfully. "I hope you won't mind my saying so," he said, slowly, "but I was awfully pleased to hear of your marriage. I think it is always nice to hear of one's friends marrying each other."

"Yes," said the girl.

"And Trimblett is such a good chap," continued Mr. Vyner. "He is so sensible for his age."

He paused expectantly, but nothing happened.

"So bright and cheerful," he explained.

Miss Hartley still remaining silent, he broke off and sat quietly watching her. To his eyes she seemed more charming than ever. There was a defiant look in her eyes, and a half-smile trembled round the corners of her mouth. He changed his seat for one nearer to hers, and leaning forward eyed her gravely. Her colour deepened and she breathed quickly.

"Don't—don't you think Captain Trimblett is lucky?" she inquired, with an attempt at audacity.

Mr. Vyner pondered. "No," he said at last.

Miss Hartley caught her breath.

"'DON'T—DON'T YOU THINK CAPTAIN TRIMBLETT IS LUCKY?' SHE INQUIRED, WITH AN ATTEMPT AT AUDACITY."

"How rude!" she said, after a pause, lowering her eyes.

"No, it isn't," said Robert.

"Really!" remonstrated Miss Hartley.

"I think that I am luckier than he is," said Robert, in a low voice. "At least, I hope so. Shall I tell you why?"

"No," said Joan, quickly.

Mr. Vyner moistened his lips.

"Perhaps you know," he said, unsteadily.

Joan made no reply.

"You do know," said Robert.

Miss Hartley looked up with a sudden, careless laugh.

"It sounds like a conundrum," she said, gaily. "But it doesn't matter. I hope you *will* be lucky."

"I intend to be," said Robert.

"My hus—husband," said Joan, going very red, "would probably use the word 'fate' instead of 'luck.'"

"It is a favourite word of my wife's," said Robert, gravely. "Ah, what a couple they would have made!"

"*Who?*" inquired Joan, eyeing him in bewilderment.

"My wife and your husband," said Robert. "I believe they were made for each other."

Miss Hartley retreated in good order. "I think you are talking nonsense," she said, with some dignity.

"Yes," said Robert, with a smile. "Ground-bait."

"What?" said Joan, in a startled voice.

"Ground-bait."

Miss Hartley made an appeal to his better feelings. "You are making my head ache," she said, pathetically. "I'm sure I don't know what you are talking about."

Mr. Vyner apologized, remarking that it was a common fault of young husbands to talk too much about their wives, and added, as an interesting fact, that he had only been married that afternoon. Miss Hartley turned a deaf ear.

He spread a little ground-bait — of a different kind—before Hartley during the next few days, and in a short time had arrived at a pretty accurate idea of the state of affairs. It was hazy and lacking in detail, but it was sufficient to make him give Laurel Lodge a wide berth for the time being, and to work still harder for that share in the firm which he had always been given to understand would be his. In the meantime he felt that Joan's *mariage de convenance* was a comfortable arrangement for all parties concerned.

This was still his view of it as he sat in his office one afternoon about a couple of months after Captain Trimblett's departure. He had met Miss Hartley in the street the day before, and, with all due regard to appearances, he could not help thinking that she had been somewhat unnecessarily demure. In return she had gone away with three crushed fingers and a colour that was only partially due to exercise. He was leaning back in his chair thinking it over when his father entered.

"Busy?" inquired John Vyner.

"Frightfully," said his son, unclasping his hands from the back of his head.

"I have just been speaking to Hartley," said the senior partner, watching him keenly. "I had a letter this morning from the Trimblett family."

"Eh?" said his son, staring.

"From the eldest child—a girl named Jessie," replied the other. "It appears that a distant cousin who has been in charge of them has died suddenly, and she is rather at a loss what to do. She wrote to me about sending the captain's pay to her."

"Yes," said his son, nodding; "but what has Hartley got to do with it?"

"Do with it?" repeated Mr. Vyner, in surprised tones. "I take it that he is in a way their grandfather."

"Gran——" began his son, and sat gasping. "Yes, of course," he said, presently, "of course. I hadn't thought of that. Of course."

"From his manner at first Hartley appeared to have forgotten it too," said Mr. Vyner, "but he soon saw with me that the children ought not to be left alone. The eldest is only seventeen."

Robert tried to collect his thoughts. "Yes," he said, slowly.

"He has arranged for them to come and live with him," continued Mr. Vyner.

The upper part of his son's body disappeared with startling suddenness over the arm of his chair and a hand began groping blindly in search of a fallen pen. A dangerous rush of blood to the head was perceptible as he regained the perpendicular.

"Was—was Hartley agreeable to that?" he inquired, steadying his voice.

His father drew himself up in his chair. "Certainly," he said, stiffly; "he fell in with the suggestion at once. It ought to have occurred to him first. Besides the relationship, he and Trimblett are old friends. The captain is an old servant of the firm, and his children must be looked after; they couldn't be left alone in London."

"It's a splendid idea," said Robert—"splendid. By far the best thing that you could have done."

"I have told him to write to the girl to-night," said Mr. Vyner. "He is not sure that she knows of her father's second marriage. And I have told him to take a day or two off next week and go up to town and fetch them. It will be a little holiday for him."

"Quite a change for him," agreed Robert. Conscious of his father's scrutiny, his face was absolutely unmoved and his voice easy. "How many children are there?"

"Five," was the reply—"so she says in the letter. The two youngest are twins."

For the fraction of a second something flickered across the face of Robert Vyner and was gone.

"Trimblett's second marriage was rather fortunate for them," he said, in a matter-of-fact voice.

The startled Robert threw up his arm. There was a crash of glass, and Bassett, with his legs apart and the water streaming down his face, stood regarding him with owlish consternation. His idea that the junior partner was suffering from a species of fit

"HIS IDEA THAT THE JUNIOR PARTNER WAS SUFFERING FROM A SPECIES OF FIT WAS CONFIRMED BY THE LATTER SUDDENLY SNATCHING HIS HAT FROM ITS PEG AND DARTING WILDLY FROM THE ROOM."

He restrained his feelings until his father had gone, and then, with a gasp of relief, put his head on the table and gave way to them. Convulsive tremors assailed him, and hilarious sobs escaped at intervals from his tortured frame. Ejaculations of "Joan!" and "Poor girl!" showed that he was not entirely bereft of proper feeling.

His head was still between his arms upon the table and his body still shaking, when the door opened and Bassett entered the room and stood gazing at him in a state of mild alarm. He stood for a minute diagnosing the case, and then, putting down a handful of papers, crossed softly to the mantelpiece and filled a tumbler with water. He came back and touched the junior partner respectfully on the elbow.

"Will you try and drink some of this, sir?" he said, soothingly.

was confirmed by the latter suddenly snatching his hat from its peg and darting wildly from the room.

CHAPTER XXI.

MRS. WILLETT sat in her small and overfurnished living-room in a state of open-eyed amazement. Only five minutes before she had left the room to look for a pair of shoes whose easiness was their sole reason for survival, and as a last hope had looked under Cecilia's bed, and discovered the parcels. Three parcels all done up in brown paper and ready for the post, adressed in Cecilia's handwriting to:—

Mrs. P. TRUEFITT,
Findlater's Private Hotel,
Finsbury Circus, London.

She smoothed her cap-strings down with trembling hands and tried to think. The

autumn evening was closing in, but she made no attempt to obtain a light. Her mind was becoming active, and the shadows aided thought. At ten o'clock her daughter, returning from Tranquil Vale, was surprised to find her sitting in the dark.

"Why, haven't you had any supper?" she inquired, lighting the gas.

"I didn't want any," said her mother, blinking at the sudden light.

Miss Willett turned and pulled down the blinds. Then she came back, and, standing behind her mother's chair, placed a hand upon her shoulder.

"It—it will be lonely for you when I've gone, mother," she said, smoothing the old lady's lace collar.

"Gone?" repeated Mrs. Willett. "Gone? Why, has that woman consented to go at last?"

Miss Willett shrank back. "No," she said, trembling, "but——"

"You can't marry till she does," said Mrs. Willett, gripping the arms of her chair. "Not with my consent, at any rate. Remember that. *I'm* not going to give way; she must."

Miss Willett said "Yes, mother," in a dutiful voice, and then, avoiding her gaze, took a few biscuits from the sideboard.

"There's a difference between strength of mind and obstinacy," continued Mrs. Willett. "It's obstinacy with her—sheer obstinacy; and I am not going to bow down to it—there's no reason why I should."

Miss Willett said "No, mother."

"If other people like to bow down to her," said Mrs. Willett, smoothing her dress over her knees, "that's their look-out. But she won't get me doing it."

She went up to bed and lay awake half the night, and, rising late next morning in consequence, took advantage of her daughter's absence to peer under the bed. The parcels had disappeared. She went downstairs, with her faded but alert old eyes watching Cecilia's every movement.

"When does Mr. Truefitt begin his holidays?" she inquired, at last.

Miss Willett, who had been glancing restlessly at the clock, started violently.

"To—to—to-day," she gasped.

Mrs. Willett said "Oh!"

"I—I was going out with him at eleven—for a little walk," said her daughter, nervously. "Just a stroll."

Mrs. Willett nodded. "Do you good," she said, slowly. "What are you going to wear?"

Her daughter, still trembling, looked at her in surprise. "This," she said, touching her plain brown dress.

Mrs. Willett's voice began to tremble. "It's—it's rather plain," she said. "I like my daughter to be nicely dressed, especially when she is going out with her future husband. Go upstairs and put on your light green."

Miss Willett, paler than ever, gave a hasty and calculating glance at the clock and disappeared.

"And your new hat," Mrs. Willett called after her.

She looked at the clock too, and then, almost as excited as her daughter, began to move restlessly about the room. Her hands shook, and going up to the glass over the mantelpiece she removed her spectacles and dabbed indignantly at her eyes. By the time Cecilia returned she was sitting in her favourite chair, a picture of placid and indifferent old age.

"That's better," she said, with an approving nod; "much better."

She rose, and going up to her daughter rearranged her dress a little. "You look very nice, dear," she said, with a little cough. "Mr. Truefitt ought to be proud of you. Good-bye."

Her daughter kissed her, and then, having got as far as the door, came back and kissed her again. She made a second attempt to depart, and then, conscience proving too much for her, uttered a stifled sob and came back to her mother.

"Oh, I can't," she wailed; "I can't."

"You'll be late," said her mother, pushing her away. "Good-bye."

"I can't," sobbed Miss Willett; "I can't do it. I'm—I'm deceiving——"

"Yes, yes," said the old lady, hastily; "tell me another time. Good-bye."

She half led and half thrust her daughter to the door.

"But," said the tender-hearted Cecilia, "you don't under——"

"A walk will do you good," said her mother; "and don't cry; try and look your best."

She managed to close the door on her, and her countenance cleared as she heard her daughter open the hall door and pass out. Standing well back in the room, she watched her to the gate, uttering a sharp exclamation of annoyance as Cecilia, with a woebegone shake of the head, turned and came up the path again. A loud tap at the window and a shake of the head were necessary to drive her off.

"'YOU LOOK VERY NICE, DEAR,' SHE SAID, WITH A LITTLE COUGH. 'MR. TRUEFITT OUGHT TO BE PROUD OF YOU.'"

Mrs. Willett gave her a few minutes' start, and then, in a state of extraordinary excitement, went upstairs and, with fingers trembling with haste, put on her bonnet and cape.

"You're not going out alone at this time o' the morning, ma'am?" said the old servant, as she came down again.

"Just as far as the corner, Martha," said the old lady, craftily.

"I'd better come with you," said the other.

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Willett. "I'm quite strong this morning. Go on with your stoves."

She took up her stick and, opening the door, astonished Martha by her nimbleness. At the gate she looked right and left, and for the first time in her life felt that there were too many churches in Salthaven. For several reasons, the chief being that Cecilia's father lay in the churchyard, she decided to try St. Peter's first, and, having procured a cab at the end of the road, instructed the cabman to drive to within fifty yards of the building and wait for her.

The church was open, and a peep through the swing-doors showed her a small group standing before the altar. With her hand on her side she hobbled up the stone steps to the gallery, and, helping herself along by the sides of the pews, entered the end one of them all and sank exhausted on the cushions.

The service had just commenced, and the voice of the minister sounded with unusual loudness in the empty church. Mr. Truefitt and Miss Willett stood before him like culprits, Mr. Truefitt glancing round uneasily several times as the service proceeded. Twice the old lavender-coloured bonnet that was projecting over the side of the gallery drew back in alarm, and twice its owner held her breath and rated herself sternly for her venturesomeness. She did not look over again until she heard a little clatter of steps proceeding to the vestry, and then, with a hasty glance round, slipped out of the pew and made her way downstairs and out of the church.

Her strength was nearly spent, but the cabman was on the watch, and, driving up to the entrance, climbed down and bundled

her into the cab. The drive was all too short for her to compose herself as she would have liked, and she met the accusatory glance of Martha with but little of her old spirit.

"I went a little too far," she said, feebly, as the servant helped her to the door.

"What did I tell you?" demanded the other, and placing her in her chair removed her bonnet and cape, and stood regarding her with sour disapproval.

"I'm getting better," said the old lady, stoutly. "I'm getting my breath back again. I—I think I'll have a glass of wine."

"Yes, 'm," said Martha, moving off. "The red-currant?"

"Red-currant!" said Mrs. Willett, sharply "Red-currant! Certainly not. The port."

Martha disappeared, marvelling, to return a minute or two later with the wine and a glass on a tray. Mrs. Willett filled her glass and, whispering a toast to herself, half emptied it.

"IF YOU LIKE TO GO AND GET A GLASS YOU CAN HAVE A LITTLE DROP YOURSELF."

"Martha!" she said, looking round with a smile.

"Ma'am!"

"If you like to go and get a glass you can have a little drop yourself."

She turned and took up her glass again, and, starting nervously, nearly let it fall as a loud crash sounded outside. Martha had fallen downstairs.

(To be continued.)

John Garland the Deliverer.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

A DOZEN lanterns showed him the sea-stained, rotting steps. A chorus of hoarse, cheerful voices bade him welcome. A score of willing hands dragged him through a cloud of spray on to the wave-swept, creaking jetty. Then, as he stood for a moment to regain his breath, from somewhere behind in that thick, black gulf through which he had journeyed came the sound of a dull grinding, the crashing of timbers, the hideous, far-off shrieking of human voices. A rocket went hissing up into the darkness, piercing with a momentary splendour the black veil.

"By Heaven, she's broken in two!" a voice cried. "She's gone!"

The rescued man turned sharply round. The light of the rocket was waning, yet he was just in time to see the slow heeling over of the huge, indistinguishable mass which a few hours ago had been a splendid liner.

"You're the last one saved," someone muttered at his elbow. "The boat's going back, but it will be too late. God help the others!"

The rescued man nodded solemnly.

"There are less than half-a-dozen left," he said, "and they had their chance. It was a big jump into the boats," he added. "Queer little cockle-shells they looked, too, from the deck. I've stood there for the last two hours, worrying the people in. I've thrown over a dozen, who dared not jump."

A clergyman pushed his way through the group. He was drenched to the skin, bare-headed, and breathless. He carried an old-fashioned lantern in his left hand. His right he extended to the dripping man, who stood there looking like a giant amongst them.

"I've heard of you, sir!" he exclaimed. "You're John Waters, I'm sure. You did a man's work there. There's a mother up at the vicarage now, with her two children saved, sobbing over them and blessing you. You rigged up a windlass, they tell me, and let them down. I only wish that I had room at my house for you, sir, but the whole village is packed."

"You're very good," the man answered. "I'm used to roughing it, and any place'll do for me. Somewhere near a fire, for choice; your salt water's chilly."

The clergyman raised his lantern and looked anxiously around the little circle of faces.

"We're seventy souls in the village," he said; "it's nothing but a hamlet, and we've found beds for over two hundred. We'll fix you up directly. I've one or two names left yet upon my list."

A slim woman's figure came battling her way along the jetty. She heard the clergyman's last words, and laid her fingers upon his arm. He turned sharply round. There were not many women about that night, and this one seemed frail and small to battle her way alone in the storm.

"My dear Miss Cressley!" he exclaimed. "How ever did you get here?"

"I couldn't rest at home," was the quiet answer. "It was too terrible. And I had no one to send. I want to be of use. Can't I take someone in—a woman, or some children? I have a spare room and a fire lit ready."

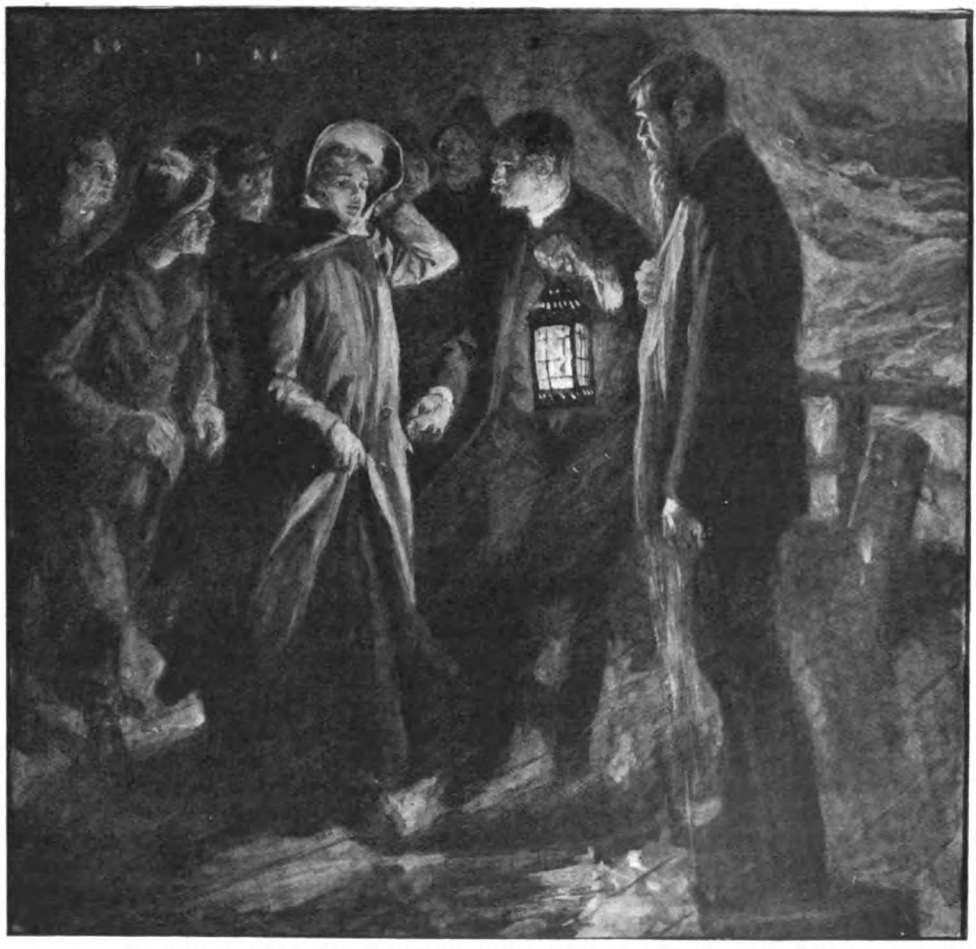
The clergyman gave a little exclamation of relief.

"My dear lady," he declared, "you are just in time. Here's our last man, and I was at my wits' end to know what to do with him. A hero!" he whispered in her ear. "He has saved no end of lives there. Bless you for coming, my dear, brave Miss Cressley," he added. "It's just like you—just the sort of thing you would do."

She gave a little start, and looked doubtfully at the tall, dripping figure. In his soaked clothes, his long brown beard, and his hair tossed wildly all over his face, he presented a somewhat singular appearance.

"My dear madam," he said, in his deep bass voice, "don't please refuse me because I am not a woman or a child. I'll give you less trouble than either, I promise you. I won't smoke or swear. I'll do whatever I am told, if I can only see something to eat, a bed, and a fire."

She held on to the railing of the jetty with both hands. Her voice sounded thin and quavery against the background of the storm.



"SHE GAVE A LITTLE START, AND LOOKED DOUBTFULLY AT THE TALL, DRIPPING FIGURE."

"I shall be very glad to take you, and to do what I can," she said, a little doubtfully. "I mentioned a woman or children because I know more about them and their needs, and because I live alone. Will you come this way, sir?"

He turned and followed her, waving his hand in answer to the chorus of "Good nights." They passed down the sea-soaked jetty between a little line of curious, sympathetic faces, and reached the village. She led the way up the steep street, and looked into his face a little timidly.

"My cottage is close here, sir," she said. "It will only take us a few minutes."

A gust of wind almost swept her off her feet. He put out a great protecting hand and steadied her.

"One moment," he said. "Let me help you. So!"

He turned for a last gaze seawards. There was no sign of light or life upon the black chaos of waters—nothing save the clouds of white foam, flung up almost into their faces, and the sullen roar of the breaking waves.

"God help the rest of them!" he said, with a sudden note of reverence in his tone. Then he turned to his companion.

"Madam," he said, "I am ready."

Together they climbed to the summit of the hill. She gently disengaged her arm from his.

"I am so much stronger than I look," she declared, apologetically. "Really, I can manage quite well alone. My cottage is the last upon the left. You can see the light. We shall be there in a moment."

He walked by her side in silence. She wondered, with a sudden perturbation, whether he were offended. His face was invisible: she could not tell that he was laughing softly to himself. Perhaps he

was mistaken in her years. He had taken her for sixty, at least.

They reached a little wooden gate, over which he calmly stepped while she fumbled with the latch, passed up a trim garden path, and into the tiny hall of the tiniest cottage he had ever seen. Despite her warning, he bumped his head upon the ceiling. She turned up the lamp, and he looked around him a little ruefully. His size made the place appear like a doll's house.

"If you will step upstairs," she said, bravely disregarding his dripping state, "I will show you your room."

He looked at the stairs, with their neat carpet and shining brass rods, and he looked down at himself.

"Look here," he said, "haven't you a back kitchen where I can strip and have a rub down? You'll have to lend me a blanket while my clothes dry. Good Lord!"

He was looking at her in blank surprise.

"Is anything—the matter?" she asked, frightened.

He burst out laughing.

"Nothing!" he answered. "Only I thought that you were a little old lady!"

She blushed desperately, and thrust back the curly waves of fair hair which had escaped in the wind. She was certainly not more than thirty or thirty-five, slim, with nice features and grey eyes, colourless, perhaps a little unnoticeable.

The laugh died away. He stood and looked after her as she turned to ascend the stairs, as one might look at a ghost.

"There are some clothes here which belonged to my father," she said. "Will you go into the room on the left? It is the kitchen."

"It is the little Cressley girl, of course," he said to himself, as he stood on the red tiles and reached out towards the fire. "Little Mary Cressley! Shy little baby she used to be."

Suddenly the smile spread once more over his face.

"Great Scot! I kissed her once!" he muttered. "Good thing she doesn't recognise me!"

She came back in a few moments with a bottle and an armful of clothes. He decided that she had been practising a severe expression in the glass, but she avoided meeting his eyes.

"My father was a minister," she said, "and he was not quite so large as you; but you must please do the best you can with these clothes. There is a bottle of brandy here, and some hot water in the kettle there. When you have changed your clothes, if you will call out, I will come and get supper ready."

He looked at the clothes, clerical and severe in cut, with a grin. She turned her back upon him and went out. He helped himself to the brandy and hot water, and then commenced to strip off his things. All the time he laughed to himself softly. He remembered the Rev. Hiram Cressley well, and the idea of wearing his garments appealed to his sense of humour.

He called out to her as soon as he was ready. She kept her face averted when she entered, but he could have sworn that he saw the corners of her mouth twitch.

"If you would step into the sitting-room," she said, "I will prepare supper."

He shuddered at the thought of the sitting-room.

"I'm such a clumsy fellow," he said. "I shall break half your pretty things. Couldn't we have supper in here?"

"Just as you like," she said, struggling to hide her relief.

He dragged the table into the middle of the room.

"Come on," he said; "I'm going to help."

In the night the wind died away, and the storm passed down the Channel, leaving behind a piteous trail of disasters, small and large. John Garland opened his window, and looked out with a little exclamation of amazement. The sky was a soft deep blue; the sunshine lay everywhere upon the picturesque village, with its red roofs and grey cottages, its background of hills and rolling moors. From the little garden below, all ablaze with colour, came sweet rushes of perfume—of lavender, of roses and pinks, all dashed and drooping with their burden of raindrops, glittering like diamonds in the sunshine. Garland drank it all in with delight.

"England at last!" he murmured, as he began to prepare for his ablutions. "Lord, what a doll's house this is! I feel as though I were going through the floor."

He dressed rapidly and hurried into the garden. Miss Cressley was there, busy tying up some of her dashed flowers. She started a little at his hearty greeting, and avoided his eyes. All night long her conscience had been troubling her. The memory of that supper was like a delightful scourge. She had been much too friendly. She had quite forgotten the impropriety of the whole thing, and had laughed and talked

almost like a girl again. With the morning reflection had come—reflection like a cold douche. And with it other things! The perfume of the flowers, the soft west wind, the aftermath, perhaps, of the joyous evening, were creeping into her blood. Had she done anything so desperately wrong after all? It was the vicar himself who had sent this man to her. As she well knew, every cottage in the village was full. Still, her cheeks went furiously red at the sound of his voice.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "forgive me! Good morning!"

Her eyes questioned him.

"You look different, somehow," he explained. "Forgive my noticing it. I've been so long in a world where manners don't count, that I've forgotten mine."

Her cheeks burned. She could not remain unconscious of what he meant. She had arranged her hair differently—she was tired of the old way—and her white dress was certainly her most becoming one. The cluster of lilac, too, which she had drawn through her waistband—it was so seldom that it pleased her to wear flowers!

"Won't you come in to breakfast?" she said, shyly.

"Breakfast! Hurrah!" he answered. "I'm afraid I'm eating you out of house and home, Miss Cressley."

She led the way into the sitting-room, which seemed to him more than ever like a chamber in a doll's house. He sat very gingerly upon his chair, and was afraid even to move his legs. The moment the meal was over he escaped into the garden and produced a pipe.

"I'm off to the village," he announced, "to see some of the people. Won't you come?"

"Thank you," she answered, "I have things to do in the house."

"I'll do the marketing," he announced. "I'll send some things up for dinner."

"It is not in the least necessary," she declared, with her chin in the air.

He laughed in her face.

"Necessary or not," he declared, "either I do the marketing or I dine at the inn."

He was an impossible person to argue with—so big and strong and forceful. The things he said seemed somehow right because he said them. She gave in, and the magnitude of his purchases amazed her. He brought them up himself, wearing a ready-made suit of fisherman's clothes, and carrying the clerical garments in which he had started the day in a parcel under his arm. He took not the slightest notice of her protests, and he spent the next hour between the kitchen and the garden, strolling about with his hands in his pockets and an air of being absolutely at home.

Three days passed—four. As yet he had not even alluded to his possible departure. At first she had wondered, had been gently troubled as to what the villagers might be saying about her entertainment of this good-humoured, easy-going giant. Gradually the place was being emptied of its unusual crowds. Surely, she thought, he must speak soon of his departure! And, with a sudden start of mingled shame and alarm, she realized that she dreaded the very thought of his absence.

She fled into her room and locked the door. With blurred eyes and beating heart she looked out seawards and fought against this folly—this folly which seemed to her so egregious, so unmaidenly. For ten years—ever since her father's death—she had lived there alone a life of prim and delicate orderliness, quietly useful to many people—a life, it seemed to her now, colourless, flat, impossible. She looked in the glass. Yes, she was a young woman still! Her cheeks were still pink, her eyes bright, her hair soft and full. With trembling fingers she took it down, rearranged it more after the fashion of her youthful days, and pinned a ribbon around her throat—ribbon of the colour which matched her eyes. After all, she was a woman. She had not sought this thing—it had come unbidden, undesired, she told herself, breathlessly. She had a right to do what she was doing. Nevertheless, her cheeks were hot with shame when she saw him again.

He was standing in the garden, reading a telegram, with a frown upon his face. She went out to him shyly, and he looked at her for a moment in amazement—as one might look at a ghost.

"Why—why, what have you done to yourself?" he exclaimed. "You grow younger every day! If only I could do the same," he continued, with a twinkle in his eyes, "you might remember the farmer's son as well as I remember the minister's daughter!"

She started. Then a wave of recollection came to her. There had always seemed something familiar about his tone and manner.

"Why," she gasped, "you are John Garland—John who ran away from home!"

He smiled.

"I kissed you once, Mary," he said, "up the lane there."

"'WHY,' SHE GASPED, 'YOU ARE JOHN GARLAND—JOHN, WHO RAN AWAY FROM HOME!'"

She blushed furiously.

"I do not remember it," she said, mendaciously—a statement which was scarcely likely to be true, considering that it was the only embrace to which she had ever submitted.

"I'd like——" he began, and stopped. She was stooping over her roses.

"You have been away a long time," she said, softly.

"A long time," he repeated. "Everyone seems to be dead and gone. I am afraid I shall find the old country a lonely place."

"Luncheon is ready," she said. "Shall we go in?"

Afterwards he produced the telegram.

"This afternoon," he said, calmly, "I must go."

She caught at her breath. She could not keep the frightened look from her eyes, but she was able to control her tone.

"Isn't it a little sudden?" she asked.

He nodded gloomily.

"I'm a man of affairs now," he said, "and I'm wanted."

She saw him off. She scarcely heard his farewell words. Every faculty she possessed was devoted to the desperate effort of preserving her secret. She saw him go, felt the touch of his fingers, heard the sound of his kindly voice, and turned away a little abruptly, just in time to hide the blinding tears. Then she walked back to her cottage, seeing no one, walking like one stumbling through a dream. It was very quiet, very peaceful, there. The smell of tobacco still lingered about her tiny hall. There was nothing else. Her knees shook as she fled up the stairs to her room.

Tragedy that year came not only from the sea, but from the land, to the little village of Pargeth. Dinneford's bank failed in the neighbouring town, and half the village lost their savings. Mary Cressley lost more. She lost everything. When the winter came, and the worst was known, she found herself face to face with ruin.

She went to her landlord, a red-faced, sporting solicitor of bibulous habits. She had known him all her life, and hated him.

He had been expecting her visit, and received her a little grimly in his bare, untidy office.

He interrupted her timid explanations.

"I know all about it, Mary Cressley," he said. "Your money is lost—Dinneford's will never pay a farthing—and you can't pay your rent, eh?"

"Not just yet," she admitted.

"Not just yet or ever," he interrupted. "How should you pay it? You've got nothing."

"I was going to ask you to wait for a little time, and I would try and get some lodgers," she said.

He laughed scornfully.

"You'd get no one before the summer," he said; "and how do you suppose you're going to live and pay your rent out of boarders?"

"I can't think of anything else," she said, desperately.

"I can," he answered. "You must do what you'd have done years ago if you'd been a sensible woman—marry me!"

She rose at once to her feet.

"That," she declared, "is impossible."

"Is it?" he answered. "Well, then, it's also impossible for me to wait for my rent. I'll give you a week."

She went away without a word. For three days she hesitated. Then she sat down and wrote to John Garland. He had spoken truthfully when he said that he had become a man of affairs. His name was everywhere in the papers lately — the new Colonial millionaire, the owner of gold-mines and townships. Pargeth, it seemed, had entertained a Prince in disguise.

She wrote the letter, and as soon as she had finished it she tore it up. Her head was buried in her arms.

"I can't!" she moaned. "I can't!"

Then legal documents came to terrify her. A man made an inventory of all she possessed—a man who handled her precious pieces of china as though they had been jam-pots, and even counted her household linen. The terror came again! She thought of the workhouse—the cold, grey building on the hillside—its bare rooms, the long-drawn-out days of agony. Again she wrote to John Garland. This time she would have posted the letter, but Fate sent in her way a newspaper. She learned that he had purchased a great country estate, and announced his intention of marrying. The name of the lady was mentioned — the daughter of a poverty-stricken peer, a reigning beauty for several seasons.

Mary tore up her letter and went down to look at the sea. If only she had the courage!

Her landlord, Peter Sewell, came once more—the night before the sale. He was flushed, and he smelt of drink. He talked in a loud voice, and he had a good deal to say about her folly. In the end she turned him out of the house. It was her last luxury, and she enjoyed it.

There were barely a score of people at the sale. Amongst them was the vicar, flushed and anxious, with a little list in his hand which he kept consulting. When the auctioneer mounted his chair the vicar for a moment intervened.

"May I," he said, turning to face the few people, "say just one word? You all know the painful circumstances under which this sale has become necessary. You all know very well our dear friend, Miss Mary Cressley. A few of us have subscribed to buy her furniture, and thus keep a home for her amongst us until the spring. Pargeth, unfortunately, is not a rich place, and the sum which we have been able to collect is, after all, very small. But I should like you all to know that when I bid, I bid for those who wish to return to this dear lady her few household goods."

There was a sympathetic murmur from the bystanders, a nod of approval from the auctioneer, and a growl from Sewell. A red-faced lady, who kept the inn, turned indignantly towards him.

"What I say is, let the poor lady keep her bits and bobs of furniture!" she exclaimed. "Who'd be the better off for them, I should like to know? And what's a matter of a bit of rent behind, eh? Hasn't she lived here respectable, and paid her way, all her life? Shame on them as is pressing her like this, I say."

Sewell turned upon them all a little fiercely.

"Look here," he said, "there's been enough of this sentimental rot. This is a business meeting. Get on with the sale, Cobb. If any of you think you're going to indulge in a little cheap charity, you're wrong. I'm here to buy myself. Now then, Cobb."

The sale proceeded. The vicar bid timidly for the first few lots. Sewell scornfully outbid him and secured them. Then there was a commotion outside. A great motor-car had swung up to the door. A man, head and shoulders taller than most of them, pushed his way in.

"What the devil's the meaning of this?" he exclaimed, looking around.

The vicar recognised the new-comer and scented a friend. He ignored the expletive. In a few words he made the situation clear.

"Right!" John Garland said, leaning his back against the wall. "You can leave the bidding to me, vicar. I'll take a hand in this."

Sewell glared across the room.

"Cobb," he said, turning to the auctioneer, "remember this is a cash affair. You can't take bids from strangers without the money."

John Garland laughed dryly, though there was little sign of humour in his face.

"My name is John Garland," he said. "I've a thousand pounds in my pocket, a few hundred thousands in the bank, and a few millions behind that. Like to examine these notes, Mr. Auctioneer?" he added, holding a packet out to him.

The auctioneer waved them away.

"Quite satisfactory, Mr. Garland," he said.

"Go on with the sale," Sewell shouted. "Confound you! I'll make you pay for your interference!"

No one else thought of bidding. Without turning a hair John Garland paid twenty pounds for a tea-pot and seventeen for a china ornament. Then came the piano. Sewell started it with an evil smile.

"Ten pounds!" he said.

"Absurd!" Garland murmured. "Twenty!"

"Thirty!" Sewell replied.

"Fifty!" Garland bid.

The room became breathlessly still. These were sums which belonged to fairyland. The last bid was Sewell's—one hundred and forty pounds. Garland paused for a moment.

"Is that Mr. Sewell's bid?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," the auctioneer answered, waiting.

Garland leaned over and struck a few notes upon the piano—a miserable, worn-out affair, barely worth the amount of the first bid. He shook his head.

"I don't believe Miss Cressley cares about this piano much," he said. "Half the notes seem to be gone, too. I think I'll let Mr. Sewell have it."

There was an instant's breathless silence—then an angry exclamation from Sewell, drowned in a roar of laughter from the company. The auctioneer's hammer descended.

"It's a rascally swindle!" Sewell roared. "I sha'n't pay for it. Put it up again."

John Garland smiled.

"I certainly didn't pledge my word to buy everything," he said. "I dare say there'll be pickings for you, Mr. Sewell."

Sewell flung himself out of the room, and the sale was over in half an hour. The vicar wrung John Garland's hand.

"God bless you, sir!" he said. "You couldn't find a better use for your money than this, I promise you. She's the sweetest, most unselfish little lady that ever breathed."

"Glad to hear you say so, sir," Garland answered. "I'm going to marry her to-morrow."

The vicar looked amazed.

"My dear Mr. Garland!" he exclaimed.

"Quite correct," Garland continued. "I've a special licence here. I suppose you can arrange it some time to-morrow?"

The vicar took the document into his fingers.

"To-morrow is Christmas Eve," he said, "and they'll be busy decorating all day. But I dare say we can manage it," he added, with a smile. "By the by, is it a secret?"

"You can tell anyone you like," John Garland answered, "except Miss Cressley, in case you should see her first."

"Doesn't she know?" the vicar gasped.

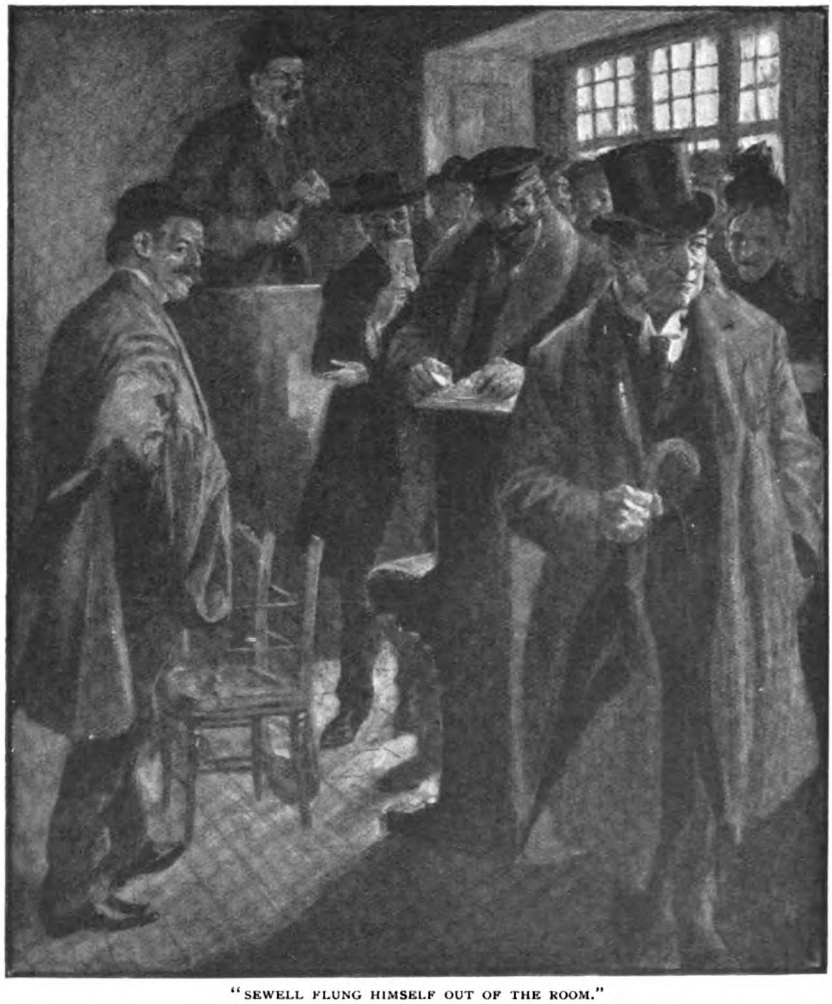
"Not yet!" John Garland answered.

Late in the evening Mary Cressley came stealing back from the farm on the moors where she had spent most of the day. A fine snow was falling, and a cold wind blew through her thin clothes. She remembered that there would be no furniture nor any fire in her stripped home, and a sob came into her throat. Perhaps they would have left a rug or something—her clothes she was not sure about. Tears dimmed her eyes as she made her way down the little lane. It was her last home-coming.

Below were the lights of the village—cheerful enough—the ringers were practising a Christmas peal, the sound of the bells came with extraordinary distinctness through the clear air. Then she turned the corner and gave a little start of surprise. There were lights in her own cottage. Some neighbours must be there!

She walked more slowly. When she reached the gate she peered in, and her heart almost stopped beating. The furniture was all there! Nothing had been taken away!

She began to tremble. She scarcely knew how she pushed open the door. From the kitchen came a pleasant smell of cooking—



"SEWELL FLUNG HIMSELF OUT OF THE ROOM."

the parlour door was open. She peered in. A great figure rose from his knees.

"It's this infernal grate again," said a familiar voice. "I can't make the thing go. Never mind. Supper's ready in the kitchen."

She swayed upon her feet.

"Mr. Garland!" she exclaimed.

"May as well call me John," he answered, "as we're going to be married to-morrow."

She fell into his arms. Her hat was crushed, and the little fair curls came tumbling over her ears. He took the pale face in his strong hands, and kissed her upon the lips.

"Mary, you little fool," he said, "why didn't you send for me?"

"I don't know," she murmured, weakly. "I thought you were going to be married."

"So I am, to you, to-morrow," he answered. "I've fixed it up with the vicar. Come in to supper and I'll tell you all about it."

He led her out of the room, his arm around her waist. She forgot that she had ever been wet and cold and lonely. For a moment she believed that she had died upon the moor and been taken up into heaven. And then he kissed her once more upon the lips, and she knew that she was on earth!

"PROBLEM" PICTURES.

"IT is impossible," writes the Hon. John Collier to THE STRAND MAGAZINE, "to paint any picture about which questions cannot be asked. One cannot explain everything in a picture as one can in a story. I endeavour to tell my story as plainly and as definitely as I can, but the limitations of painting prevent the explanation being exhaustive. It is true that people do ask more questions about my pictures than about many others; but I think that is only because I treat subjects of general human interest. But the one thing I want to avoid is to be enigmatical, and yet the Press will take up the parrot-cry of 'problem' till they bid fair to ruin my reputation as an artist, and to represent me as pandering to the vulgar curiosity of the crowd.

"I must protest against the term 'problem.' My pictures are the outcome of a theory that artists should preferably paint their own times, and also that the portrayal of emotion is a very important part of painting. Consequently I like to paint little dramas of everyday life, and to paint them as they really happen, with a studious avoidance of exaggeration and theatricality. And then they call me 'sensational' and talk drivel about 'problems.'"

One recalls the theory of the Chinaman who had a copy of "A Marriage of Convenience" hung up in his house at Shanghai. His idea of the story was that wife No. 2 had stripped and beaten wife No. 1 and donned her garments!

Here is what the artist himself says:—

"The interpretation of the 'Mariage de Convenance' is simple enough. The wedding-dress is laid out on the bed, so it is the eve of the wedding. The mother has come

"A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE." BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.

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THE MEYER "MADONNA." By HANS HOLBEIN.
(From a Photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl.)

in, and finds her daughter in despair. She tells her not to be a little fool. The mother is simply contemptuous. She knows her daughter will go through with it when it comes to the point.

"I admit at once that there are other explanations possible (even that of the China-man!); but my point is that, far from wilfully setting a puzzle, I have done my best to make things clear. I think most people of average intelligence and with not too subtle minds would understand the picture as I have meant it.

"As I have said before, it is impossible to

explain everything in a picture as one can explain it in writing. On the other hand, the picture can make a more direct and vivid appeal to the emotions than can literature, and it would be a great pity if artists were never to make this appeal. My aim is to make people feel, and sometimes to think, but never to puzzle them. If I do puzzle them, it is against my wish and merely owing to the inevitable limitations of my art.

"I want my point of view to be put to the public. So far it has been mostly misrepresented. There is one little consolation that I give myself: I think it probable that people ask most questions about the pictures that most interest them. The questions are generally silly, but I hope that the interest is genuine."

It must be confessed that the term "problem" as applied to a picture whose exact significance does not at once leap to the eye is not very felicitous.

Yet, find fault with the term as we will, what other is there which expresses a work of art in which the artist's meaning is capable of several different interpretations? It is only human nature, when one is perplexed how to explain a scene in a play, a poem, or a picture, to ask what the author himself intended to convey. In this sense problem pictures are centuries old—probably as old as painting itself. Many of the Venetian and Florentine masters painted problem pictures. Any picture in which there is a pronounced difference of opinion as to the meaning is a problem picture. Holbein's masterpiece, the Meyer Madonna, in Darmstadt, one of the finest pictures in the world, is also one of the most celebrated problem pictures. Whole volumes have been written to propound, defend, or oppose a given meaning; the greatest minds in Europe, including Tieck, Schlegel, and Ruskin, have pronounced varied opinions, and yet the painter's meaning is no nearer elucidation than it was nearly four centuries ago.

The Meyer Madonna in the old schloss of Darmstadt, belonging to the Grand Duke of Hesse, is one of the great sacred pictures of the world. It represents the Burgomaster of Basle, Jacob Meyer, and his family kneeling in adoration at the feet of the Virgin Mary.

"THE AWAKENING." By T. C. GOTCH.

(By permission of the Committee of the Bristol Art Gallery.)

For reasons already mentioned a number of suggestions, more or less improbable, have been made as to the inner meaning of the painting. It has been suggested that it is a votive picture to commemorate the recovery of a sick child. This idea is carried still farther by others, who say that the infant in the Madonna's arms is the soul of a dead child, while a third interpretation is that it is the soul of the woman kneeling next to the Virgin, who is supposed to have recently died. Other explanations have been given, but they are all sentimental refinements of modern German criticism, first voiced by Tieck and Schlegel, which might not have occurred to them if they had studied the original instead of the copy.

Ruskin was on the side of the sentimentalists. He says (*Cornhill Magazine*, 1860): "The received tradition respecting the Holbein Madonna is beautiful, and I believe the interpretation to be true. A father and mother have prayed to her for the life of their sick child. She appears to them, her own Child in her arms. She puts down her Christ before them, takes their child into her arms instead; it lies down upon her bosom and stretches its hands to its father and mother, saying 'Farewell.'" "The simplest explanation," says Mr. Arthur B. Chamberlain, "and the most probable, is that it is merely an ordinary picture of Virgin and Child with the donors in adoration, and it is splendid enough in its simplicity without the need of any refined subtleties added to it by Teutonic sentimentalists."

Roughly, all allegorical pictures are problem pictures. They only differ in the degree with which the artist's meaning may be divined. One of the difficulties which face the spectator of such an admirable canvas as that of Mr. T. C. Gotch is to separate flesh and blood figures from spirits or mere hallucination — products of reverie. Are the three figures in "The Awakening" actually seen by the young girl who sits apart, or is she merely looking into space and the figures introduced by the artist merely as an allegory of the three important stages of a woman's life? Or are they the product of a day-dream? Or, again, is the explanation to be found in the words of one critic, "In this beautiful canvas" (which hangs in the Bristol Art Gallery) "we are shown the presiding angels of female childhood, girlhood, and maternity

"THE SPANISH LETTER-WRITER." By J. B. BURGESS, R.A.

(By permission of the Art Union of London, 112, Strand, Publishers of the Engraving.)

suddenly appearing to a maiden into whose heart human love has for the first time found a lodgment"?

When the late J. B. Burgess, R.A., was sojourning in Spain the spectacle of the public letter-writer suggested to his mind the subject of one of his most popular pictures. It occurred to him in the progress of the design to hint at a pleasant little drama, in which the scribe should figure as an intermediary; but he was quite unprepared for the universal interest and discussion which the finished canvas excited. "The Spanish Letter-Writer" is, in truth, a fair sample of the pleasing problem picture beloved of the public for its suggestion of romance in everyday life, and which is always present in one form or another at every exhibition at Burlington House. Several descriptions of the "meaning" of the picture were published, Wilkie Collins wrote a short story around the incident, and a large number of letters reached the artist, either asking him to tell his correspondents what the young woman was doing or about to do, or offering him their own versions of the "story." One of these latter was considered so ingenious an "explanation" of his work that Burgess good-humouredly adopted it in lieu of his own, which he confessed was "rather vague":—

"Old Pedro Ricote was the public scribe of Valladolid. One day there came to him a maiden—beauteous, but illiterate—requesting him to indite for her a letter to a young soldier, Antonio, who had long paid her court. The correspondence went on famously until, in Antonio's absence, another suitor appeared. Inez had at last to choose between the two. Summoning the old scribe, her family gathered round to hear the result. Which would she choose? Would old Pedro advise? The old man trembled, but refused. In the midst of the scene the second suitor appears, trusting that Inez will send Number One his *congé*. An old woman bends to whisper in Pedro's ear. Inez catches the fateful words: 'Tell her, simpleton, that her absent lover is your own son!' Tableau!"

"THE ROOM WITH THE SECRET DOOR." By MISS JESSIE MACGREGOR.

As to vagueness, either in intention or title, a great critic has told us that "all inspiration is vague; when it is definite the Divine afflatus becomes a mere vulgar piping." Of "The Room with the Secret Door" the artist writes: "I purposely left the title a little vague, as by so doing the interest is heightened and people can make their own story and give their own explanation," and consequently many versions of the scene depicted appeared.

"The scene of the picture which I called 'The Room with the Secret Door,'" con-

"TOO LATE." By W. L. WINDUS.

(By courtesy of Messrs. Geo. Bell & Sons.)

tinues the painter, "is a fine old house in the Midlands—built in the time of James I. It is a rabbit-warren of a place—quite honeycombed with secret passages — and in the thickness of the walls are, or were when I was there, at least two secret chambers, used in the troublous times of the Civil Wars by fugitives in hiding. Between two of my visits there one of these rooms was opened out—and I have myself slept in it—it is a good-sized chamber, about thirteen feet by twelve feet. Still another room, concealed in the wall behind the great fireplace in the hall which I have painted, is known to exist, but it has not been explored.

"Although anyone may interpret the picture as they choose, yet," says Miss MacGregor, "I may state that Cromwell's Ironsides are seen through the windows to be approaching the house. They will search it from rafter to cellar to find the Cavalier who is hidden behind the wainscot. The lady of the mansion, just risen from supper, and who is nearly interested in the individual

"THE INTERCEPTED LETTER." By W. P. FRITH, R.A.
(By permission of the Artist.)

whom she has concealed, is nerving herself up to parry the questions which she knows will be forthcoming."

It is doubtful if many so-called problem pictures evoked more interest than that of the pre-Raphaelite painter, W. L. Windus, entitled "Too Late." When it was first publicly exhibited one cry went up, "What did it mean? Was it mother and daughter? Was it lover and mistress? Was it husband and wife? Was the little girl their child? Had the man come back to marry the woman? Had the woman returned to marry the man, only to find him married to another? Why was it too late?" Then the artist himself came forward, or someone on his behalf, to say that he had endeavoured to represent "a poor girl in the last stage of consumption, whose lover had gone away, to return at last, led by a little child, when it was 'too late.'"

Similarly, Mr. Frith, R.A., had no sooner shown his "The Intercepted Letter" than he became a target for the curious interrogations of the curious. One would have thought that the "story" was here fairly

simple; yet not so simple as to prevent numerous differing constructions to be put upon it. To show that this was really the case, a wag of the day, supposed to be the painter's friend, Mark Lemon, drew up the following alternative *dramatis personæ* of "The Intercepted Letter," by William Powell Frith, Esq., R.A. :—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE LADY.

Wife: } Writing to her Parents.
Sweetheart: } Writing to another Man.
Invalid: Receiving Extortionate Physician's Bill.
Fair Litigant: Receiving Extortionate Solicitor's Bill.
Sister: Trying to save her Brother.

THE GENTLEMAN.

Husband: } Writing to his Parents.
Lover: } Writing to another Woman.
Physician: Endeavouring to obtain payment of Extortionate Bill.
Solicitor: Endeavouring to obtain payment of Extortionate Bill.
Brother: Trying to save Sister.

Many of my readers may remember the stir caused by Mr. Yeames's picture, "Defendant and Counsel," some dozen years ago. So widespread was the interest it excited that it was bought by the proprietors of the *Graphic* newspaper, who (in the words of the artist) "offered a prize to their readers for the best explanation of the subject of the picture, appointing me to award it, which I did, after reading many letters." Some of these explanations were very far-fetched indeed, one correspondent giving it as his opinion that the woman had committed murder and had involuntarily betrayed her crime to counsel! Lawyers took the matter up and wrote letters to the papers, showing the impossibility of such a scene taking place, as silk and stuff gownsmen do not confer in a client's presence.

"I beg to say," Mr. Yeames now writes us, "that the scene of my picture of 'Defendant and Counsel' is supposed to take place in one of the consulting-rooms attached to a court of law, where counsel and clients meet at intervals to discuss how the case should be carried on.

"My only idea," he continues, "when painting the picture was to depict the eagerness of counsel to obtain from the lady defendant information on a point on which the defence depended, and the unwillingness of the lady to enlighten them, lest by doing so she should compromise a friend of hers."

Thus we see the force of Mr. Collier's contention, that a painter paints as experience and imagination suggest, but that "the limitations of painting prevent the explanation being exhaustive." The proper course is to select the most plausible and impressive solution, and forthwith to present the same to the artist, who may be just as grateful for such an interpretation as anyone else.

"DEFENDANT AND COUNSEL." By W. F. YEAMES, R.A.
(By permission of the Proprietors of the *Graphic*.)

DOUBLE SCULLS.

By H. C. BAILEY.

MISS LEIGH was the admiration of three parishes. Not because of her beauty. Ilsley, Wepley, and Norton Underwood are too respectable to admire that. She was indeed handsome—opulently handsome; but, as my aunt has always insisted, you do not notice that in a thoroughly good girl.

The eldest daughter who is a mother to her brothers and sisters is traditionally and justly honoured of women and men. In Ilsley (whereof her father is rector), in Wepley, and in Norton Underwood you could not speak of Miss Leigh without hearing how admirable a mother she made.

Ilsley rectory is set in a pleasant land, a land of orchard-clad hills and dark meadows, of rich red earth. On a day of splendid summer, when the hot air was laden with the breath of honeysuckle and meadow-sweet, Miss Leigh came briskly—she was always brisk—across the broad mead. The sound of whistling assailed her. As a mother, Miss Leigh disapproved of whistling. Also the tune was undesirably flippant:—

> Of all the girls that are so smart
> There's none like pretty Sally;
> She is the darling of my heart,
> And she lives in our alley.

Crossing the stile into Hilder's five-acre, Miss Leigh beheld the musician. In the shade of the hedge he sat surveying three or four men who laboured at an excavation. He was in his shirt-sleeves, which and the rest of him were much smeared with red earth. He ceased to whistle, and drank largely from a mug.

Miss Leigh passed by with reproof in her gait.

It was thrown away. The musician, sighing satisfaction over his empty mug, observed her energy with awe; but he quite failed to perceive that she disapproved of him. Then he forgot all about her and entered his excavation and joined in the work. A large rounded stone was thrown up. He yelled a halt to his labourers; he sat down on the edge of the trench and contemplated with joy that drum of sandstone, for on it spirals and the chevron pattern and a human face were rudely graven.

In this enthusiastic person you behold Mr. Jerome Kemp, Fellow of All Saints' College, Oxford, known to a few as an archæologist and to more as number three in two winning Oxford crews. His interest in excavation is said by the sneering to be hereditary, for his grandfather was a navvy. But he was a navvy in the railway boom of the 'forties, and swiftly became a contractor and amassed much money. This was increased in the next generation, and passing to Jerome Kemp enabled him to devote himself to archæology, a pursuit in which bread and butter are difficultly obtained.

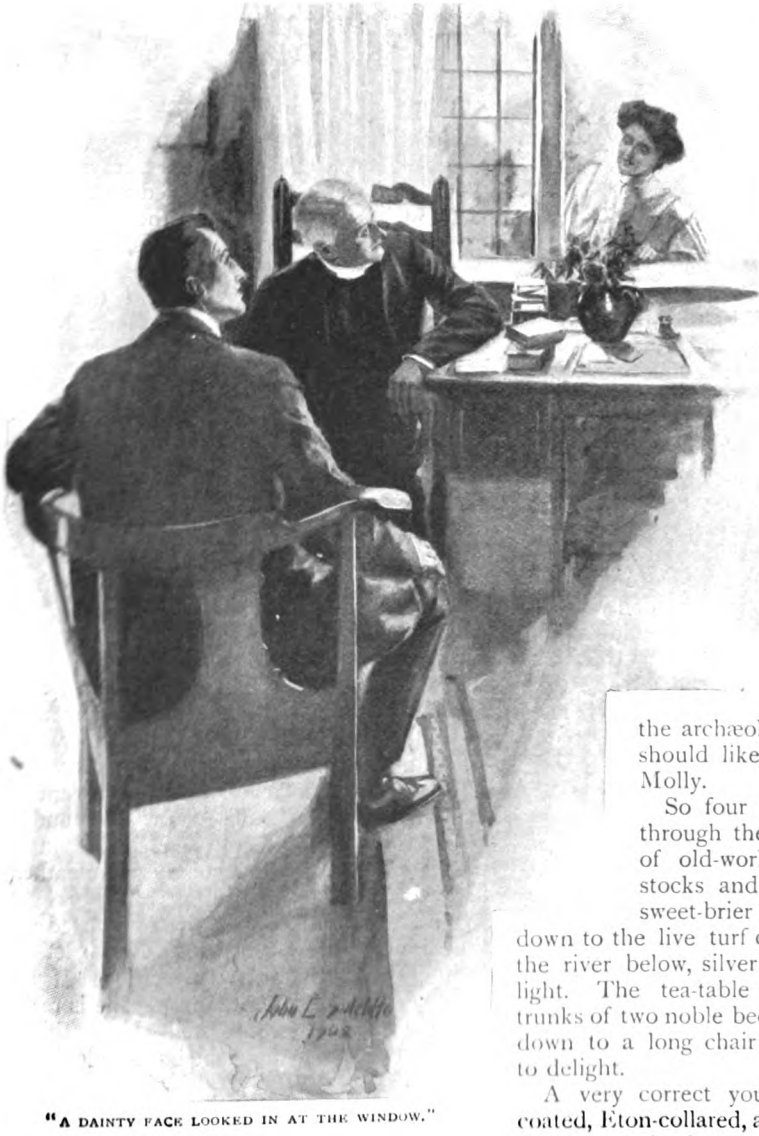
Now Jerome Kemp, coming from Oxford to excavate the long barrows of Midshire, bore with him letters of introduction to the clergy of the district. Well content with the sandstone drum as a result for his first day's labour, he made an end early. Cleansed and decently clothed he betook himself to Ilsley rectory. He knew nothing of the motherly daughter. The rector, who is not only human, but a scholar and a little of an archæologist, made him very welcome, and the two talked Oxford and the Stone Age with delight. The motherly daughter was still out. But as the talk grew quicker, and "Hissarlik" and "Gaoidheal" and "mesaticephalic" and "non-Aryan" resounded across the study, a dainty face looked in at the window and a low voice said, "Father, have you forgotten Mrs. Binks?"

"Bless my soul!" The rector started up. "Entirely, entirely. Pray, Mr. Kemp, let my little girl give you a cup of tea. If my eldest daughter were here now—she is really the house-mother—but—well—Nora, this is Mr. Kemp, the distinguished archæologist."

Mr. Kemp heard a very shy "How do you do?" and, as he bowed, saw dark brown eyes in the dainty face and a lissom form below. Then he was walking beside it to the drawing-room while the rector fled to the sick-bed of Mrs. Binks. In the drawing-room they sat stiffly, and Kemp tried to make conversation. He was very badly assisted. Nora said "Yes" and "No," and looked at her lap.

Through a moment of silence Kemp eyed her critically. "Shall I also remember a Mrs. Binks?" he asked.

Nora looked up swiftly, blushing, undecided whether to stammer excuses or let him go. Jerry Kemp is no more beautiful than any other clean-limbed man of twelve stone, but his smile has conquered the Christian Cretan



"A DAINTY FACE LOOKED IN AT THE WINDOW."

and the Scotch shepherd. That smile now met Nora.

"Would you mind awfully having tea in the garden?" said Nora. Kemp sprang up. "The children will all be there," said Nora, doubtfully.

"I'm very well behaved," said Kemp.

Nora was persuaded to smile. "You see, I promised them I'd have tea with them, and I hate breaking promises to children."

Kemp looked down gravely at the dainty, innocent face. "It's brutal," he said.

Nora went lightly out by the window, and at once two small persons embraced her skirts, crying, "Nony, have you got rid of the man?"

"Oh, hush!" cried Nora, far too late, and turned blushing deliciously to Kemp. "Please don't mind." Kemp laughed, so Nora laughed too. "These terrible people are Gilbert and Molly, Mr. Kemp."

Two little brown hands were thrust out, and, as he took them, "I may have some tea, mayn't I?" said Kemp.

The frank eyes of two flushed little faces examined the archæologist critically. "We should like you to, please," said Molly.

So four happy people went off through the garden—that garden of old-world flowers, roses and stocks and cloves. Round the sweet-brier hedge they came, and down to the live turf of the lawn; they saw the river below, silver and black in broken light. The tea-table was set by the grey trunks of two noble beeches. Kemp dropped down to a long chair and gave himself up to delight.

A very correct young gentleman, black-coated, Eton-collared, and also plump and fair, came over the lawn. He was presented to Kemp as Wilfrid, and was extremely old in manner. He looked severely at Gilbert. "Mabel told you not to wear a flannel shirt in the afternoon, Gilbert," said he, conscious of virtue and starch.

Gilbert, comfortable in a limp shirt unbuttoned at his small neck, wriggled. "Mabel tells me such a lot of fings," he remarked.

"You ought to listen," said Wilfrid, and directed his stare to Nora. His smaller sister, Molly, looked battle at him. After a little of that, "Nora, Mabel doesn't approve of our having tea with company," said Wilfrid, sternly.

"You needn't," Molly snapped.

"It's very good of you to put us all right, Wilfrid," said Nora, gently, and turned from the virtuous child to Kemp. "Where did you say you had been excavating, Mr. Kemp?"

"One of the long barrows in the field they call Hilder's five-acre."

"Oo! Where ve fairies are!" Gilbert cried.

Wilfrid gave a superior laugh. "He's the baby, you know," he explained to Kemp. "He believes in fairies."

"I know vere are fairies," said Gilbert, placidly. "Aren't vere, Nony?"

Nora evaded the question. "Did you find any fairies in the barrow, Mr. Kemp?" she asked.

"I found what they'd left."

"Oo! Tell, tell!" Gilbert cried, and Molly, "Please tell!" Kemp consulted Nora's eyes.

"We all like stories," said Nora.

So Kemp began to talk of what was in the long barrows and of the folk who built them. He told of a strange England, an England all forest and marsh, and he peopled it with little men and women whose weapons and tools were all of bronze, who had a thousand strange customs.

Eager, round-eyed, the children listened, and Nora. But Wilfrid remained superior and ate. In the midst of her joy Molly was heard to murmur, "Pigs!"

Two women were coming briskly down the lawn. Kemp's story was suddenly cut off, and he arose to be presented to "my sister Mabel—Miss Leigh." He had no more than time to observe that Miss Leigh was royally handsome before she was presenting him to her companion, Mrs. Alcester, a woman of strenuous aspect. "I am sorry I was not at home when you called, Mr. Kemp," said Miss Leigh. "But this is not one of my days." She turned to her family. "Gilbert! I thought I told you not to wear those clothes in the afternoon. Go to the nursery at once, and stay there till bedtime."

"I told you so," said Wilfrid, with satisfaction.

Gilbert—a very miserable little Gilbert—arose and slunk off. Molly sprang up, crying, "All right, Gil, I'll come, too."

"SHE TURNED TO HER FAMILY. 'GILBERT! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU NOT TO WEAR THOSE CLOTHES IN THE AFTERNOON.'"

"You will do nothing of the kind," said Miss Leigh. "Stay where you are."

Molly plumped down with a grimace.

"It's my fault, really, Mabel," said Nora. "I let him."

"I want to speak to you, Nora," said Miss Leigh, severely, and led her sister away up the lawn.

Kemp looked after her with grave eyes.

"Miss Leigh is a perfect mother to them all," said Mrs. Alcester.

"Oh, really!" said Kemp.

Miss Leigh came back alone. It was possibly her indications that she did not want him which made Kemp linger. He was punished. For Mrs. Alcester discovered that his homeward way was the same as hers, and walked with him.

She found him on all topics extremely monosyllabic. She was not much troubled. She proceeded to give him a familiar history of all the inhabitants of Ilsley, with special references to the Leighs. Miss Leigh, she remarked, was the mother of the whole family. Kemp began to find that statement monotonous. "Miss Leigh is by nature a most motherly woman," Mrs. Alcester continued. "A remarkable power over children. And her mother died when the little ones were quite babies."

"Oh, I see why the mother died," said Kemp, wearily.

"Mr. Kemp!" Mrs. Alcester gasped.

"To give her daughter an opportunity," Kemp explained.

They parted coldly.

Thereafter Kemp spent, as duty bade, many shining hours in opening the long barrows. He dined at the rectory, and discussed his work with the rector till the moon was high. Miss Leigh treated the discussion with matronly contempt, and early suggested that Nora should go to bed. She conveyed to Kemp the impression that she considered archæology indecent.

But archæology did not occupy all his time. He has always had a comfortable way of seasoning business with pleasure, and finding that the Lode was a practicable river he wrote to Oxford for a Canadian canoe, and therein, with many cushions, he spent in lazy, happy meditation the ends of the afternoons.

One glorious day, when a breeze tempered the sun's glare and set light and shadow dancing on the water, Jerry Kemp brought his canoe slowly down the slow stream abreast of the rectory lawn. Nora sat in the shade reading, and looked up at the sound of the paddle and smiled. She was a delectable form in cool pale green.

"May I land?" said Kemp.

"Please."

Nora made room for his chair at her side. The large book she had been reading was put down on the grass. Kemp saw the familiar title, "British Archæology, Vol. I.: The Palæolithic Age," and his eyebrows lifted slightly, and he smiled at her.

Nora's cheeks darkened. "I don't know anything about it at all," she confessed, "but I think it's awfully interesting. Father says this is the best book. But you've written some yourself, haven't you?"

Kemp found the innocent compliment very agreeable. Then, as he thought of his own severely learned monographs, he shrugged his shoulders.

"Mine are very technical," he said.

Nora considered him with frank, serious eyes. "You know – when you were talking to the children, when you were talking to father, you made me ashamed of how much I don't know. I'm awfully, awfully ignorant."

Kemp did not laugh. "And I'm ashamed of how much I don't know—how little I've learnt with my chances. But you know a whole world of things that I don't. Where did you learn your way with the children?"

Nora's eyes smiled. "Aren't they dear?" she said, softly. "But you made them like you at once."

"You vouched for me," said Kemp. He sat up, his elbows on his knees, his chin in his hands, and became very serious. "It's good to learn things, and I suppose you can't learn anything true that isn't useful, but better than all that is the heart that's glad of life"—he looked up at Norah—"just glad of life."

They were both silent for a while. Then Nora turned and looked into his eyes. "It is good, isn't it?" she said. Kemp did not speak, and after a moment Nora looked away, but his eyes still dwelt on her.

Miss Leigh's royal voice was heard calling, "Nora! Nora!"

Nora turned quickly to Kemp: "Won't you come in?"

But Kemp started up. "No; I—I must go," he said, in some confusion. He felt that Miss Leigh would be utterly discordant.

So Nora watched him re-embark, and picked up her "British Archæology" and went in to her motherly sister.

"Pray, is Mr. Kemp in the habit of calling on you, Nora?" said Miss Leigh.

"No; I asked him to come ashore to-day."

"'MAY I LAND?' SAID KEMP."

"Indeed!" Miss Leigh's tone was now icy. She took Nora's book and sneered as she read the title. "'British Archæology.' Really! I suppose you thought he would be attracted if he found you reading this."

Nora quivered as if she had been struck, and her cheeks flamed hot. "I didn't," she gasped; "oh, I didn't."

"You have been most unmaidenly," said Miss Leigh.

"Mabel!" It was a cry like a child's in pain.

"I have no more to say," said Miss Leigh, and turned away.

Nora hurried, trembling and biting her lip, to her own room. A moment before she had felt the dawn of the great joy of life. Motherly ingenuity could have dealt no crueller blow than this. "Unmaidenly"—to a man who loved her. The worst crime against womanhood. Nora was hot with shame and the tears would not come.

Miss Leigh took pride in arranging people's lives.

In the next few days Kemp was not seen at the rectory, but the rector visited his excavations more than once, and dined with him at his inn. With this rare treasure, an intellectual equal, ready at hand, the rector was stimulated and became almost gay. In the lazy hours of the late afternoon Kemp paddled his canoe. More than once he had the delight of seeing Miss Leigh. She was sculling vigorously behind a large, handsome, ruddy man, with the virtuous Wilfrid steering. Their style made Kemp feel hot.

He found the explanation of this boat-load on a bill at his inn, which displayed the programme of Ilsley Regatta. "Ladies' and Gentlemen's Double Sculls" was one of the races. While Kemp considered it gravely his conversational landlord sidled up. "I don't know if as you're a rowing man, sir?" said the landlord. Kemp, Oxford Blue of two winning races, realized the limits of fame and murmured something indefinite. "Very

good little regatta we do 'ave, sir," said the landlord, complacently. "This, now—this is the great regatta, as you might say, when the gentry 'ave their fun. The men's club 'ave their regatta later, and separate, which I do 'old is fitting." He went on to talk of the races: how the Senior Fours would go to the Upton House Club—"which is one family as you might say, what with brothers-in-law"—how Wepley—"which is young gentlemen as do come there for week-ends"—might hope for the Senior and Junior Pairs. "'Ladies' and Gentlemen's Double Sculls,' now, that'll be for Miss Leigh and young Mr. Wallis. That's a cert., as folks say, sir. They won't 'ave no one in against 'em, they won't, not Miss Leigh." He continued conscientiously finding winners for all the host of events, punting, dongola races, boy and girl sculling, which in the prodigal way of small regattas Ilsley provided.

Then Kemp went upstairs and wrote a minutely technical letter to an Oxford boat-builder.

The next day his canoe was launched soon after lunch. He paddled up-stream placidly—most often with only one hand. "Jerry, now," said a friend once, "Jerry just wobbles a canoe round a corner—but it does go round the corner," and the description describes Kemp in other things.

He landed on the rectory lawn without invitation. It was not Nora but Miss Leigh who sat, a picturesque figure in the shade. With her was her large and handsome companion of the double-sculler.

Miss Leigh, beholding Kemp, manifested surprise. Her greeting was hardly hospitable. Kemp said that he had called to see the rector. Miss Leigh explained that the rector was never in at that hour. Kemp said, blandly, that he would wait, and sitting down wore an air of great content. There was a prolonged pause.

Miss Leigh (her manner was somewhat constrained) introduced him to her companion, Mr. Wallis. Kemp had nothing to say and no desire to say it. The other gentleman seemed to be in the same condition. There was another pause.

Miss Leigh—she has always hated silence—she was probably feeling desperate—broke violently into speech. "You never use anything but that canoe, Mr. Kemp. Don't you scull at all?"

"I feel more at home in a canoe."

"You should learn to scull," said Miss Leigh.

Kemp looked with lazy eyes at Wallis. "Rowing man?" he inquired.

"Mr. Wallis rowed for his college at Cambridge," said Miss Leigh, with dignity, and Wallis looked foolish.

"Really?" said Kemp. "Would you coach me, Wallis?"

"Spare you half an hour now and then," Wallis grunted.

Kemp settled himself more comfortably in his chair. "Ah, well, I don't think I'll trouble you," he remarked.

Miss Leigh gave him a look of cold displeasure and arose. "We must go," she announced, with emphasis, and called, "Wilfrid!"

Wilfrid appeared so swiftly that Kemp suspected him of eavesdropping. The three went off to the boat-house and embarked in the double-sculler. Kemp smiled at a bullfinch.

The bullfinch and he were quite happy together till the approach of Nora and the rector made one fly away and the other sit up. Nora's greeting was very shy. The rector began to talk archæology. After much of that Kemp led the conversation gently towards the regatta. "I suppose Miss Nora is going in for the Ladies' and Gentlemen's Double Sculls?" he asked, innocently.

"No, indeed!" said Nora.

"Nora is very much of a stay-at-home," said the rector. "Very quiet. Too quiet, I think, sometimes." He shook his white head at her.

Kemp turned to Nora. "I've been hoping you'd go in with me," he said, bluntly.

"Capital!" the rector cried "Capital! No doubt you rowed at Oxford, Mr. Kemp?"

"Yes, sir," said Kemp, over his shoulder. He was waiting to see Nora's eyes.

They were lifted at last. "I will, if you would like," said Nora. For a moment Kemp and she were alone in the world.

But the rector, good man, did not understand. He broke in again: "Capital! Capital! I am sure it would be good for you, Nora. And Mabel will be glad to have a race." Kemp again beheld the bullfinch. It appeared to wink. "Mabel was afraid no one would venture to go in against her," the rector explained.

"Ah, really?" said the innocent Kemp. "Well, I've a sort of a boat coming, Miss Nora. I'll paddle it round at six to-morrow, if you could come then." That engagement was made. Kemp departed exultant.

But he had not to deal with Miss Leigh. Nora met her motherly sister in the drawing-room before dinner. "Mabel, I'm going in for the double sculls with Mr. Kemp."

"Indeed!" Miss Leigh seemed to expand. "I suppose you are not serious, Nora?" But obviously Nora was. "None of the county people know anything of Mr. Kemp. He is a mere casual acquaintance of ours. You must see how unbecoming it would be."

"Father says it would be good for me to go in."

"Father does not understand these things. I am surprised at you, Nora. I told you that your behaviour to Mr. Kemp was most unmaidenly." Miss Leigh, with a curious light in her fine eyes, waited to see how that hurt.

But now Nora was sure of herself. "I don't think it is," she said, quietly.

Miss Leigh's lips parted. This was revolt. "You will allow me to know best," she snapped. Nora shook her head. "The man is a mere nobody who has forced himself upon us, and you propose to show yourself in outrageous familiarity with him. Do you want to have everyone talking of your conduct?" cried Miss Leigh.

"'DO YOU WANT TO HAVE EVERYONE TALKING OF YOUR CONDUCT?' CRIED MISS LEIGH."

"You see," said Nora, quietly, "what I am to Mr. Kemp doesn't matter to anyone else."

Miss Leigh grew crimson. This dreadful theory struck at the root of parochial righteousness. "If you have no sense of propriety," she declared, "I must have for you. I insist on your not rowing with Mr. Kemp."

"It's no use, Mabel; I've promised," said Nora.

Miss Leigh turned upon her sister an angry back. Soon the rector arrived; but still, and all through dinner and after, Miss Leigh nursed her wrath and spoke to Nora only in short necessary phrases. She attempted no more argument. But when the rector went to his study she followed him. He was always easier to manage alone.

So the rector had hardly found his place in Herodotus before Miss Leigh swept in upon him. He sighed, and reluctantly laid Herodotus down. "Father, I want you to forbid Nora rowing in this double-sculling race," said Miss Leigh, with great energy.

The rector was surprised. "Why, my dear, you have no competitors," he remonstrated, gently. "I thought you would be glad of someone to row against."

"Why should I?" cried Miss Leigh.

The rector remembered hearing someone say that few women could be sportsmen. "What is your objection to Nora's rowing?" he asked.

"I object to her associating with this Mr. Kemp. He is a mere nobody, and——"

"He is a gentleman," said the rector, sharply.

"None of the county people know him."

The rector sighed. "None of them know anyone so interesting."

"It will set everyone talking of Nora and coupling her name with his."

The rector looked curiously at his daughter. "I am sure Nora will despise what vulgar people say."

"Well, I must say," Miss Leigh cried, "I strongly disapprove of her intimacy with Mr. Kemp, and I think my wishes ought to be respected."

"It is possible you are wrong, my dear," said the rector.

Miss Leigh banged the door.

So on the morrow Kemp found Nora waiting for him by the landing-stage. On that day and many others a white-clad crew went slipping along in a light double-sculler. Nora rowed bow behind Kemp, and the small Gilbert was coxswain. "Don't try to work hard," said Kemp; "try to work the right way." From time to time he sent scraps of opportune criticism over his shoulder. "You're lying much too far back at the finish. You must finish with me. Put your sculls in square. You're not dropping your hands at once." And Nora, tremendously serious, strove with humble zeal to amend. It was very pleasant, this instruction—and trying to obey.

Kemp taught her to get her sculls in clean and get them out clean, to come slowly forward and begin and finish with him. It sufficed. She would not hinder; there was no need for her to help. The work of the boat he proposed to provide.

One afternoon he found Nora waiting without Gilbert. "Will you land?" she said, with her sedate little smile. "I want to talk." Kemp tied the boat up and stepped ashore and waited. "Under the trees," said Nora. So again they sat in the shade of the beeches. Nora turned a very grave face to him. "Mr. Kemp—at the regatta—when we race—do you very much want to win?"

Kemp smiled. "Well, don't you?"

"You see," said Nora, "you see, Mabel would be awfully hurt if she lost."

Kemp's face hardened. "So you'd like to lose instead?"

"Do you mind?" said Nora, timidly.

Kemp drove his heel into the ground and looked at it. Then he flung back his head with a queer, half-angry, half-contemptuous laugh. "A man's a bit of a brute," he said. "I thought you'd like to beat her."

"Indeed, I'm not like that," cried Nora.

Kemp laughed again. "Oh, I see you're not. Well, shall we scratch?"

Nora looked down at the turf. "You know, if we did, Mabel would think we talked about going in just to tease her. Could we—could we row and she win? She'd like that."

"You don't give her much of a character," said Kemp, with a grin.

"Oh, indeed, I didn't mean anything horrid," cried Nora. "But, you see, Mabel has always been used to winning."

"Very bad for her. All right, we'll let 'em win; but I may make 'em row hard, mayn't I?"

"Oh, yes," Nora laughed. She turned to Kemp and put an impulsive hand on his arm. "It's simply awfully good of you. I know a man always wants to win, doesn't he?"

Kemp looked into her eyes. "Yes. A man always wants to win," he said, slowly.

Nora's hand fell. Nora turned away, blushing deeply. "We—we want Gilbert,"

she said unsteadily, and rose, calling "Gilbert! Gilbert!" The small boy came.

So for the Ladies' and Gentlemen's Double Sculls two crews entered, one of which was determined to win, the other determined to lose. The arrangement is recommended as likely to minimize disappointment.

Ilsley Regatta introduces you to a wide, straight reach of river bordered with meadow and lawn. There is a motley array of craft laden with enthusiastic spectators. The more exalted are entertained by Mrs. Alcester in her garden, where enthusiasm wilts like a rose in a hothouse.

It fell to the Ladies' and Gentlemen's Double Sculls to be rowed in the hottest moments of the afternoon. The two crews paddled down to the start, turned, and sat sweltering. The umpire's launch let off a little steam; the umpire—a hard-bitten face under a shabby straw hat—leant forward and made the familiar remarks. The word was given. The two boats were off.

At once Miss Leigh and Wallis went ahead. Their jerky stroke, their lug at the beginning, got pace on the boat quickly. But in a few seconds Kemp drew level, and feeling Nora hold out the stroke behind him, hearing the rattle of the rowlocks as they locked up the finish together, knew that they might, if they chose, go clear away and win by thirty yards. It was not permitted. He drove his boat half a length ahead—those others should at least be made to race for their lives—and then he began to slack off. "Paddle! Only Paddle!" he grunted over his shoulder to Nora, and permitted himself to watch Miss Leigh and Wallis. They were red, they were panting, they laboured mightily, they looked exceedingly unhappy, but not one inch did they gain. Kemp became still more slack—as slack as he could be with any pretence of racing. But Nora—he felt Nora rowing with vigour. "Paddle! Paddle! Paddle!" he muttered. Nora did not hear or did not heed. She drove each stroke hard through to the finish. They were close to the winning-post now. Miss Leigh was still a good half-length behind. A few seconds more and she would be beaten.

Kemp carefully feathered under water with his right scull.

He heard the horrified gasp of Gilbert, the small coxswain, as the way of the boat was checked with a jerk and the bow swung off to the bank. Miss Leigh and Wallis swept by. Kemp recovered himself and put in half-a-dozen of the hardest strokes of his life.

Miss Leigh won by a quarter of a length.

The two boats drifted on side by side. Miss Leigh, scarlet and breathless, looked at her rivals viciously. "Well rowed, Mr. Kemp!" said she, with sarcastic emphasis, and laughed. The virtuous Wilfrid, her coxswain, also laughed, and others. "I hope you're satisfied now, Nora," said Miss Leigh.

Neither Nora nor Kemp answered. Kemp said sharply to Nora, "Ship your sculls. I'll take you up to the rectory." And then for a few minutes Nora might have seen some very pretty sculling. But her eyes were full of tears.

When they came to the rectory lawn she landed and hurried in without a word. Kemp was left looking at Gilbert, the coxswain—an extremely serious little Gilbert. "Oh, was it my fault?" said Gilbert, in a small, frightened voice.

"Not a bit, old man."

"I did want to win, you know," said Gilbert, dolefully.

"It was all my fault you lost," said Kemp. "I'm sorry, Gilbert."

"Oh—" Gilbert considered him gravely—"oh, I—" the brave little face brightened—"I don't mind really. Please don't care about it."

"You're a brick, Gilbert," said Kemp.

The small boy laughed happily and ran off.

Kemp, sculling back alone, passed Miss Leigh and Wallis and Wilfrid. They were again amused at him. As he came up the regatta course between two races a number of spectators also smiled. There is little mercy in this world for the catchers of crabs.

Two hours later Kemp came forth from his inn arrayed in other clothes. With a somewhat grim air of determination he tramped to the rectory. Nora was on the lawn with Gilbert and Molly. Nora started round at his step and he came close to her.

They stared at each other. Neither he nor she had anything to say.

Then Molly, a little woman of quick perceptions, cried: "I'll race you to the orchard, Gil!" and the two children scampered away. Nora's cheeks were pink.

"I'm awfully, awfully sorry!" she broke out, turning to Kemp with a quick, impulsive movement. "It was simply horrid of Mabel."

"To jeer?" Kemp laughed. "Does it matter to you and me what anybody else says of us?"

Nora looked down at the ground and patted with a small foot at the daisies. "I was horrid, too. I made it awfully hard for you. I ought to have been lazy and helped you lose."

"THE WAY OF THE BOAT WAS CHECKED WITH A JERK AND THE BOW SWUNG OFF TO THE BANK."

"You didn't—much," Kemp smiled.

Nora's brow wrinkled. "I know. I didn't think. I just went on rowing. It was my fault you had to catch that crab and look—and—and be——"

"Laughed at. Oh, what does it matter?" cried Kemp.

"It does matter," said Nora, very seriously. "You know when we were racing I forgot all about letting Mabel win, and just rowed as hard as I could! It all seemed different then. I wanted awfully that we shouldn't be beaten."

"I'm sorry, then——"

"Oh, you did just what I asked, and it was splendid of you. And I don't care for myself one bit. I'm glad I didn't beat Mabel. But—but—but I'm sorry I made you lose." She looked into Kemp's eyes.

"There's a lot of losing races in life," said Kemp, in a low voice.

Nora's eyes fell. "P'r'aps I'd make you lose again," she murmured.

"You'd always make it awfully hard to lose. But if I caught crabs again—not on purpose—if we did lose sometimes"—he took her hands, but her eyes were hidden still. "Nora!"

She raised her eyes to his. Her lips curved in a smile. "I'm not afraid," said Nora.

Through the silence came from the orchard gay child voices.

Miss Leigh would wish you to know what she thought of it.

Her father gave her the news. Miss Leigh stiffened in every line of her handsome form. "Indeed!" she said, disdainfully. "I suppose Mr. Kemp has heard that Nora has a little money."

The rector frowned. "That is a charitable suspicion, Mabel. But Mr. Kemp is a wealthy man."

"I was never told," cried Miss Leigh, flushing.

The rector looked at her over his spectacles. "Why should you be?" he inquired.

"Of course, Nora knew all along!" said Miss Leigh.

By E. V. LUCAS.

"THE paper," said the old gentleman, "has been carefully planned to meet a long-felt want. I have given immense thought to the matter. Look for yourself."

He handed me a copy.

"But first," he said, "I ought, perhaps, to tell you how it originated. You must know that I am a doctor, and until recently, when I gave it up and entered upon the present scheme, I had a very extensive practice in a great Flat centre of London. Where there are flats, as you may have observed, there are babies; for flats are largely the homes of those delightful people, rarely seen apart, whom we refer to always as young couples."

The old gentleman's eyes glistened with goodwill to man as he said these words.

"I suppose," he continued, "I have had during the past ten years an average of three births a week, almost all in a square mile of mansions, and many of them, a great proportion of them, first children."

He glistened again.

"Ah," he went on, "it is the first children that count! Women are sweet creatures; but the difference between a mother's interest in her first child and her second is almost indescribable."

He sighed.

"And this," he said, "brings me to my point. My point is that no matter what the ordinary person says, whether it is the father or the father-in-law, the mother or the mother-in-law, the nurse or the doctor, or anyone else, no matter who it is that speaks or what the superlatives that are employed, *the baby is not admired sufficiently to please the mother.* There, sir, you have the kernel of the whole matter."

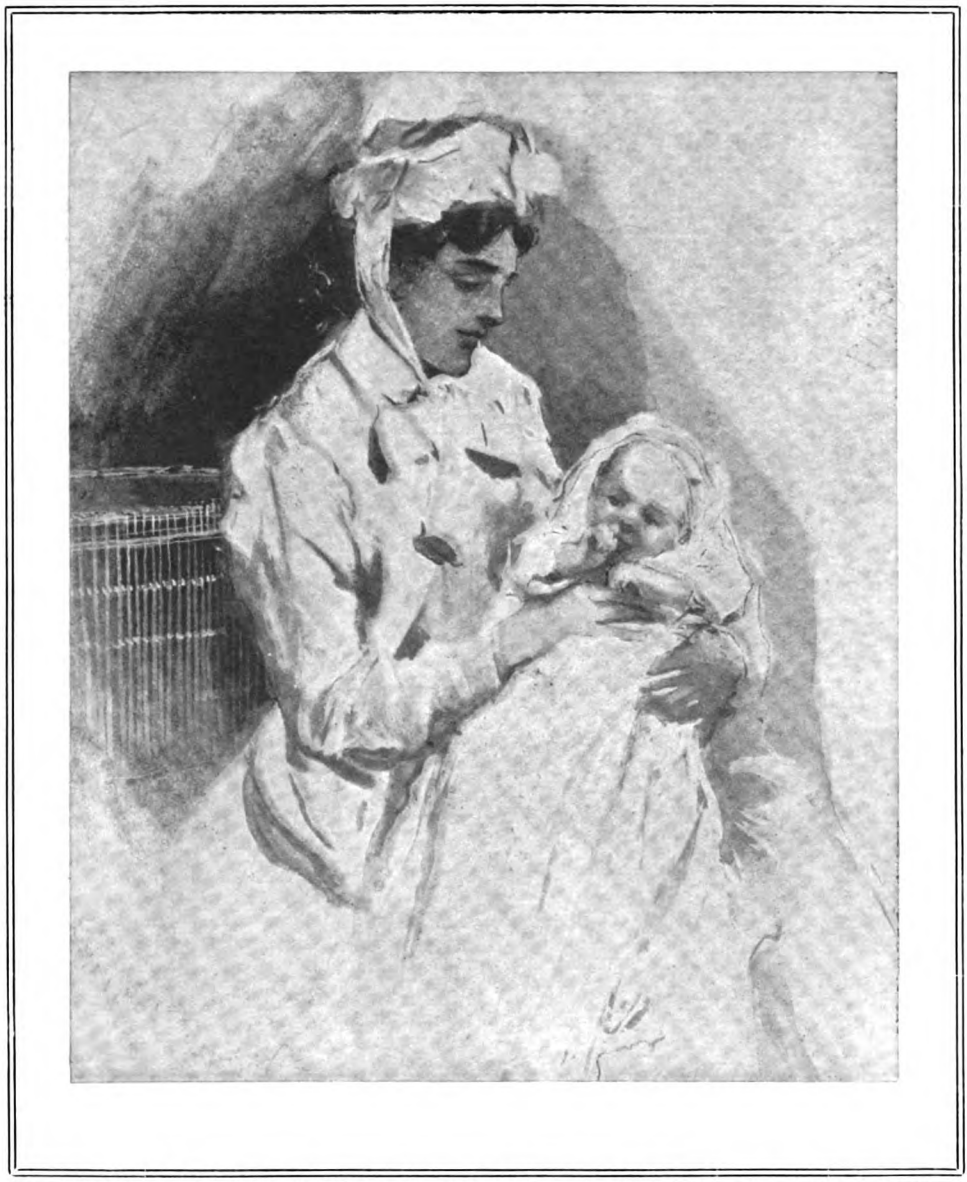
I agreed.

"In my large practice," he continued, "I naturally observed this difficulty—indeed,

was forced upon me daily, for with all my endeavours I also have constantly fallen short of what is expected of me; and when the other day I retired, I determined to spend my leisure in doing what I could to make those poor, famished young mothers happier. I would, I said, invent some method of praising their babies adequately, or, if not adequately—for that, of course, is impossible—more acceptably."

He pointed to the paper in my hand, which as yet I had had no opportunity to open.

"Now, sir," he said, "you know the persistent fascination of print. You know that in spite of all the myriad newspapers, daily and weekly, that now assail our peace; in spite, too, of the fact that most of us are more or less intimately acquainted with someone who writes—so familiar with him, indeed,



"'GWENDOLINE FRANCES WILKINSON,' WHO HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED BY MRS. WILKINSON, OF 23, MILTON MANSIONS, BEDFORD PARK, IS ONE OF THE MOST PERFECT WORKS WE EVER REMEMBER TO HAVE SEEN."

as to be contemptuous; none the less, no sooner does a thing, however trite, get into print than we approach it with a certain feeling of reverence. Our national scepticism disappears. We worship."

I agreed.

"Very well. If, I said to myself, these poor young mothers are really to be made happy by the praise of their babies, those praises must be in print. They must be made public, distributed throughout the world. And that paper in your hand, the *Babies' Review*, was the result."

He took the paper again and opened it.

"I have chosen," he said, "as a model the *Athenæum*, and by what I hope is a pardonable fancy I have likened the birth of a new child to the publication of a new book. Listen!" And he read as follows in a rich, sympathetic voice:—

NEW GIRLS.

"Gwendoline Frances Wilkinson," who has just been published by Mrs. Wilkinson, of 23, Milton Mansions, Bedford Park, is one of the most perfect works we ever remember to have seen. The style is simple but wholly effective, the utmost finish being given even to trifles. The keynote of the work is sweetness and placidity, although a pleasant impression of something a little more positive is not lacking. The work is uniformly so healthy that a long life may confidently be hoped for it. England cannot have too much of this kind of boon.

"There," said the doctor, "that is the sort of thing. Here is another, under the heading:—

"THE LATEST BOYS."

From a young publishing firm named Lovebird, whose offices are at 14, Devonshire Mansions, Golder's Green, comes a new work in two volumes, entitled "The Lovebird Twins." Both volumes are of a delicate pink with very soft edges, and both are extraordinarily interesting. Indeed, we find it impossible to express any preference, so alike are they in incident and charm. Perhaps Vol. II. is a little more vigorous than Vol. I.; but then, on the other hand, Vol. I. is more reposeful than Vol. II. By a pleasant fancy a different name has been given to each, Vol. I. being known as "Cyril" and Vol. II. as "Aubrey." What could be prettier?

"A NEW WORK IN TWO VOLUMES, ENTITLED 'THE LOVEBIRD TWINS.'"

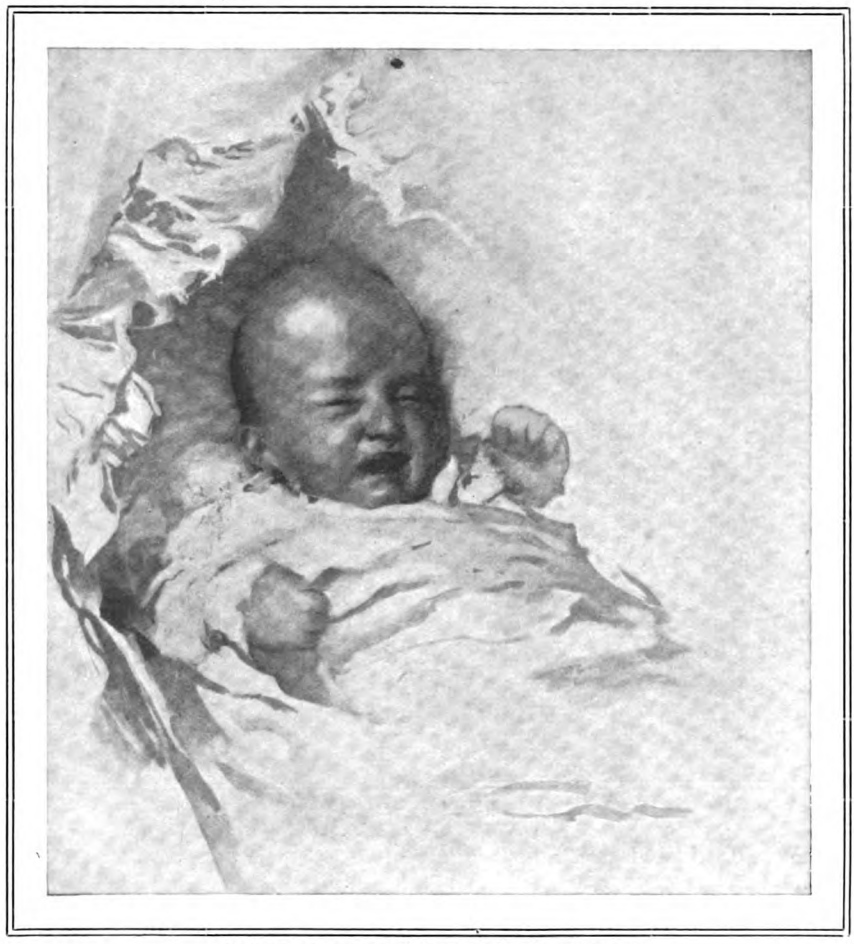
"I go in for variety, too. Here is another extract under the heading:—

"NEW PICTURES."

We have just been favoured with the rare privilege of a private view of a perfect picture entitled, "George Robert Brownson," the work of one who promises to be a gifted artist in this *genre*, Mrs. Brownson, of 41.

Rembrandt Buildings, Battersea Park. As a first work her "George Robert Brownson" is admirable. Indeed, we can detect no fault. The colouring is very deep and rich, and the moulding exquisite. The picture positively clamours for notice.

"There," said the proud editor. "When I tell you that portraits also are given, you will agree with me that mothers have little to complain of. The portraits, I admit, a little impair the literary illusion; but I have got over that difficulty by calling them frontispieces. Here, for example, are 'The Lovebird Twins,' both volumes."



"THE PICTURE POSITIVELY CLAMOURS FOR NOTICE."

He held up the paper, in which were the photographs of two portions of what Sir Walter Scott called that species of dough which we call a fine baby.

"You and me," said the doctor, "that picture may leave cold. But exercise your imagination, my dear sir; think of what it must mean to Mrs. Lovebird to see it. I venture to say that there will be no happier woman in England to-morrow, which is the day of publication, except perhaps Mrs. Brownson and Mrs. Wilkinson. The husbands, too. Of course, it is the fashion for husbands to say sarcastic things about their babies and pretend to be bored by the whole business, but don't you believe it. If a well-read copy of this paper is not folded up in the pockets of Mr. Lovebird and Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Brownson by Saturday next I will give fifty pounds to the Foundling Hospital. And think of the copies they will send away. I tell you, sir, this little paper is a gold-mine—a gold-mine of wealth and of happiness too."

I shouldn't be surprised.

The Life Story of a Wild Orchid.

By JOHN J. WARD,

Author of "Some Nature Biographies," "Peeps into Nature's Ways," "Minute Marvels of Nature," etc.
Illustrated from Original Photographs by the Author.

I HAVE just been working amongst my orchids, but have had to leave the work somewhat abruptly owing to an unexpected thunder-shower. It so happens that my orchids are not grown under glass; in fact, it is quite probable that my orchid garden would astonish most of my readers if they saw it. A friend to whom I introduced this garden remarked that it was what he should call "a lane." Now that is just what my orchid garden is—a real good, old-fashioned, Warwickshire country lane. On either side of the rough and cart-rutted roadway there is a broad spread of green grass before the hedgerow is reached, and amongst that grass, the whole long length of the lane, throughout the year you can always find a choice wild flora.

The low-lying and broadest of these grassy expanses is generally a semi-submerged area, and it is there that my spotted orchids grow, for they love moist quarters. There they throw up their tall spikes of pale lilac blossoms all spotted with deeper purple. In the first illustration one of these spikes of bloom is shown natural size.

Fig. 1.—A spike of the Spotted Orchis—natural size.

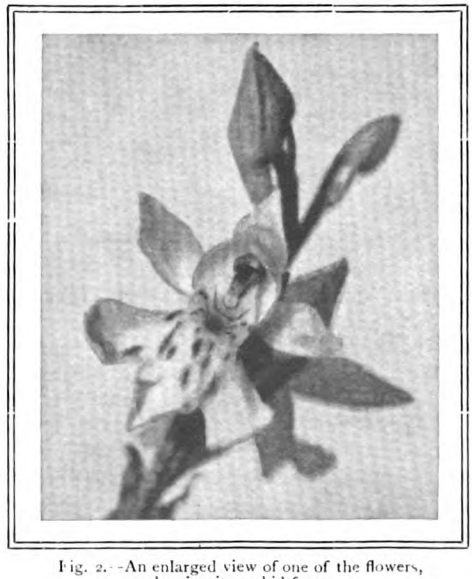


Fig. 2.—An enlarged view of one of the flowers, showing its orchid form.

In the mass the little flowers make a show, but individually they are insignificant. Their insignificance, however, is only a matter of size; structurally considered, each is as much an orchid as the choice odontoglossums, cattleyas, or cypripediums of the rich cultivator. In illustration Fig. 2 this is clearly illustrated. Here is shown a magnified view of the topmost part of one of these spikes, with one flower fully opened and the lower flowers removed. So enlarged, its orchid form is readily recognised.

My work amongst the plants to-day has not been cultivation. The spotted orchid, or, to be strictly correct, orchis, needs no attention; it thrives best when left to its own resources. It has, by slow adaptation of its form and structure to the requirements of its environment, attained a marvellous degree of perfection. Indeed, when considering the curious details of its remarkable organization one is inclined to wonder if there can be found anything more extraordinary in the whole of the plant world. Perhaps there is nothing more extraordinary, unless it is still other species of orchids; but as each

species possesses its own novel characteristics, together with the general family traits, the spotted orchis is as wonderful as any. My work to-day has been an investigation into the mysteries of its existence, and I now invite my readers to share my observations.

There are the roots of this curious plant. They are well worth a little study, but it will need some considerable care to get them clear of the soil in anything like a perfect condition. Time after time the stems will break off low down in the ground without revealing any signs of the pair of tubers. Illustration Fig. 3 will, however, explain matters. Above the flattened and divided tubers are some strong, vermiform roots which direct their growth towards the earth's centre, and consequently exert a downward pull at the base of the stem. A result is that each year the tubers get deeper into the earth; therefore, the older the plant the greater will be the difficulty of removing it uninjured. The tubers spread out somewhat laterally, and are divided into finger-like segments. Now this arrangement places the orchids amongst the most up-to-date of plants, so to speak, as regards their roots. These slender roots penetrate the soil deeply and thus sink the tubers into the earth well below the frost level, and so their rich food-stores are protected from cold and above-ground enemies. Also, the stem above the tubers is weak, and is readily broken at that part, so that a pull from above only results in breaking off the upper part of the plant, a loss which the roots and rich tubers will remedy in due course of time.

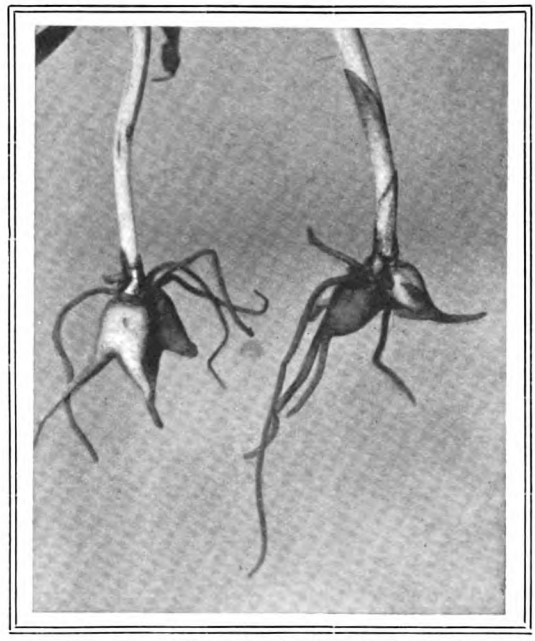


Fig. 3.—The curious tubers which move the plant on to new ground each year.

The tubers themselves are of peculiar interest. As is common with thrifty and advanced plants that suddenly make a bold show of bloom, the flowering spike of this wild orchis is produced at the expense of a previous season's growth. A further glance at illustration Fig. 3 will show that both the tubers of the same plant appear to be about the same size; and this arises from the fact that both plants were gathered midway in the growing season. Early in the year we should have found one large tuber, and possibly the decayed and shrunken remains of another; and again, as winter approaches, we should find a similar contrast. The large tuber left before winter is that which is to supply the material for the growth of the following spring and summer. Later the leaves assimilate further material, and from this a new tuber is formed as a store-house for the next season's growth; midway in the season we find a pair of tubers of almost equal size, but they differ in that while one is half exhausted the other is but half formed.

This arrangement of two tubers, one for present and the other for future use, is peculiar to the orchids, and the significance of this device has not to my knowledge been observed. Now, my examination of the roots of a number of these plants to-day suggests that the spotted orchis has adopted by this double organization of its root functions a most practical and ingenious tactic. Look again at the photograph Fig. 3, and note that each tuber takes opposite directions. Glance at the example on the left of the photograph, and observe the pale coloured conical bud that appears at the apex of the tuber against the stem. From that bud will come the main stem of next season's growth. Now it is obvious that, if the newly-formed tuber directs its course in the opposite direction to the old one, when the latter perishes, together with the stem, the new tuber is left alone on new ground. Then, in due course, when growth commences, the new stem slowly uprights itself, and from

the top of the tuber new slender roots are formed which eventually fix the tuber in its position. Thus, each season the orchis exploits new ground, and the stem, therefore, commences to grow under the most favourable conditions; indeed, the plant has in this manner accomplished by its own device what is equivalent to a "rotation of crops," the importance of which the farmer well knows.

This well-arranged root-scheme, then, not only provides the plant with water and mineral substances, but also serves to protect it from frost and animal attacks; supplies it with a storehouse of food material for early growth the following season, and withal moves the plant each year into new quarters. With purposes so perfectly arranged for at the foundation, we might naturally anticipate other complex structures as the outcome of such adaptations; and we are not disappointed,

When the spring sunlight begins to make its power felt, the shoot at the summit of the tuber makes its way through the soil and quickly unfolds its quaint, lance-shaped leaves. Many are the half-hours in which I have puzzled over those leaves. Striking and mysterious are they in the extreme. They are smooth, glossy, deep olive green, and spotted with stripes and dots of a dark brown pigment; and it is these curious, brown markings that make them so mysterious. Their function has always been an insoluble problem; undoubtedly these conspicuous spots have a definite purpose in the economy of this complex and advanced plant structure, but I am not aware that any naturalist or botanist has ever advanced a suggestion as to their use and meaning.

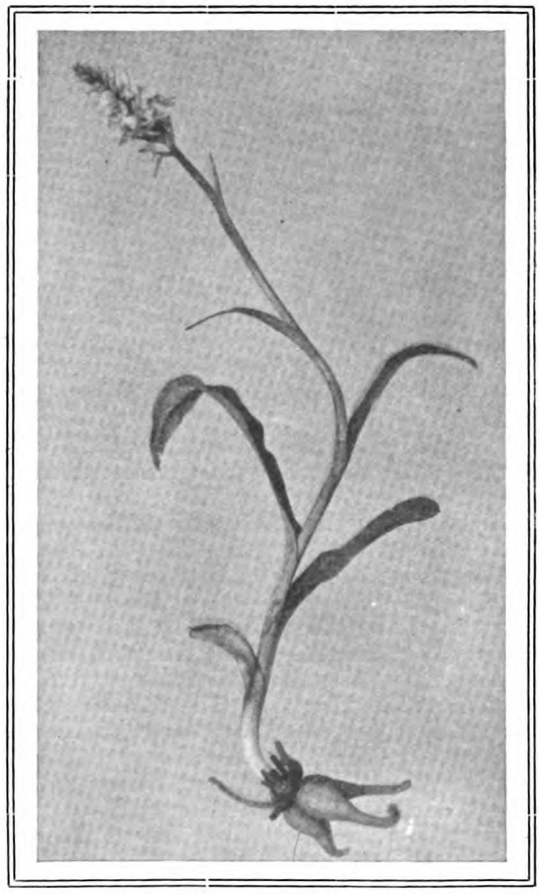


Fig. 4.—A young plant, showing the arrangement of its leaves.

Time after time, when looking on those weird spots and trying to decipher their hidden meaning, it has seemed to me that they possessed an appearance with which I was familiar, but the explanation I was seeking persistently evaded me. To-day I think I have caught a glimpse of their true significance. My suggestion may by some be thought absurd; however that may be, the function of these spots remains to be explained, and I have just been forcibly impressed by what I have seen.

By the side of my moist plot where the orchids grow thickest there lies a wood, and I had just reached the edge of it, in my search for choice specimens of the plant, when I observed part of what was apparently a particularly attractive leaf resting against the fresh green of the surrounding grass. I stretched out my hand to remove some of the grass that was covering this fresh-looking plant, when instantly the leaf disappeared from view, and a moment later an adder—a rare reptile in this district—scuttled away into the hedge bottom and disappeared in the wood. That rapid glimpse of the startled reptile awakened my memory, and I was suddenly enabled to explain what, in my mind, the curious spotted leaves of the wild orchis resembled.

The exposed part of the olive body of that viper, striped and spotted with dark markings, as it appeared amongst the grass, was almost identical with the appearance of some of the

leaves of the orchis when similarly placed; indeed, the very curves that the leaves assumed as they poked amongst the blades of grass presented an astonishing resemblance. Look at the photograph of the young plant in Fig. 4 and carefully note how the leaves are arranged to spread out in different directions, and also how each leaf bends over at the end and exposes its upper and spotted surface.

After noting these things, go a step farther and look at one of these orchis plants from above as it grows amongst the thick grass. You will then get only partial glimpses of its leaves, especially of those parts where the spots are most conspicuous, and especially is this so before the flowers appear. Remember, too, that this is how grazing animals would view the plant. Now, grazing animals doubtless possess a much better acquaintance with snakes and similar reptiles, and also with amphibians, such as frogs, toads, and newts, than man does. In the course of their daily feeding amongst the herbage no doubt they frequently meet with them, and especially in those districts where these creatures are abundant. It follows, therefore, that they naturally avoid them. My reader will now, of course, see my point; if the leaves of the wild orchis present a superficial resemblance to such animals they will also be avoided.

Seeing that without its leaves the orchis could produce neither tubers nor flowers, it is obvious that, in the dangerous situations in which it grows, the leaves need the greatest possible protection. The method of protection adopted is a most novel one, but, nevertheless, one perfectly in keeping with the advanced characteristics and adaptations of this up-to-date plant.

As I have endeavoured to show, both the roots and leaves of the spotted orchis exhibit highly advanced devices which doubtless prove of great value in the plant's economy. It is in its floral structures, however, that the complex specialization of this weed of the country-side culminates. The flowers of orchids show such marvellous adaptation for ensuring insect fertilization that the slightest acquaintance with their wondrous details is sufficient to reveal what is almost the equivalent of human design. Darwin, in referring to the flowers of one of the species belonging to the same genus, says: "As in no other plant, or indeed in hardly any animal, can adaptations of one part to another, and of the whole to other organisms widely remote in the scale of Nature, be named more perfect than those presented by this orchis." The science of homology has shown that the complex organization of floral structure found in an orchid is but a modification of some more simple type of flower, such as a lily. A lily consists of five alternating whorls of floral organs, composed of three petal-like sepals, three petals, six stamens in two whorls of three each, and, in the centre, a pistil, or ovary, of three cells, or divisions; however, if the general reader should endeavour to trace these parts in an orchid flower his task would now be a difficult one, for instead of the flower being composed of fifteen parts, as in the lily, only seven now remain. Three sepals and two petals still exist as such; the stamens have disappeared entirely, excepting the pollen-producing part of one of them. The lost stamens are combined with the pistil or ovary, and with the remaining petal, to form the structures known as the column and the labellum respectively. Such modifications of the original parts of a flower are, of course, not unusual; a familiar instance of such changes is that of the doubling of a flower, where the numerous stamens of a poppy or an anemone become petals, and so produce the so-called "doubled" flower. But why has the orchid disposed of five out of six of its original stamens that produce the valuable fertilizing pollen? Surely a progressive plant such as the spotted orchis cannot afford to dispense with its reproductive parts! The fact is, the orchis conducts its floral diplomacy with such skilful adjustment that it can do as much, or even more, with its one partially-remaining stamen as its remote, lily-type ancestors were able to do with their six.

The spotted orchis caters more particularly for the visits of bees and several species of flies. How perfectly it caters I now will ask my reader to observe. Upon looking closely at Fig. 2, it will be seen that the lower half of the flower is composed of a large petal (which originally was probably a petal and two stamens). This petal is drawn back so as to form a spur-like nectary, and, in a general way, the whole is called the lower lip, or labellum. On the surface of this lip, it will be noticed, appear some deep purple spots all of which converge into the hollow of the nectary. As it stands the lip is a landing-stage for the bee or fly, and to prevent any waste of time or misunderstanding on the part of the visiting insect the purple-coloured spots immediately conduct it to the nectary; it therefore has no excuse for blundering by searching

underneath the flower, or elsewhere. So at once on its arrival it plunges its head and proboscis into the nectary. Once again observing Fig. 2, within the two upper hood-

Fig. 5.—The bristle represents the tongue of the bee or butterfly about to be inserted into the tube of the nectary.

like petals will be seen a dark-looking object with a round pale-coloured base, that projects a short distance into the mouth of the tube of the nectary. This object is the remaining stamen that produces the fertilizing pollen, and around its pale-coloured base are the stigmas to receive the pollen—but the pollen of another flower.

The visiting bee or fly, then, lands upon the stage or lip of the flower, and inserts its proboscis to search the nectary. In reaching to the depths of the tube its head, eyes, or some part of its proboscis invariably comes in contact with the pale-coloured disk of the stamen that projects into the tube of the nectary. This disk is viscid, and immediately the insect touches it the disk adheres to the part in contact with it, and at the same time the little sac that encloses the pollen bursts open. The insect, having quenched its thirst, withdraws its proboscis and away it flies; but not as it came, for on its forehead, or on some part of its proboscis, it now has two tiny but beautifully-formed clubs which it withdrew, together with the viscid disk, from the stamen sac or pouch. These two little clubs stand upright upon the head or some other part of the anatomy of the insect, when first withdrawn from their cover, but, as it flies, in about half a minute, they fall forward, towards the apex of its proboscis. I have endeavoured to illustrate this proceeding artificially in Figs. 5 and 6, since a lively fly or bee scarcely lends itself to the camera for showing the details I am describing. In Fig. 5 appears an enlarged view of some of the flowers (their natural size is shown in Fig. 2), together with a delicate bristle supposed to represent the tongue or proboscis of the bee. In Fig. 6 the bristle has been pushed into the tube of the nectary and then withdrawn. Observe the two minute clubs now attached to the bristle. Owing to the delay of arranging for photographing, the clubs have had sufficient time to fall from their vertical position and are now pointing towards the end of the bristle, just as they would on the proboscis of the insect.

I have previously remarked that the stigmas which receive the pollen were below the sticky disk of the stamen, so that if this bristle were directed into the same flower again the ends of the clubs would now come

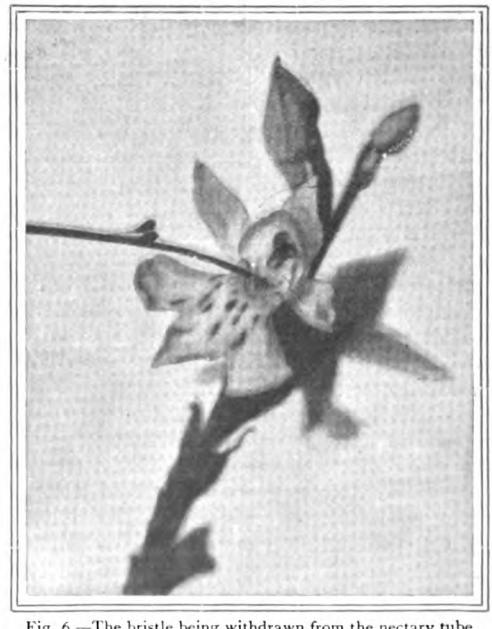


Fig. 6.—The bristle being withdrawn from the nectary tube —observe the two tiny clubs now upon the bristle.

into direct contact with the stigmatic surfaces, and that flower would then be self-fertilized, for each of those clubs is a mass of pollen grains held together in little groups by means

of elastic or viscid threads. The insect, however, does not visit the same flower twice in succession, but flies to another; and as it travels the little pollen clubs adjust themselves from vertical to horizontal positions, so that the next flower visited will receive the pollen. Such is the ingenious device by means of which the spotted orchis effects the cross-fertilization of its flowers. Conditionally that an insect visits the flower, it is scarcely possible for things to go wrong; the results of its one stamen are so sure that it is of more value than the six of its remote ancestors.

In illustration Fig. 7 is shown a further magnified view of the little pollen masses. Each tiny flake of which they are seen to be built is composed of numerous grains, corresponding to the pollen dust so familiar in lilies and other flowers, held together by sticky threads. When the clubs touch the stigma some of these flakes adhere to it, for the viscid secretion of the stigma possesses a greater pull than that of the threads of the pollen masses. A pair of clubs may fertilize the stigmas of several flowers.

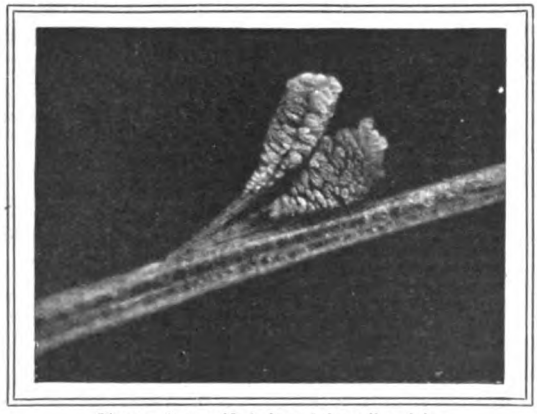


Fig. 7.—A magnified view of the pollen clubs.

Surely, then, this wild orchis that revels in my roadside plot has attained a most complex development. Each modification of its original structure that has served its species in good stead throughout the ages of its evolution has been faithfully preserved until we find now this complex aggregate of their merits. The obvious adaptation of the floral structure and the ingenious method adopted for the removal of the pollen masses and for their safe and sure conveyance to a neighbouring flower are striking features indeed, but it is the minute details, the insignificant nothings, as it were, of the scheme that are perhaps most striking. For instance, several observers discovered that after all this complex arrangement of a landing-stage, honey guides, and a spur for the nectary, no nectar or honey was secreted by flowers of this genus; a most contradictory state of affairs, for it was scarcely reasonable to assume that insects would persistently visit flowers where they received no payment in return. Darwin examined the flowers after sunshine, after rain, and at all hours and under various conditions, but no nectar could he find; yet he observed that flies continually visited the flowers and inserted their probosces for considerable periods of time. Later he discovered within the nectary tube a delicate lining membrane that could be penetrated very easily, and that when it was punctured copious juices were forthcoming. Now, this arrangement occupies the insect much longer than if it had simply to insert its proboscis and suck up the free nectar, and Darwin suggests that this delay serves to insure that the viscid pollen disk is securely attached before the insect leaves the flower. So we might investigate a hundred other little points of striking interest, such as that of the changing of the position of the pollen masses, or that the viscid base of the stamen remains sticky while in the flower, but dries immediately on its removal, attaching itself to the insect in such a manner that it cannot be removed until it has visited many flowers. It is impossible to shake the pollen masses from a bristle or similar foreign body after they are once attached; the insect, therefore, has no alternative but to work them off in the course of its travels. Finally, I may mention that the ovary or seed-vessel of each flower is twisted. Why the necessity of that curious feature? It so happens that the large petal used as a landing-stage was, in the primary arrangement of the flower, the upper petal; as, however, it could not in that position serve any useful purpose, by twisting round the seed-pod and bringing it to the lower level it provided an excellent landing-stage for insects; so it came to hold its present position.

Perhaps I have said enough to make the thoughtful reader reflect that plants are not quite the insentient organisms that we sometimes consider them to be. There is purpose in even the minutest detail of their complex structures; their intelligence may be unconscious, but it is none the less real.

THE UNDOING OF ARCHIBALD.

A COMPOSITE NOVELETTE BY FIFTY POPULAR NOVELISTS.

[The following story is composed on an entirely new and original plan. It is made up of extracts selected from the works of some fifty well-known novelists, nothing being changed except the names of the characters. To make a consistent and natural story under these conditions requires wide reading and very considerable ingenuity. It forms, in fact, a sort of puzzle of a very amusing and instructive kind. If any of our readers would like to try their hands at composing a story on this principle, taking the present example as a model with regard to form and length, and will send us the result, we shall be pleased to publish the one which we consider the best of them at our usual rate of payment, presuming, of course, that we receive a story of sufficient merit to justify publication. Not more than two extracts from the works of the same writer should appear.

The beginning of each extract starts opposite the title of the work from which it is taken, printed in most cases at the head of the portrait of the writer.]

CHAPTER I.

PRISCILLA MILVERTON was beautiful and good; Archibald Peythroppe and she were acknowledged lovers, but marriage was not spoken of as a near event; and latterly old Milverton had seemed cool whenever his daughter mentioned the young man's name. Hildebrand Peythroppe, Archibald's brother, was in love with his brother's sweetheart, but though he trembled with pleasure when she was near him he never looked at her except by stealth. He knew he had no business to love her.

"It's Never Too Late to Mend."

CHARLES READE.

The more his heart felt that it was painful, the more his reason told him that it was necessary he should part from Priscilla Milverton. To his union with her there was an obstacle which his prudence told him ought to be insurmountable. Yet he felt that during the few days he had been with her, the few hours he had been near her, he had, with his utmost power over himself, scarcely been master of his passion or capable of concealing it from its object.

"The Absentee."

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

His mind turned towards the army. He thought that abroad and in active life he should lose all the painful recollections, and drive from his heart all the resentments, which could now be only a source of unavailing regret.

"At Palermo."

OUIDA.

Before leaving he would see her and explain, and chance threw an opportunity in his way.

Mrs. Devon's opening ball was due, and society was as much excited about it as a family of children before Christmas. All who were invited were going, unless they happened to be in mourning.

"The Metropolis."

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Mrs. Devon's mansions were thrown open early in the evening, but few would come before midnight.

That evening, when Priscilla came tripping into the drawing-room in a white muslin frock prepared for conquest, a tall gentleman, set off in the military frogged coat and cocked hat of those times, advanced to meet her.

"Vanity Fair."

W. M. THACKERAY.

This was no other than Captain Hildebrand Peythroppe, of His Majesty's —— Regiment of Foot.

Hildebrand had given her his arm without speaking. She took it in silence, and they moved away, not toward the supper-room, but against the tide which was setting thither. The faces about her flowed by like the streaming images of sleep: she hardly noticed where Hildebrand was leading her, till they passed through a glass doorway at the end of a long suite of rooms and stood suddenly in the fragrant hush of a garden. Gravel grated beneath their feet, and about them was the transparent dimness of a midsummer night. Hanging lights made emerald caverns in the depths of foliage, and whitened the spray of a fountain falling among lilies. The magic place was deserted: there was no sound but the plash of the water on the lily-pads, and a distant drift of music that might have been blown across a sleeping lake.

"The House of Mirth."

EDITH WHARTON.

Then, all at once, the fierce hold which he had been keeping on himself seemed to crumble into bits.

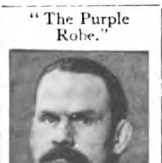
"Night—and the Curtains Drawn."

JUSTUS MILES FORMAN.

"I can bear this no longer!" he cried, facing her. "I tell you I can bear this no longer! I am going to India because I cannot stop here in England. If I stop I shall go mad. I tell you I have lived such a month as you could not even imagine, as you could not think of even in an evil dream. I'm going to India because I want to be as far from everything as possible.

"Oh, I knew you would be angry," he continued, as he looked into her face. "I know I am mad; I know what I say must seem to you preposterous. But I cannot help it. For a month I have been fighting against it. I have told myself that I am a fool—a madman; but I cannot destroy the feeling. I know that you resent my making this confession. Forgive me, Miss Milverton."

"The Purple Robe."



JOSEPH HOCKING.

The girl answered never a word. The blood had mantled to her face and her lips were tremulous. There was something overmastering in his presence. She admired him—cared for him more than for Archibald. He was more of a man in every way.

"When do you go?" she asked him abruptly.

"Lady Rose's Daughter."

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

"Not for about a month."

He mentioned the causes of delay. Her smile was linked with a sigh. He came nearer to her.

"You should never be lonely, if I could help it," he said, in a low voice.

He felt within him a sudden snapping of restraints. Why—why refuse what was so clearly within his grasp? Love has many manners—many entrances—and many exits.

He was silent a moment, but his face spoke for him.

"How charming you are in that dress—in that light! I shall always see you as you are to-night."

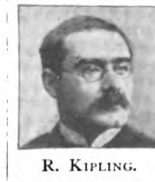
A silence. Excitement mounted in their veins. Suddenly he stooped and kissed her hands. They looked into each other's eyes.

"The Purple Robe."

JOSEPH HOCKING.

For a time they were oblivious to everything save their own happiness. Had they been some village lad and lass wandering in a country lane, their love-making could not have been more simple, they could not have cared less for the eyes of the world. She was only a girl of twenty and he a few years older. They forgot to be conventional as they whispered to each other the words that transformed the cold, dark night into a June morning. Realities came back to them presently, however.

"In the Pride of His Youth."



R. KIPLING.

Excepting always falling off a horse, there is nothing more fatally easy than marriage before a registrar. The ceremony costs less than fifty shillings, and is remarkably like walking into a pawn-shop. After the declaration of residence has been put in, four minutes will cover the rest of the proceedings, fees,

attestation, and all. Then the registrar slides the blotting-pad over the names and says, grimly, with his pen between his teeth, "Now you're man and wife," and the couple walk out in the street feeling as if something were horribly illegal somewhere.

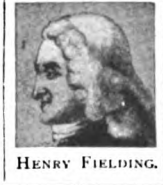
But that ceremony holds, and can drag a man to his undoing just as thoroughly as "long as ye both shall live" curse from the altar-rails, with the bridesmaids giggling behind and "The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden" lifting the roof off.

Hildebrand had received an appointment in India which carried a magnificent salary from the home point of view. The marriage was to be kept secret for a year. After one short month came Gravesend, and Hildebrand steaming out to his new life.

CHAPTER II.

"Daniel Deronda."
GEORGE ELIOT.

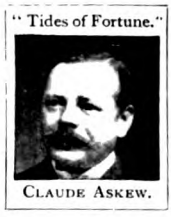
ARCHIBALD PEYTHROPPE, having made up his mind to marry Miss Milverton, showed a power of adapting means to ends. He had thought that the affair would be concluded more quickly, and to his own surprise he had repeatedly promised himself in a morning that he would to-day give Priscilla the opportunity of accepting him, and had found in the evening that the necessary formality was still unaccomplished. This remarkable fact served to brighten his determination on another day. He had never admitted to himself that Priscilla might refuse him.

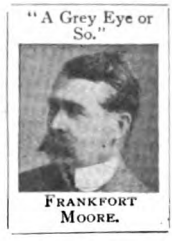

"Tom Jones."
HENRY FIELDING.

He was indeed perfectly well satisfied with his prospect of success; for as to that entire and absolute possession of the heart of his mistress, which romantic lovers require, the very idea of it never entered his head. Her fortune and her person were the sole objects of his wishes, of which he made no doubt soon to obtain the absolute property. Of Hildebrand he certainly had not even the least jealousy.

"Tides of Fortune."
ALICE ASKEW.

Archibald had the reputation of being exceedingly fast, and he was known to be deeply in debt. Certainly he was not the sort of man whom Milverton would have wished his daughter to marry, for all that he was distinctly good-looking; for chaperons eyed him askance and guarded their charges carefully whenever he appeared on the scene. Indeed, he had narrowly escaped from appearing in court in the capacity of a co-respondent on one occasion, and he had also been mixed up in a big society gambling scandal.

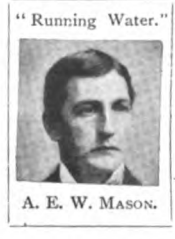

"Tides of Fortune."
CLAUDE ASKEW.


"A Grey Eye or So."
FRANKFORT MOORE.

He was not an eager boy to give way to a passion without counting the cost. He had lived so long in the world, the centre of which is situated somewhere about Park Lane, and he had come to believe so thoroughly that the leading characteristic of this world is worldliness, that he had lost the capacity to trust anyone implicitly.

"Never Despair."
B. L. FARJEON.

Then came news of the death of Sir John Milverton. The suddenness of the event startled Archibald. There was clearly no time to be lost.


"Running Water."
A. E. W. MASON.

Archibald reached the house of the Milvertons by six o'clock in the evening. He was shown into the library, and opposite to him, by the window, Priscilla stood alone. She turned to him a white, terror-haunted face—gazed at him for a second like one dazed.

"Priscilla!" he exclaimed.

She sat down—he sat down also.

"Vivien."
W. B. MAXWELL.

"You don't understand me a bit, Priscilla — now, don't stamp your foot. Why on earth mayn't I call you Priscilla? I tell you to call me Archibald. I did try to forget all about you, but I couldn't."

She did not fear him, but it seemed that the man was promising to render life insupportable.

"Do you understand, I want you—*you!* No one else in all the world."

He had seized her wrist and was holding her by force.

"Archibald, you have got to *know*. I'm ashamed to tell you, but I should be more ashamed not to after what's happened."

She stopped with a quick catch in her breath, and the darkness round them seemed to become luminous.

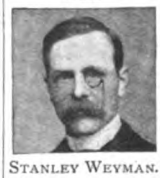
"A Pair of Patient Lovers."

W. D. Howells.

"Hildebrand is my husband!"

The statement was made in the purest innocence; yet never, as may well be imagined, did words fall with more stunning force. Not one moved so much as a lip or an eyelid. Archibald only stared, wanting time to take in the astonishing meaning of the words.

"The House of the Wolf."



Stanley Weyman.

"Hildebrand's wife! Priscilla Milverton married!" If the statement were true it meant that he had been fooled indeed.

And thus Archibald Peythroppe learnt the truth—truth which was hateful to him—truth from which he shrank as a man shrinks from a bar of hot iron. But once the fierce heat had touched his flesh his blood danced in his veins and his brain surged with one thought—Revenge!

"En Avant!"

Guy de Maupassant.

There was only one way in which he could achieve his ends.

"Les Maris." Fortune du Boisgobey.

What was that? Murder?

Murder is terrible—hideous—damning. But it was the only thing that would enable him to reach his desires.

He rose suddenly and stood gaping in the centre of the room, as a mad, hazy idea began to form in his brain. His eyes blinked and his face grew white with excitement. Then he put on his hat and, deep in thought, went out.

"A Benefit Performance" ("Many Cargoes").

W. W. Jacobs.

He was still thinking deeply as he boarded the train for Southampton next morning.

He took a lodging and walked to it, after sending on his belongings. On his way he stopped at a quiet barber-shop and had his beard and moustache shaved off. After that it was not likely that any of his acquaintance should recognise him. But he took further steps towards completing his disguise by making radical and painful changes in his dress. He bought ready-made French clothes; he put on a pair of square kid boots with elastic sides and patent leather tips. He wore a soft silk cravat artificially tied in a bow-knot with wide and floating ends, and he purchased a French silk hat with a broad and curving brim. Having satisfied himself that the effect was good, he further adorned his appearance with tortoiseshell-rimmed spectacles and a green umbrella.

"Soprano."

F. Marion Crawford.

CHAPTER III.

"Temptation."

Katherine Cecil Thurston.

The trouble in the Far East had blown over, and Hildebrand, possessing a pleasant notoriety and his due share of distinction, had embarked for England.

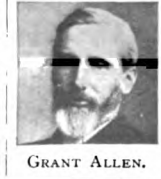
At the moment when Archibald was expecting him he had been twenty-four hours in his native country. Through the darkest of the nights Hildebrand Peythroppe was riding home, a distance of some fifteen miles from Southampton. His way led through forests of chestnut, clothing the slopes and plateau of chalk. The road was bad—to be more exact, there was no road, there was but a track.

"Noemi."

S. Baring-Gould.

He was not alone—a friend shared his journey, and made the loneliness of the long ride much more tolerable than it would have been if he had had to face his thoughts alone.

"The Broken Chain."



Grant Allen.

"Tom."

Bart Kennedy.

They had come together in the great troopship. They became friends and had shared up things together from the time they first saw each other. When one had a thing it belonged to the other as well. This campaign had been a hard one, and they had grown to like each other as only men

"Soprano."

who share the same hardships can. They had starved and toiled and marched and suffered hunger and thirst together.

"In a Hollow of the Hills."
BRET HARTE.

It was very dark and the wind was increasing. The air was filled with a faint, cool, sodden odour—as of stirred forest depths. In those intervals of silence the darkness seemed to increase in proportion and grow almost palpable. Yet out of this sightless and soundless void now came the tinkle of a spur's rowels, the dry crackling of saddle leathers, and the muffled plunge of a hoof in the thick carpet of dust and desiccated leaves. Then a voice, which in spite of its matter-of-fact reality the obscurity lent a certain mystery to, said:—

"I can't make out anything! Where the devil have we got to, anyway? It's as black as Tophet, here ahead!"

"Strike a light and make a flare with something," returned a second voice. "Look where you're shoving to—now—keep your horse off, will ye?"

There was more muffled plunging, a silence, the rustle of paper, the quick spurt of a match, and then the uplifting of a flickering flame.

"Easy does it," muttered Archibald, under his breath.

"Little Esson."
S. R. CROCKETT.

Further over in the darkness was a very small moving dot on the road in front, beyond the low outer hedge. The red glow, stoppered at intervals by a deft finger, was Hildebrand, smoking his pipe.

Archibald put the gu to his shoulder. He aimed and pressed the trigger; the gun exploded heavily in the mist. The man leapt into the air and fell upon his back.

"Rachel Dove."
H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"A Masked Battery."
F. M. WHITE.

Then Archibald went back to the house and let himself quietly in with his latch-key. After he had fastened up the front door he turned to the dining-room. Here he helped himself liberally to brandy.

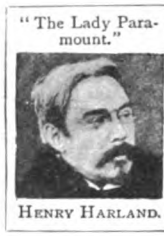
"I need it," he muttered. "I am afraid my nerves are not quite what I thought they were."

"Martin Chuzzlewit."
CHARLES DICKENS.

What had he left within the wood?

The body of a murdered man. In one thick solitary spot it lay among the last year's leaves of oak and beech just as it had fallen headlong down. Sopping and soaking in among the leaves that formed its pillow; oozing down into the boggy ground as if to cover itself from human sight; forcing its way between and through the curling leaves as if those senseless things rejected and foreswore it and were coiled up in abhorrence, went a dark, dark stain that dyed and scented the whole summer night from earth to heaven.

And he was not sorry for what he had done. He was frightened when he thought of it—when did he not think of it?—but he was not sorry.


"The Lady Paramount."
HENRY HARLAND.

Archibald, next morning, rose at an unlikely hour. The tall clock in the hall, accenting with its slow, sardonic tick the silence of the sleeping house, marked a quarter to five.

"A Girl of Spirit."
CHARLES GARVICE.

He locked the door and, sitting down at the square table in the middle of the room, leant his head on his hands and gave himself up to thought.

He had got in his pocket Sir John Milverton's will—the will which gave his vast fortune to his daughter Priscilla.

He took the will from his pocket—took it gingerly, as if it were a live thing and might bite him—and read it over, not once, but twenty times, and the sweat stood on his forehead as he read it. He held Priscilla Milverton's future in the hollow of his hand. Presently he thought he heard a tapping at the window. He jerked himself bolt upright and listened. It was not a dream; he had not fancied it. There was a tap at the window. He arose from the chair and stood listening.

"A Chariot of Fire."

The door of the chamber opened and a woman entered. Pale, agitated,

exhausted, she advanced in the glimmering light.

"Priscilla!" exclaimed the astonished Archibald.

"Sybil."
BEACONSFIELD.

The woman raised her head and stared. One swift, brilliant gleam shot from her heavy eyes.

"What changed you from the man you were to the man you are?"

"A Chariot of Fire."
ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

"Brothers."
H. A. VACHELL.

"Hate."

She recoiled at the grim word—recoiled, too, from the expression on his face.

"You hated—your brother?" The words fell from quivering lips. "You hated him. Then you loved—me."

"Always," he answered. . . . "You are my brother's wife," he said, slowly.

"Why did you not realize that I should get even with you one day, as sure as you were woman and I was man?"

"The Shuttle."
FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Priscilla did not shrink back, though the pupils of her eyes dilated. Was it the wildest thing in the world which happened to her, or was it not? Without warning the sudden rush of a thought, immense and strange, swept over her body and soul and possessed her—so possessed her that it changed her pallor to white flame. It was actually he who shrank back a shade, because for the moment she looked so near unearthly.

"I am not afraid of you," she said, in a clear, unshaken voice; "I am not afraid. Something is near me which will stand between us—something which *died* to-day."

He almost gasped before the strangeness of it, but caught back his breath and recovered himself.

"Died to-day! That's recent enough," he jeered. "Let us hear about it. Who was it?"

"It was Hildebrand!" she flung at him. "The church bells were tolling for him when I rode away. I could not stay to hear them. It killed me. I loved him."

Archibald Peythroppe laughed, but fear vibrated in his voice. "You were so very obstinate," said he. "Why did you drive me to such extremities?"

"The Return of Sherlock Holmes."
A. CONAN DOYLE.

The woman stood with her hand buried in her bosom and the same deadly smile on her thin lips.

"You will ruin no more lives as you have ruined mine. You will wring no more hearts as you have wrung mine. I will free the world of a poisonous thing. Take that, you hound—and that! and that! and that! and that!"

She had drawn a little gleaming revolver and emptied barrel after barrel into Archibald's body. "You've done me," he cried, and lay still.

Priscilla was startled by a ring at the door, the signal of a visitor. The door opened, and to her very great surprise Hildebrand Peythroppe, and Hildebrand Peythroppe only, entered the room.

"Pride and Prejudice."
JANE AUSTEN.

"Kenilworth."
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

She staggered back, turned as pale as death, to put her hands before her face. Hildebrand was himself for a moment much overcome, but seeming suddenly to remember the necessity of using an opportunity which might not again occur, he said, in a low voice:—

"Priscilla, fear me not."

"Why should I fear you?"

Her shaking voice broke, and she held the cloth of his sleeve tightly.

"The Shuttle."
FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

"You are alive—alive!" with a sudden sweet wildness, "but it is true the bell tolled! While I was crouching in the dark I called to you, who died to-day, to stand between us."

"I was alive, and you see I heard you and came," he answered, hoarsely.

"In the Midst of Life."

His eye fell upon an object which he had not previously observed. It was almost before his face. It was partly covered in shadow, but he could see that it was

a human figure. Instinctively he adjusted the clasp of his sword-belt and laid hold of his pistol.

"In the Midst of Life."

AMBROSE BIERCE.

"A Lady of Rome."

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

His voice rang out with a mad laugh.

"'My honour!"

Priscilla laid one hand on the back of the chair he had left to steady herself, for the shock of understanding him was more than she could bear. Scarcely knowing that her lips moved she called him back.

"Hildebrand! Hildebrand! Hear me!"

"Hear you? Have I not heard?" He turned upon her like a madman. "Have I not heard and remembered every word you have spoken those eight months and more? How you would tear the memory of that man from your heart? How you called God to witness that you would forget him? My honour! My honour!"

Priscilla closed her eyes and grasped the chair. But she would not bend her head to the storm as she bowed it long ago.

"I am innocent. I have done none of these things."

She could find no other words, and he would not have listened to more, for he was beside himself, and began to rave again while she stood straight and white beside the chair. Sometimes his voice was thick, as his fury choked him; sometimes it was shrill and wild, when his rage found vent. But each time as he paused exhausted to draw breath her words came to him calm and clear in the moment's stillness.

"I am innocent."

"How dare you say you are innocent?" he asked.

"She is innocent — as innocent, as pure, as spotless as the fleur-de-lis in her bosom.

"The Wandering Jew."

EUGENE SUE.

"It was not you—really not you—whom I killed! You are alive — you are there! A man that was like you. I, mad with rage, slew him—saw him fall."

The dying man arose.

"Take her back all the same!" gasped the dying voice. "Devote yourself to her day and night. You love her."

The silenced voice spoke no more.

"The Weavers."

GILBERT PARKER.

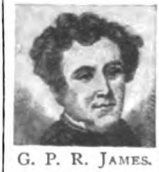
The girl gave a choking cry. Hildebrand quickly stooped and turned the body over. There was a cut where the hair met the temple. He opened the waistcoat and thrust his hand inside the shirt. Then he felt the pulse of the limp wrist.

For a moment he looked at the face steadily, almost contemplatively it might have seemed, and then drew both arms close to the body.

Archibald Peythroppe, the brother of Hildebrand, was dead.

And thus across the chasm of a crime, terrible indeed, but necessary, the lovers were again united.

"Harlingford's Secret."



G. P. R. JAMES.

"Bertrand of Picardy."

A. DUMAS.

"The Understudy."

MARY CHOLMONDELEY.

R. Kipling, A. and C. Askew, F. Moore, B. L. Farjeon, S. Weyman, K. C. Thurston, Baring-Gould, Grant Allen, H. Vachell, F. H. Burnett, A. C. Doyle; Photos. Elliott & Fry. A. E. W. Mason, W. B. Maxwell, S. Crockett, M. Cholmondeley; Photos. Russell & Sons. Rider Haggard, Beaconsfield; Photos. The London Stereoscopic Co. B. Kennedy, J. Hocking; Photos. Geo. Newnes, Ltd. U. Sinclair; From Stereograph. Copyright Underwood & Underwood. H. Ward; Photo. Newman, Berkhampstead. W. W. Jacobs; Photo. Francis. M. Crawford; Photo. Messrs. Thomson. Bret Harte; Photo. T. Fall. G. Parker; Photo. Lafayette. C. Garvice; Photo. Harrods.

The House of Arden

By E. NESBIT.

A STORY
FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PRISONERS IN THE TOWER.

IMPRISONED in the Tower of London, accused of high treason, and having confessed to a too intimate knowledge of the Gunpowder Plot, Elfrida could not help feeling that it would be nice to be back again in her own time and at Arden, where, if you left events alone and didn't interfere with them by any sort of magic mouldiwarpiness, nothing dangerous, romantic, or thrilling would ever happen. And yet, when she *was* there, as you know, she never could let events alone. She and Edred could not be content with that castle and that house which, even as they stood, would have made you and me so perfectly happy. They wanted the treasure, and they—Elfrida especially—wanted adventures. Well, now they had got an adventure, both of them. There was no knowing how it would turn out, either; and that, after all, is the essence of adventures. Edred was lodged with Lord Arden and several other gentlemen in the White Tower, and Elfrida and Lady Arden were in quite a different part of the building. And the children were not allowed to meet. This, of course, made it impossible for either of them to try to get back to their own times. For though they sometimes quarrelled, as you know, they were really fond of each other, and most of us would hesitate to leave even a person we were *not* very fond of alone a prisoner in the Tower in the time of James I. and the Gunpowder Plot.

Elfrida had to wait on her mother and to sew at the sampler, which had been thoughtfully brought by the old nurse with her lady's clothes and the clothes Elfrida wore. But there were no games, and the only out-of-doors Elfrida could get was on a very narrow terrace, where you could see the fat, queer-

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looking ships in the river and the spire of St. Paul's.

Edred was more fortunate. He was allowed to play in the garden of the Lieutenant of the Tower. But he did not feel much like playing. He wanted to find Elfrida and get back to Arden. Everyone was very kind to him, but he had to be very much quieter than he was used to being, and to say "Sir" and "Madam," and not to speak till he was spoken to.

One day—for they were there quite a number of days—Edred met someone who seemed to like answering questions, and this made more difference than perhaps you would think.

Edred was walking one bright winter day in the private garden of the Lieutenant of the Tower, and he saw coming towards him a very handsome old gentleman dressed in very handsome clothes, and, what is more, the clothes blazed with jewels. Now most of the gentlemen who were prisoners in the Tower at that time thought that their very oldest clothes were good enough to wear in prison; so this splendour that was coming across the garden was very unusual as well as very dazzling, and before Edred could remember the rules about not speaking till you're spoken to he found that he had suddenly bowed and said:—

"Your servant, sir"; adding, "You do look ripping!"

"I do not take your meaning," said the gentleman, but he smiled kindly.

"I mean how splendid you look."

The old gentleman looked pleased.

"I am happy to command your admiration," he said.

"I mean your clothes," said Edred, and then, feeling, with a shock, that this was not the way to behave, he added: "Your face is splendid, too; only I've been taught manners, and I know you mustn't tell people they're handsome to their faces. Praise to the face is open disgrace. Mrs. Honeysett says so."

"Praise to *my* face isn't open disgrace, said the gentleman. "It is a pleasant novelty in these walls."

"Is it your birthday or anything?" Edred asked.

"It is not my birthday," said the gentleman, smiling. "But why the question?"

"Because you're so grand," said Edred. "I suppose you're a prince, then?"

"No, not a prince—a prisoner."

"Oh, I see," said Edred, as people so often do when they don't; "and you're going to be let out to-day, and you've put on your best things to go home in. I *am* so glad. At least, I am sorry you're going, but I'm glad on your account."

"Thou'rt a fine bold boy," said the gentleman; "but no, I am a prisoner, and like to remain so. And for these gauds"—he swelled out his chest so that his diamond buttons and ruby earrings and gem-set collar flashed in the winter sun—"for these gauds never shall it be said that Walter Raleigh let the shadow of his prison tarnish his pride in the proper arraying of a body that has been honoured to kneel before the Virgin Queen." He took off his hat at the last words and swept it with a flourish nearly to the ground.

"*Oh!*" cried Edred, "are you really Sir Walter Raleigh? Oh, how splendid! And now you will tell me all about the golden South Americas, and sea-fights, and the Armada, and the Spaniards, and what you used to play at when you were a little boy."

"Aye," said Sir Walter, "I'll tell thee tales enow. They'll not let me from speaking with thee, I warrant. I would," he said, looking round impatiently, "that I could see the river again. From my late chamber I saw it, and the goodly ships coming in and out—the ships that go down into the great waters." He sighed, was silent a moment, and then spoke. "And so thou didst not know thine old friend Raleigh? He was all forgot, all forgot! And yet thou hast rid astride my sword ere now, and I have played with thee in the court-yard at Arden. When England forgets so soon, who can expect more from a child?"

"I'm sorry," said Edred, humbly.

"Nay," said Sir Walter, pinching his ear gently, "'tis two years agone, and short years have short memories. Thou shalt come with me to my chamber and I will show thee a chart and a map of Windangocoa, that Her Dear Glorious Majesty permitted me to rename Virginia, after her great and gracious self."

So Edred, very glad and proud, went hand in hand with Sir Walter Raleigh to his apartments, and saw many strange things from overseas—dresses of feathers from Mexico, and strange images in gold from strange islands, and the tip of a narwhal's horn from Greenland, with many other things. And Sir Walter told him of his voyages and his fights, and of how he and Humphrey Gilbert, and Adrian Gilbert and little Jack Davis, used to sail their toy boats in the Long Stream; and how they used to row in and out among the big ships down at the

"HE TOOK OFF HIS HAT AT THE LAST WORDS AND SWEPT IT WITH A FLOURISH NEARLY TO THE GROUND."

port, and look at the great figure-heads standing out high above the water, and wonder about them, and about the strange lands they came from.

"And often," said Sir Walter, "we found a sea-captain that would tell us lads travellers' tales like these I have told thee. And we sailed our little ships, and then we sailed our big ships—and here I lie in dock, and shall never sail again. But it's oh to see the Devon moors and the clear reaches of the Long Stream again! And that I never shall."

"Oh, do cheer up, do!" said Edred, awkwardly. "I don't know whether they'll let you go to Devonshire, but I know they'll let you go back to America some day with twelve ships. I read about it only yesterday, and your ship will be called the *Destiny*, and you'll sail from the Thames, and Lord Arden will see you off and kiss you farewell, and give you a medal for a keepsake. Your son will go with you. I *know* it's true. It's all in the book."

"The book?" Sir Walter asked; "a prophecy, belike?"

"You can call it that if you want to," said Ederd, cautiously; "but, anyhow, it's true."

He had read it all in the history of Arden.

"If it should be true," said Sir Walter—and the smile came back to his merry eyes—"and if I ever sail to the Golden West again, shrew me but I will sack a Spanish town, and bring thee a collar of gold and pieces of eight—a big bagful."

"Thank you very much," said Edred. "It is very kind of you; but I shall not be there."

And all Sir Walter's questions did not make him say how he knew this, or what he meant by it.

After this he met Sir Walter every day in the Lieutenant's garden, and the two prisoners comforted each other. At least, Edred was comforted, and Sir Walter *seemed* to be.

However, just now Elfrida and Edred were in the Tower and not able to see each other—so they could not discuss that or any other question, and they always hoped that they would meet, but they never did.

But by and by the Queen thought of Lady Arden and decided that she and her son Edred ought to be let out of the Tower, and she told the King so, and he told Lord Somebody or other, who told the Lieutenant of the Tower, and behold Lady Arden and Edred were abruptly sent home in their own coach, which had been suddenly sent for, to Arden House—but Elfrida was

left in charge of the wife of the Lieutenant of the Tower, who was a very kind lady. So now Elfrida was in the Tower and Edred was at Arden House in Soho, and they had not been able to speak to each other or arrange any plan for getting back to 1908 and Arden Castle by the sea.

Of course, Elfrida was kept in the Tower because she had sung the rhyme about—

> Please to remember
> The Fifth of November,
> The gunpowder treason and plot.

And this made people think—or seem to think—that she knew all about the Gunpowder Plot. And so, of course, she did, though it would have been very difficult for her to show anyone at that time *how* she knew it without being a traitor.

She was now allowed to see Lord Arden every day, and she grew very fond of him. He was curiously like her own daddy, who had gone away to South America with Uncle Jim, and had never come back to his little girl. Lord Arden also seemed to grow fonder of her every day. "Thou'rt a bold piece," he'd tell her, "and thou growest bolder with each day. Hast thou no fear that thy daddy will have thee whipped for answering him so pert?"

"No," Elfrida would say, hugging him as well as she could for his ruff. "*I* know you wouldn't beat your girl, don't I, daddy?" And as she hugged him it felt *almost* like hugging her own daddy, who would never come home from America.

So she was almost contented. She knew that Lord Arden was not one of those to suffer for the Gunpowder Plot. She knew from the history of Arden that he would just be banished from the Court and end his days happily at Arden, and she was almost tempted just to go on and let what would happen, and stay with this new daddy who had lived three hundred years before, and pet him and be petted by him. Only, she felt that she must do something because of Edred. The worst of it was that she could not think of anything to do. She did not know at all what was happening to Edred—whether he was being happy or unhappy.

As it happened, he was being, if not unhappy, at least uncomfortable. Mr. Parados, the tutor, who was as nasty a man as you will find in any seaside academy for young gentlemen, still remained at Arden House and taught the boys—Edred and his Cousin Richard. Mr. Parados was in high favour with the King because he had listened to what wasn't meant for him and reported it where it would do most mischief—a thing always very pleasing to King James I.—and Lady Arden dared not dismiss him. Besides, she was ill with trouble and anxiety, which Edred could not at all soothe by saying again and again, "Father *won't* be found guilty of treason—he *won't* be executed. He'll just be sent to Arden and live there quietly with you. I saw it all in a book."

But Lady Arden only cried and cried.

Mr. Parados was very severe, and rapped Edred's knuckles almost continuously during lesson time—and out of it. Said Cousin Richard, "He is for ever bent on spying and browbeating of us."

"He's always messing about—nasty sneak," said Edred. "I should like to be even with him before I go. And I will, too."

"Before you go? Go whither?" Cousin Richard asked.

"Elfrida and I are going away," Edred began, and then felt how useless it was to go on, since even when the 1908 Edred whom he was had gone, the 1605 Elfrida and Edred would, of course, still be there. That is, if—— He checked the old questions, which he had now no time to consider, and said, in a firm tone which was new to him, and which Elfrida would have been astonished and delighted to hear:—

"Yes, I've got two things to do—to be even with old Parrot-nose—to be revenged on him, I mean—and to get Elfrida out of the Tower. And I'll do that first, because she'll like to help with the other."

The boys were on the leads, their backs to a chimney and their faces towards the trap-door, which was the only way of getting on to the roof. It was very cold, and the north wind was blowing, but they had come there because it was one of the few places where Mr. Parrot-nose could not possibly come creeping up behind them to listen to what they were saying.

"Get her out of the Tower?" Dick laughed, and then was sad. "I would we could," he said.

"We *can*," said Edred, earnestly. "I've been thinking about it all the time, ever since we came out of the Tower, and I know the way. I shall want you to help me, Dick—you and one grown-up." He spoke in the same firm, self-reliant tone that was so new to him.

"One grown-up?" Dick asked.

"Yes. *I* think nurse would do it, and I'm going to find out if we can trust her."

"Trust her?" said Dick "Why, she'd die

for any of us Ardens. Aye, and die on the rack before she would betray the lightest word of any of us."

"Then *that's* all right," said Edred.

"What is thy plot?" Dick asked, and he did not laugh, though he wanted to. You see, Edred looked so very small and weak, and the Tower was so very big and strong.

"I'm going to get Elfrida out," said Edred, "and I'm going to do it like Lady Nithsdale got her husband out. It will be quite easy. It all depends on knowing when the guard is changed, and I *do* know that."

"But how did my Lady Nithsdale get my Lord Nithsdale out—and from what?" Dick asked.

"Why, out of the Tower—*you* know," Edred was beginning, when he remembered that Dick did *not* know and couldn't know, because Lord Nithsdale hadn't yet been taken out of the Tower—hadn't even been put in; perhaps, for anything Edred knew, wasn't even born yet. So he said:—

"Never mind; I'll tell you all about Lady Nithsdale," and proceeded to tell Dick, vaguely, yet inspiringly, the story of that wise and brave lady. *I* haven't time to tell *you* the story, but any grown-up who knows history will be only too pleased to tell it.

Dick listened with most flattering interest, though it was getting dusk, and colder than ever. The lights were lighted in the house, and the trap-door had become a yellow square. A shadow in this yellow square warned Dick, and he pinched Edred's arm.

"Come," he said, "and let us apply ourselves to our books. Virtuous youths always act in their preceptors' absence as they would if their preceptors were present. I feel as though mine *were* present. Therefore, I take it, I am a virtuous youth——"

On which the shadow disappeared very suddenly, and the two boys, laughing in a choking inside sort of way, went down to learn their lessons by the light of two guttering tallow candles in solid silver candlesticks.

The next day Edred got the old nurse to take him to the Court, and because the Queen was very fond of Lady Arden he actually managed to see Her Majesty, and, what is more, to get permission to visit his father and sister in the Tower. The permission was written in the Queen's own hand, and bade the Lieutenant of the Tower to admit Master Edred Arden and Master Richard Arden and an attendant. Then the nurse became very busy with sewing, and two days went by, and Mr. Parados rapped the boys' fingers and scolded them and scowled at them—and wondered why they bore it all so patiently.

Then came The Day, and it was bitterly cold, and as the afternoon got older snow began to fall.

"So much the better," said the old nurse—"so much the better."

It was at dusk that the guard was changed at the Tower gate, and a quarter of an hour before dusk Lord Arden's carriage stopped at the Tower gate and an old nurse in ruff and cap and red cloak got out of it and lifted out two little gentlemen—one in black, with a cloak trimmed with squirrel fur, which was Edred, and another, which was Richard, in grey velvet and marten's fur. And the Lieutenant was called, and he read the Queen's order and nodded kindly to Edred, and they all went in. And as they went across the yard to the White Tower, where Lord Arden's lodging was, the snow fell thick on their cloaks and furs and froze to the stuff, for it was bitter cold.

And again:—

"So much the better," the nurse said—"so much the better."

Elfrida was with Lord Arden—sitting on his knee—when the visitors came in. She jumped up and greeted Edred with a glad cry and a very close hug.

"Go with nurse," he whispered through the hug; "do exactly what she tells you."

"But I've made a piece of poetry," Elfrida whispered, "and now you're here——"

"*Do what you're told*," whispered Edred in a tone she had never heard from him before, and so fiercely that she said no more about poetry. "We must get you out of this," Edred went on. "Don't be a duffer—think of Lady Nithsdale."

Then Elfrida understood. Her arms fell from round Edred's neck, and she ran back to Lord Arden and put her arms round *his* neck and kissed him over and over again.

"There, there, my maid, there, there," he said, patting her shoulder softly, for she was crying.

"Come with me to my chamber," said the nurse. "I would take thy measure for a new gown and petticoat."

But Elfrida clung closer. "She does not want to leave her dad," said Lord Arden, "dost thou, my maid?"

"No, no," said Elfrida, quite wildly. "I don't want to leave my daddy!"

"Come," said Lord Arden, "'tis but for a measuring time, and thou'lt come back, sweet lamb as thou art. Go now, to return the more quickly."

"Good-bye, dear, dear, *dear* daddy," said Elfrida, suddenly standing up. "Oh, my dear daddy, good-bye."

"Why, what a piece of work about a new frock!" said the nurse, crossly. "I've no patience with the child," and she caught Elfrida's hand and dragged her into the next room.

"Now," she whispered, already on her knees undoing Elfrida's gown, "not a moment to lose. Hold thy handkerchief to thy face and seem to weep as we go out. Why, thou'rt weeping already! So much the better!"

From under her wide hoop and petticoat the nurse drew out the clothes that were hidden there — a little suit of black exactly like Edred's — cap, cloak, stockings, shoes — all like Edred's to a hair.

And Elfrida, before she had finished crying, stood up, the exact image of her brother — except her face—and that would be hidden by the handkerchief. Then, very quickly, the nurse went to the door of the apartment and spoke to the guard there.

"Good lack, good gentleman," she said, "my little master is ill—he is too frail to bear these sad meetings and sadder partings. Convoy us, I pray you, to the outer gate, that I may find our coach and take him home, and afterwards I will return for my other charge—his noble cousin."

"Is it so?" said the guard, kindly. "Poor child. Well, such is life, mistress, and we all have tears to weep."

But he could not leave his post at Lord Arden's door to conduct them to the gates. But he told them the way, and they crossed the courtyard alone, and as they went the snow fell on their cloaks and froze there.

"'I WILL CONVEY HIM TO OUR COACH, GOOD MASTERS,' SHE SAID TO THE GUARD."

So that the guard at the gate, who had seen an old nurse and two little boys go in through the snow, now saw an old nurse and one little boy go out, all snow-covered, and the little boy appeared to be crying bitterly; and no wonder, the nurse explained, seeing his dear father and sister thus.

"I will convey him to our coach, good masters," she said to the guard, "and return for my other charge, young Master Richard Arden."

And on that she got Elfrida, in her boy's clothes, out at the gate and into the waiting carriage. The coachman, by private arrangement with the old nurse, was asleep on the box; and the footman, also by previous arrangement, was refreshing himself at a tavern near by.

"Under the seat," said the old nurse, and, thrusting Elfrida in, shut the coach door and left her. And there was Elfrida, dressed like a boy, huddled up among the straw at the bottom of the coach.

So far, so good. But the most dangerous part of the adventure still remained. The nurse got in again easily enough; she was

let in by the guards who had seen her come out. And as she went slowly across the snowy courtyard she heard ring under the gateway the stamping feet of the men who had come to relieve guard and to be themselves the new guard. So far, again, so good. The danger lay with the guard at the door of Lord Arden's rooms, and in the chance that some of the old guard might be lingering about the gateway when she came out, not with *one* little boy as they would expect, but with *two*. But this had to be risked. The nurse waited as long as she dared, so as to lessen the chance of meeting any of the old guard as she went out with her charges. She waited quietly in a corner while Lord Arden talked with the boys, and when at last she said, "The time is done, my lord," she already knew that the guard at the room door had been changed.

"So now for it," said Edred, as he and Richard followed the nurse down the narrow steps and across the snowy courtyard.

The new guard saw the woman and two boys, and the captain of the guard read the Queen's paper, which the old nurse had taken care to get back from the Lieutenant. And as, plainly, Master Edred Arden and Master Richard Arden, with their attendant, had passed in, so now they were permitted to pass out, and two minutes later a great coach was lumbering along the snowy streets, and inside it four people were embracing in rapture at the success of their stratagem.

"But it was Edred thought of it," said Richard, as in honour bound, "and he arranged everything and carried it out."

"How splendid of him!" said Elfrida, warmly; and I think it was rather splendid of *her* not to spoil his pride and pleasure in this the first adventure he had ever planned and executed entirely on his own account. She could very easily have spoiled it, you know, by pointing out to him that the whole thing was quite unnecessary, and that they could have got away much more easily by going on to a corner in the Tower and saying poetry to the Mouldiwarp.

So they came to Arden House.

The coachman was apparently asleep again, and the footman went round and did something to the harness after he had got the front door opened, and it was quite easy for the nurse to send the footman who opened the door to order a meal to be served at once for Master Edred and Master Richard. So that no one saw that, instead of the two little boys who had left Arden House in the afternoon, three came back to it in the evening.

Then the nurse took them into the parlour and shut the door.

"Now," she said, "Master Richard will go take off his fine suit and Miss Arden will go into the little room and change her raiment. And for you, Master Edred, you wait here with me."

When the others had obediently gone the nurse stood looking at Edred with eyes that grew larger and different, and he stood looking at her with eyes that grew rounder and rounder.

"Why," he said, at last, "you're the witch—the witch we took the tea and things to."

"And if I am?" said she. "Do you think you're the only people who can come back into other times? You're not all the world yet, Master Arden of Arden. But you've got the makings of a fine boy and a fine man, and I think you've learned something in these old ancient times."

He had. There is not a doubt of it. Whether it was being thought important enough to be imprisoned in the Tower, or whether it was the long talks he had with Sir Walter Raleigh, that fine genius and great gentleman, or whether it was Mr. Parados's knuckle-rappings and scowlings, I do not know. But it is certain that this adventure was the beginning of the change in Edred which ended in his being "brave and kind and wise," as the old rhyme had told him to be.

"And now," said the nurse, as Elfrida appeared in her girl's clothes, "there is not a moment to lose. Already at the Tower they have found out our trick. You must go back to your own times."

"She's the witch," Edred briefly answered the open amazement in Elfrida's eyes.

"There is no time to lose," the nurse repeated.

"I *must* be even with old Parados first," said Edred, and so he was; and it took exactly a quarter of an hour, and I will tell you all about it afterwards.

When he *was* even with old Parados the old nurse sent Richard to bed, and then Elfrida made haste to say: "I did make some poetry to call the Mouldiwarp, but it's all about the Tower, and we're not there now. It's no use saying

> Oh, Mouldiwarp, you have the power
> To get us out of this beastly Tower,

when we're not *in* the Tower, and I can't think of anything else. And——"

But the nurse interrupted her.

"Never mind about poetry," she said;

"poetry's all very well for children, but I know a trick worth two of that."

She led them into the dining-room—where the sideboard stood covered with silver—set down the candle, lifted down the great salver with the arms of Arden engraved upon it, and put it on the table.

She breathed on the salver and traced triangles and a circle on the dulled surface—and as the mistiness of her breath faded and the silver shone out again undimmed, there, suddenly, in the middle of the salver, was the live white Mouldiwarp of Arden, looking extremely cross!

"You've no manners," it said to the nurse, "bringing me here in that off-hand, rude way, without 'With your leave!' or 'By your leave!' Elfrida could easily have made some poetry. You know well enough," it added, angrily, "that it's positively painful to me to be summoned by your triangles and things. Poetry's so easy and simple."

"Poetry's too slow for this night's work," said the nurse, shortly. "Come—take the children away—and have done with it."

"You make everything so difficult," said the Mouldiwarp, more crossly than ever; "that's the worst of people who think they know a lot and really only know a little, and pretend they know everything. If I'd come the easy poetry way I could have taken them back as easily. But now—well, it can't be helped. I'll take them back, of course, but it'll be a way they won't like. They'll have to go on to the top of the roof and jump off."

"I don't believe that's necessary," said the witch-nurse.

"All right," said the Mouldiwarp; "get them away yourself, then," and it actually began to disappear.

"No, no," said Elfrida; "we'll do anything you say."

"There's a foot of snow on the roof," said the witch-nurse.

"'YOU'VE NO MANNERS,' IT SAID TO THE NURSE."

"So much the better," said the Mouldiwarp; "so much the better. *You* ought to know that."

"You think yourself very clever," said the nurse.

"Not half so clever as I *am*," said the Mouldiwarp, rather unreasonably, Elfrida thought. "There!" it added, sharply, as a great hammering at the front door shattered the quiet of the night. "There—to the roof for your lives! And I'm not at all sure that it's not too late."

The knocking was growing louder and louder.

(To be continued.)

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

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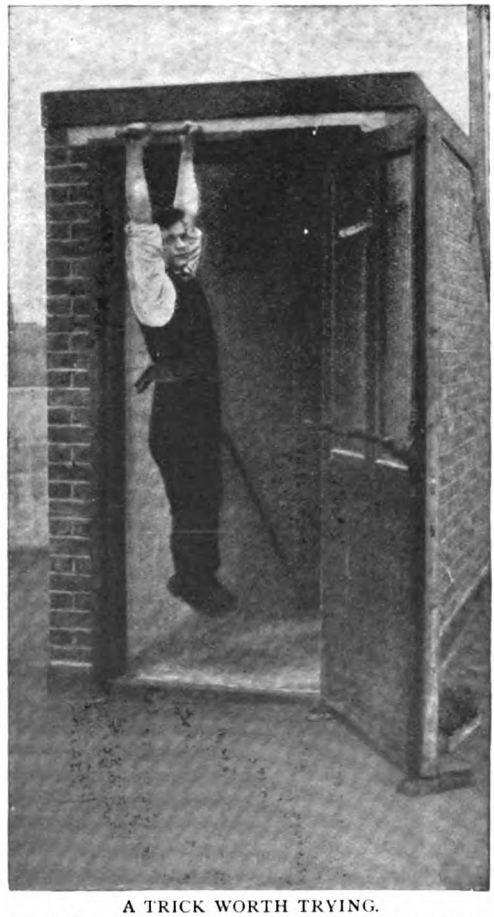
HOW DID THEY GET THERE?

ON opening a boiled egg recently I discovered several words apparently printed in the white. I cut out the portion of the egg and had it photographed, and now send you a print. The wording, of course, is disconnected, being obviously portions of five different lines from a book or paper. No particle of the paper remained, but, as may be seen from the photograph, the words showed up very distinctly.—Mr. Walter Hart, 24, Westgate Street, Gloucester.

A PECULIAR ILLUSION.

THE accompanying photograph appears to show an ogress, wrapped in a white sheet and with bandaged head, keeping guard over a baby. In reality it is half of the figure of a young lady wearing a white apron, who is holding in her hand the child's bonnet, which bears a strange resemblance to a face. The baby is Molly Roberts, of Garryduff.—Miss Annie H. Waring, Summerville, Enniscorthy, co. Wexford, Ireland.



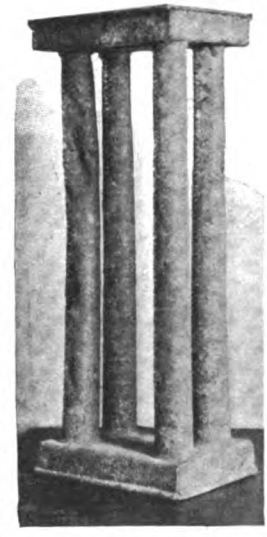
A TRICK WORTH TRYING.

I AM sending you a photograph which may prove of interest to readers of THE STRAND, and also provide them with no little amusement while trying to do the trick themselves. The man seen in the picture is merely holding a piece of iron gas-pipe and balancing himself on the ledge above the door. He may even indulge in a swing without fear of falling off. The secret of success is to put all the weight on the side nearest the door, while pushing upwards with the hand at the other end of the pipe. If an iron pipe is not available, a thick piece of wood will do equally well.—Mr. W. F. Wagner, 2, Longueville Terrace, New Malden, Surrey.

A LILLIPUTIAN RESIDENCE.

THE above illustration shows one of the queerest houses in the United States. It is four storeys high, yet does not exceed an ordinary cottage in height. It is a quaint and picturesque combination of many types of architecture. There are turrets and domes and battlemented towers, windows of all sizes and shapes, even to round openings like cannon-holes in a warship. Some of the windows are scarcely large enough for a face, and many window-boxes are like tiny birds' nests. The rear of the house is like a miniature bit from a Rhine castle. The house itself is said to have been built by a man of small stature and eccentric ideas, and a romantic little story is connected with the place. When the house was completed—so runs the legend—its owner was lonely, and, thinking the most expeditious way to get what he wanted was to advertise in the American papers, he inserted a paragraph under the heading "Wife Wanted." Scores of letters and photographs arrived from hopeful divinities. From the collection of pictures he selected a beautiful face—one that fulfilled his ideal of woman and wife. They corresponded and an engagement resulted. The prospective bride left her Eastern home and came to the eager bridegroom in California. She was a magnificent specimen of womanhood—a modern Juno, but, to the horror and complete despair of the now undone bridegroom, she was six feet high—for him and his house a giantess. Under no possibility could he get her into his "Diamond Castle." This was an insurmountable obstacle to their marriage, and with great sadness they held a consultation and decided to part for ever, she taking the return train East, leaving orange-blossoms and sunshine to face snow-drifts and woe, he returning to his cold, bleak hearth alone.—Helen Lukens Gaut, 182, East Walnut Street, Pasadena, Cal.

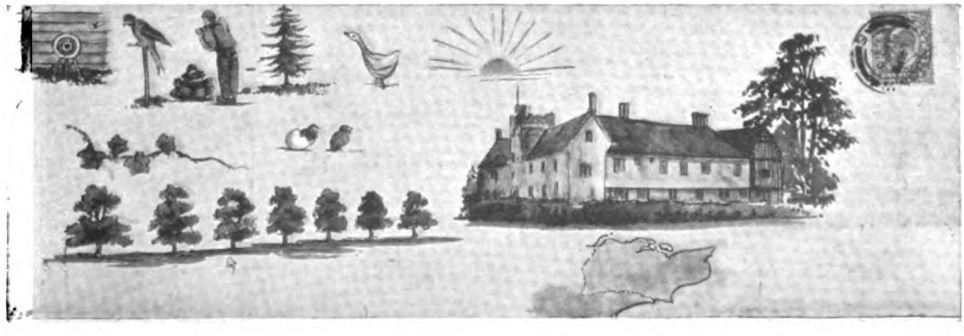
A CANDLE-MAKING MACHINE.



WHEN visiting an old farm in the fenlands of Cambridgeshire I discovered the arrangement illustrated. It is made of tin and consists of four hollow pillars about a foot in height. The pillars open into the top, which is a square tray. At the bottom the pillars taper to a V, in the base of which are pinholes. What it was used for was a puzzle to everybody for many years. I at last found out that the old farmer in his younger days made his own candles; he was a shepherd and obtained a good supply of mutton fat. A suitable cotton was braided and threaded through the tubes; they were then filled with melted fat. When cool the candles were drawn out and used in the ordinary way.—Mr. P. R. Salmon, 115, Minard Road, Catford, S.E.

A CLEVER PUZZLE ADDRESS.

THOUGH not having a single written word upon it, this envelope reached me from London without delay. The address reads: Miss Polly Colyer (Collier)-Fergusson (Fir-goose-sun), Ightham Mote, Ivy Hatch, Sevenoaks, Kent. Ightham Mote is indicated by a small sketch of the house itself, which is well known in the county.—Miss Colyer-Fergusson, Ightham Mote, Ivy Hatch, near Sevenoaks, Kent.



CAN YOU SEE HIM?

NOW, my shorthand-writers bonny,
See this face? Don't grin;
For, says Pitman, "This is Johnnie
With a clean-shaved chin."

—Mr. G. Kennedy Chrystie, 17, Pierremont Crescent, Darlington.

Medical Hall i.e. Aksir-ush-sait

MACHLI BAZAR, CAWNPORE.

We have in our stock very much famous medicines English, fashions patent of different diseases which are examined several times and founded good result and new stock to hand from England.

AIR RIFLE

773 The above can filled up with air when birds on catching the top of the Rifle then a sound will be like gun, and can filled up with small *Churre* and birds can die and this very useful for practing purposes and also no license are required.

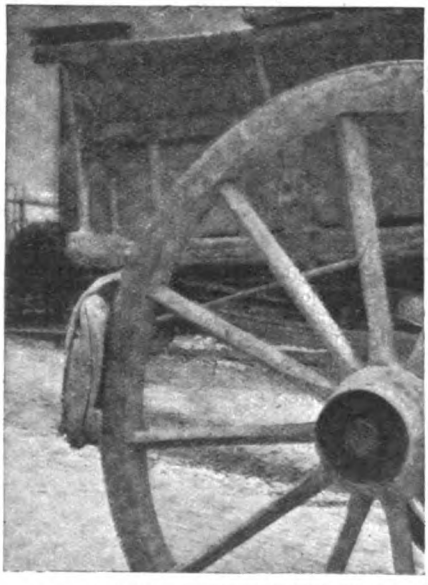
Rs. 5 each.

774 Do. Do. for Infants false Rifle.

Rs. 1-8 and 2 each.

Vinolia Tooth Powder—

The above are for much useful of tooth pains each phial As 10
Carbolic tooth powder pure and real each tin ,, 8
Do do Unreal ,, 4



NOVEL USE OF AN OLD BOOT.

WHILE cycling during my last holiday between Colerne and Bath I came across this novel use of an old boot. The leather of the brake was worn quite away and the old boot had been fixed on the brake shoe. The top of the boot fitted tight over the shoe and so kept in position. It had evidently been in use for some time, since the heel was completely worn down where the wheel had rubbed against it.—Mr. E. F. L. Taylor, Felsted School, Essex.

MORE QUEER ENGLISH.

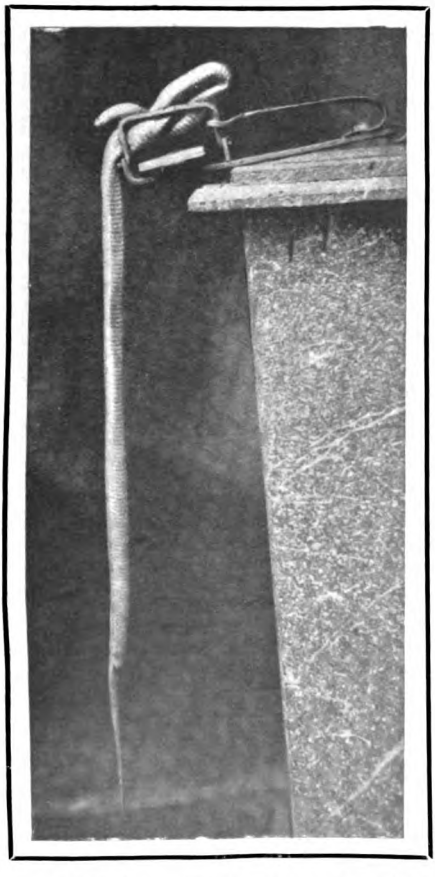
I AM enclosing three cuttings from a native shopkeeper's catalogue. They are, I think, jewels of their kind, and fully bear out the truth of the saying that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. For instance, is it not pathetic to know that "Birds on catching the top of the rifle . . . can die"? Also, would not the makers of Vinolia Tooth Powder be pleased to know that the sincerest form of flattery is only worth annas four?—A Reader in India.

A TELL-TALE CANDLE.

LAST summer, while taking some flashlight photographs of Mullion Cave in Cornwall, I obtained the picture I now send you. I had the camera pointing towards the entrance of the cave. The ray of sunlight was coming through a rift above the entrance. After I had fixed up the camera and had opened the lens to give an exposure before operating the flashlight, I found I had forgotten something, and, taking one of my two candles to light my way over the rocks, I proceeded to the entrance and back again. I never gave a thought as to there being any likelihood of its having any effect on the film, and I was very much surprised, on developing and printing, to find my erratic journey so clearly shown.—Mr. Leonard Baynes, Capri, Baldock Road, Letchworth, Hitchin.

A SNAKE TWICE CAUGHT IN ONE TRAP.

A BLACK snake, over five feet long, was found one morning by a rabbiter in an ordinary rabbit trap, and brought into town by him exactly as shown in the picture. The position of the snake, caught apparently twice, is a mystery, but the supposition is that as he was gliding over the trap to enter a rabbit burrow he suddenly changed his mind and doubled over



to turn back. The lip of the gin, which bore the single weight without snapping the trap, was pressed down when the snake put two lengths of his body upon it, and thus caught him in the position in which we find him. For once the subtlety of the serpent was at fault. The photograph was taken by Mr. Dick, Parkes, N.S.W.—Rev. R. Seymour Smith, Rectory, Parkes, New South Wales.

A PLAGUE OF GRASSHOPPERS.

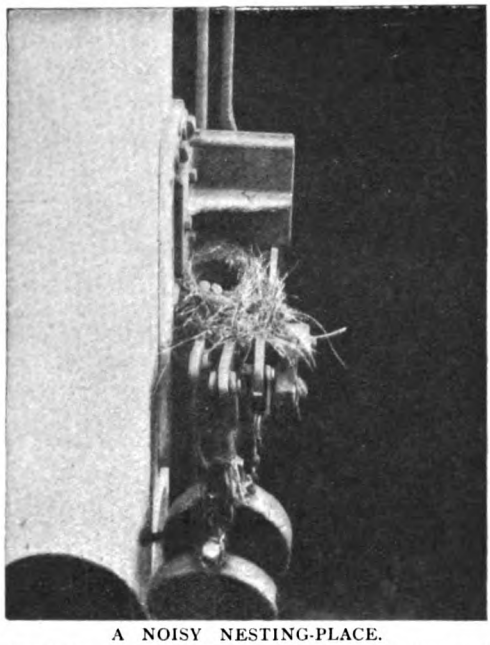
NOT many months ago the town of Parkes, New South Wales, was visited by a plague of grasshoppers, and I am sending you a photograph which will give some idea of what such a visitation means. They filled the air and covered the ground, which seemed literally to move with them.—Rev. R. Seymour Smith, Rectory, Parkes, New South Wales.

HIS REQUEST WAS GRANTED.

I SEND you an application for leave submitted by one of my clerks. Such letters are styled by some as "More English as She is Wrote," but in this case I am afraid it must be, "More English as She is Brutally Murdered." Needless to say, on the strength of his application the clerk obtained his leave, but he was advised not to "paint" his eye.—Mr. T. Z. Oung, Headquarters Magistrate, Monywa, Burma.

Sir

My soreeye are so strong that I could not slept for two nights & yet by the power of famous medicine it cured by degree & now still red & little paint, besides if attended in reading & writing the eyes became dark & pain therefore beg to ask again for a day's leave for applying the medicine

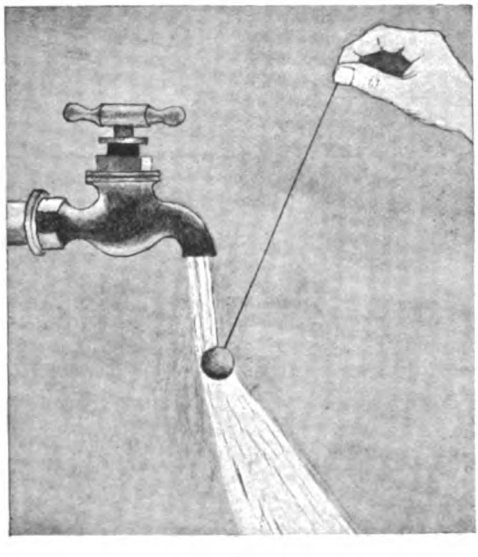


A NOISY NESTING-PLACE.

THIS thrush's nest, which is built on the levers of a signal-post, first caught my eye from the carriage window of a train running into Cromer, and I have pointed it out to several passengers at different times. The extraordinary thing about it, however, is that the lever actually moved the nest a little each time the signal was used, which would be for every train running into Cromer Great Eastern Railway station. The photograph had to be taken from the bank of a cutting to enable the eggs to be clearly seen.—Mr. R. M. Ling, North Walsham, Norfolk.

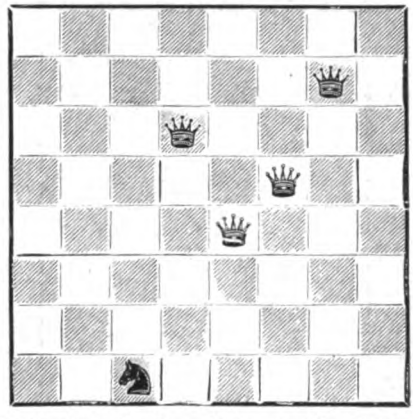
ANOTHER PARADOX.

IF a cork ball about an inch in diameter be tied at the end of a thread about a foot in length, and



then swung so that it enters a smooth stream of water flowing from a tap at about three inches from the mouth of the latter, it will be found that the ball will remain in the water, and that the thread will make an angle of about thirty degrees with a vertical line passing through the ball. The latter, it should be added, must be thoroughly wetted before this result is produced.—Mr. H. T. Feather, 48, Hill Street, St. Albans, Herts.

SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S CHESS PROBLEM.

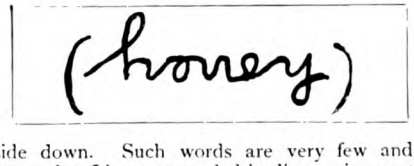


THE above is the solution to Mr. J. Wallis's problem in the last number, which was to control every square by using four queens and a knight. By the publication of this solution the series of this class of problem is completed. It has been shown that four queens with a rook, bishop, pawn, or knight can command the board. There only remains the king, who should not be neglected. He may take the place of the pawn in last month's position, or he may be placed on a square which is obvious in the above.

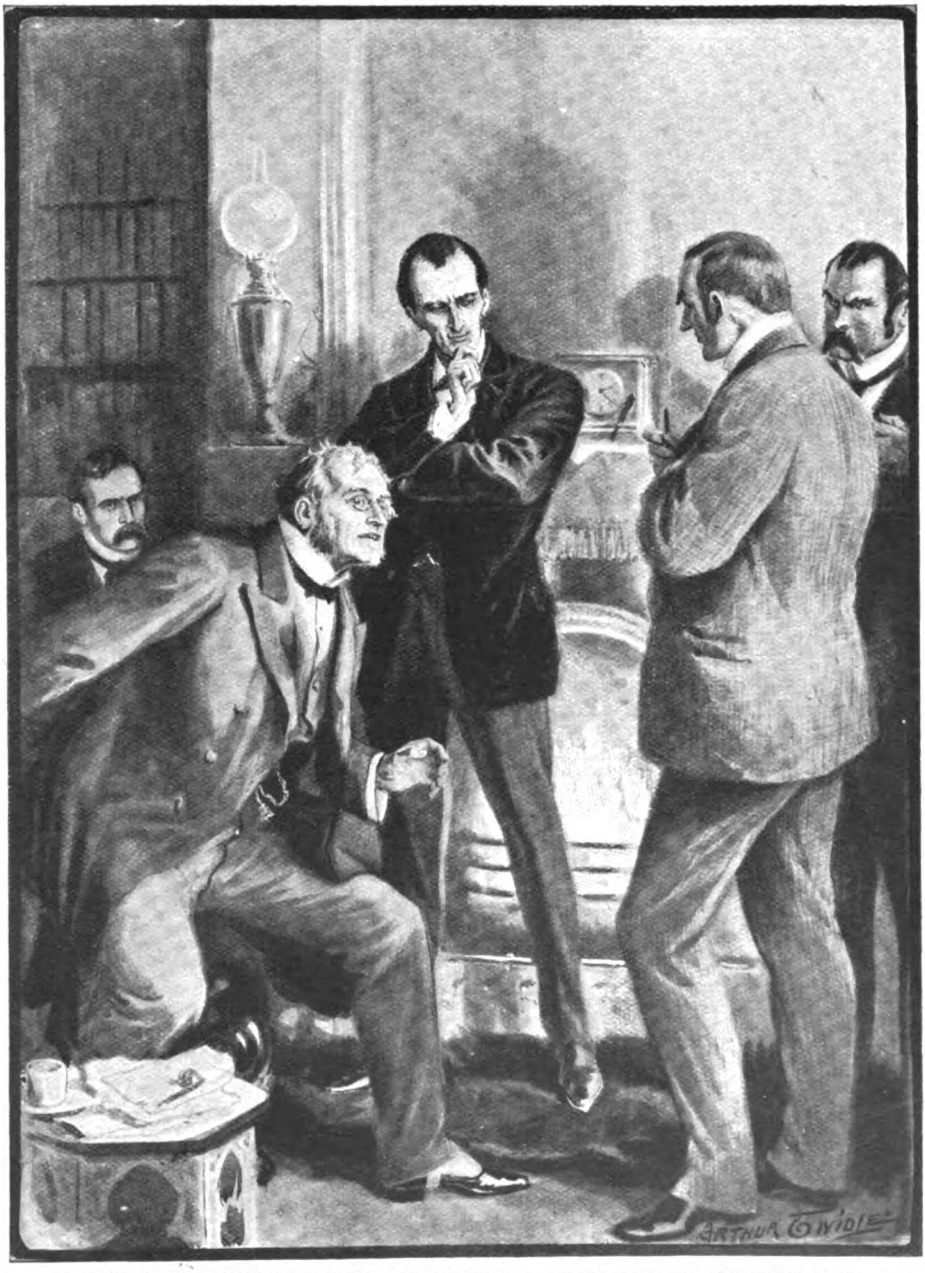
Tours in which the knight travels to every square of the chessboard in sixty-four moves are familiar, but Mr. J. Wallis proposes a novelty in which the moves are alternately those of a knight and a bishop. They leave the bishop's square together, and make first a knight's move and then a bishop's move—and so on, alternately. On the sixty-fourth move they arrive at the square from which they started, having stopped on every square on the way. They might have started from any square, and either knight or bishop might have had the first move. The solution will appear next month.

ANOTHER "REVERSIBLE" WORD.

LAST month you gave an example of a word so written that it read the same when turned



upside down. Such words are very few and far between, but I have succeeded in discovering another, for which I hope you will be able to find a corner.—Mr. V. K. Allison, Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, New Jersey, U.S.A.



"THIS IS AWFUL! YOU DON'T MEAN—YOU DON'T MEAN THAT I AM SUSPECTED?"

(*See page* 245.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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A Reminiscence of Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

By ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

I.—The Singular Experience of Mr. John Scott Eccles.

I FIND it recorded in my notebook that it was a bleak and windy day towards the end of March in the year 1892. Holmes had received a telegram whilst we sat at our lunch, and he had scribbled a reply. He made no remark, but the matter remained in his thoughts, for he stood in front of the fire afterwards with a thoughtful face, smoking his pipe, and casting an occasional glance at the message. Suddenly he turned upon me with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"I suppose, Watson, we must look upon you as a man of letters," said he "How do you define the word 'grotesque'?"

"Strange—remarkable," I suggested.

He shook his head at my definition.

"There is surely something more than that," said he; "some underlying suggestion of the tragic and the terrible. If you cast your mind back to some of those narratives with which you have afflicted a long-suffering public, you will recognise how often the grotesque has deepened into the criminal. Think of that little affair of the red-headed men. That was grotesque enough in the outset, and yet it ended in a desperate attempt at robbery. Or, again, there was that most grotesque affair of the five orange pips, which led straight to a murderous conspiracy. The word puts me on the alert."

"Have you it there?" I asked.

He read the telegram aloud.

"Have just had most incredible and grotesque experience. May I consult you?—Scott Eccles, Post Office, Charing Cross."

"Man or woman?" I asked.

"Oh, man, of course. No woman would ever send a reply-paid telegram. She would have come."

"Will you see him?"

"My dear Watson, you know how bored I have been since we locked up Colonel Carruthers. My mind is like a racing engine, tearing itself to pieces because it is not connected up with the work for which it was built. Life is commonplace, the papers are sterile; audacity and romance seem to have passed for ever from the criminal world. Can you ask me, then, whether I am ready to look into any new problem, however trivial it may prove? But here, unless I am mistaken, is our client."

A measured step was heard upon the stairs, and a moment later a stout, tall, grey-whiskered and solemnly respectable person was ushered into the room. His life history was written in his heavy features and pompous manner. From his spats to his gold-rimmed spectacles he was a Conservative, a Churchman, a good citizen, orthodox and conventional to the last degree. But some amazing experience had disturbed his native composure and left its traces in his bristling hair, his flushed, angry cheeks, and his flurried, excited manner. He plunged instantly into his business.

"I have had a most singular and unpleasant experience, Mr. Holmes," said he. "Never in my life have I been placed in such a situation. It is most improper—most outrageous. I must insist upon some explanation." He swelled and puffed in his anger.

"Pray sit down, Mr. Scott Eccles," said Holmes, in a soothing voice. "May I ask, in the first place, why you came to me at all?"

"Well, sir, it did not appear to be a matter which concerned the police, and yet, when you have heard the facts, you must admit

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that I could not leave it where it was. Private detectives are a class with whom I have absolutely no sympathy, but none the less, having heard your name——"

"Quite so. But, in the second place, why did you not come at once?"

"What do you mean?"

Holmes glanced at his watch.

"It is a quarter-past two," he said. "Your telegram was dispatched about one. But no one can glance at your toilet and attire without seeing that your disturbance dates from the moment of your waking."

Our client smoothed down his unbrushed hair and felt his unshaven chin.

"You are right, Mr. Holmes. I never gave a thought to my toilet. I was only too glad to get out of such a house. But I have been running round making inquiries before I came to you. I went to the house agents, you know, and they said that Mr. Garcia's rent was paid up all right, and that everything was in order at Wistaria Lodge."

"Come, come, sir," said Holmes, laughing. "You are like my friend Dr. Watson, who has a bad habit of telling his stories wrong end foremost. Please arrange your thoughts and let me know, in their due sequence, exactly what those events are which have sent you out unbrushed and unkempt, with dress boots and waistcoat buttoned awry, in search of advice and assistance."

Our client looked down with a rueful face at his own unconventional appearance.

"I HAVE BEEN RUNNING ROUND MAKING INQUIRIES BEFORE I CAME TO YOU."

"I'm sure it must look very bad, Mr. Holmes, and I am not aware that in my whole life such a thing has ever happened before. But I will tell you the whole queer business, and when I have done so you will admit, I am sure, that there has been enough to excuse me."

But his narrative was nipped in the bud. There was a bustle outside, and Mrs. Hudson opened the door to usher in two robust and official-looking individuals, one of whom was well known to us as Inspector Gregson of Scotland Yard, an energetic, gallant, and, within his limitations, a capable officer. He shook hands with Holmes, and introduced his comrade as Inspector Baynes of the Surrey Constabulary.

"We are hunting together, Mr. Holmes, and our trail lay in this direction." He turned his bulldog eyes upon our visitor. "Are you Mr. John Scott Eccles, of Popham House, Lee?"

"I am."

"We have been following you about all the morning."

"You traced him through the telegram, no doubt," said Holmes.

"Exactly, Mr. Holmes. We picked up the scent at Charing Cross Post Office and came on here."

"But why do you follow me? What do you want?"

"We wish a statement, Mr. Scott Eccles, as to the events which led up to the death last night of Mr. Aloysius Garcia, of Wistaria Lodge, near Esher."

Our client had sat up with staring eyes and every tinge of colour struck from his astonished face.

"Dead? Did you say he was dead?"

"Yes, sir, he is dead."

"But how? An accident?"

"Murder, if ever there was one upon earth."

"Good God! This is awful! You don't mean—you don't mean that I am suspected?"

"A letter of yours was found in the dead man's pocket, and we know by it that you had planned to pass last night at his house."

"So I did."

"Oh, you did, did you?"

Out came the official note-book.

"Wait a bit, Gregson," said Sherlock Holmes. "All you desire is a plain statement, is it not?"

"And it is my duty to warn Mr. Scott Eccles that it may be used against him."

"Mr. Eccles was going to tell us about it when you entered the room. I think, Watson, a brandy and soda would do him no harm. Now, sir, I suggest that you take no notice of this addition to your audience, and that you proceed with your narrative exactly as you would have done had you never been interrupted."

Our visitor had gulped off the brandy and the colour had returned to his face. With a dubious glance at the inspector's note-book, he plunged at once into his extraordinary statement.

"I am a bachelor," said he, "and, being of a sociable turn, I cultivate a large number of friends. Among these are the family of a retired brewer called Melville, living at Albemarle Mansion, Kensington. It was at his table that I met some weeks ago a young fellow named Garcia. He was, I understood, of Spanish descent and connected in some way with the Embassy. He spoke perfect English, was pleasing in his manners, and as good-looking a man as ever I saw in my life.

"In some way we struck up quite a friendship, this young fellow and I. He seemed to take a fancy to me from the first, and within two days of our meeting he came to see me at Lee. One thing led to another, and it ended in his inviting me out to spend a few days at his house, Wistaria Lodge, between Esher and Oxshott. Yesterday evening I went to Esher to fulfil this engagement.

"He had described his household to me before I went there. He lived with a faithful servant, a countryman of his own, who looked after all his needs. This fellow could speak English and did his housekeeping for him. Then there was a wonderful cook, he said, a half-breed whom he had picked up in his travels, who could serve an excellent dinner. I remember that he remarked what a queer household it was to find in the heart of Surrey, and that I agreed with him, though it has proved a good deal queerer than I thought.

"I drove to the place—about two miles on the south side of Esher. The house was a fair-sized one, standing back from the road, with a curving drive which was banked with high evergreen shrubs. It was an old, tumble-down building in a crazy state of disrepair. When the trap pulled up on the grass-grown drive in front of the blotched and weather-stained door, I had doubts as to my wisdom in visiting a man whom I knew so slightly. He opened the door himself, however, and greeted me with a great show of cordiality. I was handed over to the man-servant, a

melancholy, swarthy individual, who led the way, my bag in his hand, to my bedroom. The whole place was depressing. Our dinner was *tête-à-tête*, and though my host did his best to be entertaining, his thoughts seemed to continually wander, and he talked so vaguely and wildly that I could hardly understand him. He continually drummed his fingers on the table, gnawed his nails, and gave other signs of nervous impatience. The dinner itself was neither well served nor well cooked, and the gloomy presence of the taciturn servant did not help to enliven us. I can assure you that many times in the course of the evening I wished that I could invent some excuse which would take me back to Lee.

"One thing comes back to my memory which may have a bearing upon the business that you two gentlemen are investigating. I thought nothing of it at the time. Near the end of dinner a note was handed in by the servant. I noticed that after my host had read it he seemed even more distrait and strange than before. He gave up all pretence at conversation and sat, smoking endless cigarettes, lost in his own thoughts, but he made no remark as to the contents. About eleven I was glad to go to bed. Some time later Garcia looked in at my door—the room was dark at the time—and asked me if I had rung. I said that I had not. He apologized for having disturbed me so late, saying that it was nearly one o'clock. I dropped off after this and slept soundly all night.

"And now I come to the amazing part of my tale. When I awoke it was broad daylight. I glanced at my watch, and the time was nearly nine. I had particularly asked to be called at eight, so I was very much astonished at this forgetfulness. I sprang up and rang for the servant. There was no response. I rang again and again, with the same result. Then I came to the conclusion that the bell was out of order. I huddled on my clothes and hurried downstairs in an exceedingly bad temper to order some hot water. You can imagine my surprise when I found that there was no one there. I shouted in the hall. There was no answer. Then I ran from room to room. All were deserted. My host had shown me which was his bedroom the night before, so I knocked at the door. No reply. I turned the handle and walked in. The room was empty, and the bed had never been slept in. He had gone with the rest. The foreign host, the foreign footman, the foreign cook, all had vanished in the night! That was the end of my visit to Wistaria Lodge."

Sherlock Holmes was rubbing his hands and chuckling as he added this bizarre incident to his collection of strange episodes.

"Your experience is, so far as I know, perfectly unique," said he. "May I ask, sir, what you did then?"

"I was furious. My first idea was that I had been the victim of some absurd practical joke. I packed my things, banged the hall door behind me, and set off for Esher, with my bag in my hand. I called at Allan Brothers', the chief land agents in the village, and found that it was from this firm that the villa had been rented. It struck me that the whole proceeding could hardly be for the purpose of making a fool of me, and that the main object must be to get out of the rent. It is late in March, so quarter-day is at hand. But this theory would not work. The agent was obliged to me for my warning, but told me that the rent had been paid in advance. Then I made my way to town and called at the Spanish Embassy. The man was unknown there. After this I went to see Melville, at whose house I had first met Garcia, but I found that he really knew rather less about him than I did. Finally, when I got your reply to my wire I came out to you, since I understand that you are a person who gives advice in difficult cases. But now, Mr. Inspector, I understand, from what you said when you entered the room, that you can carry the story on, and that some tragedy has occurred. I can assure you that every word I have said is the truth, and that, outside of what I have told you, I know absolutely nothing about the fate of this man. My only desire is to help the law in every possible way."

"I am sure of it, Mr. Scott Eccles—I am sure of it," said Inspector Gregson, in a very amiable tone. "I am bound to say that everything which you have said agrees very closely with the facts as they have come to our notice. For example, there was that note which arrived during dinner. Did you chance to observe what became of it?"

"Yes, I did. Garcia rolled it up and threw it into the fire."

"What do you say to that, Mr. Baynes?"

The country detective was a stout, puffy, red man, whose face was only redeemed from grossness by two extraordinarily bright eyes, almost hidden behind the heavy creases of cheek and brow. With a slow smile he drew a folded and discoloured scrap of paper from his pocket.

"It was a dog-grate, Mr. Holmes, and he overpitched it. I picked this out unburned from the back of it."

Holmes smiled his appreciation.

"You must have examined the house very carefully, to find a single pellet of paper."

"IT WAS A DOG-GRATE, MR. HOLMES, AND HE OVERPITCHED IT. I PICKED THIS OUT UNBURNED FROM THE BACK OF IT."

"I did, Mr. Holmes. It's my way. Shall I read it, Mr. Gregson?"

The Londoner nodded.

"The note is written upon ordinary cream-laid paper without watermark. It is a quarter-sheet. The paper is cut off in two snips with a short-bladed scissors. It has been folded over three times and sealed with purple wax, put on hurriedly and pressed down with some flat, oval object. It is addressed to Mr. Garcia, Wistaria Lodge. It says: 'Our own colours, green and white. Green open, white shut. Main stair, first corridor, seventh right, green baize. God speed. D.' It is a woman's writing, done with a sharp-pointed pen, but the address is either done with another pen or by someone else. It is thicker and bolder, as you see."

"A very remarkable note," said Holmes, glancing it over. "I must compliment you, Mr. Baynes, upon your attention to detail in your examination of it. A few trifling points might be added. The oval seal is undoubtedly a plain sleeve-link—what else is of such a shape? The scissors were bent nail-scissors. Short as the two snips are, you can distinctly see the same slight curve in each."

The country detective chuckled.

"I thought I had squeezed all the juice out of it, but I see there was a little over," he said. "I'm bound to say that I make

nothing of the note except that there was something on hand, and that a woman, as usual, was at the bottom of it."

Mr. Scott Eccles had fidgeted in his seat during this conversation.

"I am glad you found the note, since it corroborates my story," said he. "But I beg to point out that I have not yet heard what has happened to Mr. Garcia, nor what has become of his household."

"As to Garcia," said Gregson, "that is easily answered. He was found dead this morning upon Oxshott Common, nearly a mile from his home. His head had been smashed to pulp by heavy blows of a sandbag or some such instrument, which had crushed rather than wounded. It is a lonely corner, and there is no house within a quarter of a mile of the spot. He had apparently been struck down first from behind, but his assailant had gone on beating him long after he was dead. It was a most furious assault. There are no footsteps nor any clue to the criminals."

"Robbed?"

"No, there was no attempt at robbery."

"This is very painful—very painful and terrible," said Mr. Scott Eccles, in a querulous voice; "but it is really uncommonly hard upon me. I had nothing to do with my host going off upon a nocturnal excursion and meeting so sad an end. How do I come to be mixed up with the case?"

"Very simply, sir," Inspector Baynes answered. "The only document found in the pocket of the deceased was a letter from you saying that you would be with him on the night of his death. It was the envelope of this letter which gave us the dead man's name and address. It was after nine this morning when we reached his house and found neither you nor anyone else inside it. I wired to Mr. Gregson to run you down in London while I examined Wistaria Lodge. Then I came into town, joined Mr. Gregson, and here we are."

"I think now," said Gregson, rising, "we had best put this matter into an official shape. You will come round with us to the station, Mr. Scott Eccles, and let us have your statement in writing."

"Certainly, I will come at once. But I retain your services, Mr. Holmes. I desire you to spare no expense and no pains to get at the truth."

My friend turned to the country inspector.

"I suppose that you have no objection to my collaborating with you, Mr. Baynes?"

"Highly honoured, sir, I am sure."

"You appear to have been very prompt and businesslike in all that you have done. Was there any clue, may I ask, as to the exact hour that the man met his death?"

"He had been there since one o'clock. There was rain about that time, and his death had certainly been before the rain."

"But that is perfectly impossible, Mr. Baynes," cried our client. "His voice is unmistakable. I could swear to it that it was he who addressed me in my bedroom at that very hour."

"Remarkable, but by no means impossible," said Holmes, smiling.

"You have a clue?" asked Gregson.

"On the face of it the case is not a very complex one, though it certainly presents some novel and interesting features. A further knowledge of facts is necessary before I would venture to give a final and definite opinion. By the way, Mr. Baynes, did you find anything remarkable besides this note in your examination of the house?"

The detective looked at my friend in a singular way.

"There were," said he, "one or two *very* remarkable things. Perhaps when I have finished at the police-station you would care to come out and give me your opinion of them."

"I am entirely at your service," said Sherlock Holmes, ringing the bell. "You will show these gentlemen out, Mrs. Hudson, and kindly send the boy with this telegram. He is to pay a five-shilling reply."

We sat for some time in silence after our visitors had left. Holmes smoked hard, with his brows drawn down over his keen eyes, and his head thrust forward in the eager way characteristic of the man.

"Well, Watson," he asked, turning suddenly upon me, "what do you make of it?"

"I can make nothing of this mystification of Scott Eccles."

"But the crime?"

"Well, taken with the disappearance of the man's companions, I should say that they were in some way concerned in the murder and had fled from justice."

"That is certainly a possible point of view. On the face of it you must admit, however, that it is very strange that his two servants should have been in a conspiracy against him and should have attacked him on the one night when he had a guest. They had him alone at their mercy every other night in the week."

"Then why did they fly?"

"Quite so. Why did they fly? There is

a big fact. Another big fact is the remarkable experience of our client, Scott Eccles. Now, my dear Watson, is it beyond the limits of human ingenuity to furnish an explanation which would cover both these big facts? If it were one which would also admit of the mysterious note with its very curious phraseology, why, then it would be worth accepting as a temporary hypothesis. If the fresh facts which come to our knowledge all fit themselves into the scheme, then our hypothesis may gradually become a solution."

"But what is our hypothesis?"

Holmes leaned back in his chair with half-closed eyes.

"You must admit, my dear Watson, that the idea of a joke is impossible. There were grave events afoot, as the sequel showed, and the coaxing of Scott Eccles to Wistaria Lodge had some connection with them."

"But what possible connection?"

"Let us take it link by link. There is, on the face of it, something unnatural about this strange and sudden friendship between the young Spaniard and Scott Eccles. It was the former who forced the pace. He called upon Eccles at the other end of London on the very day after he first met him, and he kept in close touch with him until he got him down to Esher. Now, what did he want with Eccles? What could Eccles supply? I see no charm in the man. He is not particularly intelligent—not a man likely to be congenial to a quick-witted Latin. Why, then, was he picked out from all the other people whom Garcia met as particularly suited to his purpose? Has he any one outstanding quality? I say that he has. He is the very type of conventional British respectability, and the very man as a witness to impress another Briton. You saw yourself how neither of the inspectors dreamed of questioning his statement, extraordinary as it was."

"But what was he to witness?"

"Nothing, as things turned out, but everything had they gone another way. That is how I read the matter."

"I see, he might have proved an alibi."

"Exactly, my dear Watson; he might have proved an alibi. We will suppose, for argument's sake, that the household of Wistaria Lodge are confederates in some design. The attempt, whatever it may be, is to come off, we will say, before one o'clock. By some juggling of the clocks it is quite possible that they may have got Scott Eccles to bed earlier than he thought, but in any case it is likely that when Garcia went out of his way to tell him that it was one it was really not more than twelve. If Garcia could do whatever he had to do and be back by the hour mentioned he had evidently a powerful reply to any accusation. Here was this irreproachable Englishman ready to swear in any court of law that the accused was in his house all the time. It was an insurance against the worst."

"Yes, yes, I see that. But how about the disappearance of the others?"

"I have not all my facts yet, but I do not think there are any insuperable difficulties. Still, it is an error to argue in front of your data. You find yourself insensibly twisting them round to fit your theories."

"And the message?"

"How did it run? 'Our own colours, green and white.' Sounds like racing. 'Green open, white shut.' That is clearly a signal. 'Main stair, first corridor, seventh right, green baize.' This is an assignation. We may find a jealous husband at the bottom of it all. It was clearly a dangerous quest. She would not have said 'God speed' had it not been so. 'D.'—that should be a guide."

"The man was a Spaniard. I suggest that 'D' stands for Dolores, a common female name in Spain."

"Good, Watson, very good—but quite inadmissible. A Spaniard would write to a Spaniard in Spanish. The writer of this note is certainly English. Well, we can only possess our souls in patience, until this excellent inspector comes back for us. Meanwhile we can thank our lucky fate which has rescued us for a few short hours from the insufferable fatigues of idleness."

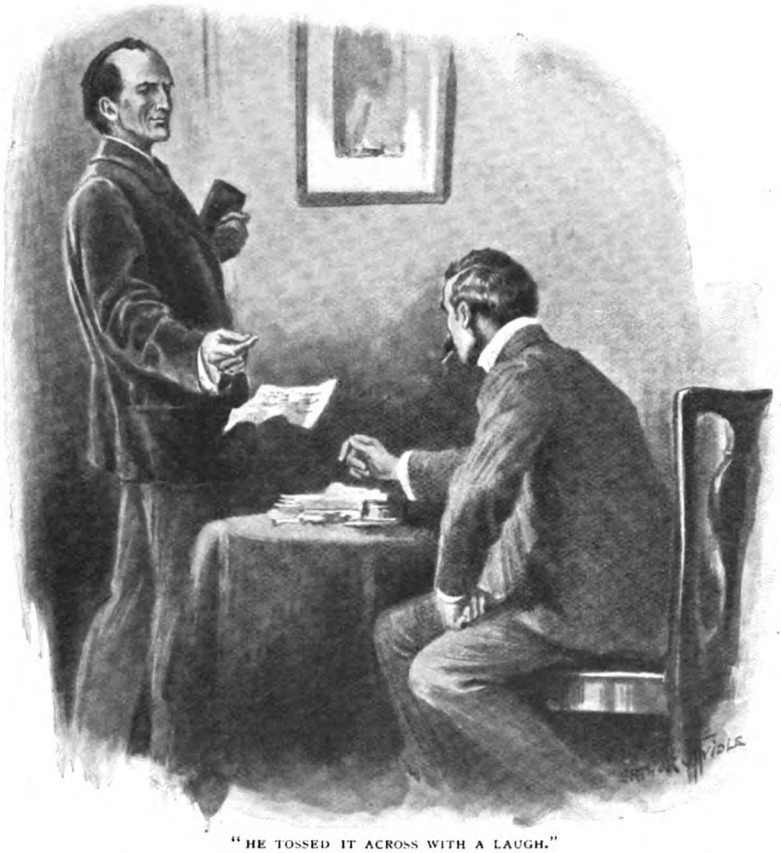
An answer had arrived to Holmes's telegram before our Surrey officer had returned. Holmes read it, and was about to place it in his note-book when he caught a glimpse of my expectant face. He tossed it across with a laugh.

"We are moving in exalted circles," said he.

The telegram was a list of names and addresses: "Lord Harringby, The Dingle; Sir George Ffolliott, Oxshott Towers; Mr. Hynes Hynes, J.P., Purdey Place; Mr. James Baker Williams, Forton Old Hall; Mr. Henderson, High Gable; Rev. Joshua Stone, Nether Walsling."

"This is a very obvious way of limiting our field of operations," said Holmes. "No doubt Baynes, with his methodical mind, has already adopted some similar plan."

"I don't quite understand."



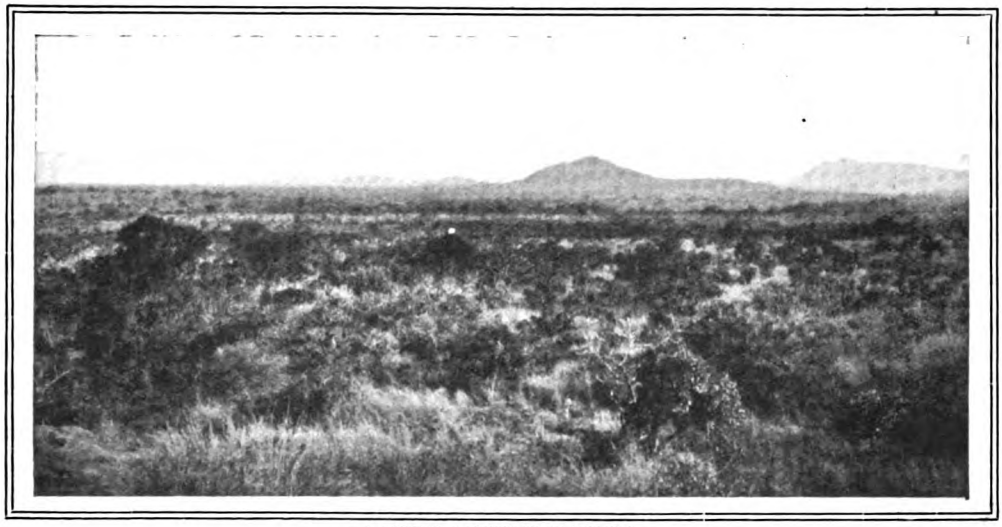
"HE TOSSED IT ACROSS WITH A LAUGH."

"Well, my dear fellow, we have already arrived at the conclusion that the message received by Garcia at dinner was an appointment or an assignation. Now, if the obvious reading of it is correct, and in order to keep this tryst one has to ascend a main stair and seek the seventh door in a corridor, it is perfectly clear that the house is a very large one. It is equally certain that this house cannot be more than a mile or two from Oxshott, since Garcia was walking in that direction, and hoped, according to my reading of the facts, to be back in Wistaria Lodge in time to avail himself of an alibi, which would only be valid up to one o'clock. As the number of large houses close to Oxshott must be limited, I adopted the obvious method of sending to the agents mentioned by Scott Eccles and obtaining a list of them. Here they are in this telegram, and the other end of our tangled skein must lie among them."

It was nearly six o'clock before we found ourselves in the pretty Surrey village of Esher, with Inspector Baynes as our companion.

Holmes and I had taken things for the night, and found comfortable quarters at the Bull. Finally we set out in the company of the detective on our visit to Wistaria Lodge. It was a cold, dark March evening, with a sharp wind and a fine rain beating upon our faces, a fit setting for the wild common over which our road passed and the tragic goal to which it led us.

(*To be concluded.*)



A TYPICAL LANDSCAPE IN UGANDA.

"MY AFRICAN JOURNEY."

BY THE RT. HON. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, M.P.

VII.—"ON SAFARI."

NOW the reader must really look at the map. To this point we have proceeded by train and steamer with all the power and swiftness of modern communication. If we have traversed wild and lonely lands, it has been in a railway carriage. We have disturbed the lion with the locomotive, and all our excursions have but led back to the iron road. But at Ripon Falls we are to let go our hold upon machinery. Steam and all it means is to be shut off. We are "to cut the painter," and, losing the impulsion of the great ship, are for awhile to paddle about upon a vast expanse in a little cock-boat of our own. Back towards Mombasa, three days' journey will cover nine hundred miles. Forward, you will be lucky to make forty in the same time. Return at this moment is swift and easy. In a week it will be perhaps impossible. Going on means going through.

Everywhere great pathways are being cut into Africa. We have followed for nearly a thousand miles one leading from the East towards the centre. Far away from the North another line has been thrust forward by British efforts in peace and war. From Alexandria to Cairo, from Cairo to Wady Halfa, from Halfa to Berber, from Berber to Khartoum, from Khartoum to Fashoda, from Fashoda to Gondokoro, over a distance of nearly three thousand miles, stretches an uninterrupted service of trains and steamers. But between the landing-stage at Jinja and the landing-stage at Gondokoro there opens a wide gulf of yet unbridged, unconquered wilderness and jungle, across which and through which the traveller must crawl painfully and at a foot's pace, always amid difficulty and never wholly without danger. It is this gulf which we are now to traverse.

The distance from the Victoria to the Albert Nyanza is about two hundred miles in the direct line, and it is all downhill. The Great Lake is hoisted high above the highest hill-tops of England. From this vast elevated inland sea the descending Nile water flows through a channel of three thousand five hundred miles into the Mediterranean. The first and steepest stage of its journey is to the Albert Lake. This second body of water, which, except in comparison with the Victoria Nyanza, would be impressive—it is more than a hundred miles long—lies at an altitude of two thousand three hundred feet above the sea. So that in its first two hundred miles the Nile exhausts in the exuberant improvidence of youth about a third

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of the impulse which is to carry it through its venerable career. Yet this considerable descent of twelve hundred feet is itself accomplished in two short steps. There is one series of rapids, thirty miles long, below the Ripon Falls, and another of equal extent above the Murchison Falls. Between these two declivities long reaches of open river and the wide, level expanse of Lake Chioga afford a fine waterway.

From a] IN CAMP. *[Photograph.*

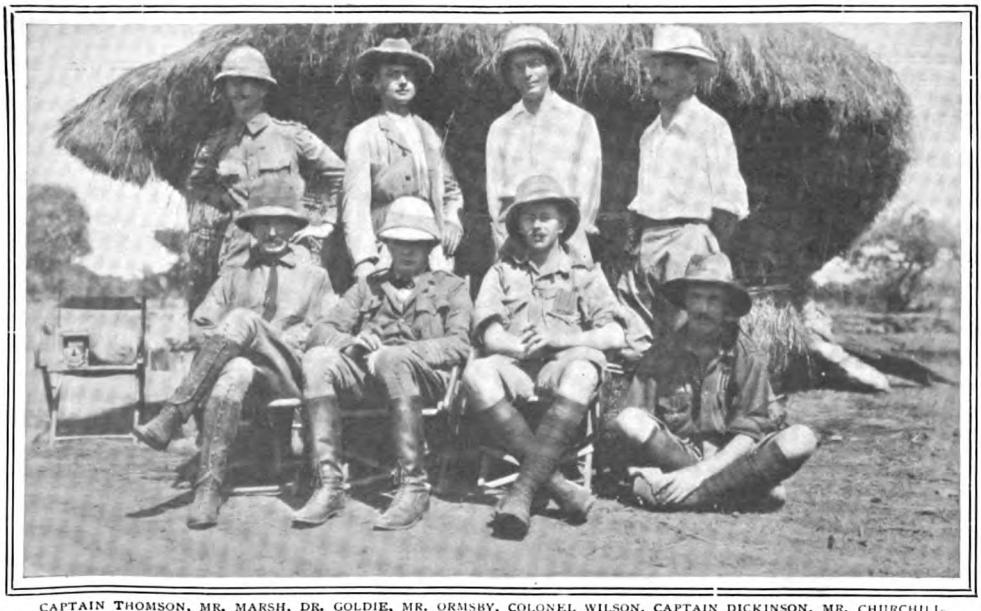
Our journey from one Great Lake to the other divided itself therefore into three stages. Three marches through the forest to Kakindu, the first point where the Victoria Nile is navigable after the rapids; three days in canoes along the Nile and across Lake Chioga; and, lastly, five marches from the western end of Lake Chioga to the Albert Nyanza. Beyond this, again, four days in canoes and steel sailing-boats, towed by a launch, would carry us to Nimule, where the rapids on the White Nile begin, and in seven or eight marches from there we should reach the Soudan steamers at Gondokoro. About five hundred miles would thus be covered in twenty days. It would take about the same time, if trains and steamers fitted exactly, to return by Mombasa and Suez to London.

Early in the morning of November 23rd our party set off upon this journey. Travelling by marches from camp to camp plays a regular part in the life of the average Central African officer. He goes "on Safari" as the Boer "on trek." It is a recognised state of being, which often lasts for weeks, and sometimes for months. He learns to think of ten days' "Safari" as we at home think of going to Scotland, and twenty days' "Safari" as if it were less than the journey to Paris. "Safari" is itself a Swahili word of Arabic origin, meaning an expedition and all that pertains to it. It comprises yourself and everybody and everything you take with you—food, tents, rifles, clothing, cooks, servants, escort, porters—but especially porters. Out of the range of steam the porter is the primary factor. This ragged figure, tottering along under his load, is the unit of locomotion and the limit of possibility. Without porters you cannot move. With them you move ten or twelve miles a day, if all is well. How much can he carry? How far can he carry it? These are the questions which govern alike your calculations and your fate. Every morning the porters are divided into batches of about twenty, each under its headman. The loads, which are supposed to average about sixty-five pounds, are also roughly parcelled out. As each batch starts off, the next rushes up to the succeeding heap of loads, and there is a quarter of an hour of screaming and pushing—the strongest men making a bee-line for the lightest-looking loads, and being beaten off by the grim but voluble headman, the weakest weeping feebly beside a mountainous pile, till a distribution has been achieved with rough justice, and the troop in its turn marches off with indescribable ululations testifying and ministering to the spirit in which they mean to accomplish the day's journey.

While these problems were being imperfectly solved I walked down with the Governor and one of the Engineer officers to the Ripon Falls, which are but half a mile from the Commissioner's house, and the sound of whose waters filled the air. Although the cataract is on a moderate scale, both in height and volume, its aspect —and still more its situation—is impressive. The exit or overflow of the Great Lake is closed by a natural rampart or ridge of black rock, broken or worn away in two main gaps to release the waters. Through these the Nile leaps at once into majestic being, and enters upon its course as a perfect river three hundred yards wide. Standing upon the reverse side of the wall of rock, one's eye may be almost on a plane with the shining levels of the Lake. At your very feet, literally a yard away, a vast green slope of water races downward. Below are foaming rapids, fringed by splendid trees, and pools from which great fish leap continually in the sunlight.

We must have spent three hours watching the waters and revolving plans to harness and bridle them. So much power running to waste, such a coign of vantage unoccupied, such a lever to control the natural forces of Africa ungripped, cannot but vex and stimulate imagination. And what fun to make the immemorial Nile begin its journey by diving through a turbine! But to our tale. The porters had by now got far on their road, and we must pad after them through the full blaze of noon. The Governor of Uganda and his officers have to return to Entebbe by the steamer, so it is here I bid them good-bye and good luck, and with a final look at Ripon Falls, gleaming and resounding below, I climb the slopes of the river bank and walk off into the forest.

The native path struck off north-east from the Nile, and led into a hilly and densely-wooded region. The elephant grass on each side of the track rose fifteen feet high. In the valleys great trees grew and arched above our heads, laced and twined together with curtains of flowering creepers. Here and there a glade opened to the right or left, and patches of vivid sunlight splashed into the gloom. Around the crossings of little streams butterflies danced in brilliant ballets. Many kinds of birds flew about the trees. The jungle was haunted by game—utterly lost in its dense entanglements. And I think it a sensation all by itself to walk on your own feet, and staff in hand, along these mysterious paths, amid so beautiful, yet sinister, surroundings, and realize that one is really in the centre of Africa, and a long way from Piccadilly or Pall Mall.



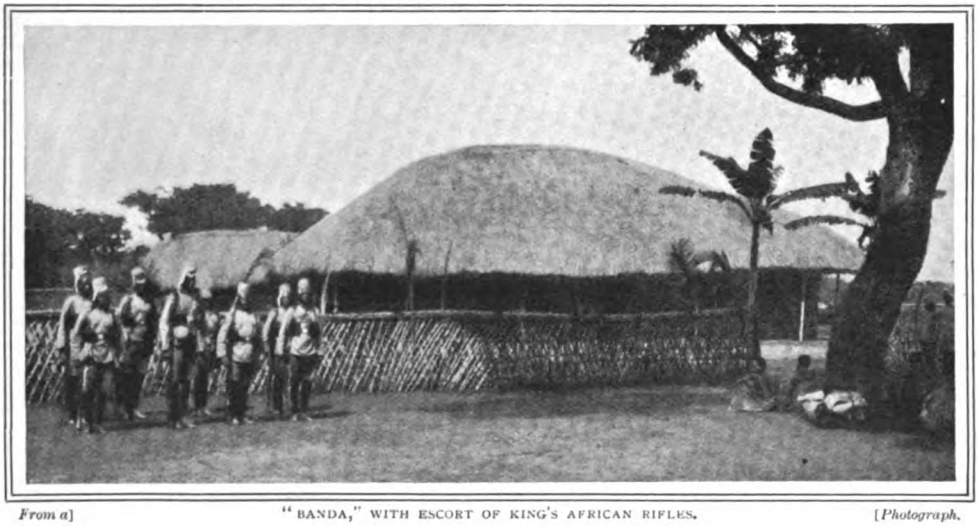
CAPTAIN THOMSON, MR. MARSH, DR. GOLDIE, MR. ORMSBY, COLONEL WILSON, CAPTAIN DICKINSON, MR. CHURCHILL, MR. FISHBOURNE, R.E.

From a] [Photograph.

Our first march was about fourteen miles, and as we had not started till the hot hours of the day were upon us, it was enough and to spare so far as I was concerned. Up and down hill wandered our path, now plunged

in the twilight of a forest valley, now winding up the side of a scorched hill, and I had for some time been hoping to see the camp round every corner, when at last we reached it. It consisted of two rows of green tents and a large "banda," or rest-house, as big as a large barn in England, standing in a nice, trim clearing. These "bandas" are a great feature of African travel; and the is almost invariably caught from sleeping in old shelters or on disused camping grounds.

The local chief was not long in making his appearance with presents of various kinds. A lanky, black-faced sheep, with a fat tail as big as a pumpkin, was dragged forward, bleating, by two retainers. Others brought live hens and earthenware jars of milk and baskets of little round eggs. The chief was a tall,



From a] "BANDA," WITH ESCORT OF KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES. *[Photograph.*

dutiful chief through whose territory we were passing had taken pains to make them on the most elaborate scale. They are built of bamboo framework, supported upon a central row of Y-shaped tree stems, with a high-pitched roof heavily thatched with elephant grass, and walls of wattled reeds. The floors are beautifully smooth and clean, and strewn with fresh green rushes; the interior is often cunningly divided into various apartments, and the main building is connected with kitchens and offices of the same unsubstantial texture by veranda-shaded passages. In fact, they evidence a high degree of social knowledge and taste in the natives, who make them with almost incredible rapidity from the vegetation of the surrounding jungle; and the sensation of entering one of these lofty, dim, cool, and spacious interiors, and sinking into the soft rush-bed of the floor, with something to drink which is, at any rate, not tepid, well repays the severities of a march under an Equatorial sun. The "banda," however, is a luxury of which the traveller should beware, for if it has stood for more than a week it becomes the home of innumerable insects, many of approved malevolence and venom, and spirillum fever

intelligent-looking man, with the winning smile and attractive manners characteristic of the country, and made his salutations with a fine air of dignity and friendship.

Life "on Safari" is rewarded by a sense of completeness and self-satisfied detachment. You have got to "do" so many miles a day, and when you have "done" them your day's work is over. 'Tis a simple programme, which leaves nothing more to be demanded or desired. Very early in the morning, often an hour before daybreak, the bugles of the King's African Rifles sounded réveillé. Everyone dresses hurriedly by candle-light, eats a dim breakfast while dawn approaches; tents collapse, and porters struggle off with their burdens. Then the march begins. The obvious thing is to walk. There is no surer way of keeping well in Uganda than to walk twelve or fourteen miles a day. But if the traveller will not make the effort, there are alternatives. There is the rickshaw, which was described in the last chapter—restful, but tedious; and the litter, carried on the heads of six porters of different sizes, and shifted every now and then, with a disheartening jerk, to their shoulders and back again—this is quite as uncomfortable as it sounds.

Ponies cannot, or at least do not, live in Uganda, though an experiment was just about to be made with them by the Chief of the Police, who is convinced that with really careful stable management, undertaken in detail by the owner himself, they could be made to flourish. Mules have a better chance, though still not a good one. We took one with us on the last spell of "Safari" to Gondokoro, and were told it was sure to die; but we left it in apparently excellent condition and spirits.

But the best of all methods of progression in Central Africa—however astonishing it may seem—is the bicycle. In the dry season the paths through the bush, smoothed by the feet of natives, afford an excellent surface. Even when the track is only two feet wide, and when the densest jungle rises on either side and almost meets above the head, the bicycle skims along, swishing through the grass and brushing the encroaching bushes, at a fine pace; and although at every few hundred yards sharp rocks, loose stones, a water course, or a steep hill compel dismounting, a good seven miles an hour can usually be maintained. And think what this means. From my own experience I should suppose that with a bicycle twenty-five to thirty miles a day could regularly be covered in Uganda, and if only the porters could keep up, all journeys could be nearly trebled, and every white officer's radius of action proportionately increased. Nearly all the British officers I met already possessed and used bicycles, and even the native chiefs are beginning to acquire them. But what is needed to make the plan effective is a good system of stone, fumigated, insect-proof rest-houses at stages of thirty miles on all the main lines of communication. Such a development would mean an enormous saving in the health of white officials and a valuable accession to their power. Had I known myself before coming to Uganda the advantages which this method presents, I should have been able to travel far more widely through the country by the simple expedient of trebling the stages of my journeys, and sending porters on a week in advance to pitch camps and deposit food at wide intervals. And then, instead of merely journeying from one Great Lake to the other, I could, *within the same limits of time*, have explored the fertile and populous plateau of Toro, descended the beautiful valley of the Semliki, and traversed the Albert Lake from end to end, and skirted the slopes of Ruenzori. If youth but knew . . . !

But the march, however performed, has its termination; and if, as is recommended, you stop to breakfast and rest upon the way, the new camp will be almost ready upon arrival. During the heat of the day everyone retires to his tent or to the more effective shelter of the "banda," to read and sleep till the evening. Then as the sun gets low we emerge to smoke and talk, and there is,

"DURING THE HEAT OF THE DAY EVERYONE RETIRES TO HIS TENT OR TO THE MORE EFFECTIVE SHELTER OF THE 'BANDA.'"
From a Photograph.

perhaps, just time for the energetic to pursue an antelope, or shoot a few guinea fowl or pigeons.

With the approach of twilight comes the mosquito, strident voiced and fever-bearing; and the most thorough precautions have to be taken against him and other insect dangers. We dine in a large mosquito-house made entirely of fine gauze, and about twelve feet cubically. The bedding, which should if possible be packed in tin boxes, is unrolled during the day, and carefully protected by mosquito-nets well tucked in, against all forms of vermin. Everyone puts on mosquito-boots, long, soft, leather leggings, reaching to the hips. You are recommended not to sit on cane-bottomed chairs without putting a newspaper or a cushion on them, to wear a cap, a scarf, and possibly gloves, and to carry a swishing mosquito-trap. Thus one moves, comparatively secure, amid a chorus of ferocious buzzings.

To these precautions are added others. You must never walk barefoot on the floor, no matter how clean it is, or an odious worm, called a "jigger," will enter your foot to raise a numerous family and a painful swelling. On the other hand, be sure when you put on boots or shoes that, however hurried, you turn them upside down and look inside, lest a scorpion, a small snake, or a perfectly frightful kind of centipede may be lying in ambush. Never throw your clothes carelessly upon the ground, but put them away at once in a tin box, and shut it tight, or a perfect colony of fierce-biting creatures will beset them. And, above all, quinine! To the permanent resident in these strange countries no drug can be of much avail; for either its protection is diminished with habit, or the doses have to be increased to impossible limits. But the traveller who is passing through on a journey of only a few months may recur with safety and with high advantage to that admirable prophylactic. Opinions differ as to how it should be taken. The Germans, with their love of exactness even in regard to the most uncertain things, prescribe thirty grains on each seventh day and eighth day alternately. We followed a simpler plan of taking a regular ten grains every day, from the moment we left Port Said till we arrived at Khartoum. No one in my party suffered from fever even for a day during the whole journey.

Our second day's march was about the same in length and character, except that we were nearer the river, and as the path led through the twilight of the forest we saw every now and then a gleam of broad waters on our left. At frequent intervals—five or six times during the day—long caravans of native porters were met carrying the produce of the fertile districts between Lake Chioga and Mount Elgon into Jinja. Nothing could better show the need of improved communications than this incipient and potential trade—ready to begin and thrusting forward along bush paths on the heads of tottering men. For the rest, the country near the river seemed the densest and most impenetrable jungle, hiding in its recesses alike its inhabitants and its game.

The third morning, however, brought us among "shambas," as the patches of native cultivation are called; and the road was among plantations of bananas, millet, cotton, castor oil, and chilies. Here in Usoga, as throughout Uganda, the one staple crop is the banana; and as this fruit, when once planted, grows and propagates of its own accord, requiring no thought or exertion, it finds special favour with the improvident natives, and sustains them year after year in leisured abundance, till a sudden failure and a fearful famine restore the harsh balances of the world.

After a tramp of twelve miles, and while it was still comparatively early—for we had started before dawn—we reached Kakindu. The track led out of the forest of banana groves downwards into more open spaces and blazing sunlight, and there before us was the Nile. Already—forty miles from its source, near four thousand from its mouth—it was a noble river—nearly a third of a mile in breadth of clear, deep water rolling forward majestically between banks of foliage and verdure. The "Chioga flotilla," consisting of the small steam launch, *Victoria*, a steel boat, and two or three dug-out canoes, scooped out of tree trunks, awaited us; and after the long, hot business of embarking the baggage and crowding the native servants in among it was completed, we parted from our first relay of escorts and porters, and drifted out on the flood.

The next three days of our life were spent on the water — first cruising down the Victoria Nile till it flows into Chioga, and then traversing the smooth, limpid expanses of that lake. Every evening we landed at camps prepared by the Busoga chiefs, pitched our tents, lighted our fires, and erected our mosquito-houses, while dusk drew on, and thunderstorms—frequent at this season of the year—wheeled in vivid splendour about

From a] FLOTILLA ON THE NILE. *[Photograph.*

the dark horizon. All through the hot hours of the day one lay at the bottom of massive canoes, sheltered from the sun by an improvised roof of rushes and wet grass. From time to time a strange bird, or, better still, the rumour of a hippo—nose just peeping above the water—enlivened the slow and sultry passage of the hours; and one great rock, crowded with enormous crocodiles, all of whom—a score at least—leaped together into the water at the first shot, afforded at least one really striking spectacle.

As the Victoria Nile approaches Lake Chioga, it broadens out into wide lagoons, and the sloping banks of forest and jungle give place to unbroken walls of papyrus reeds, behind which the flat, surrounding country is invisible, and above which only an isolated triangular hill may here and there be descried —purple in the distance. The lake itself is

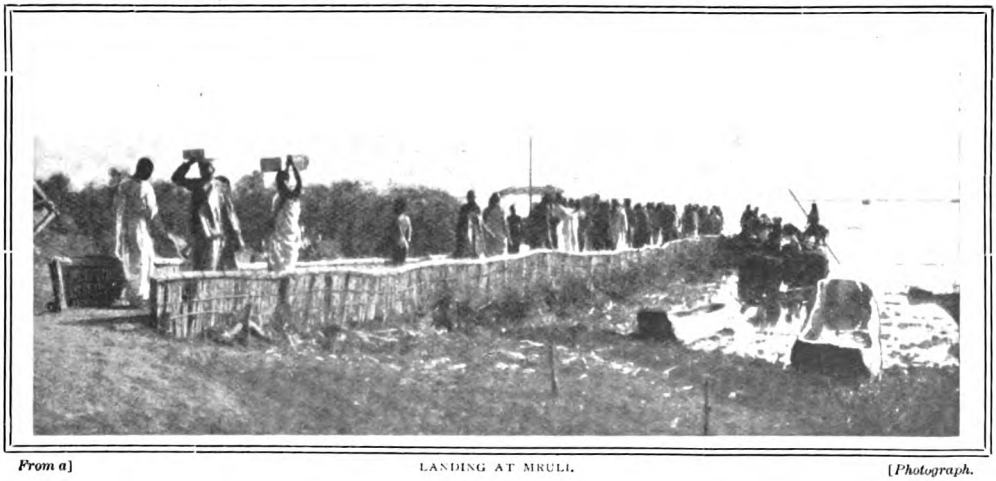
From a] BOAT WITH MEN OF UGANDA MARINE. *[Photograph.*

about fifty miles long from east to west, and eleven broad, but its area and perimeter are greatly extended by a series of long arms, or rather fingers, stretching out in every direction, but especially to the north, and affording access by water to very wide and various districts. All these arms, and even a great part of the centre of the lake, are filled with reeds, grass, and water-lilies, for Chioga is the first of the great sponges upon which the Nile lavishes its waters. Although a depth of about twelve feet can usually be counted on, navigation is impeded by floating weeds and water-plants; and when the storms have swept the northern shore, numerous papyrus-tangled islands, complete with their populations of birds and animals, are detached, and swim erratically about the lake to block accustomed channels and puzzle the pilot.

For one long day our little palpitating launch, towing its flotilla of canoes, plashed through this curious region, at times winding through a glade in the papyrus forest scarcely a dozen yards across, then presently emerging into wide flood, stopping often to clear our propeller from tangles of accumulating greenery. The middle of the lake unrolls large expanses of placid water. The banks and reeds recede into the distance, and the whole universe becomes a vast encircling blue globe of sky and water, rimmed round its middle by a thin band of vivid green. Time vanishes, and nothing is left but space and sunlight.

All this while we must carefully avoid the northern, and particularly the north-western shore, for the natives are altogether unadministered, and nearly all the tribes are hostile. To pursue the elephants which, of course (so they say), abound in these forbidden precincts is impossible; to land for food or fuel would be dangerous, and even to approach might draw a splutter of musketry or a shower of spears from His Majesty's yet unpersuaded subjects.

The Nile leaves the north-west corner of the lake at Namasali and flows along a broad channel above a mile in width, still enclosed by solid papyrus walls and dotted with floating islands. Another forty miles of steaming and we reach Mruli. Mruli is a representative African village. Its importance is more marked upon the maps than on the ground. An imposing name in large black letters calls up the idea of a populous and considerable township. All that meets the eye, however, are a score of funnel-shaped grass huts, surrounded by dismal swamps and labyrinths of reeds, over which clouds of mosquitoes danced feverishly. A long wattled pier had been built from terra firma to navigable water, but the channel by which it could be approached had been wholly blocked by a floating island, and this had to be towed painfully out of the way before we could land. Here we were met by a fresh escort of King's African Rifles, as spick and span in uniform, as precise in their military bearing, as if they were at Aldershot, by a mob of fresh porters, and, lastly, by the only friendly tribe from the northern bank of the river; and while tents were pitched, baggage landed, and cooking-fires began to glow, these four hundred wild spearmen, casting aside their leopard-skins, danced naked in the dusk.



From a] LANDING AT MRULI. *[Photograph.*

Winston S. Churchill.

The Worm and His Wife.

By J. J. BELL.

I.

"FOOL! Dolt! Ass! Ninny! Noodle! Imbecile! Idiot!" The lawyer paused, either for want of breath or lack of epithets—possibly both.

"I'm exceedingly sorry, Mr. Clamp," said the little man who stood near the consulting-table, his eyes on the floor.

"Sorry? Humbug! Stuff and nonsense! Bosh! Rubbish!"

"I—I did not understand that you wished that particular item included in the——"

"You never do understand anything!"

The little man shuffled his feet and sighed. Then he said, very mildly, "I am almost positive, sir, you told me not to include it."

"Are you quite positive?"

"Well—er—no; not quite, sir. Yet——"

"Pah!" exclaimed the lawyer, impatiently. "What's the use of a man if he can't be quite positive? Get away! Don't be late to-morrow morning. I have to catch the ten-fifty train."

"I shall endeavour to be here at——"

"Fiddlesticks! Be here at nine, and never mind your endeavours. Upon my soul, Humphry, you irritate me."

"I exceedingly regret——"

"OUTSIDE HE CLENCHED HIS SMALL FIST AND SHOOK IT AT THE DOOR."

"Oh, dash it, man! Get away, get away!"

With bowed head Mr. Humphry stole from the private room. Outside, however, he clenched his small fist and shook it at the door.

"If I could only get another job," he said to himself. He had said it every other day for nearly twenty years, during which he had been clerk to the old-established lawyer in the little town.

II.

ALTHOUGH he was in his forty-first year Thomas Humphry had been married but six weeks. His wife was five years younger, several inches taller, and twenty per cent. heavier than himself, and was rather a handsome woman. The few people who took any real interest in Thomas hinted at his having been "run into it"; but, like most gossips, they were wrong. Thomas had courted and proposed in quite the orthodox fashion, though how he had ever emitted the all-important declaration was a thing he could not precisely remember.

To young persons marriage, as a word, suggests a considerable amount of pleasing excitement; to optimists of middle age it suggests peace and comfort, both mental and physical. M-

really unhappy marriages are begun in youth. At the spring called Romance are born two great rivers, Joy and Misery, and who shall say which is the greater? We sneer at the marriage of convenience, but it isn't such a bad business when the convenience is mutual. It had been so with Mr. and Mrs. Humphry.

Thomas, who had wanted a housekeeper, began to rely on and worship his wife within a week of the wedding. Kate, who had got sick of singleness upon a meagre income, grew motherly towards her husband within the same space of time, and each began to cleave to the other with all the other's faults and weaknesses.

"How sharp you are, Kate!" said Thomas, not long after their return from the modest honeymoon trip.

"You're far too meek and mild, Thomas," said Kate, a few minutes later.

And they smiled at each other from their respective creaky basket-work chairs.

Mr. Humphry entered the narrow hall of his home and hung his hat with violence on the peg he was beginning to regard as his own.

"It's a good thing we didn't get those antelope horns you wanted for hat-pegs," his wife remarked, appearing in the parlour doorway, a good-humoured smile on her comely countenance.

"So it is, Kate, so it is." He passed his hand over his brow, and did his best to return her smile.

"Tired, Thomas?"

"A little—nothing to speak of. A wash 'll put me right."

"Old beast been at it again, Thomas?"

"Oh—well, nothing worse than usual."

"I don't suppose he could be worse than usual. But we'll not talk about that just now. Tea will be ready in two minutes."

"All right, Kate. I'll hurry up."

It was not until he had finished his first pipe and laid down the evening paper that she broached the subject which had been bothering her ever since Thomas had gone back to work after the honeymoon.

"Thomas," she said, quietly, without pausing in her sewing, "why don't you put a stop to Mr. Clamp's impertinences?"

It took the little man a moment or two to realize the significance of her words, and then the colour mounted to his face.

"Why don't you, Thomas?"

"It's only Clamp's way," he said at last. "I don't really mind it much," he added, feebly.

"You do mind it, my dear; and so do I," she returned, snipping a thread. "Nearly every night I can see that you mind it. The old beast!"

"Ah, well, it can't be helped. It's our bread and butter, Kate. I can't afford to quarrel with him. He pays me a fair salary—better than I'd get anywhere else." Thomas sighed. "And, after all, it's all in the day's work."

"No, it isn't—or, at least, it shouldn't be. No man has any right to bully those who work for him. And as for the old beast paying you a fair salary, I'm very sure he wouldn't pay you a penny more than you were worth. Why, he ought to have made you a partner long ago!"

"My dear!" said Mr. Humphry, deprecatingly.

"I know what I'm talking about," his wife rejoined, briskly. "And I know the kind of man Mr. Clamp is, though I've never seen him, I'm most thankful to be able to say. My poor father served such a man, and it took years off his life. He did all the work and got nothing but abuse; and he never realized until he was past work that his employer had simply been snubbing him lest he should get to know his own value. That's the old beast's game! I know!"

"My dear!" again murmured Thomas.

"I know," she went on, colouring a little with her growing excitement, "and therefore you must allow me to speak. The fact of the matter, Thomas, is that if you set up on your own account here Mr. Clamp would lose half his clients. They would simply flock to you."

Thomas shook his head. "When shall I be able to set up on my own account?" he murmured.

"That's not the point, my dear. But you know what I said is true. Half his clients——"

"No, no, Kate. Don't worry yourself. Let well alone. I've stood it for eighteen years, and——"

"You're not going to stand it another month. Listen, Thomas! The next time he becomes offensive you'll just tell him that you won't stand it, and that, if he doesn't treat you with respect and give you a partnership, you'll leave him. There! You'll do that—won't you?"

"Great goodness!" gasped Mr. Humphry. "He would think me mad—and so I would be. You don't know Clamp, Kate. You——"

"I know his kind. And though I'm a

stranger here, I've heard about him in my old home. He has no manners unless he is receiving payment of an account. He needs a lesson, and—and you're the man to give it."

"Me!" Thomas spoke with more feeling than grammar.

His wife's eyes twinkled hopefully.

"Yes; you, my dear!"

There was a silence.

"Kate, you don't seem to be aware," said Thomas, slowly, "that you've married a—a coward."

"I am not aware. The man who once brought an old woman out of a burning house is not a——"

"'Sh! That's nothing to do with it. Kate, I'm a worm—a miserable worm; and that's all about it!"

"We are all worms, according to many good people," said Mrs. Humphry, trying to thread her needle. "Tits! And the great—and only, so far as I can see—advantage of being worms is that we can turn. Thomas, my dear, why on earth don't you *turn?*"

"It's no use talking about it, Kate. I—I can't."

"But try!"

Mr. Humphry gazed at his wife with a mixture of awe and admiration.

"But it would be utter foolishness," he said.

"Try it!"

"Oh, Lord, I can't."

"Yes, you can."

"And—what if I got the sack?"

"'KATE, YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE AWARE,' SAID THOMAS, SLOWLY, 'THAT YOU'VE MARRIED A—A COWARD.'"

Mrs. Humphry laughed. "I'd like to see the old beast give you the sack, as you call it, Thomas!"

"No; you wouldn't like it, Kate. No! It's no use. I've been a wretched worm for nearly twenty years, and I'll never be anything else."

"You'll be Mr. Clamp's partner. 'Clamp and Humphry.' I see the new brass plate already. Looks well. Good gracious, I've sewn up this sleeve! Never mind! I can unpick my mistake in time. But you can put yours right in two minutes. Speak out at his first sign of insolence, Thomas. Promise me you will."

Thomas dropped his cold pipe and picked it up again.

"I'll try, Kate," he said, heavily; "I'll try."

And he did try. But a month went past without his getting any further than trying.

At the end of that month he came home one evening limper than ever.

"Clamp went completely off his onion to-day," he said, shaking his head at the crumpets which had given his wife considerable trouble that afternoon. "His language was horrid. I've got to go to Perryburn to-morrow—by the way, I shall be late in getting home, Kate—and if I don't pull off the business satisfactorily I'll get the sack. That's a fact!" He lay back in his chair and groaned.

"You're just a little depressed, Thomas," said his wife, smiling and endeavouring to eat one of her own crumpets without making choking sounds. "It'll come all right, dear."

Thomas groaned again. "You've married a worm, Kate," he sighed. "You've married a worm."

With an effort she laughed, saying, "We'll wriggle through somehow, my dear. But you're not to call yourself a worm again."

III.

Mr. Clamp was engaged in the pleasing task of inditing a threatening epistle to an unfortunate individual who owed one of his clients the sum of three pounds twelve shillings and elevenpence, when the office-boy appeared with the announcement that a lady wished to see him. Mr. Clamp abhorred all women who were not clients; and then he merely suffered them, and, when possible, deputed Humphry to see them. But to-day the clerk was absent.

"Who is she? What's her business?" he snapped at the boy, who was new to the work. Mr. Clamp's boys always were new.

"Her name"—the boy smiled—"is Mrs. Worm, sir, and——"

"What are you grinning at, idiot?"

"Beg pardon, sir. It was the name, sir."

"Ninny! What's her business?"

"She said it was private, sir," said the boy, now serious enough.

"Is she a lady?"

"I think so, sir."

"Imbecile! Can't you be positive? Is she a collector?"

"I couldn't say, sir."

"Oh, get away, you useless noodle! Tell her I can't—— No, stay! Show her in. And you leave this office at the end of the week."

Grunting wrathfully, Mr. Clamp laid aside the unfinished letter, hoping his visitor might chance to be a debtor seeking mercy. He was in a rare mood for bullying.

The boy ushered in the lady, placed a chair for her, and retired.

"Good morning," said the lady.

"Good morning, madam," returned the lawyer, barely rising and bowing slightly. She did not look like a distracted debtor, nor did she carry the collector's usual supply of pamphlets. On the other hand, he did not recognise in her a possible wealthy client. Probably some trifling advice was all that would be required.

"I understand, madam," he began, "that your name is——"

"Oh, never mind that just now," she said, quietly. "I was about to ask you why you do not stand up when a lady enters your room."

For several seconds the lawyer simply gaped. Then his flabby, shaven face went crimson.

"I beg your pardon!" he stuttered. "But what——"

"Granted," said the lady, calmly. "But you must try to remember in future."

The crimson gave place to the pallor of rage.

"What is your business?" he rasped, in the tone that had made many men tremble. "What d'you want? Who are you?"

"Pray do not excite yourself, sir."

His look then ought to have made her quail, but she kept her steady grey eyes fixed upon him, while a faint disconcerting smile hovered about her lips.

"What are you driving at?" he roughly demanded. "You appear to have got in here on false pretences, and if you cannot justify your——"

"Oh, fiddlesticks! I came in to see what you were really like, Mr. Clamp. I had heard you were very terrible, but you're merely rude and noisy."

"You—you must be mad!" He put out his hand to ring the bell on his desk.

"Don't be a goose!"

He gave the bell a savage blow.

"What a naughty temper!"

The lawyer writhed in silence. He knew not what to say. The office-boy appeared.

"Show this—this lady out."

"Yes, sir." The boy looked expectantly at the lady, who rewarded him with a smile, but made no movement.

"Show this lady out."

The boy looked at the lady with growing anxiety.

"You gaping idiot," roared Clamp, "don't you hear what I say? Show the lady out."

"She—she doesn't want to go, sir."

"Show the lady out, or I'll——"

But here exasperation overcame the boy's fear of his master.

"Do it yourself, you old fat-head!" he yelled, and bolted.

The lady had grown a trifle pale, but still kept her eyes on the lawyer. He rose, sat down, and rose again. He looked as if he were going to explode.

"Wouldn't you like to open the window and call for the police?" she asked.

"If you weren't a woman——"

"If I were a man you would probably use very fierce and very silly language. But you wouldn't do anything else. No; you wouldn't! I am not the least afraid of you, Mr. Clamp. But I believe you are afraid of me. You think I am mad because I can face you with all your foolish, noisy bluster. You must really try to curb that temper of yours and learn better manners. What a bad example you have been showing that poor boy who has just gone! No wonder he turned at last. Age and a good business are

"'DO IT YOURSELF, YOU OLD FAT-HEAD!' HE YELLED."

no excuse for your behaviour. There now!" Her hands shook a little, but she clasped them on her lap.

Clamp threw himself into his chair.

"What the mischief do you want?" he said, sulkily.

"Now, Mr. Clamp, you are forgetting yourself already. But I must not be too severe with you all at once. I will answer your question. I want a partnership and proper treatment for my husband."

"What? Your husband? Who is he?"

"Mr. Thomas Humphry."

There was a dead silence for two seconds. Then a roar burst from the lawyer.

"So—so that's the meaning of your impudent trick. If you weren't a woman——"

"Humbug! Stuff and nonsense! Rubbish! Bosh!" said Mrs. Humphry, adding, "That's a quotation."

Clamp grabbed the arms of his chair. His voice was hoarse as he said:—

"Mr. Thomas Humphry leaves my service a month from this date, madam. And you may thank yourself — and he can thank you—for that! A month from this date."

"Quite so. He will leave your service a month from this date—unless you make it worth his while to remain. I may say that he knows nothing of my visit here to-day, and I should not advise you to tell him. He is a very mild man, but he can be roused, and then he is terrible. He does not talk—he acts—acts on my advice. He will certainly leave you if he knows of our interview. And I should be sorry to see an old man—well, you are not really so old—left alone with a decaying business. You can't manage it yourself, you know, and if Mr. Humphry opens an office of his own, the best customers — I mean clients — will flock to him. It is only because you are getting old that Mr. Humphry has put up with your treatment. But his patience won't last for ever."

"Of all the impudence——" began Mr. Clamp, and paused helplessly.

"Neither Mr. Humphry nor myself is quite penniless, Mr. Clamp," she remarked, in a casual tone. "You must not delude yourself with the idea that you can beat us. If you were married you would understand the position better. I only ask you to do what is fair. Abstain from bullying, and show some practical appreciation of the twenty years' service of Mr. Humphry."

Mr. Clamp's face now wore such an exhausted look that she felt almost sorry for him. And suddenly she felt exhausted herself.

"Well," she said, rising, "I've said all I came to say—and perhaps a little more, Mr. Clamp. I shall keep this interview entirely to myself, unless you desire otherwise. A note posted by five o'clock will reach Mr. Humphry by the last post to-night. I expect him home about nine. May I hope?"

But the lawyer seemed bereft of speech. His lips moved, possibly with thoughts he dared not utter.

"And I think you should forgive that boy of yours. I feel responsible in a way. I am sure he will apologize if you give him a chance. Try to give everyone a chance, Mr. Clamp, and you won't be sorry."

She had been moving to the door as she spoke, and with the last word disappeared.

Clamp rose slowly to his feet.

"Well, I'm hanged!" he said, half aloud. "What impudence — and what infernal pluck!"

Mr. Thomas Humphry returned from his mission that night, wearied and dejected.

"I failed to pull it off," he said. "Clamp will be mad to-morrow. Halloa! what's he writing about?" He opened the letter on his plate, read it, and fell back in his chair.

"Kate!" he said, huskily, handing it to her.

And Mrs. Humphry, who had a splitting headache, gave a wild laugh and burst into tears.

A Day in the Life of a London Reporter.

A Description of an Actual Experience by C. D. LESLIE.

A REPORTER on a big London daily leads, at any rate upon the commencement of his career, a life of strenuous futility. He works hard all day, but the "copy" he produces, after it has been passed by his chief, the news editor, has to undergo the revision of those natural enemies of the reporter, the sub-editors; it appears trimmed, truncated, or mutilated out of recognition, perhaps half a column of descriptive matter reduced to a three-line paragraph. Not infrequently it never appears at all.

It has always been a marvel to me that no reporter has ever yet been hanged for killing a sub-editor; this either points to the fact that reporters are more forgiving and long-suffering than ordinary mortals, or sub-editors tougher and more difficult to kill.

Yet the task of the gentlemen who, in the reporters' room, go by the generic name of "butchers" is no easy one. Space is limited, and the telegrams of foreign correspondents have the first claims on it, except when some specially exciting event is happening at home. There is a correspondent in every provincial town, generally on the staff of a local paper, and he loses no chance of forwarding any news important enough in his opinion to justify publication in London. The news editor, *viâ* his staff, supplies them each night with about four times as much copy as they can find space for. In this embarrassment of riches the sub-editors wallow—cutting here and suppressing there, trying to squeeze a quart of news into a pint of space. It is a task unfinished even after the paper goes to press, for the earlier or provincial editions vary more or less compared with the London edition; the latter goes to press three or four hours later, and what news arrives during that period is squeezed in by the simple expedient of sacrificing other matter.

With this exordium follows the actual record of a day's work I recently did when employed by a London daily.

If a reporter works long hours he is at least spared the added discomfort of rising early and bolting his breakfast in a hurry; when on late duty he is not expected to appear before noon, and, as a matter of fact, he doesn't. On this particular day, which happened to be a Sunday, it was twelve before I arrived at the office, and I had half an hour to read the *Referee* and chat with fellow-reporters before my assignment came by the hands of the assistant news editor.

"Go and see the Duchess of Mainland," ran my instructions—"she's spending the week-end at Northwood, fifteen miles from London—and ask her if she can give us any further news about the Dowson-Moore Antarctic Expedition. She's helped to finance it, and will know if anybody does." A cutting from a Sunday paper giving all the known details of the expedition was handed me, and I gathered that the explorers in question, after having been given up for dead, had telegraphed from some outlandish port that they were very much alive.

A reporter has no fixed hours for meals—he eats when he can—and I took the precaution of making a good lunch before I caught my train at Baker Street. When I reached my destination I learned to my disgust the house I was bound for was five miles away. Had I kept in the train and gone on to the next station the distance would have been halved. I waited three-quarters of an hour at the station. This is one of the innumerable occasions when a reporter wastes time; not being omniscient, he cannot always know the quickest way to his destination.

At last I was on the road and drew near to my goal. Everyone knew the Duchess, evidently the local notability, and presently I reached the house and saw, to my exceeding joy, the house-party having tea on the lawn. I counted the interview as good as gained, but, alas! my satisfaction was premature, for the butler, affably bland, came back with the message that the Duchess would like to know the object of my visit.

"It's about the Dowson-Moore Antarctic Expedition. Her Grace——"

The butler interrupted me. He smiled more blandly than ever.

"I fancy, sir, you've come to the wrong Duchess."

"The wrong Duchess?" I echoed, ruefully.

"The present Duchess, sir, lives in Berkshire, but I fancy she's in Ireland at present. This Duchess is the widow of the late Duke."

"I FANCY, SIR, YOU'VE COME TO THE WRONG DUCHESS."

"And she knows nothing about the expedition?"

"Nothing, sir; I heard her say so at lunch to-day. It's the other Duchess who is interested in it."

There is no help for it. I must return, my mission unfulfilled. It is a hot, tiring walk. I just catch a train, but it is past six before I am back in London and drinking a much-needed cup of tea. There follows a desperate endeavour by means of the telephone to find somebody likely to add to our meagre information concerning the expedition. But it is the holiday season, everybody is out of town. As a last resort I set out for St. John's Wood, in hopes of running to earth an important official of the Royal Geographical Society. It ought, by the way, to be compulsory for all celebrities living in London to be on the telephone—reporters' work would be much lessened if this were the case. When I find the house it is brilliantly lighted up, but the man who opens to me is not a butler, but a caretaker in his shirt-sleeves. The celebrity is out of town.

By ten I am back and report my failure. The paper will have to do without any special interview regarding the Antarctic Expedition; and I sit down, light a cigarette, and rest.

A man arrives, a labourer, and reports a boy drowned in the Thames. The reporter in charge sends a junior to verify the story in case it is worth a paragraph. The news editor returns from dinner, looks in, and goes to commune with the night editor. All is peace

Suddenly the news editor enters in a hurry. "The Rev. Mr. Smith, of St. John's, Greenwich," he says, "has dropped down dead after preaching the sermon. We've got the report, but we want the text he discoursed from and a few lines from his sermon to round up the story. Go and get it and telephone it to the office."

It is, of course, a piece of ill luck that I happen to be the only reporter present available, but that is all in the day's work, and I set out for Cannon Street. Now be it noted it is Sunday night, and when I get to Greenwich the last train for town is starting, and with the cheery prospect of having to spend the night in this unknown suburb I start for the church, and, thanks to contradictory directions given me, it is half-past eleven before I find it.

The church stands in a quiet, badly-lighted street, and I cannot see the names of the churchwardens on the notice-board. Moreover, nearly everybody in the neighbourhood has obviously gone to bed. I feel inclined

to despair. For twelve hours, with very brief intervals for refreshments, I have been rushing about, and the result has been absolutely nil. In desperation I seek a house where the light over the door suggests someone is still up.

"Were you at St. John's to-night?" I asked the man who answered my knock.

He was not, he tells me, but he has heard of the vicar's sudden death, and when I state my errand is sympathetic. He has a vague idea the vicar's house is a little up the street, and this a lady who joins him confirms.

It is, of course, impossible to intrude on the bereaved household, and I ask desperately for the address of somebody who was likely to have been at the church, but presently a second lady joins the conference on the doorstep and declares positively that a curate lives at the house in question, and not the vicar.

Everybody here has gone to bed, but I ring and ring, and presently a gentleman risen from bed opens to me, and my luck has turned—he is the curate of St. John's, and instead of killing me he gives me the text and sends me on my way rejoicing.

My instructions are to telephone, and it is highly necessary that the news goes to the printers at once, for it is now midnight and the country edition has already gone to press, but all-night public telephones are hard to find. I try the police-station, but the inspector in charge will not help me. As a rule the police are helpful, but I have struck upon a particularly unamiable inspector, and I wander forth in despair.

Somebody tells me that somewhere – I believe at Deptford—there is a telephone open all night, and I board a tram which takes me in that direction. I confide my troubles to the conductor, who informs me that near by is a tramway station which possesses a telephone, and that perhaps I may be allowed to use it. I attempt to. The manager is courtesy itself and very sorry to disoblige me, but he is a servant of the County Council, and he fears they would disapprove. Were it only a private company, as in the old days, the telephone would be at my service.

But though it is now half-past twelve, and every railway station closed long ago, the trams have not ceased, and I learn to my joy that I can get to Charing Cross, and for the first time in my life blessing the County Council I enter one of their luxurious and brilliantly-lighted cars. There are still crowds about and nobody even looks sleepy; I have a vague idea I am, but am not sure.

The knowledge that I shall get home some time that night, instead of sleeping in my

"I HAVE A VAGUE IDEA THAT I AM SLEEPY, BUT AM NOT SURE."

clothes in a strange bed, cheers me wonderfully. The tram, running along the empty streets with the speed of a motor-car, crosses Westminster Bridge by one o'clock, and from the Embankment at Charing Cross I speedily reach my goal.

Under the piles of the bridge there lies some staging, and this is utilized by the homeless wanderers who frequent the Embankment. They sit side by side spiritless, abject, awaiting the coming of the next day. I count some forty men, most of them in the prime of life, thus mutely expressing their utter penury almost within the shadow of the Cecil and Savoy. Truly the contrasts of modern life in a great city are ironic. Even the hive of industry I left earlier in the evening is almost deserted. In the basement the presses sing their nightly song, but most of the offices are dark and silent, and the big room where most of the day staff, as apart from the reporters, work is sparsely inhabited. But the night editor is at his desk in his shirt-sleeves, grave, imperturbable, reposeful, for the rush of work is over, and to him I explain my errand.

"'HE GOT THERE SOONER THAN HE EXPECTED,' HE SAYS, NOT IRREVERENTLY.'

Silently he hears me, silently picks up a copy of the paper already printed, opens it, glances at the brief report of the vicar's death, and cuts it out. "Add the text to that," he says.

I do so. The time is now 1.15 a.m., and for three hours I have been hunting the text. For the first time I read it. The vicar had been ailing for some time, and the text of his last sermon was taken from the forty-second Psalm: "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God. When shall I come and appear before God?"

The coincidence strikes the editor when I lay the story—"rounded off," as my chief desired before him.

"He got there sooner than he expected," he says, not irreverently, but as one stating a fact, and sends the copy to the printer.

At one-thirty my day's work is over, but I am seven miles from my bed and "Shanks's mare" is the only means of progression available. But at three I am in it, and nothing but an earthquake—and even that might have failed—would have got me out.

There are short cuts to eminence in Fleet Street. Money or brains of superior quality will start you high up the tree, but for the average man who wishes to become a magnate in the daily newspaper world the way lies only through a reportership in the first place. The test is severe and many fall by the way, and no one without the journalistic instinct should attempt it.

The Copper Charm.

By ARTHUR MORRISON.

OF the relics of Cunning Murrell, the wise man of Essex, I have seen many, and I own some. His books of conjuration and geomancy, scores of his written horoscopes; and of his actual implements of magic I have seen the famous glass by which he or anybody else was enabled to see through a brick wall. This amazing instrument gained him vast consideration and authority among the unlearned of Essex up to and beyond the middle of the nineteenth century; but matter-of-fact examination, at a time when Cunning Murrell was altogether too dead to prevent it, robbed the wonder of all its mystery. For indeed, it was nothing but a simple arrangement of mirrors in a wooden case, such as a schoolboy might make for himself with a little patience and the ruins of a shaving-glass. But it served its turn well, and it was by this and other such aids that Murrell became, and remained to his life's end, something like absolute sovereign of all Essex outside the great houses.

But there was another instrument, or talk of it at least, of far stranger purport. There was talk of it still, twenty years and more after its reputed possessor was gathered to his fathers and his twenty-one children in Hadleigh Churchyard. This was said to be nothing less than a strange disc of dull copper, by aid whereof Cunning Murrell could distinguish the true man from the liar. For the liar might stare at it till his eyes were sore, yet never could he see in it anything but its mere material self—a round plate of common dull copper; while it was the peculiar virtue of an honest man's eyes to perceive on the dim surface *something*—something of which only Cunning Murrell had the secret; something which the gazer must declare to him as proof and test of his truth. But of what that something was nobody could tell a word; for indeed it would seem that nobody had ever seen it. And yet belief in its existence was wide as Essex; though there has been a suspicion that the whole report was the invention of that squinting humorist, Dan Fisk. For he had a deal to do with the only tale of the charm I know.

In those days Hadleigh Fair occurred once a year, on Midsummer Day. Rochford Market was held once a week, on Thursday. On Rochford Market night the neighbouring roads carried many convivial home-goers by horse, dog-cart, wagon, and foot; on Hadleigh Fair night there was far greater conviviality and many more convivials. But when Hadleigh Fair fell on the same day as Rochford Market (as needs it must in some years) then the resulting jollity was as the square of Hadleigh hilarity plus the cube of Rochford revelry, involved to the *nth* power, and a great deal more involved than that, too, if you can believe it.

It was on one of these days of joyous coincidence that Abel Pennyfather gave Joe Barstow and Elijah Weeley a lift to Rochford Market in his cart, and so gave occasion for this appeal to Murrell's talisman.

Hadleigh Fair grew active at seven in the morning; so that there had been seven hours of it ere Abel Pennyfather's cart set out at two in the afternoon. Seven hours of Hadleigh Fair and its overwhelming gooseberry-pie! For it was the gooseberry-pie, crown and symbol of Hadleigh Fair, that made the anniversary formidable. It was the property of this potent confection to cause many with whom it disagreed to fall asleep in ditches, and others to penetrate into the wrong houses on all-fours. An extraordinary unsteadiness of the legs, widely prevalent on fair day, had been distinctly traced to gooseberry-pie by many expert victims, and a certain waviness of outline in Hadleigh scenery could be attributed to nothing else.

So that after several hours of Hadleigh Fair, and a long monotony of gooseberry-pie, it struck Joe Barstow and Elijah Weeley that a visit to Rochford Market would make a welcome change. Abel Pennyfather's cart offered the opportunity, and that opportunity, embodied and made visible in the tailboard, Joe Barstow seized with both hands; after which, with no difficulty beyond the temporary delay caused by Elijah Weeley's mistaken attempt to haul himself aboard by Joe's leg, the journey began.

Of the events of that journey, the "faites and gestes" of Joe and Elijah at Rochford Market, who shall tell? Pass rather to the

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"'WHAT'S THIS?' CRIED ABEL PENNYFATHER. 'TIS WITCHCRAFT, AN' NOTHIN' ELSE!"

return of Abel Pennyfather, light laden and heedless, driving his white mare, as of old drove the son of Jehoshaphat, the son of Nimshi, pounding the road to Hadleigh in the cool of the evening, and destined to make near such a stir at the Castle Inn as did his forerunner at Jezreel. For at that same Castle Inn he descended from his perch, dropped the tailboard, and proceeded in due order to tug at the two sleeping figures within. With the natural protest of grunts and gasps the sleepers presently emerged, and were presented erect to society —in the persons of Reuben Turner and young Sim Cloyse.

"What's this?" cried Abel Pennyfather, staring aghast. "'Tis witchcraft, an' nothin' else! They was Joe Barstow an' 'Lijah Weeley when they got in; an' that I'll swear 'pon oath!"

Friends gathered to inspect the phenomenon, and agreed that Reuben Turner and Sim Cloyse were certainly Reuben and Sim now, whoever they may have been earlier in the day. And, although Abel protested with increasing vehemence that they were indisputably Joe and Elijah when he put them in the cart at Rochford, Reuben and Sim declared, with equal confidence, that they had never been anybody but themselves all day. Wherein the neighbours were disposed to agree with them, arguing that a man who had been someone else would probably be the first to know it and the last to be mistaken about it. But the greater the majority against him the more positive Abel Pennyfather grew; and the discussion waxed prodigiously for a time till there arrived Jobson of Wickford, very angry, and many miles out of his way home, driving his own horse in the shafts of Abel Pennyfather's cart, with Joe Barstow and Elijah Weeley in it; neither of them, strictly speaking, awake, after the fatigues of the day.

"Couldn't you see they'd putt the 'osses to the wrong carts?" shouted Jobson to the amazed Pennyfather. "I've a-been chasing yow arl the way from Rochford!"

"Glory be!" gasped Abel, "an' so they hev. Now that comes o' standin' they two carts side by side on sich a troublesome confusin' day. I putt them chaps in behind in *my* cart and I walked round they two carts twice, careful and absent-minded as I be, afore I stopped agin my oad white mare. 'Come up, oad gal,' says I, an' I took the

reins off her an' got up an' druv home without another thought."

"No," retorted Jobson of Wickford, still very angry. "I count a thought ain't a treat you often hev. Can't you help with the harness now I hev found 'ee?"

But the most of the intelligence present was in a state of suspension, not to say paralysis, in face of the novelty of the adventure; soaring, at any rate, in regions far from any matter of Jobson's harness. The one or two most distinguished for presence of mind were turning their faculties toward the rousing and hauling forth of Joe Barstow and Elijah Weeley, when another object was perceived in the cart.

"Why," said one, "here be a gallon jar. Is it yourn, Master Jobson?"

"No," snapped Jobson, wrenching at a buckle, "'taren't. More mistakes, I count—I've a-been cartin' a wuthless load as don't belong to me."

"Is't yours, Abel?" pursued the inquirer.

"No, that it ben't," replied Abel Pennyfather, not yet capable of sagacious reflection. It was an answer which he never ceased to regret for the rest of his life; for as Joe and Elijah rose, cramped and blinking, Dan Fisk, having removed the cork and temporarily substituted his nose, cried aloud, "Why, 'tis rum, sure*ly!*"

At the words Joe Barstow and Elijah Weeley were suddenly wide awake, ready, prudent, and unanimous. A hand of each fell simultaneously on the jar as Dan restored the cork, and the vessel was drawn to a loving embrace between them. It was a touching action, and signified to the dullest intelligence that the gallon jar was homeless no longer.

"Thankee, Joe," said Elijah, "I'll take that jar now."

"Never mind," replied Joe; "I count I can carry it myself."

"I wouldn't dream of it," protested Elijah, politely. "My house is only jist round the corner."

"I ain't goin' there," retorted Joe, not so politely.

"No need, me bein' goin' to take it myself."

"Take what yourself?"

"My rum."

"*Your* rum? Oh, well, you can take it where you like, any as you've got. This here's mine."

"Yours? Why, Joe Barstow, you ben't awake yet; you're dreaming."

"I count I'm awake enough to know my own property. You let go."

"'Taren't likely I'd make a mistake about my own freehold jar o' rum, is it, neighbours?" protested Elijah, maintaining his grip. "Joe, you're dreaming, I tell 'ee."

"If I'm a-dreamin'" retorted Joe, doggedly, "then I'm a-dreamin' this 'ere's my jar, an' the dream's comin' true. An' if a man haven't a right to the furnitude of his own dreams, who hev, eh? That's law and logic too, I count."

"If you come to speak of the law," interposed Abel Pennyfather, hoping to repair his early error, "the jar bein' found in my cart, an' me that absent-minded, I'm none so sure——"

"'THANKEE, JOE,' SAID ELIJAH, 'I'LL TAKE THAT JAR NOW.'"

"No, you ain't," interrupted Joe, promptly; "but I am. Elijah an' me both know better than that. *His* mistake's sayin' it's his, an' not knowin' where he bought it."

"Bought it?" repeated Elijah, plainly a little startled. "Who says I dunno where I bought it? I bought it—I bought it"—he glanced wildly about him for a moment—"bought it at the Red Cow."

"You may have bought *a* gallon o' rum at the Red Cow. I ain't denyin' it—you look as though you had, I count; but you den't bring it home in this here jar. I got this—got this here—got it from a friend—off the price of a pig he owed me for."

And now Dan Fisk interposed, as sportsman and humorist, watchful to allow no fun to evaporate unprofitably, and eager to tend, stimulate, and inflame it and to improve its flavour. So, with his beaming red face and his coruscating squint, he faced each disputant in turn, representing the scandal of a public row, and the advantages of a private investigation by friends of both parties in the Castle Inn parlour.

Whereupon Joe and Elijah, with the jar of rum between them and dividing them, physically and morally, Abel Pennyfather and Jobson of Wickford, Dan Fisk, and several more, turned into the Castle parlour, where Dan Fisk opened proceedings by snatching the jar and standing it in the middle of the table.

"There be the article in dispute," he proclaimed, "and here be we all a-gathered round it to see fair. Joe Barstow an' 'Lijah Weeley be the disputatious claimants, an' to one o' they two 'tis alleged that jar belongs."

"Hem!" coughed Pennyfather, tentatively. "'Twould seem so, at fust sight, as you might say; though bein' found in my cart, an' me——"

"Joe Barstow and 'Lijah Weeley be the candidates," proceeded Dan, ignoring Abel, "both on 'em havin' bought this here jar o' rum, as they distinctly tell us 'emselves, or as distinctly as sarcumstances allow. 'Lijah Weeley, he bought it off a red cow, and Joe Barstow, he took it off a friendly pig."

"Took it off a friend," grunted Joe, doggedly suspicious.

"The pig were a friend o' Joe's," pursued Dan, "an' as to the red cow, no doubt——"

"I said *at* the Red Cow," interrupted Elijah, sulkily—"Red Cow Inn."

"O-ho!" exclaimed Dan, turning on him suddenly, "that be't, eh? Red Cow Inn? An' where be the Red Cow Inn at Rochford, eh?"

"Eh? Rochford?"

"Ah, I don't call to mind any Red Cow at Rochford. What Red Cow?"

Elijah Weeley stared blankly. "Maybe I'm thinkin' o' somewhere else," he said, rubbing his ear with his palm. "There's a Red Cow at Burnham, sure*ly*."

"Ah, but you haven't been near Burnham to-day, you know. I'm beginning to doubt your remembrance o' that rum."

"'Taren't his, I tell 'ee," growled Joe Barstow. "I took it off a friend for a pig."

"Tell us the friend's name!" cried Dan, pouncing on Joe with a raised forefinger. "Out with his name—quick!"

Joe stared as blankly as Elijah. "Him?" he said, slowly. "Oh—that there chap—you know; the one as—well, maybe not him, exactly, so to say, but a relation of his. That's the chap."

"O' course that's the chap — I've been a-thinkin' o' that chap, myself"—Dan pursued, with a wider grin. "But what's his name? These here genelmen o' the jury are that unfriendly suspicious, they won't swallow the pig story without the chap's name. What is it?"

Joe Barstow stared and sweated in an agony of mental travail. "Bill!" he burst out at length.

"His name's Bill," repeated Dan, solemnly, turning to the company with an airy gesture and a bow of the gravest importance. "Joe's friend be the celebrated person o' the name o' Bill. A party with sich a name as that wouldn't bother to hev another, I suppose, Joe, would he?"

"I dunno," said Joe, sulkily. "That jar's mine, howsomever; I *do* remember that."

"'Tis a comfort to know it, for a good memory's a great blessin'. Havin' that partikler blessin' by you, no doubt you remember the pig's birthday? Because 'tis the recollection o' this here honourable jury that your last litter o' pigs were all sold to Sam Prentice here in Hadleigh."

"That jar o' rum's mine, I tell ee," repeated Joe, fiercely dogged.

"An' you aren't no more sartin about the pig than 'Lijah Weeley about the cow?"

"I'm sartin 'tis my rum," growled Joe. And Elijah Weeley, gathering courage, broke in again.

"Touchin' the Red Cow," he said, "that be a pardonable mistake anybody might make, fair day an' all, after a nap. But

"'TELL US THE FRIEND'S NAME!' CRIED DAN, POUNCING ON JOE WITH A RAISED FOREFINGER."

'taren't no mistake when I say, in round numbers, that rum's mine."

"S'posin' that's so," queried Dan, "how would you treat all your friends here in regard to that rum?"

Elijah Weeley glanced at the crowd about him with some uneasiness. "Oh!" he said, airily, "I'd give a friend a glass, o' course."

"I'd give all my friends two glasses," exclaimed Joe, bidding like a politician, but with the wildest miscalculation of the jar's capacity.

"Well, well," said Elijah. "When I said a glass I was a-puttin' of it figurative, as you might say. I'd do the han'some thing, sure*ly*."

"Then this here trouble's settled," proclaimed Dan Fisk. "Takin' it as the jar belongs to either one o' you, and you're both ekally horspitable—well, here's all your mutual friends, an' we've on'y got to order in the glasses *and* the water, an' the dispute passes away harmonious along o' the rum."

The rivals received this amiable proposal with uneasy indignation, and joined forces against it instantly.

"Certainly not!" said Elijah.

"Not me!" said Joe.

"Why not?" demanded Dan.

"'Twouldn't be proper," said Elijah.

"Course not," agreed Joe.

"If I stood drinks round out o' my jar," explained Elijah, "Joe Barstow 'ud go an' say it was his treat."

"An' if I treated my friends out o' my jar," pursued Joe, "'Lijah Weeley 'ud go arl over Essex a-bragging as he'd stood drinks round—a thing he never did in his life."

With that the proceedings fell into riotous confusion and a conflict of a hundred suggestions, from which in a little while Dan Fisk once more emerged triumphant.

"There's nothin' for it, neighbours," he announced, "but Cunning Murrell. Cunning Murrell an' his copper charm'll settle this. Nobody here can tell whether Joe or 'Lijah is tellin' truth, least of all Joe and 'Lijah 'emselves, after such a busy fair-day. We'll take 'em now to look at Master Murrell's copper charm, an' see which be the truth-teller."

The suggestion was received with general favour, except, oddly enough, by the claimants themselves, who began, with uneasy alarm and much labour, to invent the beginnings of objections and excuses. But

they and their objections were swept away together by the enthusiasm of the majority, who—feeling by now some proprietary interest in the rum—were quite willing to add the further interest of a performance of Murrell's necromancy, at no expense to themselves. Wherefore, the whole company, with Dan Fisk and the jar at their head, emerged into the street, now dark, and turned into the lane where stood Cunning Murrell's cottage.

The way was short—eighty yards, perhaps—though long enough to produce a change in the demeanour of the company, which, starting hilarious, tailed out and quieted, and at last halted before Murrell's door in respectful silence. For that was the manner of all toward the witch-finder, and indeed a large part of the grin had vanished even from Dan Fisk's face as he clicked the latch.

Murrell himself opened the door, and stood, small and grey and severe, on the threshold, demanding the meaning of the visit. The little room behind him, lighted by a solitary candle and hung thick with bunches of dried herbs, was a fitting background—the most mysterious chamber in the little world of South Essex.

Dan Fisk posed the jar on his knee and explained the dispute, though now with something short of his native facetiousness.

Cunning Murrell heard him through, and then said, sharply: "So now you come to ask o' my curis arts which o' they men be sayin' truth? With a copper charm you hear of?"

"Aye, Master Murrell, sir; as 'tis said, sir."

The old man gazed for a moment hard and sharp in Dan Fisk's face. Then he said, "Come you two in," and turned into the room.

There was a scuffling of feet, and Murrell turned again. "Not all o' that rabble," he said. "'Tis Joe Barstow an' Elijah Weeley I want, an' Dan Fisk. Give me that jar."

Joe and Elijah lumbered sheepishly in,

"ELIJAH TOOK A SMALL DISC OF COPPER, CONVEX ON ITS BRIGHTER SIDE, AND HELD IT NEAR THE CANDLE."

each propelled by a hand of Dan. Cunning Murrell took something from a drawer in a dark corner, and, without looking at it, extended it behind him as he shut the drawer.

"Take you the charm first, Elijah Weeley," he said. "Take it in your hand an' carry it to the light."

Elijah took a small disc of copper, convex on its brighter side, and held it near the candle on the mantelpiece. Murrell stood apart, gazing on the floor, with his hand across his forehead.

"Look you on the metal very close, Elijah Weeley," he said. "D'ye see anything?"

"Oh, aye, yes, Master Murrell, sir," answered Elijah, his face within an inch of the object, and his eyes protruding half the distance. "Aye, Master Murrell. Stands to reason I can see it—'tis natural I should."

"And why natural?"

"Why, Master Murrell? Why, 'cos 'tis my rum, you see."

"Oh, that be your reason, eh? Well, an' what is't you see?"

"What is't, Master Murrell, sir?"

"Aye, what is it?"

"Oh, it's a—a—what you might call a sort o' peculiar kind o' thing, so to say. Very peculiar."

"Ah, I make no doubt o' that," the old man replied, with ungenial meaning in his voice. "Describe that peculiar thing, Elijah Weeley," he added, still gazing on the floor.

"That, sir—that, Master Murrell, is easier said than done, as you might say, not meanin' no harm, sir. But stands to reason I can see it, Master Murrell, consekens o' that bein' my rum. That's argyment, now, ain't it?"

"Aye, 'tis argyment, but not information. If you can see it, Elijah Weeley, tell me what 'tis you see. Is it like a horse, for instance?"

"Well, sir, as to that, Master Murrell, 'tis most likely you'd be right, sir, ben't it?"

"Aye, it is, Elijah Weeley. Go on."

"Why, sir, that bein' so, sir, Master Murrell, sir, you be right, an' most wonderful scientific, sartin to say, an' now I come to look at it 'tis most powerful like a hoss—quite wonderful; more like than most real hosses, as you might say."

"Wonderful, Elijah Weeley, wonderful. Give Joe Barstow the charm. Can you see a hoss, Joe Barstow?"

"Aye, yes, Master Murrell, sartenly," answered that politician, eagerly, almost before he had snatched the charm. "Two on 'em!" he proceeded, bidding higher again. "Two on 'em, with saddles!"

"With saddles?" exclaimed Murrell, raising his eyes and reaching Joe in a stride. "*Saddles?* What's this you're looking at, Joe Barstow?"

"Lookin' at? Why, the charm, Master Murrell, sir! The charm!"

"The charm? That? Why, 'tis the lid o' my darter's copper kettle, put by for a new rim an' handle! I must ha' took it by mistake. An' you saw hosses in it! Two hosses with saddles! 'Twould seem to me this here kettle-lid be as good a charm as any with the likes o' you, Joe Barstow an' Elijah Weeley. It tell plain enough that you be liars both! An' 'tis a kettle-lid! Hosses and saddles! Oh, 'tis shameful to reflect on the depravity of the age! To think that two grown men should walk about the face of this earth with lies that any kettle-lid can contradict!"

Terrible in his righteous wrath, the old man shook his head in the cowed faces of Joe and Elijah, seized the jar of rum, pushed it into a cupboard and locked the door on it.

"After what I've larned of you, I misdoubt much how you came by that jar," he said, "an' 'twould be abettin' your wickedness to let it out o' my charge; an' so I do my duty, in face of the wickedness o' these times. Take them two out with you, Dan Fisk; I want no such characters as them in my house!"

This was certainly the last occasion on which anybody had the temerity to inquire for the copper charm. And it was months ere the jar was seen again; when it was observed to be a jar of rum no longer, for Cunning Murrell was using it to carry horse medicine, a thing in which he drove a thriving trade.

The Comic Side of Crime.

I.

Written and Illustrated by HARRY FURNISS.

It has been a matter so customary to look upon crime as tragedy and criminals as tragedians, that to aver that comedy is more frequently to be found in crime than tragedy seems at first view paradoxical. Yet such is the case. Very few people indeed ever see a crime committed or are aware they ever see a criminal in real life. They read about both in newspapers and in books. In novels, of course, there are tragedies with a vengeance, and the pen-portrait of the criminal leaves nothing to the imagination of those morbidly inclined.

In the newspapers one continually comes across incidents of comedy and crime. Old-timers—comedians of a sort—are frequently in the dock, and laughter in court is not unknown when a criminal is tried for his life. But the generality of readers of newspapers rather frown at such innovations, and peruse, by way of antidote to such misplaced frivolity, the list of sentences the joker in the dock has already experienced, and nod assent to the judge's reprimand that "The court is not a theatre."

There is, however, no laughter in a theatre when melodrama holds the audience. The criminal in a play is never a comedian; the comedian is his friend or the friend of his unfortunate victim. "Comic Relief" he is called; he is introduced into the play not to modify but rather to intensify the seriousness of the tragedian, the villainy of the plot, and, further, to cut comedy out of the scenes into which crime enters. It is from melodramas and novels, to say nothing of shilling shockers and penny dreadfuls, that the public has derived the idea that crime is tragedy.

The swindler and thief must be a good comedian: tragedy does not pay. It is better to please people you are robbing than to frighten them. To rush into a shop and molest the baker, then make off with his bread or his till, is not half so pleasant as to play a practical joke upon him with the same result.

The reason why Cockneys are such smart thieves is that they have a keen sense of humour. The street arab picks your pocket while he grins at you. It is only stupid thieves who are serious. Poor Oliver Twist's seriousness was the cause of his arrest. The humour of the Artful Dodger and Charley Bates saved them.

There is a well-known story of a little London urchin who ran into a baker's shop and, placing a halfpenny on the counter, asked nervously and timorously: "Mister, 'ave you a 'alfpenny buster (bun)?"

"THE 'ALFPENNY BUSTER."

"Yes, my little man; here is one quite hot."

"Thanks, mister; would you mind a-shovin' it down my back?"

"Down your back, my little man! Why down your back?"

"'Cos, sir, I'm only a little 'un, and if those chaps outside know I've a buster they'll take it, and I am *so* 'ungry, I am."

"Dear me; how wrong of them! Come round here, my little chap. There—there, it is down your back."

The boy ran off. In an instant another entered—a bigger boy.

"I say, mister, 'as a little boy just been in 'ere?"

"Yes."

"And did 'e buy a 'alfpenny buster?"

"Yes."

"And did 'e arsk you to shove it down 'is back, as us big fellows would take it?"

"Yes."

"Yah! Where's your watch and chain? 'E's got 'em; 'e's just round the corner."

Out rushed the baker. In a trice the big boy collared the till and bolted.

The shopman never saw the comic side of it all.

The pathetic story, also, is often replete with comedy. When or where I read or heard of the following incident, I forget; it was many years ago.

A poor little boy, looking half starved, and poorly clad, was playing a violin in the gutter one wet Saturday evening. He crawled along until he came in front of a butcher's shop.

"Move on there, Paganini," cried the pompous proprietor at his door.

"Oh! sir. Please, sir; I *am* so 'ungry, sir, I 'ave a-been playin' and playin', and not a crumb to eat all day, and I'm cold and wet and 'ungry. It's not meself I'm a-thinkin' of, sir, neither, but those at 'ome. There ain't nuthin' in the 'ouse, an' to-morrow is Sunday. Do guv us a piece of meat, there's a kind gentleman."

"Have you any money?"

"Not a stiver, sir; earned nothin' all day. I am too cold to play any more, and there ain't no one about. Would—would you, kind sir," plaintively, "take this violin? It's a good 'un, I know, for me father is a violin-mender, an' would you keep it till I can pay, and give us a few scraps o' meat—anything to take 'ome? I can't face my parents with empty 'ands."

"PAGANINI REDIVIVUS."

Moved to pity, the butcher took the violin, gave the boy some meat, and when he had gone hung the violin on the hook from which he had removed the joint.

Shortly afterwards a stranger entered, humming a tune, well-brushed hat on one side, dark, curly hair, black moustache, astrakhan collar and cuffs to his long overcoat, huge scarf-pin, and silver knob to his cane.

"Good evening, butcher," he said. "I'm rather late to call, but the fact is, we have been moving in all day. Taken No. 8, Crochet Terrace, you know. Egad! forgot we had nothing in the house—pure forgetfulness. People of my artistic nature are all alike—mind before matter. However, I see you are yourself a musician"—tapping the violin hanging on the hook with his cane.

"Me? Oh, no, sir," replied the butcher. "That is not mine. A boy left it in pawn—a poor street musician—and I gave him some meat for Sunday. He'll come and redeem it, for he had an honest face."

"How interesting," said the stranger, taking down the violin and examining it. "A poor boy in the streets, indeed! Well, he can afford a good violin; egad, he can! I'll give you twenty guineas for this at first sight."

"Twenty guineas!" gasped the butcher. "I only gave him eighteenpennorth of meat on it; but there, it ain't mine, so back it goes."

"You are right, butcher," said the affable stranger. "Of course, it is yours in trust, but tell the boy when he comes, and send round to me, Signor Bowie; you will have your commission."

In the meantime the signor ordered in a good stock of meat, and opened an account with the butcher.

Shortly after he left in rushed an infuriated man with the meat the butcher had given the boy in one hand and a stick in the other.

"Here, take your precious meat and give me that violin! I've given it to that precious brat, I have. Do you know, I wouldn't part with that violin for five hundred pounds? And the brat knew it, too."

"Then you starve," said the butcher, taking down the instrument.

"Yes; die rather than part with it."

"I've taken a fancy to it," said the butcher, coolly—"a great fancy. I'm a bit of a judge and thought it a good one. I'll give you fifty guineas for it, and risk it."

"It's worth ten times that," growled the man; "but there, beggars can't bargain. Here, give us the money." He got it and departed.

"THE HEROINE IN 'THE MURDER IN THE RED BARN.'"

Signor Bowie's meat returned just after. "There ain't no one at No. 8," said his messenger.

The butcher went himself. "No one!" No one had moved into any house in the neighbourhood that day. He brooded over this fact all Sunday. The last act of the comedy was played on Monday, when he discovered from an expert that the value of the violin was exactly eighteenpence!

For a generation or two awestruck yokels have delighted in representations of crime, as performed in canvas theatres and travelling booths, and of all the blood-curdling plays in the repertoire of these "penny gaffs" none is more popular than "The Murder in the Red Barn." The title alone is sufficient to make the blood run cold, particularly when one is assured that the drama is true to life and a faithful representation of the real murder of Maria Marten in the real barn.

I recollect being in a provincial town one Saturday evening, and having nothing particular to do I was attracted by an advertisement of the play outside a canvas theatre pitched in a miserable no-man's-land down by a dark and sluggish river. It was a miserably foggy night, just one "to fit the crime," or rather to put one in a proper state of mind to take the play on its morbid merits. Certainly there was no crowd; a few stragglers only—students of human nature, like myself, perhaps—approached the temple of the drama. At the door sat a comfortable, middle-aged lady, rather stout, and wearing spectacles. She laid aside her knitting to give me twopence change out of the sixpence I laid down for a stall. Judging from the deserted appearance of the theatre, the fourpence I paid covered all the front forms of the stalls, or pit, where I sat. A few boys and girls were scattered in couples up in the corners behind me, and three men composed the orchestra. One sat in front of a remnant of a piano; another was dozing, with a violin in his hand; the third was blowing through the wrong end of an old battered cornet, which emitted no noise, and was evidently clogged, for he had just been playing it outside the theatre and had been a target for some boys pelting him with turf.

To slow music the curtain rose. Two countrymen entered, and thus the play began. They had not been talking long of the Red Barn—which, by the way, formed the background—before the villain of the play entered—a huge, fat creature, with long, black, matted hair, tremendous eyebrows, a red nose, and a gin-sodden voice. All the business up to this time was impressively serious. A tragedy was brewing, and there was no comic relief, except the orchestra.

The actors performed for all they were worth, and at last the moment came for the heroine to appear. The villain went off to

fetch her. Cries "off" announced the fact that he had caught her. My eyes were attracted to the O.P. side, where I saw the old stout lady who had taken my fourpence at the door undo her scanty hair at the back and let it down. Then she took her spectacles off—screaming all the time—and put them deliberately in a case and then into her pocket. The villain of the play meantime was standing beside her, shouting: "You are mine! Ah! fair wife, once in my embrace and m—m——" Then he dragged her, still crying: "Help! Help! Unhand me, monster. I am but a little village maiden."

At this sentiment I so far forgot myself as to laugh aloud.

The villain stopped, left the "maiden" (probably his mother) leaning against the door of the red barn, and came forward to the footlights with his eyes fixed on me.

"Beg pardon, sir, but you haven't a bit o' baccy about you, 'ave you?" he said, quite affably.

"Sorry, I don't smoke a pipe," I said, "but will you accept these few cigars?" which I handed to him over the piano.

The tragedy then proceeded.

Well, it strikes me that this ridiculous scene is really much more like the real thing than what we see in pictures or read in print. One reads of beautiful village maidens done to death, but they are often drunken old hangers-on at alehouses.

Then the romantic rush and bustle and sudden death is more often a mawkish, dull, uninteresting episode, such as I saw in that booth—perhaps even comic—but ending, alas! in some cases possibly by accident, in a death. Then romance enters and the deed is "reconstructed," as the French say, and endowed with artistic and romantic merit.

Seldom is it that the victims in sordid murder cases are as prepossessing as the culprits. The old lady (Miss Hacker) who was done to death in Euston Square years ago, and was found in a coal-cellar under the street, was a painted-up old fright, with false hair and gaudy, cheap attire. The heroine of the Moat Farm mystery was not much better. Even the murderers themselves have, as a rule, a humorous expression, very unlike the villain on the stage or in books. Whatever the upshot of crimes may be, the principal players are often comedians, and everything but the fatal act may be, and often is, supremely comic.

I must return to this famous drama of the murder in the Red Barn to point out the absurdity of the stage representations of the kind. William Corder, who murdered Maria Marten in the Red Barn, was about as unlike a stage villain in melodrama as the old lady I saw play Maria was like the unfortunate woman whom Corder murdered. To be true to the story the old lady I saw assume the part ought to have come on in her husband's clothes. I fancy the figure as something comic. The real Maria Marten was a young country girl, engaged to be married to the son of a wealthy farmer—William Corder. He obtained a marriage licence, and, wishing to keep the marriage a secret, called for Maria in a gig, induced her to disguise herself in a suit of his own clothes, and drove her off unobserved to the Red Barn on his father's estate. There he murdered her and buried the body, and married another girl.

For a year the disappearance of Maria Marten remained a mystery, but in a year's time her distracted mother dreamed three times that her daughter had been murdered and buried in the Red Barn, and actually pointed to the spot where, under a quantity of corn, Corder had artfully concealed her after the murder. Buried deep in the ground they found the remains of her daughter. Corder, now a married man, was, with his wife, carrying on a school for young ladies

at the address—Grove House, Ealing Lane, Brentford! He had obtained his wife by advertising, a few weeks after he had murdered Maria Marten. The comic side of the tragedy is surely the wording of that advertisement:—

"Should this meet the eye of any agreeable lady who feels desirous of meeting with a sociable, tender, kind, and sympathetic companion, she will find this advertisement worthy of notice."

The story of Maria, the labourer's daughter, the son of the rich farmer, the discovery of the murder by dreams, and the cold-blooded murderer's selection of the Red Barn, accounts for the simple story being still so popular with country folk. The men's clothes and the advertisement are forgotten.

Sometimes the madman in his criminality may be bordering on the comic. There is a well-known instance of an artist, who eventually ended his days in Broadmoor, being called upon one day by a brother artist who, not getting a reply when he knocked at the studio door, peered in through the glass partition and saw a row of sketches of artists all hanging dead from the gallows, with the name under each victim, his own being among them. As he gazed at this startling display he felt something scraping at his feet, and looking down was surprised to see an open razor, which projected from under the door, being rapidly moved from side to side—"to cut off his toes." He beat a hasty retreat.

RUSH—THE FEROCIOUS MURDERER. HIS DISGUISE.

But there are crimes even much less serious than cutting the toes off your friend that are replete with comedy. The ingenious swindler, for instance, must have a keen sense of humour, or he would not be successful. Indeed, if the victims of criminals were to show more ready wit, they would scare more offenders, and save themselves far more effectually than by screaming and fruitless attempts to attack the scoundrels.

Vanity, I venture to say, has much to do with crime. Authorities are ever seeking for a "motive" in crime. Men have been done to death for a few shillings. That motive is "greed," but many crimes are simply the acts of conceit. Egotism is a disease, and accounts in one way or the other for two classes of people who find themselves in the grip of the law.

One has only to watch the basest criminals when doomed to death to see how this conceit—sometimes comic—asserts itself. Mrs. Manning, the notorious murderess, insisted upon being attired in black satin when she was to be hanged. Black satin was the favourite garb of society ladies at that period. After this murderess's appeal no one would wear it, and the merchants lost heavily.

Rush, one of the most notorious murderers in the annals of crime, who shot Mr. Jermy and his son Isaac, and others, in Norfolk, was a farmer. He was a ferocious, cold-blooded scoundrel.

According to his portrait, Rush was a common sort of man, without humour. Yet his disguise when "on the job" was far funnier than any other criminal ever adopted—enough to frighten people out of their wits without the aid of his gun.

As a contrast to criminals who are so vain as to dress for the part and act to the vulgar crowd at their execution, one cannot do better than select the most ludicrous figure that surely ever stood on the gallows—the great "Fighting Fitzgerald."

It is necessary to point out that Captain George Robert Fitzgerald—to give him his correct name—was of good family, a member of the great house of Fitzgerald, and a direct descendant of Esmond Fitzgerald. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Dublin, joined the cavalry, and rose to the rank of captain, at the end of the eighteenth century. He was well off. A great man in society, both in London and Dublin, a world-famed duellist, but of the worst type—a bully. Yet there was no doubt of his wonderful record—twenty duels, only once scratched himself, and yet he accounted for eighteen opponents either killed or wounded. A braggadocio and a coward, he no doubt forced on these duels in which he had such a charmed existence.

At last the secret came out—he wore a coat of mail under his shirt!

After this discovery he returned in disgrace to the Emerald Isle and joined a set of blackguards, outlaws, and thieves. Attacks

on persons and murder followed, and "Fighting Fitzgerald," the aristocratic duellist, the talk of the town, at last stood on the gallows.

Now for the comic figure.

"He was dressed in a ragged coat of the Castledown Hunt, a dirty flannel waistcoat and drawers, both of which were without buttons, brown worsted or yarn stockings, a pair of coarse shoes without buckles, and an old round hat tied round with a packthread band. He fixed the rope round his own neck, first laying it bare by taking off his cravat and unbuttoning his collar."

"FIGHTING FITZGERALD."

Leaving this somewhat gruesome side of the subject, we may now go on to lighter crimes. There are, for example, many stories of the comic side of diamond robberies, from their robbery in the rough by Kaffirs and the "I.D.B." (illicit diamond buyer) to the theft of family jewels of the greatest antiquity. I have not come across anywhere in print one of the best stories I ever heard about the ingenuity of the Kaffir. In spite of every precaution, the Kaffir outwits the overseers and searchers. Although he is stripped and searched every time he leaves and enters the claims, and goes through all sorts of gymnastics and swallows all sorts of physic, he goes on robbing.

When a Kaffir makes enough—honestly it is supposed, of course—he buys some cattle, and departs to find a wife and settle down. One of these men said good-bye merrily, shouldered his gun and, whistling, sauntered off, driving his cattle in front of him. Now, it was well known that he had robbed the mines, but no reason could be found for detaining him. The overseers saw him depart with great misgivings, and, after some time, as the dust raised by the tramp of his oxen vanished over the horizon, one of the overseers cried: "Well, I'll risk it. Send after that fellow; I'll have him back and we will search him once more."

Mounted police were dispatched with authority to bring him back. When they stopped the Kaffir he became frantic with indignation, swore that he was honest and free, and that they were only jealous of his beasts. "If I have to return," he shouted in his frenzy, "you shall not have them," and raising his gun he shot them there and then.

He was brought back and searched, but nothing whatever was discovered, yet it was known he had stolen many diamonds. There was nothing to do but to set him free, and to recompense him by giving him live cattle in place of those he had killed. These he indignantly declined to accept. He would go with those he had killed. His manner and curious resolve roused suspicions. He was detained until the cattle he had shot were cut open. Embedded in them were found the diamonds! He had fired them into the beasts from the barrel of his gun!

That was a good old comedy bishop who one fine day entered a large jeweller's establishment in Regent Street to make an extensive purchase of valuable presents. He selected them with great care as regards their artistic value, but quite regardless of cost. The proprietor and his assistants buzzed round his lordship. The selected valuables were packed in separate parcels at his suggestion, neatly tied and sealed, and he had just taken a seat in the private office of the proprietor, and was feeling in his pocket for his cheque-book, when two men, who had been peering in at the glass door leading into the street, walked up the shop and stood

behind the bishop. They were plainly dressed, sharp-looking men, and thus bluntly addressed the jeweller:—

"What has this man been ordering?"

The bishop looked up, saw the men, turned pale, clutched the sides of the chair, dropped his glasses, and looked as if he would bolt. Before he could stir, however, the handcuffs were on his wrists.

"Bishop, indeed!" said one of the men, "He was a colonel yesterday. Here, 'bishop,' come along to Vine Street. 'Bishop,' indeed! Ha! ha! Well, that's a good 'un!" And turning to the astonished jeweller he continued: "Just copped him in time, sir; lucky for you. Oh, by the way, you might get one of your assistants to bring round these parcels he has selected. We must enter them at the police-station; we have a cab at the door. We have been tracking the bishop all the morning."

Without a word the "bishop" followed the detectives into the cab; and all three got in, as the assistant came out with the valuables.

"Here," said one of the detectives through the window; "place those in here—they will be safer—and you get on the top with the driver."

It was not far to Vine Street, but, as usual, the traffic was congested in Oxford Circus, and the cab had to halt occasionally. It was, however, soon at the police-station. The assistant jumped off the driver's seat and opened the door.

The cab was empty!

This true story I related, or recalled rather—for it was reported in the papers when it occurred years ago—to some acquaintances. It may be, of course, a coincidence, but it provided a scene in the next year's autumn drama at Drury Lane, together with another story I related at the same time, which in the drama was comic, but in reality I think is one of the most tragic stories I ever heard.

A man at the diamond diggings is alone in his tent with his valuable "find." He has had luck and is only waiting for the morning to leave the camp, a rich man.

Another man enters, points a pistol at him, and demands the diamonds or the man's life.

The lucky digger raises his head from the book he is reading, and, taking the lighted dip out of the candlestick, says:—

"Here is your reply. This barrel is full up to the brim with gunpowder. See, I stick this lighted candle into it. Now, which of us will remain here the longest?"

The intruder flew.

To me that man who stuck his lighted candle into an open barrel of gunpowder is the pluckiest man I ever heard of.

Perhaps there is one exception. It is a similar old story, but perhaps little known—till the next Drury Lane drama appears.

Scene: A barber's shop near a diamond mining camp.

A thickly-bearded, devil-may-care, strong brute of a fellow swaggers in and calls to the timid, poor little barber:—

"Say, shave!" Here he flings his money on the marble slab on one side and his six-shooter on the other. "There's five dollars for you if you give me a clean shave; but, by Heaven! if you draw a drop of blood I'll blow your brains out. So take yer choice!"

The barber shaves the desperado and draws no blood; it is a tough job, but he does it.

"THE BARBER AND THE DIGGER."

"You're a plucky little beggar, you are," remarks the shaved one, with some admiration, "for I am a man of my word. Here are your five dollars; but, by Heaven! if you had cut me you were a dead 'un."

"Oh, dear no!" replies the barber, pocketing the dollars. "You see, I should have noticed the blood

first, and then I would have cut your throat!"

The story of the "bishop" and his confederates, related earlier in this chapter, recalls to mind other clever thieves who with a sense of humour prey upon those without any.

I think the following story—I forget really where I heard it, or read it, many years ago—was in connection with the eccentric Duke of Brunswick, who in the middle of the nineteenth century was well known to have a mania for collecting diamonds and other precious stones.

The Duke was a painted, made-up old voluptuary, who shunned society and publicity of all kinds. He lived in different places, but his principal home was in Paris, where he secluded himself in a funny old mansion, more like a huge safe than anything else, with thick walls, doors barred and bolted like a prison, and wires laid and attached to revolvers and alarms, so that the approach of any intruder would be at once made known. His one idea was that he would be robbed, that the eye of every criminal was upon him. No one saw this Aladdin's cave but the Duke himself. He gloated in secret over his gems, particularly his wonderful diamonds. His chief safe was built behind iron doors at the head of his bed, secured by iron locks of special and ingenious manufacture, over which hung a handsome curtain.

The Duke paid fabulous prices for rare stones, of which he was an excellent judge. It so happened that he was in some provincial town with a companion or two incognito, in search of rare gems, and went into a café for some refreshment. Few others were there, and no one seemed to notice him. At a table some distance away sat a rather seedy-looking youth with pale face, long hair, and delicate white hands. With one hand he toyed with his spoon, sugar, and absinthe; with the other he raised his cigarette to his mouth, and then passed his fingers through his dark hair. Occasionally he sighed heavily as though some sorrow weighed upon his mind, but he did not turn his face.

The Duke was attracted by this figure and kept his eyes upon the youth. Presently something interested the Duke. He rose and walked near to where the seedy youth sat. Then he started, looked round to his companions, and beckoning to one, asked him to invite the lonely young man to join their table.

"THE DUKE WAS ATTRACTED BY THIS FIGURE."

When the youth languidly sat down, and once more drew his left hand through his long curls, it was evident what had attracted the Duke. On the third finger the stranger wore a huge diamond ring—a single stone of great brilliancy.

It was not long before the Prince led up to the topic of the ring—a ring, by the way, extraordinarily out of keeping with its wearer.

"Touring these parts?" asked the Duke.

"Yes, professionally, sir; I am a singer in the opera at present performing in this town."

"All celebrated singers, no doubt?" put in the Prince.

"Oh, dear no; a fourth-rate travelling little company. It would not pay good companies to come to such a poor town as this."

"We are not rich here, certainly," said the Duke, laughing; "but I see, judging by the ring you wear, our entertainers are."

"This ring?" said the young vocalist, languidly. "Oh, that is merely glass, value two francs fifty. It was given me on the eve of my departure from Paris by my *fiancée*. She is a poor but charming young lady, and we bought it together. Two francs fifty."

"Will you allow me to examine it?" said the Duke, politely, putting out his hand for the ring as he spoke.

"Certainly, with pleasure," said the young man, handing the ring to the Duke. "Wonderful how they make it for the money, is it not? Though it is only glass, there is some skill in the way it is made."

"Only glass, young man!" said the astonished Duke, after examining the jewel carefully. "I shall back my opinion by offering you two thousand five hundred francs for it at first sight."

"Two thousand five hundred francs! Why, that's a fortune!" said the young man, excitedly. "Yet, sir, if you offered me ten times that—aye, twenty times that!—I would not part with it, for it is a love-token from my Emile, and is therefore more to poor me than any money you can offer."

The Duke had handed the ring to the man on his right, who was an expert in diamonds, and he whispered something to the Duke.

"Think, young man," said the Duke, laughing. "I do offer you twenty times more! You could then marry this young lady, and buy another glass ring."

"Are you serious?" asked the young man, with a look of bewilderment.

"Quite," replied the Duke, calmly. "I back the opinion of my expert here. Can you not send for the young lady and ask her permission?"

"She is in Paris. I have no money—she has no money for the journey."

"Oh, here are a hundred francs for you; send for her."

In due course the young lady arrived, excited and delighted. She was accompanied by her old father and mother. The Prince repeated his offer. The blushing girl accepted.

"It seems robbery," she said, "for I assure you, sir, it is only glass. I called at the shop before I left Paris, and they showed me hundreds of others, two francs fifty each. They said they had not a real diamond in the shop."

"IN DUE COURSE THE YOUNG LADY ARRIVED."

"They have not, possibly, now, mademoiselle, but they had when you bought this. Here is the money, all in gold too."

The girl clapped her hands with glee and threw her arms round her lover. "Now we can get married and be happy for ever," she exclaimed.

Then a pretty little incident happened.

"To show you," she said, "what I paid for that ring, I have brought with me the little box I bought it in. See the price on the back? Would you like to have it?"

"Yes, thanks. I place the ring in it, and close it so."

The Duke, laughing, pocketed the box and departed.

The happy singer and his lady-love and the overjoyed parents caught the train back to Paris. Their departure was a pretty picture, enjoyed as much by the lucky Duke as anyone.

That night the Duke gave a dinner at the hotel to a few friends to celebrate his great find. After dinner he produced the box with the ring in it, and, after telling its romantic story and of the incident of the day, he handed it to his expert to pass down the table for his guests to inspect.

The expert opened the box and looked at the ring. His face turned pale, he jumped up and cried "Mon Dieu! It's glass!"

Here is a somewhat similar story, full of comedy.

Some foreigners of distinction arrived in Paris and hired rooms in the most fashionable quarter. The principal visitor sent for one of the best-known diamond merchants and jewellers.

The distinguished man, who was alone in his spacious reception-room, informed the merchant that he was anxious to make purchases of the finest and largest diamond ornaments money could buy for his wife's person.

In a few hours the jeweller returned with a large bag full of the most valuable assortment of gems and artistic designs of the goldsmith's art, fit for a queen.

"One thing I must ask," said the princely purchaser, "is absolute secrecy. My wife must not know I am buying these jewels. I have just made a huge fortune, and this is to be her surprise—but it must be a surprise—you understand; if she comes in, you hide these."

The jeweller bowed.

The selection was going on when a female voice called down the stairs: "Frederick, are you there; where are you?"

"My wife's voice!"

The sounds came nearer, as though the lady was descending the stairs to the room where the two men were.

"Here," hurriedly whispered the husband, "hide those jewels. That's right, tumble them into the bag. Now, where can we place them? She must not see the bag, or her suspicions will be aroused."

The men looked about the large apartment. A cabinet stood at one end. It was locked. They rushed to a side table at the other end; that also was locked. A handsomely-carved little secretaire stood close to the door against the wall; it opened. Capital! Into that the jeweller shot his precious bag, and the husband slammed down the lid. It was the work of a few moments. The voice was on the landing. The husband rushed out, saying to the jeweller: "She must not see you; wait till I return," then slammed the door of the room and departed.

The jeweller heard him say: "Ah, my love, is that you? Come along here. I have—m—m——" Then the voice died away.

The merchant sat and waited; half an hour went—an hour—an hour and a quarter. He got impatient. He would ring and summon a servant, and send a polite message to the gentleman, reminding him there was someone still waiting to see him in the reception-room. He could find no bell. He opened the door and looked out; he could see no one. He called; no one answered. He returned to his chair and sat down to think. "These foreign swells are a forgetful lot apparently. I'll take back my property and call again." He went to the secretaire; it was locked! He tried the lid; it would not open. He got excited, and grasping a poker he smashed the lid. The secretaire was empty! He thrust in his arm; it went right through the back of it. He thrust in the poker; it went farther, and seemed to touch the sides of masonry much deeper than the article of furniture. He tried to pull away the secretaire; it was fixed fast to the wall. He rushed out of the room and looked at the back of the masonry.

That was the end of the comic scene. There was a large hole in the wall right through to the secretaire, from which the paper had recently been burst open from the inside. It was through this that the bag of precious jewels had been thrust as the fond "wife" came downstairs and was joined by her rich and generous husband.

The "surprise" was arranged for the jeweller.

(To be continued.)

IN THE DARK.

By E. BLAND.

IT may be that it was a form of madness. Or it may be that he really was what is called haunted. Or it may—though I don't pretend to understand how—have been the development, through intense suffering, of a sixth sense in a very nervous, highly-strung nature. Something certainly led him where They were. And to him they were all one.

He told me the first part of the story, and the last part of it I saw with my own eyes.

I.

HALDANE and I were friends even in our schooldays. What first brought us together was our common hatred of Visger. He came from our part of the country, and his people knew our people at home, so he was put on to us when he came. He was the most intolerable person, boy and man, that I have ever known. He would not tell a lie. And that is all right, of course. But he didn't stop at that. If he were asked whether any other chap had done anything—been out of bounds, or up to any sort of lark—he would always say: "I don't know, sir, but I believe so." He never did know—we took care of that. But what he believed was always right. I remember Haldane twisting his arm to make him say how he knew about that cherry-tree business, and he only said: "I didn't know—I just felt sure. And I was right, you see." What can you do with a boy like that?

We grew up to be men. At least, Haldane and I did. Visger grew up to be a prig. He was a vegetarian and a teetotaller, and an all-wooler and a Christian Scientist, and all the things that prigs are—but he wasn't a common prig. He knew all sorts of things that he oughtn't to have known, that he *couldn't* have known in any ordinary decent way. It wasn't that he found things out. He just knew them. Once when I was very unhappy he came into my rooms—we were all in our last year at Oxford—and talked about things I hardly knew myself. That was really why I went to India that winter. It was bad enough to be unhappy without having that beast knowing all about it.

I was away over a year. Coming back I thought a lot about how jolly it would be to see old Haldane again. If I thought about Visger at all I wished he was dead. But I didn't think about him much.

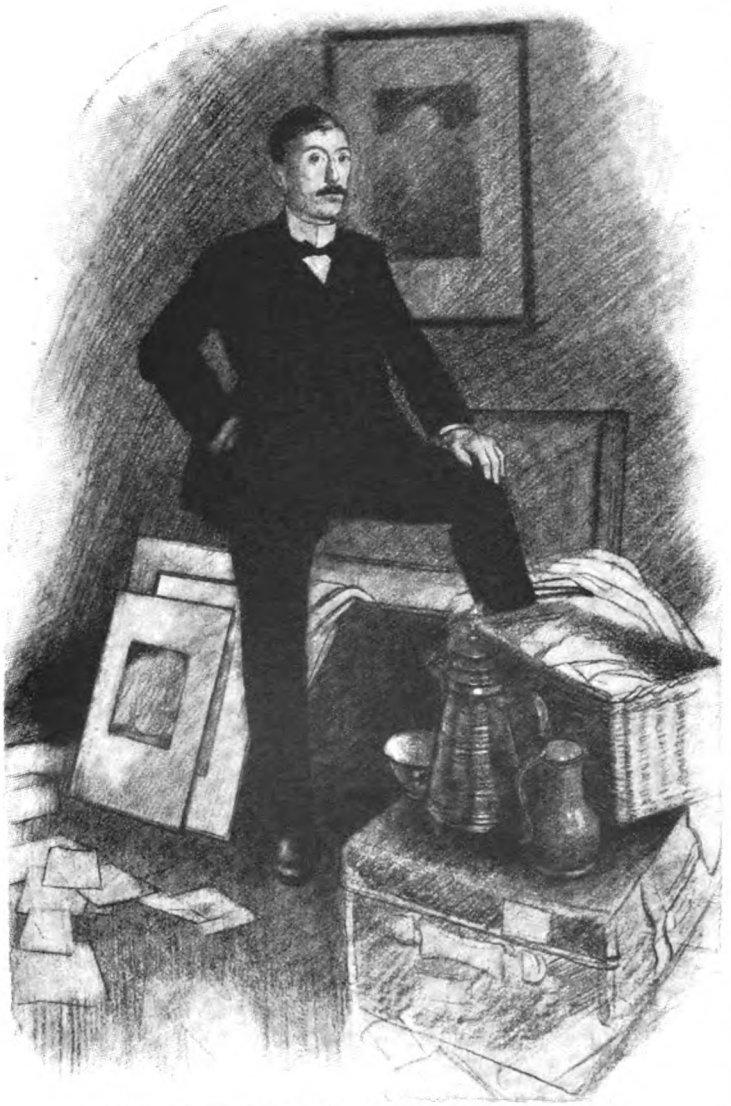
I did want to see Haldane. He was always such a jolly chap—gay and kindly and simple, honourable, upright, and full of practical sympathies. I longed to see him, to see the smile in his jolly blue eyes looking out from the net of wrinkles that laughing had made round them, to hear his jolly laugh, and feel the good grip of his big hand. I went straight from the docks to his chambers in Gray's Inn, and I found him cold, pale, anæmic, with dull eyes and a limp hand, and pale lips that smiled without mirth and uttered a welcome without gladness.

He was surrounded by a litter of disordered furniture and personal effects half packed. Some big boxes stood corded, and there were cases of books filled and waiting for the enclosing boards to be nailed on.

"Yes, I'm moving," he said. "I can't stand these rooms. There's something rum about them—something devilish rum. I clear out to-morrow."

The autumn dusk was filling the corners with shadows. "You got the furs," I said, just for something to say, for I saw the big case that had held them lying corded among the others.

"Furs?" he said. "Oh, yes. Thanks, awfully. Yes. I forgot about the furs." He laughed, out of politeness, I suppose, for there was no joke about the furs. They were many and fine—the best I could get for



"'YES, I'M MOVING,' HE SAID. 'I CAN'T STAND THESE ROOMS.'"

money, and I had seen them packed and sent off when my heart was very sore. He stood looking at me, and saying nothing.

"Come out and have a bit of dinner," I said, as cheerfully as I could.

"Too busy," he answered, after the slightest possible pause and a glance round the room. "Look here—I'm awfully glad to see you. If you'd just slip over and order in dinner—I'd go myself—only—well, you see how it is."

I went. And when I came back he had cleared a space near the fire and moved his big gate-table into it. We dined there by candlelight. I tried to be amusing. He, I am sure, tried to be amused. We did not succeed, either of us. And his haggard eyes watched me all the time, save in those fleeting moments when, without turning his head, he glanced back over his shoulder into the shadows that crowded round the little lighted place where we sat.

When we had dined, and the man had come and taken away the dishes, I looked at him very steadily, so that he stopped in a pointless anecdote and looked interrogation at me.

"Well?" I said.

"You're not listening," he said, petulantly. "What's the matter?"

"That's what you'd better tell me," I said.

He was silent—gave one of those furtive glances at the shadows, and stooped to stir the fire to—I knew it—a blaze that must light every corner of the room.

"You're all to pieces," I said, cheerfully. "What have you been up to—whisky, bridge, Stock Exchange? If you won't tell me you'll have to tell your doctor. Why, my dear chap, you're a wreck."

"You're a comfortable friend to have about the place," he said, and smiled a mechanical smile not at all pleasant to see.

"I'm the friend you want, I think," said I. "Do you suppose I'm blind? Something's gone wrong and you've taken to something—morphia, perhaps. And you've brooded over the thing till you've lost all sense of proportion. Out with it, old chap. Bet you half a dollar it's not so bad as you think it."

"If I could tell you—or tell anyone," he said, slowly, "it wouldn't be so bad as it is. If I could tell anyone I'd tell you. And

even as it is, I've told you more than I've told anyone else."

I could get nothing more out of him. But he pressed me to stay—would have given me his bed and made himself a shake-down, he said. But I had engaged my room at the Victoria, and I was expecting letters. So I left him, quite late, and he stood on the stairs holding a candle over the banisters to light me down.

When I went back next morning he was gone. Men were moving his furniture into a long van with Somebody's Pantechnicon painted on it in big letters.

He had left no address with the porter, and had driven off in a hansom with two portmanteaux — to Waterloo, the porter thought.

Well, a man has a right to the monopoly of his own troubles if he chooses to have it. And my letters had taught me that I had troubles of my own to keep me busy.

II.

It was more than a year later that I saw Haldane again. I had got rooms in the Albany by this time, and he turned up there one morning, very early indeed—before breakfast, in fact. And if he had looked ghastly before, he now looked almost ghostly. His face looked as though it had *worn* thin, like an oyster-shell that has for years been cast up twice a day by the sea on a shore all pebbly. His hands were thin as a bird's claws, and they trembled like caught butterflies.

I welcomed him with enthusiastic cordiality and pressed breakfast on him. This time, I decided, I would ask no questions. For I saw that none were needed. He would tell me. He intended to tell me. He had come here to tell me, and for nothing else.

I lit the spirit-lamp—I made coffee and small talk for him, and I ate and drank and waited for him to begin. And it was like this that he began.

"I am going," he said, "to kill myself—oh, don't be alarmed"—I suppose I had said or looked something—"I sha'n't do it here, or now. I shall do it when I have to—when I can't bear it any longer. And I want someone to know why. I don't want to feel that I'm the only soul that does know. And I can trust you, can't I?"

I murmured something reassuring.

"I should like you, if you don't mind, to give me your word that you won't tell anyone at all what I'm going to tell you, as long as I'm alive. Afterwards—you can tell whom you please."

I gave him my word.

He sat silent, looking at the fire. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

"It's extraordinary how difficult it is to say it," he said, and smiled. "The fact is—you know that beast George Visger?"

"Yes," I said. "I haven't seen him since I came back. Someone told me he'd gone to some island or other to preach vegetarianism to the cannibals. Anyhow, he's out of the way, bad luck to him."

"Yes," said Haldane, "he's out of the way. But he's not preaching anything. In point of fact, he's dead."

"Dead?" was all I could think of to say.

"Yes," said he; "it's not generally known, but he is."

"What did he die of?" I asked, not that I cared. The bare fact was good enough for me.

"You know what an interfering chap he always was. Always knew everything. Heart-to-heart talks, and have everything open and above-board. Well, he interfered between me and someone else—told her a pack of lies."

"Lies?"

"Well, the *things* were true, but he made lies of them the way he told them—*you* know." I did. I nodded. "And she threw me over. And she died. And we weren't even friends. I couldn't see her—before—I couldn't even—— Oh, my God! But I went to the funeral. He was there. They'd asked *him*. And then I came back to my rooms. And I was sitting there, thinking. And he came up."

"He would do. It's just what he would do. The beast. I hope you kicked him out?"

"No. I didn't. I listened to what he'd got to say. He came to say no doubt it was all for the best. And he hadn't known the things he told her. He'd only guessed. He'd guessed right, curse him—like he used to at school—you remember? What right had he to guess right? And he said it was all for the best, because besides that there was madness in my family. He'd found that out too——"

"And is there?"

"If there is I didn't know it. And that was why it was all for the best. So then I said, 'There wasn't any madness in my family before; but there is now,' and I got hold of his throat. I am not sure whether I meant to kill him. I ought to have meant to kill him. Anyhow I did kill him. What did you say?"

I had said nothing. It is not easy to

think at once of the tactful and suitable thing to say when your old friend tells you that he is a murderer.

"When I could get my hands out of his throat—it was as difficult as it is to drop the handles of a galvanic battery—he was there in a lump on the hearthrug. And I saw what I'd done. How is it that murderers ever get found out?"

"They're careless sometimes, I suppose," I found myself saying. "They lose their nerve."

"I didn't," he said. "I never was calmer. I sat down in the big chair and looked at him and thought it all out. He was just off to that island—I knew that. He'd said good-bye to everyone. He'd *told* me that. There was no blood to get rid of—or only just a touch at the corner of his slack mouth. He wasn't going to travel in his own name because of interviewers. Mr. Somebody Something's luggage would be unclaimed and his cabin empty. No one would guess that Mr. Somebody Something was Sir George Visger, Baronet. It was all as plain as plain. There was nothing to get rid of but the man—no weapon, no blood. And I got rid of him all right."

"How?"

He smiled cunningly.

"No, no," he said; "that's where I draw the line. It's not that I doubt your word, but if you talked in your sleep, or had a fever or anything? No, no. As long as you don't know where the body is, don't you see, I'm all right. Even if you could prove that I've said all this, which you can't—it's only the wanderings of my poor unhinged brain. See?"

"HE WAS THERE IN A LUMP ON THE HEARTHRUG."

I saw. And I was very sorry for him. And I did not believe that he had killed Visger. He was not the sort of man who kills people. So I said:—

"Yes, old chap. I see. Now, look here. Let you and me go away together—travel a bit and see the world, and forget all about that beastly chap."

His eyes lighted up at that.

"Why," he said, "you understand! You don't hate me and shrink from me. I wish I'd told you before—you know—when you came and I was packing up my sticks. But it's too late now."

"Too late? Not a bit of it," I said. "Come, we'll pack right away and be off to-night—out into the unknown, don't you know."

"That's where *I'm* going," he said. "You wait. When you've heard what's been happening to me you won't be so keen to go into the unknown with me."

"But you've told me what's been happening to you," I said. And the more I thought about what he had told me the less I believed it.

"No," he said, slowly, "no; I've told you what happened to *him*. What happened to me is quite different. Did I tell you what his last words were? Just when I was coming at him—before I'd got his throat, you know—he said, 'Look out! You'll never be able to get rid of the body. Besides, anger's sinful.' You know that way he had, like a tract on its hind legs? So afterwards I got thinking of that. But I didn't think of it for a year, because I did get rid of his body all right. And then I was sitting in that comfortable chair, and I thought, 'Halloa, it must be about a year now since that——' and I pulled out my pocket-book and went to the window to look at a little almanac I carry about—it was getting dusk—and sure enough it was a year to the day. And then I remembered what he'd said, and I said to myself, 'Not much trouble about getting rid of *your* body, you brute.' And then I looked at the hearthrug, and—— Ah!" he screamed, suddenly and very loud, "I can't tell you—no, I can't!"

My man opened the door—he wore a smooth face over his wriggling curiosity. "Did you call, sir?"

"Yes," I lied. "I want you to take a note to the bank and wait for an answer."

When he was got rid of, Haldane said: "Where was I?"

"You were just telling me what happened after you looked at the almanac. What was it?"

"Nothing much," he said, laughing softly; "oh, nothing much—only that I glanced at the floor; and there *he* was, the man I'd killed a year before. Don't try to explain, or I shall lose my temper. The door was shut. The windows were shut. He hadn't been there a minute before. And he was there then. That's all."

Hallucination was one of the words I stumbled among.

"Exactly what I thought," he said, triumphantly; "but—I touched it. It was quite real. Heavy, you know, and harder than live people are, somehow, to the touch—more like a stone thing covered with kid the hands were, and the arms like a marble statue in a blue serge suit. Don't you hate men who wear blue serge suits?"

"There are hallucinations of touch, too," I found myself saying.

"Exactly what I thought," said Haldane, more triumphant than ever; "but there are limits, you know—limits. So then I thought someone had got him out—the real him—and stuck him there to frighten me while my back was turned, and I went to the place where I'd hidden him, and he was there—ah—just as I'd left him. Only—it was a year ago. There are two of him there now."

"My dear chap," I said, "this is simply comic."

"Yes," said he, "it *is* amusing. I find it so myself. Especially in the night when I wake up and think of it. I hope I sha'n't die in the dark, Winston. That's one of the reasons why I think I shall have to kill myself. I could be sure then of not dying in the dark."

"Is *that* all?" I asked, feeling sure that it must be.

"No," said Haldane at once; "that's *not* all. He's come back to me again. In a railway carriage it was. I'd been asleep. When I woke up there he was, lying on the seat opposite me. Looked just the same. Felt just the same. I pitched him out on the line in Red Hill Tunnel. And if I see him again I'm going out myself. I can't stand it. It's too much. I'd sooner go. Whatever the next world's like there aren't things like that. We leave them here, in graves and boxes, and . . . You think I'm mad, but I'm not. You can't help me—no one can help me. He *knew*, you see. He said I shouldn't be able to get rid of the body. And I can't get rid of it. I can't; I can't. He knew. He always did know things that he *couldn't* know. But I'll cut his game short. After all I've got the ace of trumps, and I play it on his next trick. I give you my word of honour, Winston, that I'm not mad."

"My dear old man," I said, "I don't think you're mad. But I do think your nerves are very much upset. Mine are a bit, too. Do you know why I went to India? It was because of you and her. I couldn't stay and see it, though I wished for your happiness and all that, you know I did. And when I came back she—and you—— Let's see it out together," I said. "You won't keep fancying things if you've got me

to talk to. And I always said you weren't half a bad old duffer."

"She liked you," he said.

"Oh, yes," I said, "she liked me."

III.

THAT was how we came to go abroad together. I was full of hope for him. He'd always been such a splendid chap—so sane and strong. I couldn't believe that he was gone mad—gone for ever, I mean, so that he'd never come right again. Perhaps my own trouble made it easy for me to see things not quite straight. Anyhow, I took him away to recover his mind's health, exactly as I should have taken him away to get strong after a fever. And the madness seemed to pass away, and in a month or two we were pretty jolly, and I thought I had cured him. And I was very glad because of that old friendliness of ours, and because she had loved him and liked me.

We never spoke of Visger. I thought he had forgotten all about him. I thought I understood how his mind, overstrained by sorrow and anger, had fixed on the man he hated and woven a nightmare web of horror round that detestable personality. And I had got the whip-hand of my own trouble. And we were as jolly as sandboys—soberish sandboys—together all those months.

And we came to Bruges at last in our travels, and Bruges was very full, because of the exhibition. We could only get one room and one bed, so we tossed for the bed, and the one who lost the toss was to make the best of the night in the arm-chair. And the bed-clothes we were to share equitably.

We spent the evening at a *café chantant* and finished at a beer hall, and it was late and we were sleepy when we got back to the Big Vine. I took our key from its nail in the concierge's room and we went up. We talked for a bit, I remember, about the town and the belfry and the Venetian aspect of the canals by moonlight, and then Haldane got into bed and I made a chrysalis of myself with my share of the blankets, and fitted the tight roll into the arm-chair. I was not at all comfortable, but I was compensatingly tired, and I was nearly asleep when Haldane roused me up to tell me about his will.

"I've left everything to you, old man," he said. "I know I can trust you to see to everything."

"Quite so," said I; "and, if you don't mind, we'll talk about it in the morning."

He tried to go on about it, and about what a friend I'd been, and all that; but I shut him up and told him to go to sleep. But no. He wasn't comfortable, he said; and he'd got a thirst like a lime-kiln. And he'd noticed that there was no water-bottle in the room. "And the water in the jug's like pale soup," he said.

"Oh, all right," said I. "Light your candle and go and get some water, then, in Heaven's name, and let me get to sleep!"

But he said, "No—you light it. I don't want to get out of bed in the dark. I might—I might step on something, mightn't I—or walk into something that wasn't there when I got into bed?"

"Rot," I said; "walk into your grandmother!" But I lit the candle all the same. He sat up in bed, looking at me—very pale—with his hair all tumbled from the pillow and his eyes blinking and shining.

"That's better," he said. And then, "I say—look here. Oh—yes—I see. It's all right. Queer how they mark the sheets here. Blest if I didn't think it was blood, just for the minute."

The sheet was marked, not at the corner, as sheets are marked at home, but right in the middle where it turns down, with big red cross-stitches.

"Yes, I see," I said; "it is a queer place to mark it."

"It's queer letters to have on it," he said. "G. V."

"Grande Vigne," I said. "What letters do you expect them to mark things with? Hurry up."

"You come too," he said. "Yes, it does stand for Grand Vigne, of course. I wish you'd come down too, Winston."

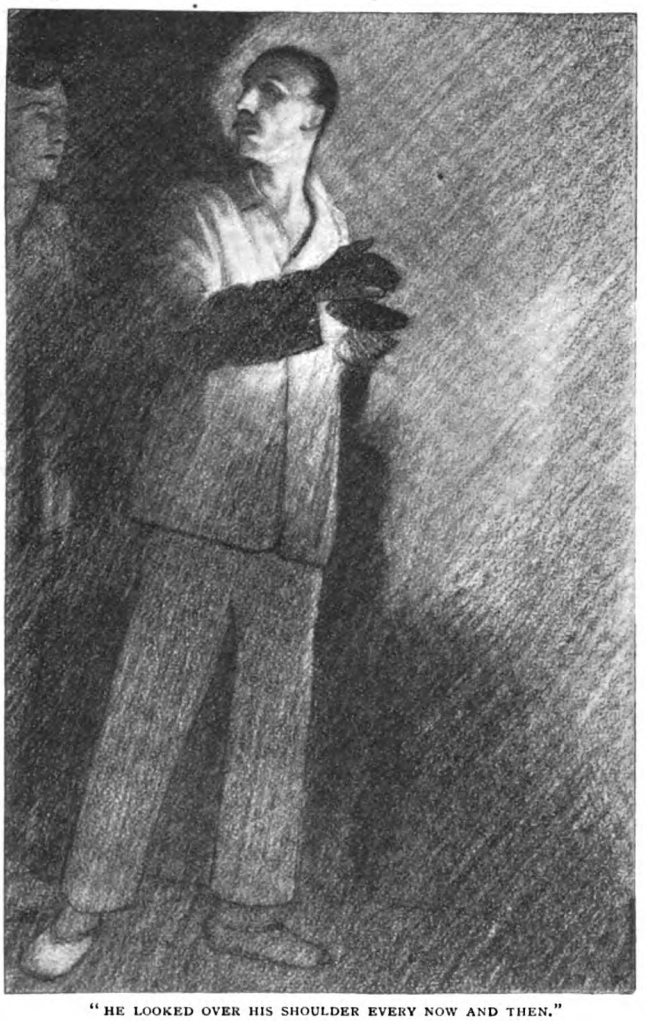
"I'll *go* down," I said, and turned with the candle in my hand.

He was out of bed and close to me in a flash. "No," said he, "I don't want to stay alone in the dark."

He said it just as a frightened child might have done.

"All right, then, come along," I said. And we went. I tried to make some joke, I remember, about the length of his hair and the cut of his pyjamas—but I was sick with disappointment. For it was almost quite plain to me, even then, that all my time and trouble had been thrown away, and that he wasn't cured after all.

We went down as quietly as we could, and got a carafe of water from the long bare dining-table in the *salle à manger*. He got hold of my arm at first, and then he got the candle away from me and went very slowly, shading the light with his hand and looking



"HE LOOKED OVER HIS SHOULDER EVERY NOW AND THEN."

very carefully all about, as though he expected to see something that he wanted very desperately not to see. And, of course, I knew what that something was. I didn't like the way he was going on. I can't at all express how deeply I didn't like it. And he looked over his shoulder every now and then, just as he did that first evening after I came back from India.

The thing got on my nerves so that I could hardly find the way back to our room. And when we got there I give you my word I more than half expected to see what *he* expected to see—that, or something like it, on the hearthrug. But, of course, there was nothing.

I blew out the light and tightened my blankets round me—I'd been trailing them after me in our expedition. And I was feeling for my chair when Haldane spoke.

"You've got all the blankets," he said.

"No, I haven't," said I; "only what I've always had."

"I can't find mine, then," he said, and I could hear his teeth chattering. "And I'm cold. I'm—— For God's sake, light the candle! Light it! Light it! Something horrible——"

And I couldn't find the matches.

"Light the candle — light the candle!" he said, and his voice broke, as a boy's does sometimes in chapel. "If you don't he'll come to me. It is so easy to come at anyone in the dark. Oh, Winston, light the candle, for the love of God! I can't die in the dark."

"I am lighting it," I said, savagely, and I was feeling for the matches on the marble-topped chest of drawers, on the mantelpiece — everywhere but on the round centre-table where I had put them. "You're not going to die. Don't be a fool," I said. "It's all right. I'll get a light in a second."

He said, "It's cold. It's cold. It's cold," like that, three times. And then he screamed aloud, like a woman, like a child, like a hare when the dogs have got it. I had heard him scream like that once before.

"What is it?" I cried, hardly less aloud. "For God's sake hold your noise! What is it?"

There was an empty silence. Then, very slowly:—

"It's Visger," he said. And he spoke thickly, as through some stifling veil.

"Nonsense. Where?" I asked, and my hand closed on the matches as he spoke.

"Here!" he screamed, sharply, as though he had torn the veil away, "here! Beside me. In the bed."

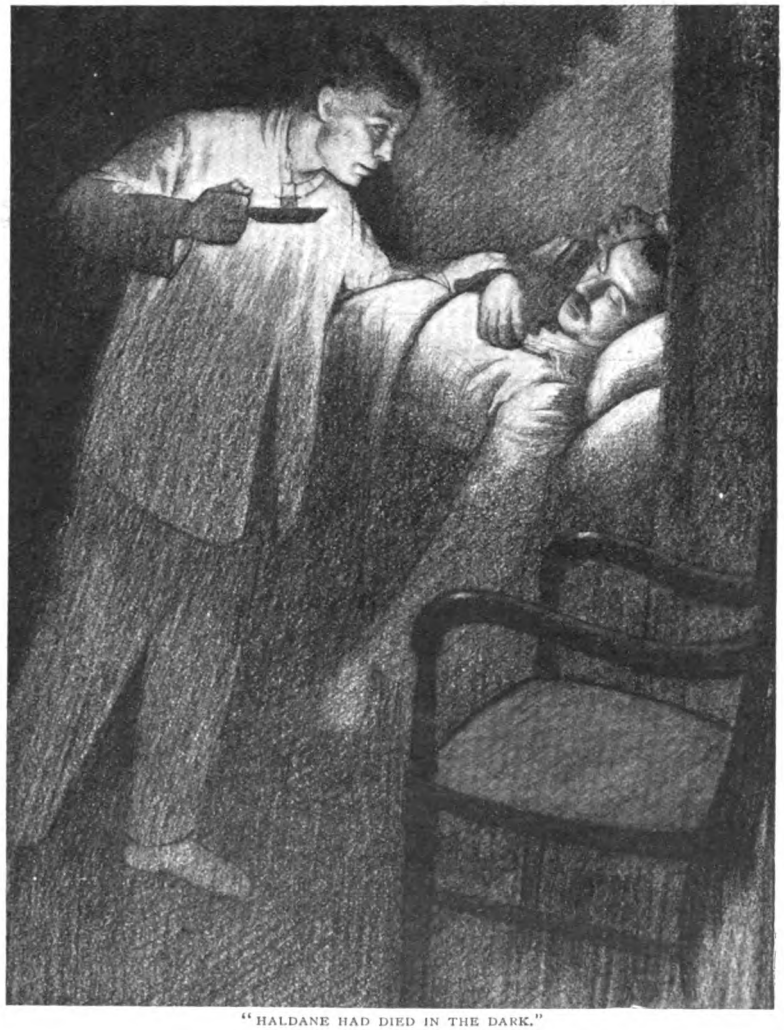
I got the candle alight. I got across to him.

He was crushed in a heap at the edge of the bed. Stretched on the bed beyond him was a dead man, very white and cold.

Haldane had died in the dark.

It was all so simple.

We had come to the wrong room. The man the room belonged to was there, on the bed he had engaged and paid for before he died of heart disease, earlier in the day. A French *commis voyageur* representing soap and perfumery: his name, Felix Leblanc.



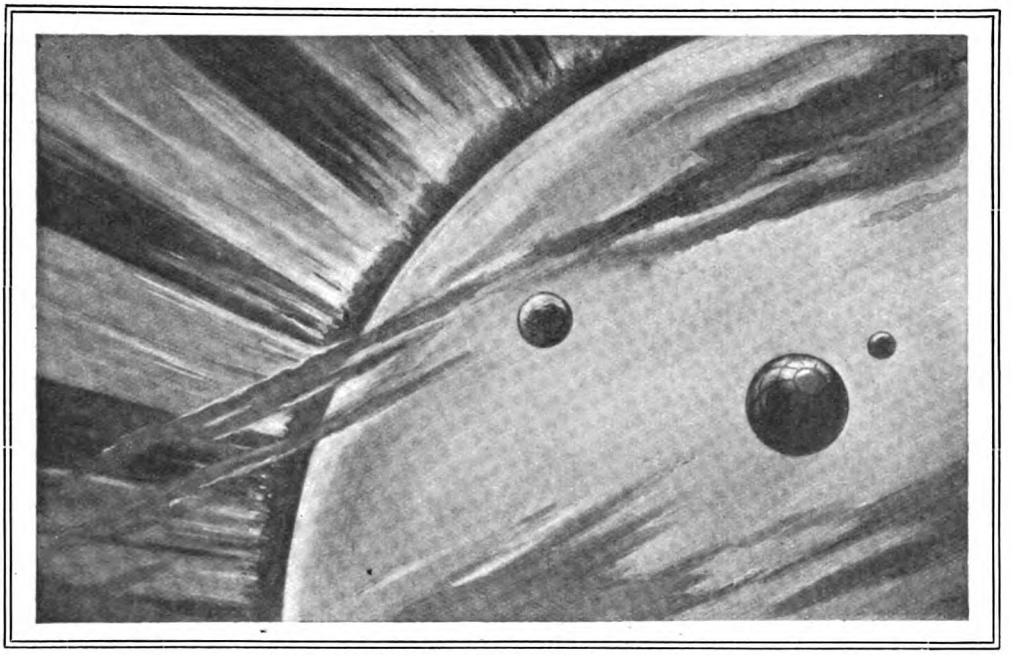
"HALDANE HAD DIED IN THE DARK."

Later, in England, I made cautious inquiries. The body of a man had been found in the Red Hill Tunnel—a haberdasher named Simmons, who had drunk spirits of salts, owing to the depression of trade. The bottle was clutched in his dead hand.

For reasons that I had I took care to have a police inspector with me when I opened the boxes that came to me by Haldane's will. One of them was the big box, metal-lined, in which I had sent him the skins from India—for a wedding present, God help us all!

It was closely soldered.

Inside were the skins of beasts. No—the bodies of two men. One was identified after some trouble as that of a hawker of pens in City offices—subject to fits. He had died in one, it seemed. The other body was Visger's, right enough. Explain it as you like. I offered you, if you remember, a choice of explanations before I began this story. I have not yet found the explanation that can satisfy me.



FOUR WORLDS IN THE DEPTHS OF SPACE.

The Sun's enormous disc, the Earth infinitely smaller, attended by its minute satellite, the Moon, and, at about fifty million miles from the Earth, the planet Mars—such as these four stars would appear to the eyes of an inhabitant of Jupiter, showing in striking contrast their relative proportions.

WORLDS: THE DUST OF THE INFINITE.

By CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

The eminent French astronomer here takes us with him on a voyage through the immensity of celestial space. In his company we scale, one after the other, thousands of stars—steps of a staircase without end stretching out on all sides round our planet and its satellite, the moon.

THE silent solitudes of the moon, distant as they are from us in terms of terrestrial measurement, are but the mere suburbs of our planet compared to the limitless immensity that lies beyond. Let us explore these regions together.

Not far from here—not far, that is to say, astronomically speaking—at an average distance of something under fifty million miles, we come to a most interesting world. So many resemblances to our own abode do we discover at once, that we would be almost justified were we to jump to the conclusion that this world is placed where it is in order to enable us to adopt a juster conception of the Universe, and thus enter into more intimate relations with that bountiful Nature in whose bosom exist not only all the worlds, but all the beings inhabiting them. To this world we have given the name of Mars.

On setting foot in Mars we are certainly in a foreign country, yet we very early realize that our new surroundings are by no means so unfamiliar as we at first imagined. Here, as in our world, we perceive lands and seas, as well as the alternations of seasons with all their innumerable variations. On our own Earth courageous explorers have in vain attempted to reach one or other of the Poles, which have so far baffled every effort; yet we have no difficulty in observing the Poles of Mars, the meteorology of which is quite familiar to us. In winter we see them don caps of snow, the size of which we can accurately measure. All the modifications of these snow-caps we are able to follow in detail until the caps almost totally disappear in the following summer. At times clouds, usually of the lightest consistence, may be perceived floating in the atmosphere. The climate of the planet appears to be most pleasant, fine weather being practically perpetual.

As I have already said, the state of things in Mars is not too unfamiliar. The planet revolves upon its axis, much as does the Earth, in 24hrs. 37min. 22·65sec. However, though the general conditions of life are similar to those in force on the Earth, life in Mars has nearly twice the duration it has here, since the Martian year counts six hundred and sixty-eight days.

What, however, strikes us more than anything else while we are journeying to Mars are the rectilinear canals which form a sort of geometrically constructed web all over the continents. What are these canals? This is a question which astronomers have been asking one another for nearly thirty years now, ever since the day, in fact, when the enigmatic lines were observed for the first time by Schiaparelli, the Director of the Milan Observatory. The nature of the lines has been, and still is, the subject of a thousand different theories. "They are rivers," say some. "Such an explanation is out of the question," is the immediate objection. "These watercourses all originate either in a sea or a lake, and terminate in another sea or lake; moreover their width does not increase as they progress." "The canals are the colossal enterprise of the Martian engineers," is yet another explanation often put forward. Other astronomers again close all discussion by laying it down that the canals have no real existence, but are merely the products of an optical illusion.

And yet these furrows, or whatever they are, assuredly do exist, whether as watercourses or as vast prairie lands periodically flooded with water.

Before any exact definition can be given of these dark tracings, however, much still remains to be accomplished. Thus much may be declared with certainty—the circulatory system of the waters on the surface of Mars is very different to that obtaining on the Earth. In Mars the periodical inundations caused each summer by the melting of the snows appear to be distributed to great distances by this network of canals, which, assuming our hypothesis to be correct, constitute the most ingeniously contrived hydrographical system conceivable. Nor is such an hypothesis by any means incredible. At the same time, we must never lose sight of the fact that, even in the most favourable circumstances, at the epochs—that is to say, when Mars approaches most nearly to the Earth, and is only distant some forty millions of miles or so—the best astronomical instruments we possess, with a magnifying power of three thousand, can only bring the planet within an apparent distance of about twelve thousand five hundred miles.

Suppose, now, we were able to mount in a balloon to such an altitude above the city of London, for instance, that our eyesight would reach the horizon at a distance of several thousand miles. In these circumstances, imagine us directing our gaze towards, let us say, St. Petersburg. Our imagination, inspired by reminiscences of what we had read from time to time in books and newspapers, would, no doubt, persuade us we saw very many things; but our eyes would assuredly actually distinguish very few indeed. Now, the two cities I have named are distant from one another less than one thousand seven hundred miles—in other words, about one-eighth of the distance that intervenes between our eyes and the apparent image of Mars seen through a telescope in the most favourable conditions. Let us, then, be under no delusion as to our acquaintance with Martian affairs; but, at the same time, there is no reason to lose courage. Have we not already a most curious geographical map of the planet?

It was but yesterday—in 1877, to be exact—that we discovered the existence of the two small moons—no larger than the city of Paris—which revolve so rapidly round Mars.

And yet when Mars lights his ruddy beacon in the dusky night, and shines and glitters amid the infinitude of the stars; when, our eye at the telescope, we leap at a bound across the space intervening between us and the planet; when we observe how what was merely a luminous point has increased in size until it displays before our eyes its shores and its seas, its Polar capes and its enigmatical canals; when from this Earth of ours we view those radiant dawns and sunsets in skies almost continuously pure and serene; when we see vast countries overspread with winter's chilly mantle, and other countries in the very act of throwing off their icy coverings under the genial influence of an ardent sun shining through a summer twice the length of ours—when we observe all this, how, I ask, is it possible to prevent ourselves fancying, in presence of a spectacle so similar to the spectacle we are familiar with on our own Earth, that in Mars there must also be sentient beings—beings who, like us, can contemplate these natural phenomena? In their evening reveries these beings may often cast admiring glances at a magnificent star, the brightest

in all their firmament—a star as brilliant, as splendid, as Venus appears to us Earth-dwellers.

That star is—the Earth!

It may well be that the Martian poets chant that beauteous star as if it were some propitious divinity, saluting it as a place of sojourn more delicious than tongue can describe. The Martian astronomers, again, favoured by the limpidity of their atmosphere, may very possibly be far more advanced in their study of our globe. They may be acquainted with every phase of our meteorology, and know all the hidden secrets of the white deserts that surround the terrestrial Poles.

And what of life in Mars! Life! We find it here disseminated everywhere in innumerable germs and under innumerable forms. Its sovereignty is universal. It imposes its rule on all living things, from man down to the infinitely little. When we observe this Life perpetuating itself even in parasites, to its own detriment, when there is not a corner of our globe—solid, liquid, or gaseous—that has not its appropriate inhabitants, on what grounds do we dare exclude this Life from the planet Mars? Why should this earth so analogous to our own—why should all these fine countries remain deserted?

But why should we so obstinately endeavour to people all the other planets with human beings precisely organized as we are? Surely it is not very difficult to imagine something much better!

What beings organized like us would do on Jupiter, for instance, it is impossible to even guess. In order that we may be in a better position to judge, let us have a peep at this giant of our system, far beyond Mars, as it rolls through space at a distance of about four hundred and seventy-two million miles from the Earth.

In the course of our voyage to Jupiter we may be not a little astonished to collide every now and then with minute planetary bodies, which form a veritable archipelago of worlds between Mars and Jupiter. The largest of these celestial fragments measures no more than a few hundred miles in extent; many are far smaller. We will pass rapidly through this swarm of Lilliputian worlds, halting only when we reach Jupiter itself.

At once we perceive that the actual appearance of this planet is quite in keeping with its magnificently brilliant appearance. The splendid and colossal sphere, eleven times the diameter of the terrestrial globe, one thousand two hundred times as voluminous, and three hundred and ten times as heavy, revolves on its own axis at the prodigious velocity of nine hours fifty minutes at the Equator. This velocity, however, is not identical at every latitude, but steadily decreases as the Poles are approached—a proof that the surface of the planet is not yet entirely solidified. Here the sun shines for less than five hours a day, and the night is still further shortened by the dawn and the twilight.

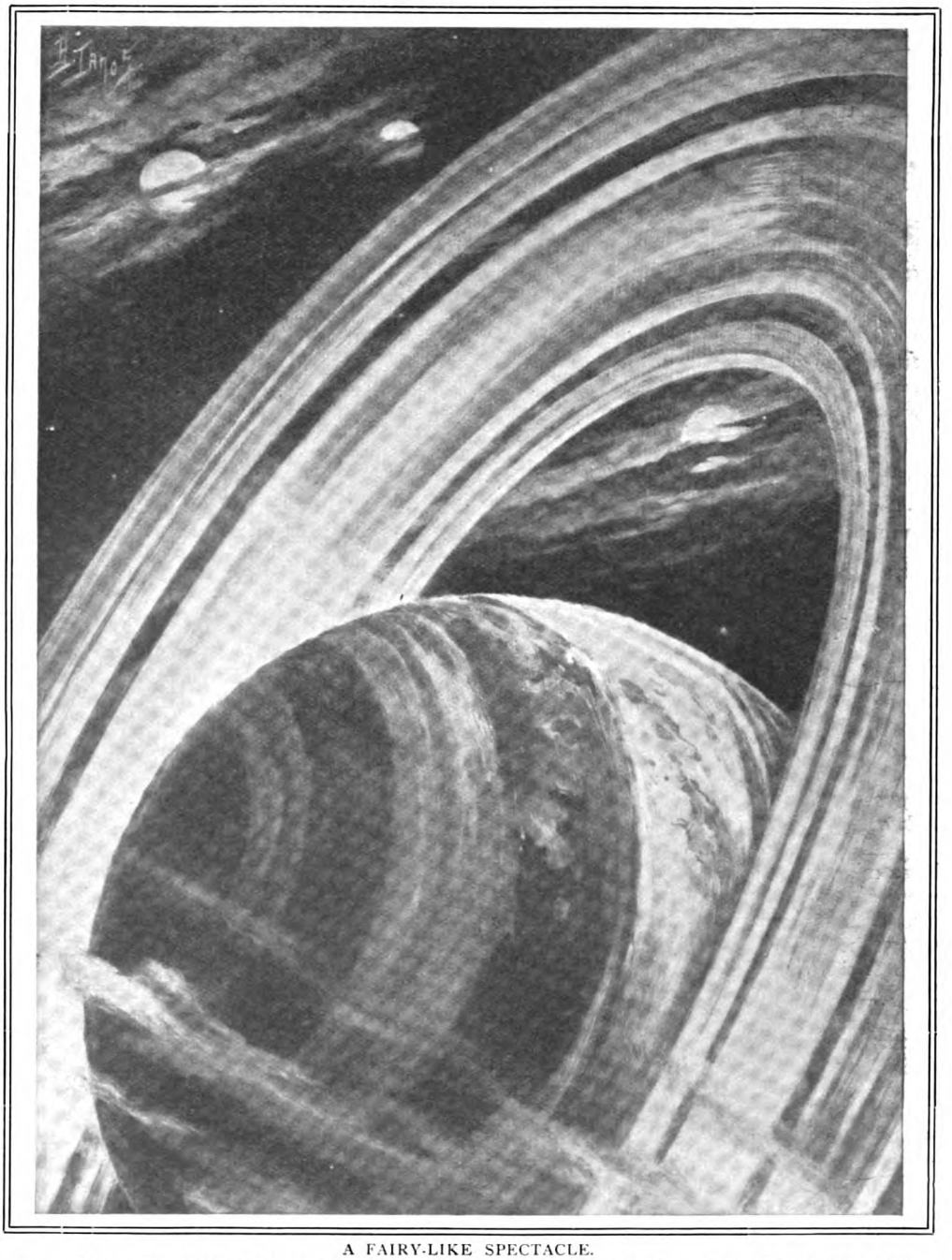
Since Jupiter occupies more than the equivalent of twelve terrestrial years in performing its journey round the sun, the Jovian year contains no less than ten thousand four hundred and fifty-five days! Here, indeed, is something radically different from the conditions prevailing on Mars and the Earth.

In this gigantic world we can distinguish neither continents nor seas; it is entirely enveloped in a dense, impenetrable atmospherical envelope. What lies beneath these banked-up masses of cloud? Is there a liquid ocean? Is there a still burning kernel? There was a time when Jupiter blazed as the sun does to-day, the centre of its own system of seven worlds. It is supposed now to be a sun that has lost its former splendour—a sun that has not yet quite cooled and is in an intermediary stage midway between the solar and the terrestrial phases of planetary existence.

What we first notice on the surface of this tumultuous globe are wide bands, like ocean currents, which glide along side by side at varying rates of speed.

The most enigmatic formation of this immense planet is, however, the celebrated red patch, of dimensions more vast than the entire Earth, which for nearly a quarter of a century now has maintained itself in Jupiter's temperate zone. It is difficult to suppose that this red patch can be the result of any merely atmospherical perturbation. Its permanence seems to forbid any such supposition. Can it be a continent in process of formation—a first essay of the agitated globular mass in the direction of solidification? Such an hypothesis, if not the probable explanation, is at least justifiable. Possibly Life is there already, manifesting itself under very rudimentary forms.

Before leaving this planet we must not fail to admire its magnificent train of seven satellites. Two of these moons were discovered quite recently, in 1905, by Mr. Perrine, of the Lick Observatory, not by direct observation, but by means of photography.



A FAIRY-LIKE SPECTACLE.

Among the magnificent features of the celestial vault there are none more strange and marvellous than Saturn's rings, which, on any fine starlit night, may be seen enveloping the colossal planet.

We will now traverse a distance almost equal to that which separates Jupiter from the Earth to reach Saturn, gravitating in the heavens at about eight hundred and eighty-eight million miles from the sun.

Our very first reflection at sight of this marvel of our system is to ask ourselves whether it is possible that the planet, bound by a triple girdle of rings and surrounded by ten satellites, can really belong to the same

family of worlds as the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, and the rest, so much does it differ from these.

The mere existence of the astonishing assemblage of rings seems such an anomaly in the eyes of citizens of the Earth that, prior to the discovery of this appendix, astronomers drew Saturn's ring without seeing it, fully persuaded that it consisted of two very peculiar satellites.

In order to admire in its full grandeur this magnificent arch, composed of an infinity of cosmic corpuscles—veritable dust of worlds—we must transport ourselves to the equatorial zone of Saturn, and contemplate the heavens on some fine starlit night.

What a fairy-like scene we here have before our eyes! The planet is illuminated by a superb ring-light, in addition to the radiance of various moons—for of the satellites there are several always above the horizon at the same moment.

During the night the rings surround Saturn with a crown of light; in the daytime their shadow spreads over the equatorial regions, which are thus, in fact, deprived of the direct rays of the sun.

Assuredly the inhabitants of this extraordinary world would have far better grounds than we have were they to consider themselves to be the masters of the Universe. If they observe the other planets of our system, they may well suppose that no life can possibly exist on globes so different from theirs.

Seen from such a distance our planet is but a minute point of light, only visible once every six months, and then for but a few brief instants, either in the evening after sunset, or shortly before dawn. Go but a very little farther through space, and the Earth has become absolutely indistinguishable!

Let us now continue our celestial travels. In the far distance we perceive the dim outline of still another world.

The new world is Uranus, about one thousand seven hundred and eighty-six million miles distant from the sun. But we have no time to loiter here.

In like manner we shall fly, without halting, past Neptune, which, more than two thousand five hundred million miles away, is on the very frontier line of the solar system as we at present understand it.

We will now at last boldly enter upon the regions of the Infinite! Ghastly, dishevelled, slow-moving, there glides before our eyes a comet aimlessly wandering through the night that has neither beginning nor end. It is the bearer of tidings to the worlds of the Solar Republic from the uttermost immensity of the skies! A little farther on we encounter a second comet, still more ghastly than the first, still smaller. They alone break the awful solitude of the great, silent space separating us from the nearest star.

Possibly we may be able to discover also, had we leisure to make the search, *débris* of ruined stars the very names of which have long been ruled out of Life's great ledger, the only remaining vestiges of defunct worlds ever rolling on through the eternal night. In this desert, however, we will tarry no longer than is absolutely necessary. In the far distance a new sun illumining new skies attracts our attention. It is the star Alpha, one of the constellation known to us as the Centaur. Let us hasten to reach it.

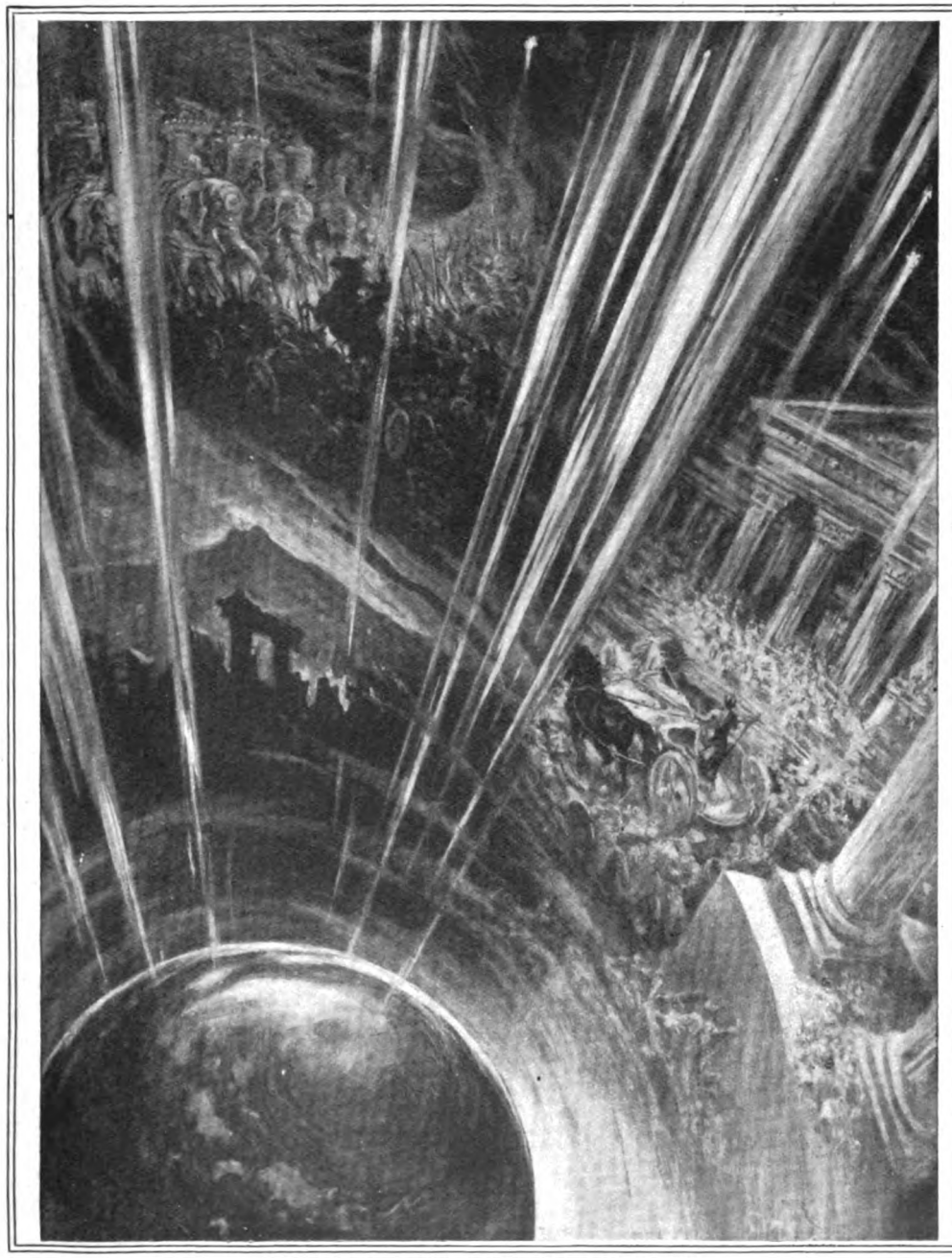
This star, the nearest of any, blazes and flames at a distance from the Earth two hundred and seventy-five thousand times as great as that separating the Earth from its own Sun. In other words, the distance between Alpha and the Earth is twenty-five billion miles.

As we approach nearer to this system we perceive that it differs vastly from ours. Instead of its possessing a single sun analogous to that which lights us, it has two twin suns, one gravitating round the other at a distance of one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five million miles, each complete revolution occupying eighty-four years. There is no doubt that round each of these flaming torches there circle tributary planets, which derive from the double rays the source of their fertility and their life. These planets are illumined by two different suns, which are at one epoch united in the same sky, at others separated and alternative.

What extraordinary alternations of seasons must result from this curious combination of suns! What variations of climate! How strange must be Nature's manifestations in these distant worlds, plunged in a double solar radiance!

Nor is this system the only specimen of its kind amid the multitude of stars that compose our universe. And not only are there double suns, in couples, bound by the same destiny, cradled by the same attractive force; there are also triple and even quadruple suns, many of which are coloured in vivid hues.

Let us fix our attention for a moment now on the star Gamma, in the constellation of Andromeda. Gamma is composed of an orange tinted star united to one of emerald-green, the latter having a small dark-blue

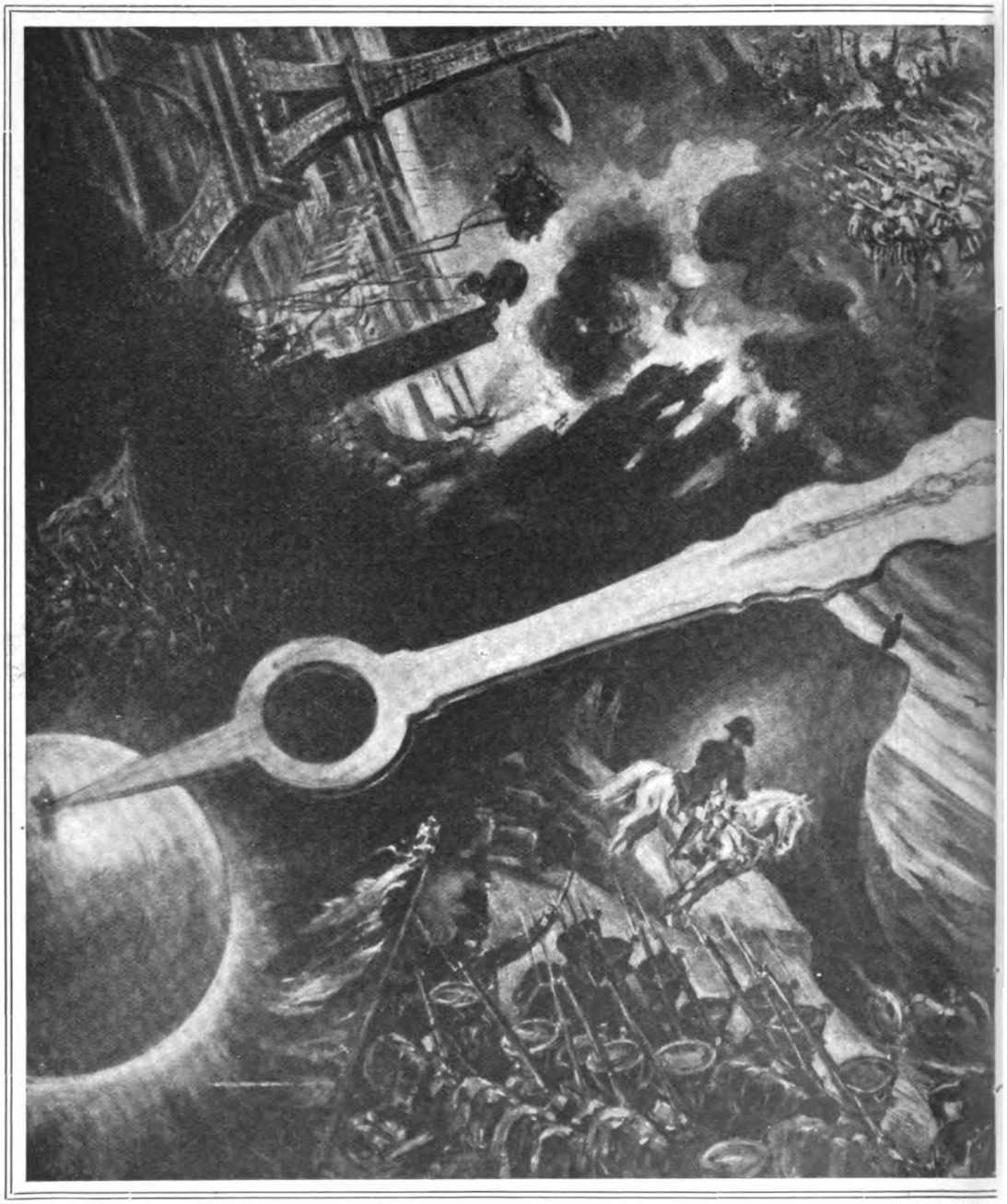


IF CERTAIN STARS COULD SEE THE EARTH.

So enormous is the distance of certain stars that rays of light occupy several years, even several centuries, in making the journey to Earth. If, then, the inhabitants of some of these stars have perfected methods for seeing us, they see us to-day as we were several centuries ago, and are now observing at the surface of the Earth some episode from ancient history, such as the chariot-races of Ancient Rome so strikingly shown in the illustration above.

companion. What a peculiar play of light such an association of differently coloured suns must give birth to! What imagination could guess at the extraordinary forms of existence which may succeed one another on planets bathed in these diversely-coloured rays?

The celestial motions are eminently calculated to demonstrate to us the brevity of



TIME AND

To convey some conception of the enormous intersidereal spaces we must employ the notion of time. The time occupied by Castor and colossal dial, the whole page of modern earthly history is turned! In France, for example, the same eye would view the struggles of the Napoleon's rise and fall, the German

terrestrial events which appear so important to our ephemeral eyes. On some bright star-lit night contemplate for an instant the different constellations of the Zodiac — the Pleiades, which resemble an archipelago set in the midst of the Infinite; the red star of the Bull, Aldebaran, the Twins, Castor and Pollux. Then take a telescope and focus it on Castor. You will be admiring not one but two contiguous stars glitter-

SPACE.

Pollux, for instance, in gravitating once round one another is 347 terrestrial years. While the great hand of Time is going once round this League, all the long series of events in the reigns of Louis XIV. and his successor, the capture of the Bastille, the execution of Louis XVI., invasion, and—the Exhibition of 1900!

ing like diamonds. They are, in fact, two suns gravitating round one another, each revolution occupying three hundred and forty-seven years.

Two years ago these two stars were relatively to each other in the same position they occupied in 1559. The interval between the two dates formed the complete sidereal year of this system.

Should we now direct our steps towards

the constellation of Perseus, we shall find a most curious star, named Algol. Here we have a system diametrically opposite to that of Castor. A dark star is revolving with prodigious velocity, in two days, twenty hours, forty-eight minutes, and two seconds, round a most effulgent star, with the result that, when viewed from the Earth, the latter undergoes notable variations in brilliancy, its satellite, which circulates in the precise plane of our visual rays, eclipsing it partially every two days.

Let us fly still farther into the Infinite, where even greater marvels await us. We speed past many a sunlit shore, through many a night-enwrapped desert, in our passage from sun to sun, from system to system. Ever on the horizon new beacons spring into view, beckoning us on farther and farther.

There is Sirius, the grandest star of our sky, floating in space at a distance from the Earth of fifty-seven thousand five hundred billion miles. Viewed from such a distance, the mighty Sun which illumines the Earth and gives us life would be reduced to the size of a minute star, barely visible to the naked eye!

Give a brief glance as we pass at some of those distant suns, the light of which occupies ten, twenty, fifty, a hundred years—in certain cases even thousands and millions of years—to reach us.

There are rays of light arriving on the Earth to-day which have been journeying since the epoch when Europe was still one immense forest, the haunt of wild beasts and impenetrable by man, who himself had scarcely yet risen above the level of the brute. Other rays had already set out on their journey in the days when Hesiod, Homer's contemporary, maintained that the distance between Heaven and Hell had been measured by Vulcan's anvil, which, he declared, had taken nine days and nine nights to fall from Heaven to the Earth, and an equal number of days and nights to fall from the Earth to the abode of the damned.

Never, in fact, do we really see the stars as they actually are at the moment we are looking at them. Instead, we see them as they were at the moment when they emitted the rays of light which are reaching us now. The histories of all the worlds are thus eternally travelling through Space!

Every star, let me add, is a sun shining with its own light, and thousands, and in some cases millions, of times more luminous than our globe. Yet, so numerous, so closely packed are the stars on celestial maps, as well as the photographs of the heavens, that to our eyes they appear truly like star-dust.

In the uttermost depths of space we discover great compact masses of stars and nebulæ which would transport us still farther into still other immensities.

Now we have traversed entirely the sidereal Universe, are we at the end of our journey?

Whatever be the exact number of the stars, this number is not infinite, as some teachers would have us believe. A number cannot be infinite, or it would cease to be a number. Now, in thought, we can always add one star to all those which exist. But to the infinite it is not possible to add anything. Therefore the number of stars is limited.

What *is* infinite, however, is Space.

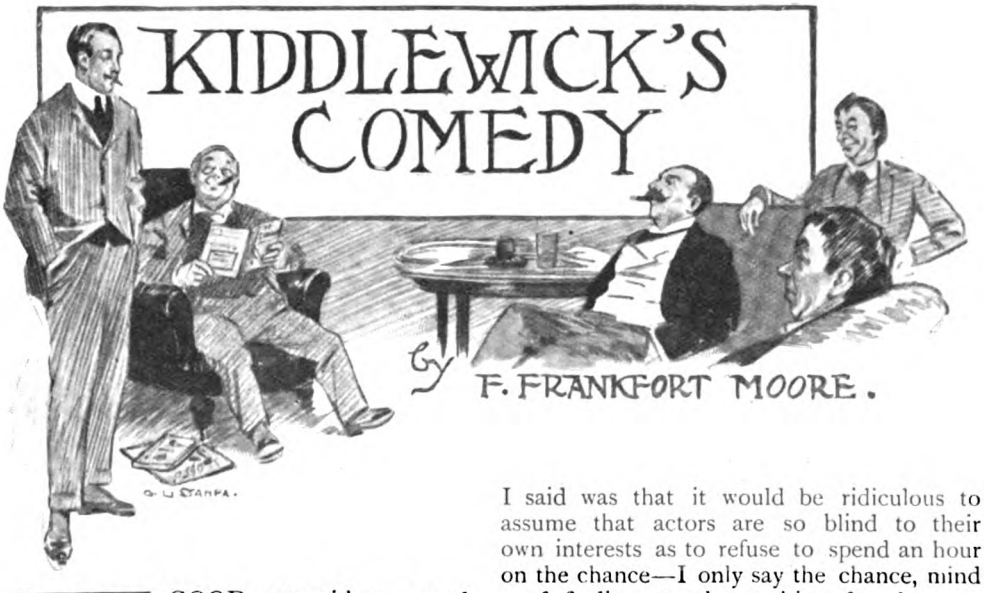
Space, indeed, cannot be otherwise than infinite. Let us fly in imagination to such a distance from the Earth that light can only bridge it, in spite of its speed of one hundred and eighty-seven thousand five hundred miles a second, in several million years. Now let us imagine a distance twice as great, or four times, or ten times, or a hundred times as great. Whatever be the point at which we decide to stop, let us picture to ourselves that a barrier of some kind is set there. Does not our thought immediately leap over the imaginary fence? The fact of the matter is that we are quite incapable of conceiving space as anything but limitless.

In the midst of this infinite space the sidereal Universe forms but one organized system, of which the stars are the atoms. The number of still brilliant stars of this system exceeds several hundred millions; the number of dead stars must be yet more considerable.

There is nothing, however, to prove to us that this Universe exists alone in the Infinite. Another Universe, comprising an equal number of stars, may exist at a million times the parallax of the limit of our Universe, considered here as the one-thousandth second of the Arc. There may be a third Universe at some other distance, and yet a fourth at another, and a hundred, and even a thousand, millions of Universes, either similar or not to ours and to each other. Moreover, the Universes may be separated from one another by absolutely empty spaces in which there is no ether, and may thus be quite invisible to each other.

Our humanity and its entire history resembles but a minute ant-heap, and our most immense astronomic journeyings can never carry us beyond the mere threshold of the Infinite!

KIDDLEWICK'S COMEDY



By F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

"A GOOD actor without a good play," said Leonard Kiddlewick, "is like—now what is he like? He is like an astronomer without a telescope, a ship without a compass, a pneumatic tyre without a pump, a——"

"A dramatic author without a theatre," suggested Archie Penfold, with disconcerting promptitude. He knew perfectly well that those impromptus delivered so airily and so aptly by Mr. Kiddlewick had been carefully prepared for the occasion. They might even have been used by him in the course of the dialogue incidental to the first or conversational act of the very play on which the chat in the smoking-room of the Log-Rollers Club had turned. "A dramatic author without a theatre; that's the best of all your similes, isn't it?"

"I was going to suggest a balloon without gas," said a pale youth with a tie red enough to unnerve an adult negro. His name was Josceline Joyce, the uttering of which was enough to take the spirit out of any stranger inadvertently introduced to him.

"That's not so bad as some of your best, J. J.," said Mr. Penfold, with the air of an epicure at a sale of vintage clarets. "It's not so bad considering that Kiddle's comedy is under discussion."

"Pardon me," said Kiddlewick. "I wasn't anxious to discuss my play. All that I said was that it would be ridiculous to assume that actors are so blind to their own interests as to refuse to spend an hour on the chance—I only say the chance, mind—of finding a play waiting for them—a possible gold-mine waiting for them. Why, it stands to reason——"

"Oh, sainted Aunt Tabitha! The fellow is beginning to talk of reason in the same breath as he talks of the stage!" cried Penfold. "Are we not going to have some snooker to-day? Who is on for snooker?"

Three or four of the men who were smoking in lounge chairs in an irregular crescent in front of the fire in the smoking-room of the Log-Rollers Club responded to Penfold's call and went off with him to the billiard-room for the usual afternoon's snooker pool, so that Leonard Kiddlewick was left alone.

There are a good many literary men in the Log-Rollers; but very few writers of plays, and still fewer whose plays have been produced; so when, some months before, Kiddlewick, who was a very confiding member, mentioned to his brethren that he had made up his mind to write a play, he became the recipient from several of his best friends of a good deal of advice. It was of the deterrent tone of that adopted by the people in the Alpine region through which there passed when the shades of night were falling fast the youth who bore mid snow and ice the banner with the strange device, Excelsior! The consensus of opinion among the Log-Rollers was overwhelming in the direction of "Don't."

"A play is easily written," said the

dramatic critic. "All the hard work begins after it is written."

Kiddlewick, being completely ignorant on this point, fancied that he knew better than to believe such a statement.

He sent his comedy, in the first instance, to a great actor who had the reputation for considering every play submitted to him and of returning promptly all that he could not use. It appeared to Leonard Kiddlewick that this gentleman's promptness had never had full justice done to it. He got back his typed copy within twenty-four hours, with a note from the great actor-manager's acting-manager to the effect that the piece, though undoubtedly interesting, was scarcely suitable to the requirements of the theatre named at the top of the note-paper.

But if this particular actor-manager was over-prompt for the taste of the author, the next to whom he sent the play could certainly not be said to err in the same direction. He kept the play for two months, and, when Leonard wrote to him for the third time respecting it, sent an apologetic note (typewritten) stating that he was greatly interested in the piece, and hoped to be able to come to a decision respecting its suitability for production in the course of a few days.

This was good news, and for several days the author felt cheerful; but when the days became weeks and no further communication came to him from the theatre he began to feel anxious. At the end of a month he ventured to write to the actor-manager respecting it, and by the next post he got a letter from the actor-manager's assistant-acting-manager regretting that the actor-manager had no recollection whatever of receiving any play from Mr. Kiddlewick, and suggesting the probability of his having made a mistake as to the theatre to which it had been sent.

This was not exactly cheering to the author, and on receiving the letter he at once went to the theatre, feeling that a personal interview with the head of the establishment was necessary to restore the *status quo ante* at the very least.

He was fortunate enough to find the acting-manager in the vestibule.

He mentioned his name to that official, but Leonard could see in a moment that this conveyed nothing to him. It was clear that the disappearance, or the non-appearance, of the play was not the burning topic at the theatre that day. The acting-manager said that he had no recollection of having received any piece of the name of Mr. Kiddlewick's, but he would have exhaustive inquiries made and let Mr. Kiddlewick know the result without delay.

He was not in the best of humour when he reached the club and received his letters from the hall porter, among them being a large square envelope containing the copy of the play which he had sent to the theatre, and about the disappearance of which there was all the mystery!

Within the cover there was a note from the acting-manager to the effect that the actor-manager had been greatly interested in the play, but regretted that he did not consider it suitable to his requirements.

It may be mentioned that the next morning the author received a letter from the acting-manager stating that he had caused every inquiry to be made, but neither the actor-manager nor anyone else at the theatre had ever seen Mr. Kiddlewick's play, so that he felt sure it was impossible that it could ever have reached the theatre.

On the second morning after the recovery of the play he also received a letter from the assistant-acting-manager informing him that the actor-manager was greatly interested to hear that he, Mr. Kiddlewick, had written a play, and if he would kindly send it on to the theatre he would be very pleased to read it.

On the evening of the same day he received the MS. of a one-act play to which no name was attached, and enclosed was a letter from the acting-manager, stating that the actor-manager had been greatly interested in reading his play, and regretted that he was compelled to return it herewith as it was not quite suitable to the requirements of the theatre.

Mr. Kiddlewick was about to make his offer to one of the producers of that form of entertainment known as musical comedy, in view of the imminent collapse of his latest adventure, when he came upon his friend the dramatic critic, who said to him:—

"By the way, Kiddlewick, weren't you going to write a play, or something in that line?"

"I wrote a play six months ago—at least, I hope it is a play, though it may only be, as you suggest, something in that line," replied Kiddlewick. "At any rate, I hope it is more like a play than some of the stuff which is being played just now."

"You haven't got it taken by anyone yet, of course?"

"Well, never exactly taken—never formally accepted, but——"

"Oh, I know. You mean that the 'script has always been found after half-a-dozen letters to the management — found and returned to you. Never mind. Is there a good woman's part in the thing?"

"She isn't quite what people would call a good woman, but——"

"You know what I mean—an effective part to be played by a female. Is that plain enough for you? Is it a woman's play?"

"It depends upon the woman. I believe that a good actress could carry off the whole thing on her shoulders. There's one scene in the second act—would you care to read it?"

"I? Read it? What do you take me for? I have enough of plays sufficiently cooked without hankering after one that is raw. I'll give you a letter to Edith Arnold; she has been bothering me for the past two months to get her something new and original, with a part that she can score off—something with five changes of dress in it—six, if possible. You could easily arrange to send her off the stage now and again to change her frock or put on a new coat, I suppose?"

"I'm not quite sure. I can't say on the spur of the moment; but—oh, I don't see that there should be much difficulty in providing her with chances for an unlimited supply of dresses—she wouldn't expect me to provide the dresses, you know. But I should tell you before going any farther that I've made up my mind not to submit my play to anyone. I'll read it to all comers, but it will not leave my possession."

The critic smiled.

"It's as well to be on the safe side," he said. "Well, I'll give you a letter to the woman—that's all that I can do; you will have to do the rest, and the rest means a good deal, my friend Kiddlewick—a little lying, a little supper or two, plenty of cheek, and unlimited flattery. If you are discreet in the exercise of these natural gifts of yours you may prevail upon her to let you read an act to her."

"It's very good of you, I'm sure," said Kiddlewick. "I can't ask you to do more for me than to give me the introduction to Miss Arnold."

The visit which Mr. Leonard Kiddlewick paid to Miss Edith Arnold's flat to present the letter with which his friend provided him formed one of the most eventful incidents in his life. So far as his literary career is concerned it might appropriately be termed epoch-making; for it marked his return to a branch of literary work by which he was able to make a very decent living, and his abandonment of an ambition to occupy a position which he was quite unqualified to fill.

Being mindful of the importance attached to what the Frenchman called "l'audace, l'audace, toujours l'audace"—translated colloquially by his friend whose letter he had in his pocket, "unlimited cheek"—Leonard Kiddlewick put his play into his overcoat pocket when he set out the next morning for the actress's flat, which was one of a lately erected block in Oxford Street. After thinking over the matter he had come to the conclusion that he should not lose the opportunity of being face to face with Miss Arnold; he should endeavour to press upon her to let him read at least the great act of his play in her presence. He had lost all confidence in the appreciation of their business responsibilities by "the profession," and so he was pretty certain that, if Miss Arnold were persuaded to make an appointment with him for the reading of his play, she would write to him, or most likely telegraph, to assure him that an unlooked-for occurrence would prevent her from keeping her engagement, and that would mean the end of his chances with Miss Arnold.

"I shall have begun to read it to her before she has invented an excuse for putting me off," he said to his reflection in the uncracked portion of the mirror at his lodgings, as he put his imitation pearl pin in his tie before setting out on his enterprise. "By the Lord Harry, I'll not leave her until she has heard the whole of the act! I'll do myself justice, even though she may think me the cheekiest bounder that ever lived. One may be a cheeky bounder and yet a good dramatic author; in fact——"

He continued his train of thought while getting into a hansom and giving the address of Bargrove Mansions to the driver. He thought it a good stroke to travel by hansom upon this occasion. It was almost certain that the actress's flat faced the street, and it was almost certain that she would be sitting at a window watching the flowing stream of people beneath, and thinking that if they only knew they were passing the flat of Edith Arnold, the great actress, they would quickly look up.

He looked up when the hansom pulled in at the courtyard entrance to the mansions, but as fully forty windows faced Oxford Street, and he did not know which of them belonged to Miss Arnold, he had, of course, no chance of seeing whether or not she

received in a reasonable spirit the impression which he meant to convey to her by arriving in a hansom. He could only hope for the best.

He found from the address-board that Miss Edith Arnold's flat was on the first floor, but still he thought it well to make even this trifling ascent in the lift; he did not wish to come breathless into the presence of the lady. In spite of his usually large stock of self-possession he felt a sudden qualm of nervousness when he had rung the bell of Miss Arnold's door; but it was really this very nervousness which enabled him to tell the maid who opened the door that he had an appointment with Miss Arnold—the maid had said that Miss Arnold was out. It was not until he had been shown into a very modernly furnished sitting-room — he saw that its two windows gave upon Oxford Street—that it occurred to him that he had in his momentary nervousness made a false statement to the maid. He had really no appointment with Miss Arnold. What was in his mind was the fact that he had some business with Miss Arnold.

However, there he was, actually in her sitting-room, awaiting her return, and the reflection that his position represented an advance far beyond any that he had achieved in the course of his previous attempts to bring his play under the notice of anyone connected with the stage rather more than neutralized whatever compunction he may have had reason to feel for his inaccuracy of statement. He had in his hand the letter of introduction given to him by the dramatic critic, and he had in his pocket the play which he meant to read to Miss Arnold. In after years Miss Arnold would be inclined to be lenient to his act of tergiversation which gave her the chance of her life, and him—well, he had heard that ten per cent. on the gross receipts represented the lowest terms on which any dramatist of the day would do business.

He began to be pretty well satisfied with himself, when the maid re-entered the room with a bundle of sticks and the back numbers of several mutilated *Referees*, and forthwith flung herself into the grate and began to build up the materials for a fire in the least scientific manner that he had ever seen. The *Referee* is not an inflammable organ at any time, and it was unusually shy in meeting the advances of the wood with the matches. She must have used up half a box before a flame appeared, and then it was only the paper that caught fire. It seemed to the visitor that in her hurry the maid had caught up a bundle of asbestos in mistake for fire-lighters — asbestos dipped in a solution of nitro-glycerine—for a rapid series of short staccato explosions sent little spirts into the room, and when the maid pulled herself up to her feet by the help of the mantelpiece, on whose white woodwork she left four black finger-prints, which would have made her identification certain under the Bertillon system, a whole cloud of smoke clung to her. But she was an optimist. She flung half a scuttleful of coals on the flaming paper and the spluttering sticks, and joyously left the room.

For some minutes the visitor was left hoping that the incipient fire had been effectively put out; but the old *Referees* died hard, and by some curious freak of chance the spluttering sticks gave evidence of a volcanic activity, and the result was that the coals heated and the smoke, which before had been sporadic, now rolled in one thick volume into the room.

The waiting dramatist felt that it was his duty to ring the bell to apprise the maid of the result of her work, but though not wanting in courage—as has been suggested—still, this quality with him was strictly of a professional type; he could face anything—even a popular actress — in his endeavour to become a dramatist; but it was quite another matter ringing a bell in the actress's parlour to summon the actress's maid. He thought that it might be possible for him to turn the rolling clouds of smoke in the way they should go without the aid of the servant; so he went to the grate and tried to feel with the poker if the little trap-door leading to the chimney, technically known as the "register," was open.

He achieved his aim most disastrously; he found that he was able to thrust the poker up to the hilt into the space above, but in doing so the same implement set free about a sackful of soot, which poured down and was borne into the room with the smoke from below, but there was still a sufficient quantity left behind effectually to dam the register.

So did Mr. Kiddlewick.

He could stand the strain no longer. He gasped and groped through the clouds for the electric bell, the result being a whole series of Bertillon impressions on the white wall, beginning in well-defined bunches of four near the fireplace, and then gradually becoming blurred, and suggesting the track of the pterodactyl through the marble halls of the

"SHE FLUNG HALF A SCUTTLEFUL OF COALS ON THE FLAMING PAPER AND THE SPLUTTERING STICKS, AND JOYOUSLY LEFT THE ROOM."

Royal Geological Society. At last, however, he found the missing button, and pressed it twice to indicate urgency.

He waited and gasped, and then rang three times.

There was no response. It was impossible that there could be any, this being the hour which Miss Arnold's maid had reserved for the forging of another link in the chain of her flirtation with the lift man.

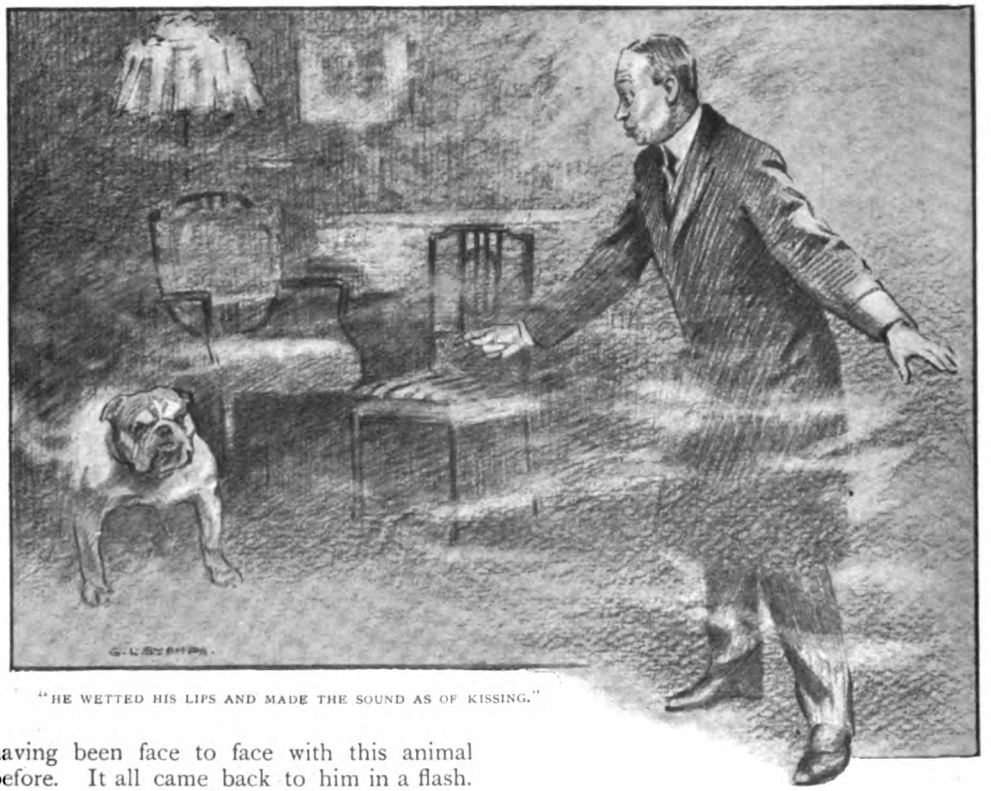
And still the smoke, more highly carbonized than ever, rolled into the room, and Leonard Kiddlewick's gasping broadened into a sneeze, with an answering echo from the open piano which stood in the farthest angle of the room. He was about to hasten to throw open the door, when he heard a sound that suggested that he was not alone in the apartment. He waited. It came again. Someone was asleep —and snoring—behind the screen which blocked out the greater part of a small sofa. It came again and again.

To do him justice, not once did the unchivalrous thought come to him that Edith Arnold was asleep on the sofa behind the screen. He had imagination. The thought that came to him was that a housebreaker had effected an entry into the flat, and having been foiled in his attempt to get away with her well-known and almost priceless jewels—they had already been stolen three times in slack seasons, in an attempt to attract people to her theatre—the ruffian had come upon a decanter and had drunk himself into unconsciousness. Several cases of a like nature had recently been recorded, and — yes, it was undoubtedly the stertorous snore of the habitual housebreaker.

The dramatist, with smarting eyes, but great presence of mind, crossed the room once more to the fireplace, but just as he was in the act of picking up the poker there came from behind the screen the most horrible snore he had ever heard—the snore of a burglar just awaking from a dreadful dream—the snore that breaks down with a crash the barrier between the region of the nightmare and the simple life. In the start that he gave he kicked the fender, and down clanged the poker and the tongs and the shovel on to the tiled hearth.

The next instant there was a snarl and a

growl, in the same tone of voice as the snore, followed by the fall of some soft but heavy body from the sofa to the floor, and Mr. Kiddlewick found himself facing, not a burglar, but a bulldog. At that moment there came to him a dim recollection of



"HE WETTED HIS LIPS AND MADE THE SOUND AS OF KISSING."

having been face to face with this animal before. It all came back to him in a flash. The creature was Miss Edith Arnold's prize animal La Tosca, the daughter of the champion bulldog of the world and the mother of two champions and another that was kept out of the championship only on account of a single black hair. He had seen the portrait of La Tosca in many papers, but now that he was facing the original he—well, he had no mind to prolong the luxury.

There she stood between him and the door, sneering at him. Her eyes were far too prominent to be thought beautiful by the uninitiated, and her features generally were too irregular to be pleasing, while the droop of her jowl and the way she had of drawing up about eight inches of black skin over her tusks could never suggest that she was endeavouring to ingratiate herself upon a stranger. He saw in a moment that it would be wise to make friends with the horrible bow-legged thing that stood there, like a loathsome microbe magnified by a million diameters (measuring across the ellipse made by her legs). With the smoke swirling around her she looked like a demon. That was why he wetted his lips and made the sound as of kissing—the sound that one makes when coaxing a canary.

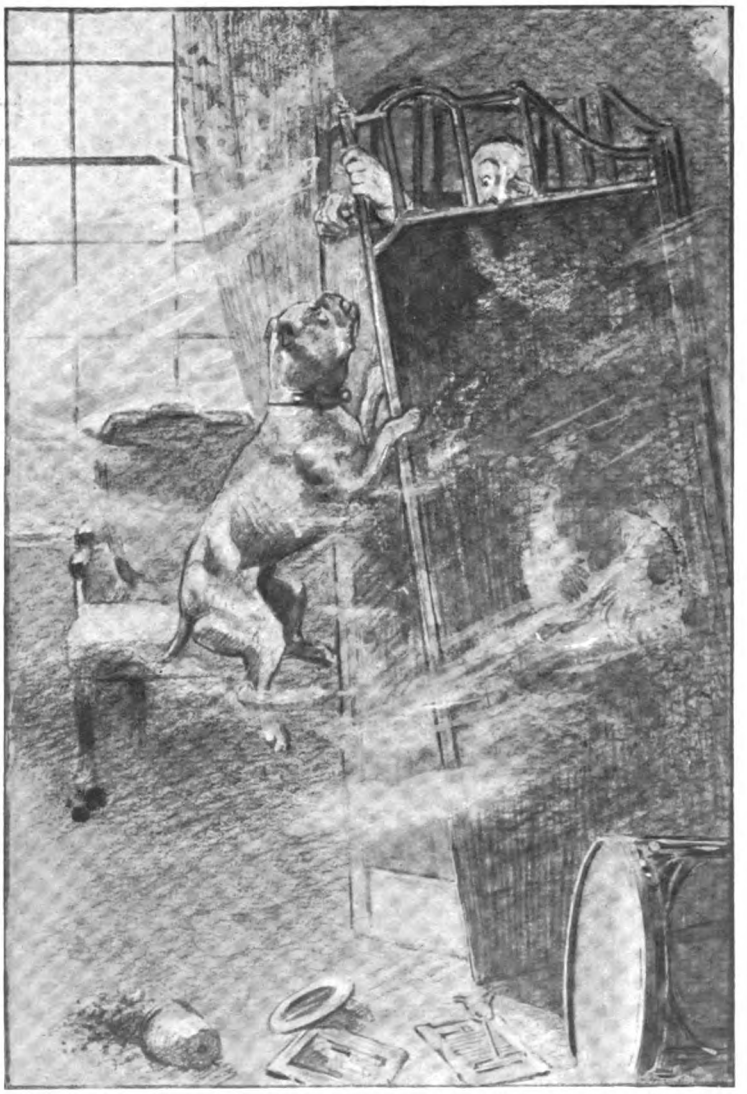
But clearly the thing before him was no canary, and resented being treated as one. She displayed her gums to an extent he had believed impossible for any animal to reach without overdoing it, and her snarl was like the sound that is made by the round pebbles of a beach in the relapse of a wave; all the time she had her protuberant eyes focused upon his face, and she was approaching him cautiously and with a hideous leering fastidiousness, such as one may see upon a Gillray caricature of a fat gourmand sitting down to a smoking joint.

The visitor was never for a moment in doubt as to the intentions of the creature. Whatever her faults may have been she was never otherwise than frankness itself, and it was because he saw it all so clearly that he retreated before her, still making (paradoxically) the friendliest advances to her with his lips. His retrograde movement, however,

prevented his seeing where he was going, and, backing into a small table supporting a pot of maidenhair fern and three photographs in silver frames of Miss Edith Arnold in costume, he overturned the lot with the crash as of a falling house—a greenhouse by preference. He made a wild grab for the fabric with one hand, and at that second the bulldog made her spring. She missed his arm, but her tusks grazed his flesh and she fell back with a good mouthful of cloth sleeves—Melton cloth overcoat sleeve and tweed morning-coat sleeve, both lined.

He made a rush for the screen. It was a four-fold screen, and, although he had only had a glance at it, his ingenuity had suggested to him a plan to avert by its aid the complete annihilation that threatened him, if he failed to temporize with the animal until help arrived from without. He flung himself into the folds of the screen and wrapped them around him, so that they enclosed him in a sort of shaky cupboard. He held the two ends together—keeping his hands as high up as possible—and just managed to close them before the animal rushed up.

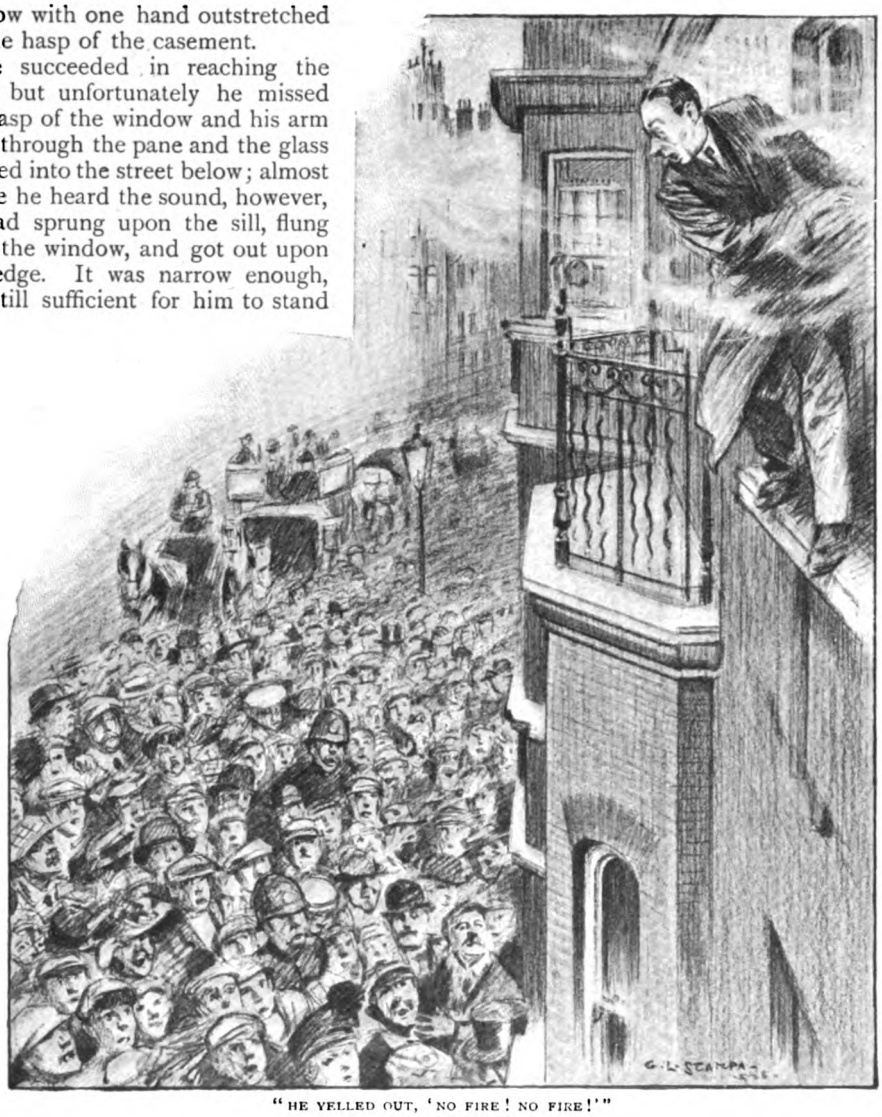
When she found the folding doors slammed in her face, so to speak, and realized that she was shut out, her rage was terrific. She hurled herself at the entrance to this improvised cupboard and tried to reach his fingers, but they were too high up for her. Then she did her best to worm her way between the two ends that he had brought together; but he managed to hold them close with his feet as well as his hands, and so foiled her. For a couple of minutes she fought fiercely for an opening in the legitimate way, and then a new plan occurred to her—and him. She forsook her unsuccessful tactics and forthwith began to gnaw at the light framework of the screen. He saw in a moment that she could tear it off in strips, and he determined to try his plan of escape. The screen was far from the door, but it was only a few yards from one of the windows. Giving a sudden twist, he worked the opening round to the window, and then overturned the screen on the dog, at the same time making a spring for a chair at the



"SHE HURLED HERSELF AT THE ENTRANCE TO THIS IMPROVISED CUPBOARD AND TRIED TO REACH HIS FINGERS."

window with one hand outstretched for the hasp of the casement.

He succeeded in reaching the chair, but unfortunately he missed the hasp of the window and his arm went through the pane and the glass crashed into the street below; almost before he heard the sound, however, he had sprung upon the sill, flung open the window, and got out upon the ledge. It was narrow enough, but still sufficient for him to stand



"HE YELLED OUT, 'NO FIRE! NO FIRE!'"

upon, with care. He took great care; but to his horror he saw all Oxford Street rushing to him from both sides of the mansions. Everyone seemed rushing to him, and there was the cry of "Fire! Fire! Fire!" from a thousand throats. Everyone was looking up to his window, and then, giving a furtive glance behind him, he perceived that volumes of smoke were issuing from the open casement. He realized the appalling truth; the crash of the glass on the pavement had first called the attention of the Oxford Street crowd to the fact that something unusual was happening, and then the falling of the screen and the struggles of the huge animal among its folds had fanned all the smoke already in the room, with a plentiful auxiliary from the fireplace, through the gap in the glass, so that even before he had got out upon the ledge the alarm had been raised.

Of course, he yelled out "No fire! No fire!" His protestations had, however, no chance of being heard above the shouts of the crowd. He could hear the people shouting encouragingly to him, telling him to hold on for a few minutes, when the fire-escape would be sure to rescue him; and an ingenious person yelled for one of the buses to drive on to the pavement so as to give

the "poor young feller" a chance of jumping for its roof. The whole scene was like a dreadful dream to Leonard Kiddlewick. He stood there as helpless as a man in a nightmare, and saw the surging crowds parted by the police as the fire-escape was wheeled up, and amid ringing cheers a gallant fellow in a leather helmet, and with an axe and things in his belt, mounted the machine, caught him in his stalwart arms, and bore him safely to the pavement.

He staggered into a public-house two doors away—no one seemed to think anything more about him—even the staff of the public-house were too busy looking after the fire to have a moment to spare to him.

"Here they come!" cried a barman, standing on a bench near the window. "Here they come—two steamers and a hose car."

Leonard Kiddlewick felt extremely ill. He heard the jangle of the fire-engine bells and the imperative orders of the police, who had already set about the business of diverting the traffic of Oxford Street into side streets. They were forming a cordon in front of the mansions.

And he had done it all!

He did not know if there was any fixed scale for apportioning the liability incidental to such an occurrence as was convulsing the western end of Oxford Street; there was possibly a recognised rate on which the charges were defrayed; but, however this might be, he could not doubt that he would be held accountable for the larger portion of the cost.

Yes, provided that the charge of giving a false alarm of fire was brought home to him; but in the meantime——

The whole staff of the public-house were standing on chairs and benches, holding on by each other's shoulders, while they strained their eyes to see over the frosted-glass design of vineyard trophies. He only was left on the floor. He felt that the best thing he could do was to abandon a position of such chilling isolation. Quite unostentatiously he left the public-house by the side exit. In the narrow side street where he found himself almost every man was bareheaded—a good many were in their shirt-sleeves, having left their work to look after the fire. Thus it was that the fact of his being hatless and dishevelled did not attract attention. He was hurrying southward, when he saw on the opposite side of the street a shop, in the window of which were displayed a second-hand motorist's overall and a leather cap. He secured this disguise for four shillings, assumed it before leaving the premises, thus concealing his defective sleeve—to be more exact, sleeves—and so he walked on to Charing Cross and took a bus to his lodgings. With the motorist's garb he seemed to become endowed with something of the promptness of action of the ideal motorist. The original wearer, if he had been still alive, might actually have taken a leaf out of his book, for the moment he entered his room he put on a tweed suit and knickerbockers, packed a Gladstone bag, and went from the nearest underground station to Victoria. Thence he booked to Eastbourne, and the moment he arrived at that charming seaside resort he wrote a note to his friend the dramatic critic, telling him that on second thoughts he had come to the conclusion that there was no part in his play that was worthy of the position which Miss Edith Arnold had attained, and so he would not have to avail himself of his letter of introduction to that lady. He was staying with some friends at Eastbourne, he added, and found it quite a delightful place—only an hour and a half from Victoria by the fast trains, and an excellent band playing daily in a pavilion by the sea. He added that it was strange that more people did not avail themselves of having a day in the pure air blown up the Channel with the Atlantic brine in every breath.

He posted this letter, and in the evening papers which arrived an hour later he read a singularly circumstantial account of a false alarm of fire which had disorganized the traffic in Oxford Street for fifty minutes that morning.

He returned to London at the end of the week, and he heard nothing more about the alarm of fire; but he made up his mind that in future he would devote himself to pure literature and make no further attempt to get the ear of an actor—or actress—with a view to the production of his comedy.

"What about that play of yours, Kiddie?" inquired his friend Penfold one day in the early spring. "Do you never mean to carry out your threat of going to some manager to read it to him?"

"If any manager wants to hear it read, he must come to me," said Kiddlewick, firmly.

"Talking of stage things, have you seen the latest postcard of Edith Arnold with her bulldog?" said Josceline Joyce. "It's called 'Beauty and the Beast.' I got one from the country this morning. Here it is. Care to see it?"

"No," said Kiddlewick, vehemently, "I do not care to see it."

Reminiscences & Reflections.

By JOHN HARE.

VI.—IN AMERICA.

THEN came my first real experience of ocean travelling, and it was interesting and instructive to contrast the comfort and luxury with which this somewhat monotonous and stormy transit was accomplished in December by means of that splendidly-equipped steamer, the *Campania*, compared with the experiences of other people a few years earlier. The genius of Charles Dickens will be remembered in his very vivid record of the impressions inspired by his first voyage across the Atlantic as described in his "American Notes," and his experiences had somewhat frightened me.

On my arrival in New York, almost before I landed, I was bombarded by an army of irrepressible and imaginative interviewers, and when I arrived at my hotel a score or more of them stood in a row shooting me mercilessly with questions, while I, an unwilling target, took refuge behind the table. How did I like the country which had only harboured me five minutes before, and what were my impressions of that vast body of land and people?

Shortly, however, I was genuinely convinced of the extraordinary hospitality and kindness of the inhabitants of this new country, which I was visiting for the first time. Although personally an entire stranger to the United States, and unknown to anyone, so far as I was aware, I found on the mantelpiece of my sitting-room invitations galore and notifications of election as honorary member of about twelve different clubs in New York. I cannot but reflect here upon the striking contrast in the treatment shown to strangers in America with that which generally exists in our own country and on the Continent.

MR. E. J. PHELPS.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Not content with welcoming me to their most exclusive clubs, the citizens went out of their way to show me marked consideration, and, not satisfied by the hospitality they showered upon me while in their own city, they took active steps to see that I was equally well-provided for in cities subsequently visited.

About a month prior to my departure from England, with that customary thoughtfulness and generosity which always characterized Irving, who was then in America and knew I was a stranger in a strange land, he invited me to dine at Delmonico's on the Sunday after my arrival, to meet some of the leading citizens in New York. At this dinner, in responding to the toast of my health, I happened to refer to the Kinsmen of America

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and England, and eight or ten members who belonged to the brother club instantly stood up in their places as if answering the roll-call—a silent act of camaraderie and kinship which made a profound impression upon me at the time.

Among those present at the Irving dinner were Mr. Phelps (late Ambassador to England), General Horace Porter (afterwards United States Ambassador to France), Lawrence Hutton, Richard Harding Davis, Mr. Smalley, Mr. Elderkin, and Mr. J. A. Mitchell (the Burnand of America). The evening was marked with the greatest cordiality, and distinguished by many eloquent speeches typical of the American people. I sat between my host and General Porter, the latter being most enthusiastic in his eulogy of the brotherly relations existing between England and the United States.

GENERAL HORACE PORTER.
From a Photo. by Topical Press Agency.

I mention this as I was much struck by the fact that during the subsequent week, when the bombshell of President Cleveland's Message with regard to the Monroe doctrine on the Venezuelan question fell upon the world, General Porter was one of the most fiery antagonists of England and appeared to have entirely reversed his opinion as to the importance of "letting brotherly love continue."

I shall not readily forget that memorable week. Irving was to make his final appearance in New York, at the Knickerbocker Theatre, on the Saturday night, and I was to follow him at the same theatre on the Monday. On the preceding Tuesday, two days after our dinner, the President's Message appeared. A state of panic prevailed in New York, and spread also, I believe, to England, for the horizon was dark with war clouds. Irving and I felt so sure that war was imminent that we actually discussed the probability of our having to leave the United States before its declaration. The attitude, however, of the Americans to individual Englishmen, although the Yellow Press was teeming with abuse of our country, was most kind and sympathetic. This revealed to me a trait in the American character which inspired me with the greatest admiration.

It is quite impossible to describe the state of feverish excitement which prevailed in New York during that eventful week. The sensational papers endeavoured to incite rather than allay the bellicose feelings of the people. Anti-British speeches were made in every direction, and in the excited condition of the community I dreaded the scene that might occur on the occasion of Irving's last appearance, which was to take place on the Saturday night of that week.

I was, of course, present. Irving played "Waterloo," and the usual English patriotic airs identified with that little masterpiece were performed during the evening. I was quite prepared to see the audience rise *en masse* and tear the seats from their surroundings. But, no! The innate courtesy of the nation and the respect invariably extended to our greatest English actor reigned supreme, and they received Irving with the same enthusiasm as when the sky was clear and unclouded.

I could not help reflecting on this, and wondering what sort of reception an Englishman would have received under similar circumstances in certain countries nearer home. Indeed, good taste and courtesy seem to be characteristic qualities of the American people, as is also in a marked degree their extraordinary sang-froid.

While on the subject of American good manners, I must remark here how much impressed I was by their attitude of respect towards women, which is one of exceptional and pleasing courtesy.

To return to my more personal experiences, immediately after the Presidential Message was hurled like a thunderbolt from the White House, Irving sent me an invitation to dine at the anniversary dinner of the Cloister Club, whose president had asked him to convey the invitation to me, though I was personally unknown to its members. Irving, being himself unable to go, strongly advised my attendance as a politic and diplomatic step, and accordingly—while not unnaturally a little fearful — I went. It was at this dinner that I had the honour of meeting President Roosevelt, then Chief Commissioner of Police in New York, who was my fellow-guest on that occasion.

A party of over a hundred sat down to dinner. The chairman, in welcoming me as an Englishman, forbade that politics should be alluded to, and made a most graceful and charming speech. In replying, I said that, owing to the kindness of everyone, I had never felt myself a stranger from the day of landing; but "amongst kinsmen and brothers. God forbid," I added, "that we children of the same mother should ever cease to regard each other *as* kinsmen and brothers." This remark was received with the utmost enthusiasm, and at the conclusion of my little speech the whole assembly rose and sang "God save the Queen"! My emotion may be imagined at hearing the National Anthem sung at such a crisis—in fact, on the very day that the papers were teeming with war. It was a splendid and great-hearted thing to have done, and in keeping with the attitude I experienced generally.

I cannot, however, forget that the evening did not terminate without the occurrence of another exciting incident, and one not so pleasant. At the end of the proceedings, when the chairman had vacated his seat, Mr. Roosevelt also left the table, and I could see him through the open door being helped into his great-coat prior to his departure. At this moment up rose a well-known American orator (Mr. Wise, I believe), who ignored the chairman's directions that politics should not be discussed, owing to my presence as an English guest. He made a remarkable speech, in which he pointed out the crime of journalists who, with their irresponsible pens, stirred up the angry passions of war and bellicose feelings of mankind, instead of subduing them when their country was at a crisis. He proceeded to say that he himself, having fought in the Civil War, realized the horrors of the battlefield, and finished by declaring that "all that territory south of the Isthmus of Panama was not worth one drop of Anglo-Saxon blood"!

This oration caught the ear of Mr. Roosevelt, who in a towering passion tore off his overcoat, returned to his chair next to mine, and, having declared that the speaker had violated the rule laid down by the chairman, stated that he was no longer bound to conform to it. He then proceeded to make a most impassioned patriotic speech, in the course of which he "thanked God that he had not a drop of Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins." Mr. Roosevelt, probably anticipating my emotions of dismay and discomfort, every now and again paused in his denunciations, bowing in an apologetic way to assure me that no personal affront was intended. I need hardly say, however, that as the only Englishman present I felt extremely uncomfortable, and was very glad to make my exit.

Mr. Roosevelt has since shown, during his able and brilliantly diplomatic career as President of the United States, a policy of tolerance and good feeling towards this country which has clearly exhibited a better understanding and sympathy with Great Britain, and long since banished from my mind any unpleasant reminiscences of that eventful evening and my first meeting with that remarkable and powerful statesman.

On a subsequent visit to the States I remember arriving at another exciting time. It was the week of the Presidential election, when McKinley and Bryan were struggling for leadership, and the issues at stake were enormous. The election of the former meant fortune to the great commercial magnates, to whom the success of the latter spelt ruin. I was invited to be present at one of the largest New York clubs to witness the announcement of the result of the ballot, as wired from the different States. Unlike our General Election for Parliamentary candidates, which extends over a fortnight, this momentous struggle for the Presidency (representing the votes of millions of people spread over a vast continent) takes place in one day, and the result is known simultaneously in all the great cities of America.

In the centre of the club-room was fixed a large blackboard, on which, by some system of electricity, the number of votes obtained by the Democratic or Republican candidate was exhibited.

The room was full of millionaires, to many of whom the issue at stake meant financial life or death, and to all the result was one of immense importance. But a spirit of apathy seemed to hang over them. Perhaps it was that highest art which conceals art, and "Les Affaires sont les Affaires" might have been the title of the drama that was played that night. As result after result was recorded, the cool call of "Another cocktail, Charles!" and silent expectoration were the only apparent evidences of emotion exhibited. It was strange to compare this apparently callous attitude with the enthusiastic demonstration of Englishmen on the success of the candidate representing the party they favoured. Two days after the triumph of McKinley and the defeat of the silver issue, poor men became rich and rich men were Crœsuses.

That, too, was truly a wonderful week, in

which, had luck ever favoured my experience on the Stock Exchange, I might myself have emerged a semi-millionaire. But, no; I seemed destined to remain an actor-manager!

To revert to my own professional career, I opened at the Knickerbocker Theatre, in New York, with "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," by Pinero, Miss Julia Neilson and Fred Terry taking the places of Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Forbes-Robertson, who had supported me in London. For some reason or other the play was not appreciated so much as it might have been

Passing briefly on, the same generous recognition which had been shown to my work and the same social hospitality accompanied me wherever we went. Friends greeted me in every city, and I was the recipient of innumerable marks of kindness which I can never forget. It would be invidious for me to particularize, but I feel bound to record the lively feelings of gratitude inspired more especially by the City of Boston. To my mind this city contains the finest theatrical audience in the English-speaking world. Critical without being *blasé*, and enthusiastic but discriminating, it was a real delight to

KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE, NEW YORK.
From a Photograph supplied by G. G. Bain, New York.

in New York. It ran for three weeks to gradually decreasing business, and, wishing to try my luck in another play identified with my name, I proposed to my manager, Mr. Abbey, that I should produce "A Pair of Spectacles" for my fourth and last week. He was very averse to this, as the play had been tried before, but without success. I, however, insisted, and after much difficulty surmounted his objections.

It was an instantaneous success. The business grew by leaps and bounds, and we finished by playing to the utmost capacity of the theatre.

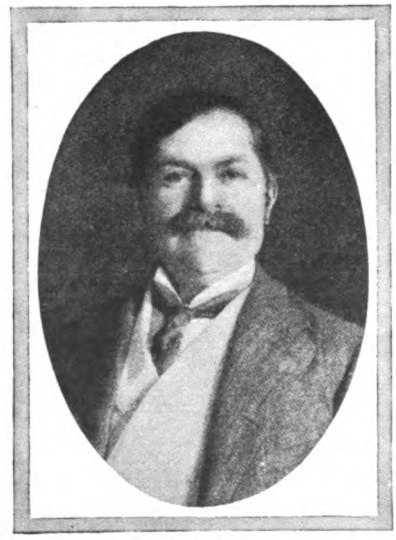
appear before so cultured and appreciative an assembly.

As an instance of the many kindnesses experienced in Boston, I might give one example. Of the many clubs of which I enjoyed the privilege of being an honorary member, the Union Club, modelled on English lines, was perhaps my particular favourite. In taking my dinner at the uncomfortable and inconvenient hour of four (my custom always of an afternoon) I was struck by the fact that my simple dinner was always exquisitely cooked. In remarking this to my son, I was told the reason was that the

chef had orders not to leave the club in order that he could minister to my comfort and convenience. I was anxious to make some return for this hospitality, and inquired how I might best reward the servants. It was strictly against the rules for anyone to receive

PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND.
From Stereograph. Copyright, 1906, by Underwood & Underwood.

a gratuity, but I was informed that "passes" to the theatre where I was playing would be very acceptable. There were seventy servants in the club, but they were told off in detachments and seats allotted to them in order of their position. On the last evening of my engagement, on entering my dressing-room at the theatre on Saturday night, I found to my surprise a superb trophy of flowers, six feet in height, consisting chiefly of exotic flowers (carnations and roses) from Florida, for it was then midwinter and the ground was thick with snow. Thinking this tribute was intended for the ladies of the company, I told my dresser to take them from my room to theirs, but he informed me that a card was concealed within the garland, which was evidently meant for me. It was inscribed, "From the servants of the Union Club." I was naturally much touched by this.



JUDGE NELSON PAGE.
Copyright, 1903, by Doubleday, Page, & Co.

MR. SPEAKER REED.
Copyright, 1894, by E. Chickering.

Every New Year's Day since I have received a cable of good wishes from the members of the Union Club, and, of course, have sent one in reply.

Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, and Washington were among the other cities visited, and, like everybody else visiting the latter city for the first time, I was struck by its uncommon beauty.

On my first visit to Washington I had the honour of a personal interview with the late President Grover Cleveland. I was greatly impressed by his obvious possession of exceptional physical and mental power, which was accentuated by his rough and rugged exterior. Whether it was the state of the country and the anti-British feeling prevailing at that time over the Venezuelan affair I do not know, but the apparent lack of cordiality in his manner was unmistakable. He certainly, in any event, evinced more interest in fishing and duck-shooting than the study of dramatic art. Nor did I blame him, being a bit of a sportsman myself!

It was through my friend Judge Nelson Page — a delightful writer and charming

man—that I had received an invitation to the Senate, and also the pleasure of being introduced to Mr. Speaker Reed—a distinguished and very witty man. A well-known saying attributed to him is worth repeating. He once described a somewhat verbose and long-winded orator as being "an encyclopædia of undigested misinformation."

Chicago was another city we had every reason to regard with feelings of particular gratitude and affection. Enthusiastic audiences in the theatre, and hospitable kindness outside, greeted us everywhere. There is a pronounced artistic tendency on the part of the people, and their love for the theatre is only surpassed by their fondness for music. The inhabitants of that great city maintain, at very considerable cost, one of the finest orchestras in the world. Chicago is a city of contrasts. The lawlessness of some of the inhabitants, the love of art, the mixture of squalor and magnificence confront one on every side. It is safer to have a six-shooter in readiness when walking about Chicago at night. Human life seems to be regarded rather lightly, as may be gathered from the fact that in front of the hotel in which my company were residing a man was shot in broad daylight, but so little notice was taken of it that this insignificant occurrence was not even reported in the papers the next morning.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS BOB ACRES.
By permission of The Century Company, New York.

Another trifling incident which is hardly worth repeating, but shows the way in which life is apparently held in the Windy City, might also be recorded *en passant*. In coming out of the stage door of the theatre one day, as usual I walked across the little street to join the carriage waiting for me. My son and manager were walking behind. I got into the brougham, thinking I was being followed by them, instead of which a very unprepossessing-looking individual put his head through the window and, in a tone which evidently meant my money or my life, said "Mr. Hare, I want to speak to you for a moment!" Before I could reply my manager had caught him by the scruff of his neck and thrown him out of harm's reach. In relating the incident to a Chicago friend the next day, he amazed me by ejaculating, "Good God! you should have shot him!"

Here I must conclude my recollections of America for the present, but I cannot take leave of that wonderful country without recording briefly my impressions of the state of their stage, the condition of their theatres, and the ability of their actors — impressions which were confirmed on a subsequent visit I made under the able and enterprising direction of Mr. Charles Frohman, whose attitude to me throughout was not so much that of a hard-headed impresario as that of a kind and considerate friend. In the first place, the chief American theatres are models of artistic design, convenience, and good taste, and are erected on important and dignified sites. The arrangements for the comfort of the

actors are almost ideal. Their stages are heated by hot-water coils, which are a boon to both actors and audience, enabling the former to pursue their duties in comfort and under healthy conditions, and protecting the audience from those biting blasts which are felt in many English theatres directly the curtain separating the audience from the stage is raised. Indeed, everything connected with theatrical art in the United States points to a keen interest in it, and promises unlimited development in the future on the establishment of their National Theatre, which in the time to come will place the American stage on a footing with the best in Europe.

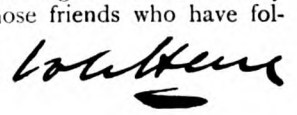
The Americans are *au fond* a theatre-loving people, perhaps still a little Puritanical, and though in some parts their taste may be primitive and simple, they have a great desire for the best that can be given them. Their stage suffers, like ours, from lack of concentration and cohesion, and the actors want proper training. They also suffer from the pernicious system of every promising young actor being converted into a "star"—making a man a general before he knows his goose-step.

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF SIR JOHN HARE—WITH HIS GRANDDAUGHTER, DIANA BANCROFT.
From a Photo. [*by Histed.*

But there is a mass of ability on the American stage, if sometimes in an immature form. Their actresses as a whole, if not always individually, surpass our own in style, distinction, temperament, and ability. They have many excellent character-actors and not a few *jeunes premiers* with engaging personalities and winning methods. Among their great actors who have passed away might be mentioned Booth, Warren, Gilbert, Wallack, and Forrest, and in recent times Mansfield and Jefferson—the former a tragic actor of great power and versatility, and the latter, to my mind, the finest comedian in the English-speaking language, if not, indeed, in the world. His incomparable Rip Van Winkle will live for ever in the memory of those who had the good fortune to witness it, and his Bob Acres was a thing of joy. I remember witnessing his performance of that part in company with Irving, who asserted that it was the most perfect piece of comedy acting and the finest realization of the character he had ever seen. Another refutation of the strange statement that Irving could not appreciate another's art!

I must now bring these random recollections to a close at present, though further facilities of leisure may lend opportunities for the continuation and extension of what has proved a pleasurable and entertaining task on my memory. For as one grows older the pleasures of anticipation fade before the joys of remembrance and reflection.

I prefaced these reminiscences by telling my readers that my career had happily run smoothly and comparatively uneventfully. No stirring episodes and thrilling dangers have disturbed the even tenor of my way. All I can hope is that a few of the anecdotes and *obiter dicta* of the distinguished men with whom I have been brought into contact may have interested those friends who have followed my career so long and so kindly.



SALTHAVEN

BY W. W. JACOBS

CHAPTER XXII.

JOAN HARTLEY did not realize the full consequences of her departure from the truth until the actual arrival of the Trimblett family, which, piloted by Mr. Hartley, made a triumphant appearance in a couple of station cabs. The roofs were piled high with luggage, the leading cabman sharing his seat with a brass-bound trunk of huge dimensions and extremely sharp corners.

A short, sturdy girl of seventeen jumped out as soon as the vehicles came to a halt, and, taking her stand on the kerb, proceeded to superintend the unloading. A succession of hasty directions to the leading cabman, one of the most docile of men, ended in the performance of a marvellous piece of jugglery with the big trunk, which he first balanced for an infinitesimal period of time on his nose, and then caught with his big toe.

"What did you do that for?" demanded Miss Trimblett, hotly.

There is a limit to the patience of every man, and the cabman was proceeding to tell her when he was checked by Mr. Hartley.

"He ought to be locked up," said Miss Trimblett, flushing.

She took up a band-box and joined the laden procession of boys and girls that was proceeding up the path to the house. Still red with indignation she was introduced to Joan, and, putting down the band-box, stood eyeing her with frank curiosity.

"I thought you were older," she said at last. "I had no idea father was married again until I got the letter. I shall call you Joan."

"You had all better call me that," said Miss Hartley, hastily.

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"Never more surprised in my life," continued Miss Trimblett. "However——"

She paused and looked about her.

"This is George," she said, pulling forward a heavy-looking youth of sixteen. "This is Ted; he is fourteen—small for his age—and these are the twins, Dolly and Gertrude; they're eleven. Dolly has got red hair and Gerty has got the sweetest temper."

The family, having been introduced and then summarily dismissed by the arbitrary Jessie, set out on a tour of inspection, while the elders, proceeding upstairs, set themselves to solve a problem in sleeping accommodation that would have daunted the proprietor of a Margate lodging-house. A scheme was at last arranged by which Hartley gave up his bedroom to the three Misses Trimblett and retired to a tiny room under the tiles. Miss Trimblett pointed out that it commanded a fine view.

"It is the only thing to be done," said Joan, softly.

"It isn't very big for three," said Miss Trimblett, referring to her own room, "but the twins won't be separated. I've always been used to a room to myself, but I suppose it can't be helped for the present."

She went downstairs and walked into the garden. The other members of the family were already there, and Hartley, watching them from the dining-room window, raised his brows in anguish as he noticed the partiality of the twins for cut flowers.

It was, as he soon discovered, one of the smallest of the troubles that followed on his sudden increase of family. His taste in easy-chairs met with the warm approval of George Trimblett, and it was clear that the latter regarded the tobacco-jar as a sort of widow's cruse. The twins' belongings—a joint-stock affair—occupied the most unlikely places in the house; and their quarrels were only exceeded in offensiveness by their noisy and uncouth endearments afterwards. Painstaking but hopeless attempts on the part of Miss Trimblett to "teach Rosa her place" added to the general confusion.

By the end of a month the Trimblett children were in full possession. George Trimblett, owing to the good offices of Mr. Vyner, senior, had obtained a berth in a shipping firm, but the others spent the days at home, the parties most concerned being unanimously of the opinion that it would be absurd to go to school before Christmas. They spoke with great fluency and good feeling of making a fresh start in the New Year.

"Interesting children," said Robert Vyner, who had dropped in one afternoon on the pretext of seeing how they were getting on. "I wish they were mine. I should be so proud of them."

Miss Hartley, who was about to offer him some tea, thought better of it, and, leaning back in her chair, regarded him suspiciously.

"And, after all, what is a garden for?" pursued Mr. Vyner, as a steady succession of thuds sounded outside, and Ted, hotly pursued by the twins, appeared abruptly in the front garden and dribbled a football across the flower-beds.

"They are spoiling the garden," said Joan, flushing. "Father is in despair."

Mr. Vyner shook his head indulgently. "Girls will be girls," he said, glancing through the window at Gertrude, who had thrown herself on the ball and was being dragged round the garden by her heels. "I'm afraid you spoil them, though."

Miss Hartley did not trouble to reply.

"I saw your eldest boy yesterday, at Marling's," continued the industrious Mr. Vyner. "He is getting on pretty well; Marling tells me he is steady and quiet. I should think that he might be a great comfort to you in your old age."

In spite of the utmost efforts to prevent it, Miss Hartley began to laugh. Mr. Vyner regarded her in pained astonishment.

"I didn't intend to be humorous," he said, with some severity. "I am fond of children, and, unfortunately, I—I am childless."

He buried his face in his handkerchief, and, removing it after a decent interval, found that his indignant hostess was preparing to quit the room.

"Don't go," he said, hastily. "I haven't finished yet."

"I haven't got time to stay and talk nonsense," said Joan.

"I'm not going to," said Robert, "but I want to speak to you. I have a confession to make."

"Confession?"

Mr. Vyner nodded with sad acquiescence. "I deceived you grossly the other day," he said, "and it has been worrying me ever since."

"It doesn't matter," said Joan, with a lively suspicion of his meaning.

"Pardon me," said Mr. Vyner, with solemn politeness, "if I say that it does. I- I lied to you, and I have been miserable ever since."

Joan waited in indignant silence.

"'DON'T GO,' HE SAID, HASTILY. 'I HAVEN'T FINISHED YET.'"

"I told you that I was married," said Mr. Vyner, in thrilling tones. "I am not."

Miss Hartley, who had seated herself, rose suddenly with a fair show of temper.

"You said you were not going to talk nonsense!" she exclaimed.

"I am not," said the other, in surprise. "I am owning to a fault, making a clean breast of my sins, not without a faint hope that I am setting an example that will be beautifully and bountifully followed."

"I have really got too much to do to stay here listening to nonsense," said Miss Hartley, vigorously.

"I am a proud man," resumed Mr. Vyner, "and what it has cost me to make this confession tongue cannot tell; but it is made, and I now, in perfect confidence—almost perfect confidence—await yours."

"I don't understand you," said Joan, pausing, with her hand on the door.

"Having repudiated my dear wife," said Mr. Vyner, sternly, "I now ask, nay, demand, that you repudiate Captain Trimblett—and all his works," he added, as ear-splitting screams sounded from outside.

"I wish——" began Joan, in a low voice.

"Yes?" said Robert, tenderly.

"That you would go."

Mr. Vyner started, and half rose to his feet. Then he thought better of it.

"I thought at first that you meant it," he said, with a slight laugh.

"I do mean it," said Joan, breathing quickly.

Robert rose at once. "I am very sorry," he said, with grave concern. "I did not think that you were taking my foolishness seriously."

"I ought to be amused, I know," said Joan, bitterly. "I ought to be humbly grateful to your father for having those children sent here. I ought to be flattered to think that he should remember my existence and make plans for my future."

"He—he himself believes that you are married to Captain Trimblett," said Robert.

"Fortunately for us," said Joan, dryly.

"Do you mean," said Robert, regarding her fixedly, "that my father arranged that marriage?"

Joan bit her lip. "No," she said at last.

"He had something to do with it," persisted Robert. "What was it?"

Joan shook her head.

"Well, I'll ask him about it," said Mr. Vyner.

"Please don't," said the girl. "It is my business."

"You have said so much," said Robert, "that you had better say more. That's what comes of losing your temper. Sit down and tell me all about it, please."

Joan shook her head again.

"You are not angry with me?" said Mr. Vyner.

"No."

"That's all right, then," said Robert, cheerfully. "That encourages me to go to still further lengths. You've got to tell me all about it. I forgot to tell you, but I'm a real partner in the firm now. I've got a hard and fast share in the profits—had it last Wednesday; since when I have already grown two inches. In exchange for this confidence I await yours. You must speak a little louder if you want me to hear."

"I didn't say anything," said the girl.

"You are wasting time, then," said Robert, shaking his head. "And that eldest girl of yours may come in at any moment."

Despite her utmost efforts Miss Hartley failed to repress a smile; greatly encouraged, Mr. Vyner placed a chair for her and took one by her side.

"Tell me everything, and I shall know where we are," he said, in a low voice.

"I would rather——" began Miss Hartley.

"Yes, I know," interrupted Mr. Vyner, with great gravity; "but we were not put into this world to please ourselves. Try again."

Miss Hartley endeavoured to turn the conversation, but in vain. In less than ten minutes, with a little skilful prompting, she had told him all.

"I didn't think that it was quite so bad as that," said Robert, going very red. "I am very sorry—very. I can't think what my father was about, and I suppose, in the first place, that it was my fault."

"Yours?" exclaimed Joan.

"For not displaying more patience," said Robert, slowly. "But I was afraid of—of being forestalled."

Miss Hartley succeeded in divesting her face of every atom of expression. Robert Vyner gazed at her admiringly.

"I am glad that you understand me," he murmured. "It makes things easier for me. I don't suppose that you have the faintest idea how shy and sensitive I really am."

Miss Hartley, without even troubling to look at him, said that she was quite sure she had not.

"Nobody has," said Robert, shaking his head, "but I am going to make a fight against it. I am going to begin now. In the first place I want you not to think too hardly of my father. He has been a very good father to me. We have never had a really hasty word in our lives."

"I hope you never will have," said Joan, with some significance.

"I hope not," said Robert; "but in any case I want to tell you——"

Miss Hartley snatched away the hand he had taken, and with a hasty glance at the door retreated a pace or two from him.

"What is the matter?" he inquired, in a low voice.

Miss Hartley's eyes sparkled.

"My eldest daughter has just come in," she said, demurely. "I think you had better go."

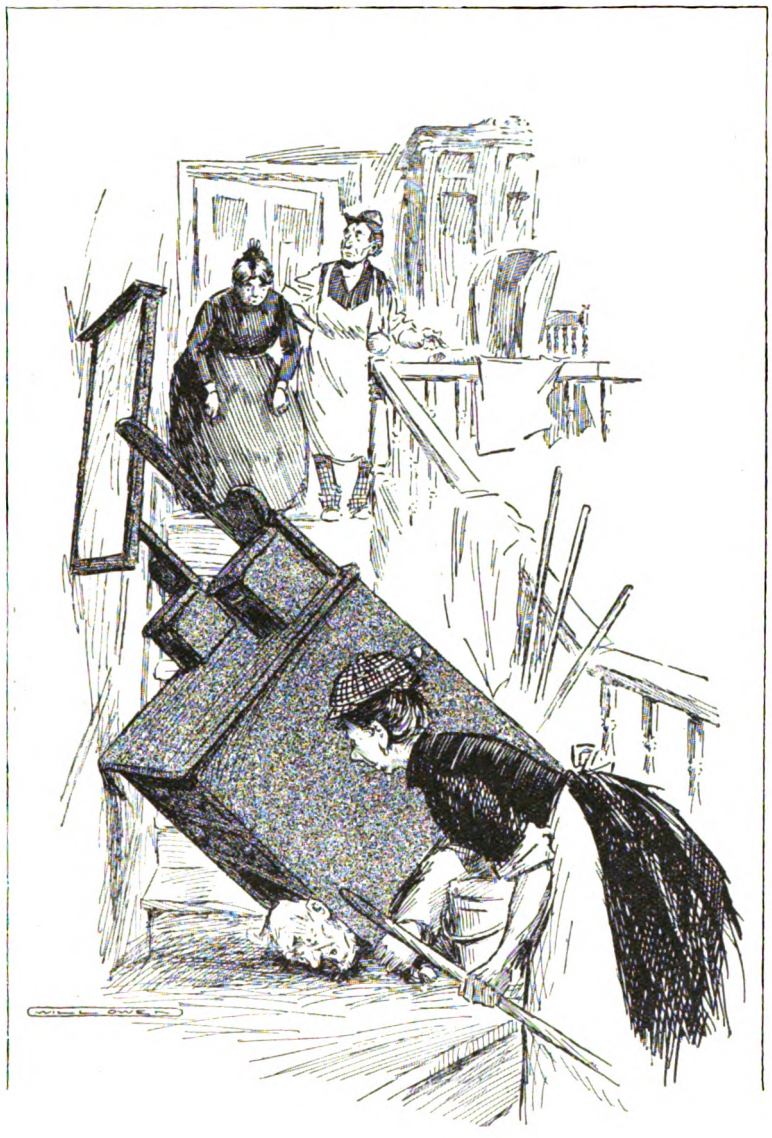
CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS. CHINNERY received the news of her brother's marriage with a calmness that was a source of considerable disappointment and annoyance to her friends and neighbours. To begin with, nobody knew how it had reached her, and several worthy souls who had hastened to her, hot-foot, with what they had fondly deemed to be exclusive information had some difficulty in repressing their annoyance. Their astonishment was increased a week later on learning that she had taken a year's lease of No. 9, Tranquil Vale, which had just become vacant, and several men had to lie awake half the night listening to conjectures as to where she had got the money.

Most of the furniture at No. 5 was her own, and she moved it in piecemeal. Captain Sellers, who had his own ideas as to why she was coming to live next door to him, volunteered to assist, and, being debarred by deafness from learning that his services were refused, caused intense excitement by getting wedged under a dressing-table on the stairs. To inquiries as to how he got there, the captain gave but brief replies, and those of an extremely sailorly description, the whole of his really remarkable powers being devoted for the time being to the question of how he was to get out. He was released at length by a man and a saw, and Mrs. Chinnery, as soon as she could speak, gave him a pressing invitation to take home with him any particular piece of the table for which he might have a fancy.

He was back next morning with a glue-pot, and divided his time between boiling it up on the kitchen stove and wandering about the house in search of things to stick. Its unaccountable disappearance during his absence in another room did much to mar the harmony of an otherwise perfect day. First of all he searched the house from top to bottom; then, screwing up his features, he beckoned quietly to Mrs. Chinnery.

"I hadn't left it ten seconds," he said,



"HE CAUSED INTENSE EXCITEMENT BY GETTING WEDGED UNDER A DRESSING-TABLE ON THE STAIRS."

mysteriously. "I went into the front room for a bit of stick, and when I went back it had gone—vanished. I was never more surprised in my life."

"Don't bother me," said Mrs. Chinnery. "I've got enough to do."

"Eh?"

Mrs. Chinnery, who was hot and flustered, shook her head at him.

"It's a very odd thing," said Captain Sellers, shaking his head. "I never lost a glue-pot before in my life — never. Do you know anything about that charwoman that's helping you?"

"Yes, of course," said Mrs. Chinnery.

The captain put his hand to his ear.

"YES, OF COURSE."

"I don't like her expression," said Captain Sellers, firmly. "I'm a very good judge of faces, and there's a look, an artful look, about her eyes that I don't like. It's my belief she's got my glue-pot stowed about her somewhere; and I'm going to search her."

"You get out of my house," cried the overwrought Mrs. Chinnery.

"Not without my glue-pot," said Captain Sellers, hearing for once. "Take that woman upstairs and search her. A glue-pot—a hot glue-pot—can't go without hands."

Frail in body but indomitable in spirit he confronted the accused, who, having overheard his remarks, came in and shook her fist in his face and threatened him with the terrors of the law.

"A glue-pot can't go without hands," he said, obstinately. "If you had asked me for a little you could have had it, and welcome; but you had no business to take it."

"Take it!" vociferated the accused. "What good do you think it would be to me? I've 'ad eleven children and two

husbands, and I've never been accused of stealing a glue-pot before. Where do you think I could put it?"

"I don't know," said the captain, as soon as he understood. "That's what I'm curious about. You go upstairs with Mrs. Chinnery, and if she don't find that you've got that glue-pot concealed on you I shall be very much surprised. Why not own up the truth before you scald yourself?"

Instead of going upstairs the charwoman went to the back door and sat on the step to get her breath, and, giving way to a sense of humour which had survived the two husbands and eleven children, wound up with a strong fit of hysterics. Captain Sellers, who watched through the window as she was being taken away, said that perhaps it was his fault for putting temptation in her way.

Mrs. Chinnery tried to keep her door fast next morning, but it was of no use. The captain was in and out all day, and, having found a tin of green paint and a brush among his stores, required constant watching. The day after Mrs. Chinnery saw her only means of escape, and at nine o'clock in the morning, with fair words and kind smiles, sent him into Salthaven for some picture-cord. He made four journeys that day. He came back from the last in a butcher's cart, and having handed Mrs. Chinnery the packet of hooks and eyes, for which he had taken a month's wear out of his right leg, bade her a hurried good night and left for home on the arm of the butcher.

He spent the next day or two in an easy-chair by the fire, but the arrival of Mrs. Willett to complete the furnishing of No. 5 from her own surplus stock put him on his legs again. As an old neighbour and intimate friend of Mr. Truefitt's he proffered his services, and Mrs. Willett, who had an old-fashioned belief in "man," accepted them. His one idea—the pot of paint being to him like a penny in a schoolboy's pocket—was to touch things up a bit; Mrs. Willett's idea was for him to help hang pictures and curtains.

"The steps are so rickety they are only fit for a man," she screamed in his ear. "Martha has been over with them twice already."

Captain Sellers again referred to the touching-up properties of green paint. Mrs. Willett took it from him, apparently for the purpose of inspection, and he at once set out in search of the glue-pot.

"We'll do the curtains downstairs first," she said to Martha. "Upstairs can wait."

The captain spent the morning on the steps, his difficulties being by no means lessened by the *tremolo* movement which Martha called steadying them. Twice he was nearly shaken from his perch like an over-ripe plum, but all went well until they were hanging the curtains in the best bedroom, when Martha, stooping to recover a dropped ring, shut the steps up like a pair of compasses.

The captain, who had hold of the curtains at the time, brought them down with him, and lay groaning on the floor. With the help of her mistress, who came hurrying up on hearing the fall, Martha got him on to the bed and sent for the doctor.

"How do you feel?" inquired Mrs. Willett, eyeing him anxiously.

"Bad," said the captain, closing his eyes. "Every bone in my body is broken, I believe. It feels like it."

Mrs. Willett shook her head and sought for words to reassure him. "Keep your spirits up," she said, encouragingly. "Don't forget that: 'There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft to look after the life of poor Jack.'"

Captain Sellers opened his eyes and regarded her fixedly. "He wouldn't ha' been sitting there long if that fool Martha had been holding the steps," he said, with extraordinary bitterness.

He closed his eyes again and refused to speak until the doctor came. Then, having been stripped and put to bed for purposes of examination, he volunteered information as to his condition which twice caused the doctor to call him to order.

"You ought to be thankful it's no worse," he said, severely.

The captain sniffed. "When you've done pinching my leg," he said, disagreeably, "I'll put it back into bed again."

The doctor relinquished it at once, and, standing by the bed, regarded him thoughtfully.

"Well, you've had a shock," he said at last, "and you had better stay in bed for a few days."

"Not here," said Mrs. Willett, quickly. "My daughter and her husband will be home in a day or two."

The doctor looked thoughtful again; then he bent and spoke in the captain's ear.

"We are going to move you to your own house," he said.

"No, you're not," said the other, promptly.

"You'll be more comfortable there," urged the doctor.

" THE CAPTAIN, WHO HAD HOLD OF THE CURTAINS AT THE TIME, BROUGHT THEM DOWN WITH HIM "

" I'm not going to be moved," said Captain Sellers, firmly. " It might be fatal. I had a chap once—fell from aloft—and after he'd been in the saloon for a day or two I had him carried for'ard, and he died on the way. And he wasn't nearly as bad as I am."

" Well, we'll see how you are to-morrow," said the doctor, with a glance at Mrs. Willett.

" I shall be worse to-morrow," said the captain, cheerfully. " But I don't want to give any trouble. Send my housekeeper in to look after me. She can sleep in the next room."

They argued with him until his growing deafness rendered argument useless. A certain love of change and excitement would not be denied. Captain Sellers, attended by his faithful housekeeper, slept that night at No. 5, and awoke next morning to find his prognostications as to his condition fully confirmed.

" I'm aching all over," he said to Mrs. Willett. " I can't bear to be touched."

" You'll have to be moved to your own house," said Mrs. Chinnery, who had come in at Mrs. Willett's request to see what could be done. " We expect my brother home in a day or two."

" Let him come," said the captain, feebly. " I sha'n't bite him."

" But you're in his bed," said Mrs. Chinnery.

" Eh ? "

" In his bed," screamed Mrs. Chinnery.

" I sha'n't bite him," repeated the captain.

" But he can't sleep with you," said Mrs. Chinnery, red with loud speaking.

" I don't want him to," said Captain Sellers. " I've got nothing against him, and, in a general way of speaking, I'm not what could be called a particular man—but I draw the line."

Mrs. Chinnery went downstairs hastily and

held a council of war with Mrs. Willett and Martha. It was decided to wait for the doctor, but the latter, when he came, could give no assistance.

"He's very sore and stiff," he said, thoughtfully, "but it's nothing serious. It's more vanity than anything else; he likes being made a fuss of and being a centre of attraction. He's as tough as leather, and the most difficult old man I have ever encountered."

"Is he quite right in his head?" demanded Mrs. Chinnery, hotly.

The doctor pondered. "He's a little bit childish, but his head will give more trouble to other people than to himself," he said at last. "Be as patient with him as you can, and if you can once persuade him to get up, perhaps he will consent to be moved."

Mrs. Chinnery, despite a naturally hot temper, did her best, but in vain. Mrs. Willett was promptly denounced as a "murderess," and the captain, holding forth to one or two callers, was moved almost to tears as he reflected upon the ingratitude and hardness of woman. An account of the accident in the *Salthaven Gazette*, which described him as "lying at death's door," was not without its effect in confining him to Mr. Truefitt's bed.

The latter gentleman and his wife, in blissful ignorance of the accident, returned home on the following evening. Mrs. Willett and Mrs. Chinnery, apprised by letter, were both there to receive them, and the former, after keeping up appearances in a stately fashion for a few minutes, was finally persuaded to relent and forgive them both. After which, Mrs. Truefitt was about to proceed upstairs to take off her things, when she was stopped by Mrs. Chinnery.

"There—there is somebody in your room," said the latter.

"In my room?" said Mrs. Truefitt, in a startled voice.

"We couldn't write to you," said Mrs. Willett, with a little shade of reproach in her voice, "because you didn't give us your address. Captain Sellers had an accident and is in your bed."

"*Who?*" said the astounded Mr. Truefitt. "*What!*"

Mrs. Willett, helped by Mrs. Chinnery, explained the affair to him; Mr. Truefitt, with the exception of a few startled ejaculations, listened in sombre silence.

"Well, we must use the next room for to-night," he said at last, "and I'll have him out first thing in the morning."

"His housekeeper sleeps there," said Mrs. Willett, shaking her head.

"And a niece of hers, who helps her with him, in the little room," added Mrs. Chinnery.

Mr. Truefitt got up and walked about the room. Broken remarks about "a nice home-coming" and "galvanized mummies" escaped him at intervals. Mrs. Willett endured it for ten minutes, and then, suddenly remembering what was due to a mother-in-law, made a successful intervention. In a somewhat subdued mood they sat down to supper.

The Truefitts slept at Mrs. Willett's that night, but Mr. Truefitt was back first thing next morning to take possession of his own house. He found Captain Sellers, propped up with pillows, eating his breakfast, and more than dubious as to any prospects of an early removal.

"Better wait a week or two and see how I go on," he said, slowly. "I sha'n't give any trouble."

"But you are giving trouble," shouted the fuming Mr. Truefitt. "You're an absolute nuisance. If it hadn't been for your officiousness it wouldn't have happened."

The captain put his plate aside and drew himself up in the bed.

"Go out of my room," he said, in a high, thin voice.

"You get out of my bed," shouted the incensed Mr. Truefitt. "I'll give you ten minutes to dress yourself and get out of my house. If you're not out by then I'll carry you out."

He waited downstairs for a quarter of an hour, and then, going to the bedroom again, discovered that the door was locked. Through the keyhole the housekeeper informed him that it was the captain's orders, and begged him to go away as the latter was now having his "morning's nap."

Captain Sellers left with flags flying and drums beating three days later. To friends and neighbours generally he confided the interesting fact that his departure was hastened by a nightly recurring dream of being bitten by sharks.

(To be continued.)

The World's Most Beautiful Women.

A POST-CARD TEST.

TO insist that everyone shall admire the same type of female beauty is like asking Mrs. Partington's "general" to relish caviare. There is hardly a question about which the æsthetic philosophers have wrangled so long, so violently, and so variously as the question of a standard of beauty. Is there a universal standard of beauty, or is the Venus of the Hottentots, intrinsically, as beautiful as the Venus of Milo, or, say, Signorina Cavalieri? Most people will say, "No." But who is to decide?

One widely accepted definition of beauty is that it is that external quality which most nearly approximates to the general average. Thus, an eye may be large, but not too large; a nose must be neither long nor short; a mouth curved, but not too curved, to be strictly beautiful. It is easy to outdo Nature. Just as a lady remarked of some wax flowers that they were "far too beautiful to be real," so a damsel with a too perfect complexion becomes suspect at once. On this theory beauty becomes little better than the quintessence of the commonplace.

As a matter of fact, beauty is a most elusive quality, and declines to be bound by any hard and fast definitions. In a woman it is most various: there is beauty which appeals to the mind and that which appeals to the heart and the senses. This much may be conceded to the above definition, that there are certain groups of men and women called nations, such as England, France, Germany, and the rest, who have certain facial and physical peculiarities which must be represented in their popular ideal of beauty. It has been said that a pretty girl is a pretty girl the world over, and allowing for a representation, though ever so slight, of national traits, the saying is a true one. A pretty Englishwoman is admired in France, and a pretty Frenchwoman in England or Spain or Russia.

If one were to ask which nation produces the prettiest woman and the most universally admired, one would have to find out, by some means or another, what each nation regards as its prettiest woman. A few years ago such a quest would probably have gone unrewarded. How would it have been possible, except by means of a carefully-organized plébiscite, to ascertain who was the most popular beauty in any given country? Within the past decade a new institution has sprung up which renders such a plébiscite not only easy—but reliable. The sale of picture post-cards of popular beauties has attained enormous proportions. It is common to all ranks of society. The production of these photographs is now most artistic as well as cheap; so that a portrait which a few years back could not be purchased under half a crown is now available at any shop—and there have arisen thousands of such shops in London alone — for a penny and even a halfpenny. It is not too much to say that the windows of these shops have become veritable galleries of feminine beauty. Anyone by the expenditure of a shilling can form for himself a real and compendious exhibition of fair women. It is true that most of these fair women, though by no means all, are drawn from the theatrical stage; but, then, has not the stage always been the pre-eminent beauty mart in every country? Do not the footlights attract to themselves the comeliest and shapeliest, as well as the most talented, of all the middle-class society?

The sale, then, of these post-cards of popular beauties may be regarded as a fair index of the estimation in which the post-card-buying public (and this has been stated by so well-informed an authority as Mr. Raphael Tuck to be nine-tenths of the community) holds the fair candidates for beauty's garland.

The following eight beauties, so far as can be ascertained by careful inquiry, are the best sellers in their respective countries.

It is small wonder that Mme. Lina Cavalieri should be the reigning favourite in Italy, for the admirers of so beautiful a woman are to be found in every country in the world. Born in Rome, she is distinctly Italian in her features, physique, and carriage. The tournure of her head is exquisite. The

plenitude of her grace and magnetism is irresistible.

A quite different taste is noticeable, as was to be expected, when we turn to survey the reigning post-card favourites in France: in other words, Mlle. Arlette Dorgère, the rage of Paris, whose *chic* beauty and irresponsible grace captivate audiences everywhere. She is, apart from stage-life, something of a celebrity in the world of sport.

Turning to the land of autocracy—Russia—we find, although the "little brothers" of the Czar are something of connoisseurs, in that they admire beauty, as it were, from a cosmopolitan standpoint, Mlle. Labounskaya may be regarded as typical of their national ideal of a fair woman. This lady, who is talented as well as handsome, enjoys a great vogue as a singer in vaudeville, many of her songs having a wide popularity amongst all classes in Russia.

So far as England is concerned there has probably always been a particular reigning beauty. At one period it is a queen, or an orange girl, or an actress, or a duchess. The extraordinary popularity of the two fair Miss Gunnings is familiar to all. Looking upon the best portraits of these celebrated beauties one may safely assert that there have been many as fair, and fairer, amongst their successors.

Types of beauty change. It is not caprice in the public that they should not worship at one shrine too long; they are merely following a natural human impulse. Yesterday Miss Zena Dare's counterfeit presentment was being sold throughout the kingdom by the hundreds of thousands, just as Miss Edna May's were selling the day before. To-day it is Miss Gabrielle Ray—to-morrow it may be Princess Patricia of Connaught, Lady Marjorie Manners, or Miss Lily Elsie. But one deduction may be drawn with confidence, that the reigning beauty, the fair woman *à la mode*, the one for whom most votes are being polled, is Miss Gabrielle Ray. This young lady's beauty is essentially and unmistakably English. The features are delicate and full of repose. In neither her expression nor her attitudes (at least, as shown in her photographs) is there anything of audacity, espièglerie, or even archness.

The same may be said of most of the great popular beauties in this country of other decades, such as Queen Alexandra, Mrs. Langtry, Lady Warwick, Lady Annesley, Miss Mabel Love, and others who will easily recur to the reader's memory.

Although Americans are commonly spoken of as fickle, and apt to be unduly influenced by that dreadful ogre Anno Domini in their attitude towards their public characters, yet Miss Maxine Elliott has little reason to complain of national disloyalty. The sale of her photographs outnumbers that of any other American beauty in the proportion of two to one.

Miss Elliott is of the Grecian order of female beauty. Her features and limbs are modelled on the lines of the noblest antique statues. Her torso is beloved of sculptors, and her eyes are gravely stated to have been the theme of more American poetry than any other contemporary American lady's.

In Spain the national plébiscite is for Maria Guerrero, notwithstanding that she, like Miss Maxine Elliott in America, has now been a good many years before the public.

Signora Guerrero is not only a full-blooded Spaniard, but boasts all the Spanish characteristics. Of her fire, her unflagging energy, and her intense personal magnetism all her Spanish admirers—and their name is legion—are ready to speak.

Essentially German, and yet not lacking in vivacity, is Fräulein Emmy Wehlen. There is no mistaking this lady's beauty and winsomeness, nor are we disappointed in expecting to find that the Teutonic predilection for a slight *embonpoint* is not here absent. A nation is properly true to its own physical characteristics.

Most surprising would it be if the Japanese, with all their love of novelty and their European prepossessions, should yet abandon their national type of beauty favoured by the foreigner, for that is the one particular in which the Jap is innately conservative. We of the Occident would deplore, quite as much as we deplore the loss of the ancient and picturesque national costume, his defection from his own ideal. It may be that we do not see eye to eye with the Japanese in this respect; we may even prefer Mme. Cavalieri, or Miss Gabrielle Ray, to his post-card favourite Sanyada; but Miss Sanyada is a very bewitching damsel for all that, and if report be true has caused a fluttering in the heart of more than one European. On the whole, it may be said finally that each nation is true to its own racial standard of beauty. And the Picture Post-card plébiscite only serves to remind us that there are beautiful women in other countries beside our own.

MARIE LABOUNSKAYA.

Copyright by The Rotary Photographic Co.

GABRIELLE RAY.

From a Photograph by Foulsham & Banfield.

MAXINE ELLIOTT.

From a Photograph.

MARIA GUERRERO.

Copyright by The Rotary Photographic Co.

EMMY WEHLEN.

From a Photograph.

SANYADA.

From a Photograph.

The Man Whom Nobody Loved.

By KEBLE HOWARD.

A QUEER, frightened little crowd of women and children stood in the roadway before the cottage of Fred Palins.

"They oughtn't never to let 'im out," said Mrs. Bonehill. "What's the good? 'E's sure to be back in jail again afore the month's out! If I 'ad my way with truck like that——"

"It's the drink as does it," said Mrs. Coppage. "Fred's not 'alf a bad sort when 'e's sober, but a drop too much drink and 'e must up with 'is fists and begin thumpin' somebody. In my opinion, they didn't ought to serve 'im, not at the Arms nor yet anywhere else."

"You can't stop a man from drinkin' by refusin' ter serve 'im," said Mrs. Bonehill, and the other women shook their heads in mournful agreement. Mrs. Bonehill, feeling that she had scored a social success, gave her third daughter, Gracie, a smart cuff on the side of the head, and followed up this rally in the cause of respectability by pinching and polishing the baby's nose with her apron.

"Poor little Triss!" said a girl of sixteen. "When they passed our place she was as white as a sheet!"

"And no wonder!" said Mrs. Coppage. "I saw 'ow it was with Fred the very moment 'e come out of the Arms. But I never thought 'e'd be mad enough to go to the school and fetch Triss out like that. Just fancy! I don't suppose——"

"Listen!" said the girl, suddenly.

Silence fell on the group. They stared hard at the cottage, as though expecting it to rise a little way into the air, turn twice round, and settle down again.

"Did yer 'ear anything?" whispered Mrs. Bonehill.

"I thought I 'eard Triss calling out!"

"'THEY OUGHTN'T NEVER TO LET 'IM OUT,' SAID MRS. BONEHILL."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Crazy Jim, scraping a neat little hole in the roadway with his boot, "if 'e was murderin' 'er."

The women shuddered.

"Shut yer mouth!" said Mrs. Coppage, sharply. "Why don't yer be off and fetch Tom King, seein' as yer no good yerself?"

Tom King was the local constable. His duties brought him to the tiny village of Littleworth once each day. He was the only man in the neighbourhood, with the exception of John Cogbill, who could tackle Fred Palins single-handed, and even Tom did not relish the job when Fred was fighting drunk.

"Not me!" said Crazy Jim, with a cunning grin. "Fred 'ud knock my 'ead off when 'e got out."

"I've a very good mind to go and tap at the door meself," said Mrs. Coppage.

"Don't you be a fool!" Mrs. Bonehill advised. "You couldn't do no good, and maybe get a black eye or summat o' that for yer pains."

They were still chatting in this helpless, desultory way when there appeared, round the bend of the road farther from the village, a young woman of indeterminate age and station. By her dress, which was severely simple and obviously home-made, you might have judged her to be the daughter of a small tenant-farmer. The quiet dignity with which she bore her little body, however, indicated gentle birth. Again, the clearness of her skin and the brightness of her soft brown eyes might have led you, at the first glance, to suppose that she was eighteen or twenty years of age. If you took the liberty, though, of looking into her very frank and charming face you would have observed a few signs that Time traces even about the eyes of those whose days are placid and whose sleep is unbroken.

"'Ere's Miss Charity!" cried Gracie Bonehill, and ran to meet her.

The women moved slowly in the same direction. They could not have told you precisely why they did so. It was just a common impulse, arising naturally from the love and trust that every living thing in the village had for this quiet, sweet little woman in the odd, cheap clothes.

Charity stooped and put out her arms to break the force of the child's rush.

"Why, Gracie," she said, noting at once the tear-stains on the little face, "surely you've never been crying on such a lovely afternoon?"

"Mother 'it me," said Gracie.

"Your mother hit you? Then I'm afraid you must have been doing something naughty."

"No, I never!" said Gracie, stoutly.

"Well, never mind; don't cry any more. What's all the excitement about?"

"It's that there good-for-nothing Fred Palins," said Gracie's mother, who had now drawn within earshot. "'E on'y come out of prison this morning, Miss Charity, and 'e got blazin' drunk at the King's Arms, and wanted to know where Triss was; and when they told 'im——"

Mrs. Bonehill's volubility was a little too much for Mrs. Coppage's patience.

"Yer see, Miss Charity," she broke in, eagerly, "Triss was at school, and so Fred must needs force 'is way in and fetch the child out."

"Do you mean to say that he went into the school and dragged Triss out by main force?"

"Yes," said several voices.

"And poor Miss Minto," went on Mrs. Bonehill, anticipating Mrs. Coppage by the fraction of a second, "was nat'rally scared out of 'er seven senses, and they 'ad to lay 'er down on the sofa and put wet towels on 'er, and that's 'ow it is all the children are 'ere instead o' bein' in school!"

"And what became of Fred Palins and Triss?"

"Why, 'e took 'er along 'ome with 'im, and they're in the cottage now. And that's why we followed, not knowin' what 'e mightn't do to 'er, pore little thing; 'e's that mad drunk!"

"Oh, I'm sure he wouldn't harm her," said Charity. "He's very fond of her at heart. And she's all he has, you know, since he lost his wife."

"Aye," said Mrs. Coppage, brushing away a bead of perspiration with the back of her hand. "It's the death of 'is wife as makes 'im take more than's good for 'im."

"Not it!" said Mrs. Bonehill, always a stickler for facts. "'E used ter drink just the same when she was alive, pore thing. Many's the time she's told me——"

"Not before the little ones," said Charity, gently.

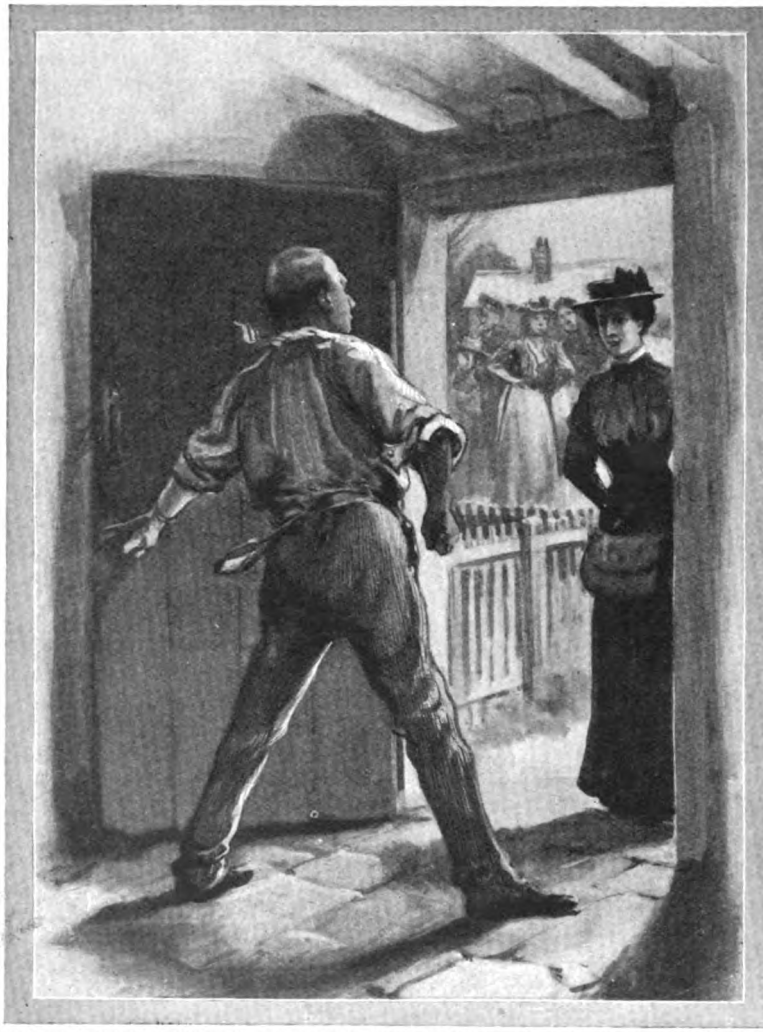
She moved towards the cottage, and raised the latch of the gate at the bottom of the garden-path.

"For mercy's sake," cried the women, "don't go in there, Miss Charity!"

"'E's not safe!" declared Mrs. Coppage. "Reelly, Miss Charity, if I'd thought 'e was safe I'd 'ave gone meself!"

"Triss may be wanting me," said Charity.

She opened the gate, passed through, closed it behind her, and walked up the narrow, tiled pathway to the door of the cottage. The women and children, breathless, watched her in silence. Before she could knock at the door it was flung open with a crash, and Fred Palins barred the entrance.



"BEFORE SHE COULD KNOCK AT THE DOOR IT WAS FLUNG OPEN WITH A CRASH, AND FRED PALINS BARRED THE ENTRANCE."

He was a shortish, thickly-built man of middle age. He had flung aside both coat and waistcoat and his shirt was open at the neck. Despite his three months' enforced abstinence, his skin was disfigured with the traces of his past excesses, and the new liquor that he had taken since leaving the jail had driven the blood to his eyes. His hair had been cropped to the roots so often that it seemed at last to have abandoned the unequal struggle. The premature bald patches amused the prison barber, who said, merrily enough, that the scythe of Time was more effective than his scissors. But these same bald patches did not improve Mr. Palins's appearance. In fact, to be quite candid, he was not a pleasant person to look upon.

For all that, Charity looked upon him and was not afraid. From the moment when human consciousness first stirred in her baby frame, until the present day, Charity had never known the meaning of fear. Of what, she would have asked you, without the

smallest suggestion of priggishness, had she to be afraid? Of pain? But physical pain always passed. Of disfigurement? She knew that none loved her for her beauty, since she was not beautiful. Of death? But death was the gateway through which she must pass to her inheritance. Her mother had passed through that gateway, and Charity remembered well the sweet peacefulness of that last sinking to sleep. The farewell touch of those dear, feeble fingers had robbed the brief journey of all terror.

Fred Palins, recognising his visitor, bit back an ugly word—perhaps, even, an uglier deed.

"Wha' d'yer want?" he demanded.

"Good afternoon," said Charity. "I've come to see Triss."

She took a step forward, and the man, ruled by instinct, fell back and let her pass. Then he slammed the door.

"My word!" said Mrs. Coppage. "If she hasn't gone in!"

"She's got more pluck than all the lot of us put together," said the girl of sixteen.

"Silliness—that's what I call it!" remarked Mrs. Bonehill.

"I shouldn't wonder if 'e was ter cop 'er one," said Crazy Jim, cheerfully.

Charity found Triss huddled up on a hard chair in the almost bare kitchen. Her handkerchief was sopped with tears. "Mother, oh, mother, dear," she moaned, "why don't you come back? I do want you so, mother, dearest! Oh, I do want you so!"

"Triss," said Charity, softly.

The child raised her head. The next moment she was safe in the arms of this faithful friend. Her thin little frame was trembling with the agony of her grief. Charity held her tightly, smoothing the tumbled hair with gentle fingers.

The man, leaning against the kitchen wall, watched the pair with an ugly sneer on his face.

"That's the way," he said. "Turn the kid agin me! She may as well be the same as all the rest on 'em. Tell her I'm a drunkard and a jail-bird! Go on! I don't care! I don't care a——"

Charity raised her head and looked him steadily in the eyes.

"Will you go into the other room?" she asked.

"No, I won't! It's my place, and I'll do as I please in it, and no bloomin' parson's daughter's goin' t'interfere in my affairs, nor yet the parson 'imself, neither!"

"Will you go into the other room?" repeated Charity.

And Fred Palins, for all his bluster, lurched, at last, out of the kitchen.

The change that Charity wrought in the appearance and mood of that child in something under ten minutes was little short of miraculous. She began by splashing her face with cold water to get rid of the tear-stains, and when some of the water went into Triss's eyes and mouth and made her laugh, Charity, you may be sure, found some excuse for repeating the dose, so that Fred Palins, hanging over the empty grate in the parlour and brooding on the injustice of the world at large, was suddenly aware of such joyous sounds as had not been heard in that little cottage for many dreary months.

Then Charity sent Triss dashing upstairs for a brush, a comb, and a clean pinafore. The pinafore had a bad tear in the middle of it, but Charity soon put that as right as possible with needle and thread. Triss had pretty, fair hair, and it paid for brushing and combing. Charity was not afraid of making the child vain. She knew that pride in their personal appearance kept the majority of girls and young women interested and alert, and so she told Triss what lovely hair she had, and made her promise faithfully to brush it out night and morning and tie it back with the daintiest little bit of ribbon she could secure. It would have done you good to see Triss, the hopeless and woebegone, twisting this way and that to catch the effect of the afternoon sunlight on her tawny mane.

"And now," said Charity, "I want you to do something specially for me. Will you, Triss?"

"I'd do anything for you, Miss Charity." And Triss meant it.

"Well, this is not a very difficult thing. I want you to go into the next room, and put your arms round your father's neck and kiss him. Will you do that for me, Triss?"

The child's face fell. "He always smells so nasty when he's been drinking," she said.

"I know, dear; but you must forget about that for this once. Your father is very unhappy, and he thinks we are all against him, and I want him to know that there's somebody who loves him, and trusts him, and always expects him to do the best he can, in spite of everything. Your mother used to kiss him, didn't she?"

"Yes. Even when he beat her, she kissed him afterwards. But I hated him. I'd have killed him if I could."

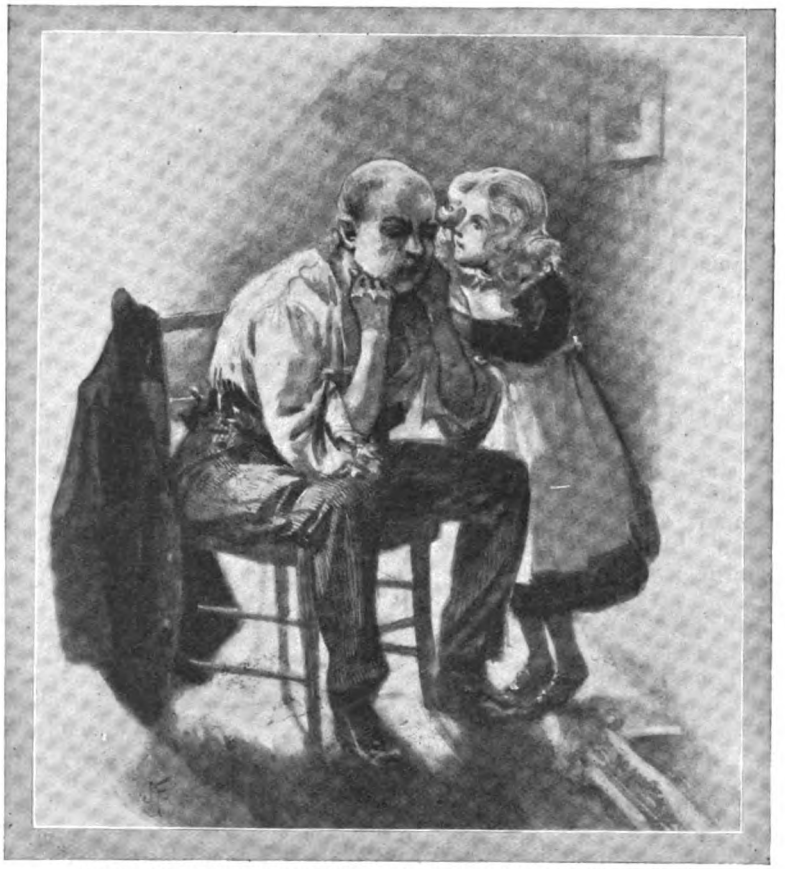
"Hush, Triss, hush! I don't like to hear you talk like that. Some day, perhaps, you will be led into doing something wicked

yourself, and then what do you suppose would happen if everyone said they hated you, and refused to love you any more? Why, you would probably do something even more wicked; and so you would go on, and on, and on, until you had gone too far to turn back. And all because nobody would love you in time."

Without another word the child slipped off Charity's knee and went into the parlour. Elbows on knees and chin in hands, the man was still hanging over the desolate, untidy hearth.

For one moment Triss, fearing a blow in exchange for her caress, hesitated. Then, with little heart beating very fast, she stole alongside her father and put her arms about his neck.

Astonished beyond measure, Fred Palins, drunkard, wife-beater, and jail-bird, had the grace to remain motionless.



"SHE STOLE ALONGSIDE HER FATHER AND PUT HER ARMS ABOUT HIS NECK."

"From mother," whispered Triss. And then she stole back to the kitchen.

Surely some angel gave her those two words! As the summer rain sinks into the parched earth, so that simple phrase sank into the heart of this forlorn man, raw with misery, starved for love. His head dropped lower in his hands, and his thick shoulders shook.

The Little Problems of Mr. Brigg.

"WHY can an elephant push a heavier load with his head than if he dragged it?"

No answer.

"Why would a horse travel faster and farther with his forelegs on wheels than in the natural way?"

No answer.

"Why can one man standing on one foot resist the combined thrust of three men?"

No answer.

"Why does a long motor-car travel faster than a short one?"

"I'm afraid I can't explain."

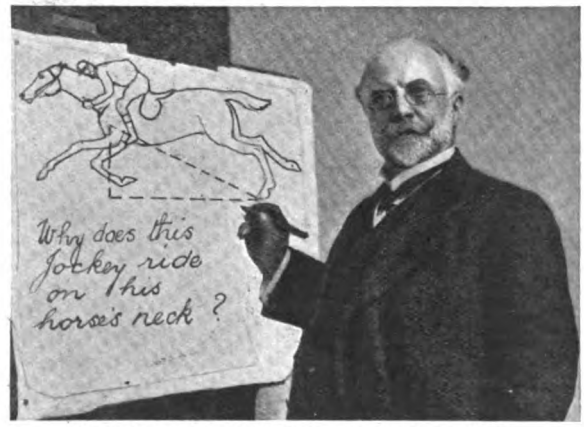
"Of course you can't." The square-set little Yorkshireman smiled a smile of benignant triumph.

"Can anybody? Does anyone know? I just wish I could find a single teacher or professor who could. Look here; I'm a mechanical engineer, and I've been asking questions all my life and trying to find the answers in the text-books. I'm particularly interested in locomotion, traction, haulage—whatever you like to call it. Very well; I want to know the weight of a horse's head and neck. It's a most important thing, because the whole question of leverage depends on it. Now, it is estimated that there are many millions of horses in the world, and yet—would you believe it?—I've got to kill a horse to find out where his chief weight lies and how I ought to harness him."

Waving his hands, palms upward, the little Yorkshireman suddenly reversed them and brought them down on the table with a resonant whack.

"Here's my case in a nutshell. I've been spending my whole life in asking how and why and working out the answers for myself. I won't take anything on trust. Any problem from a spider's web to a railway accident interests me, and I generally find a solution."

Such is Thomas Hargreaves Brigg, whose speciality is the investigation into hundreds of everyday problems pertaining to the "physiological and mechanical conditions which conduce to the general comfort or efficiency of animate or inanimate machines, such as men, horses, elephants, cycles, locomotive engines, automobiles, and field-guns."



MR. THOMAS HARGREAVES BRIGG, SOLVER OF PROBLEMS.
From a Photograph.

Only give him a puzzle, and, if it is hard enough, he is happy. Sometimes he takes an hour, sometimes a week—once he took ten years—but, if it is within the domain of mechanics, he will eventually arrive at a solution. And the best about Brigg is that, when he has found out why, he makes you see it too. With a few passes with a piece of chalk on the blackboard he gives you the key of the riddle.

It is all a matter of poise. How few persons understand poise—the distribution of weight in moving bodies, the shifting of the burden on to mechanical forces rather than upon flesh, blood, and sinew.

Why can a baby, unable to walk or stand alone, yet be able to push a chair twice its own weight about the room? (Fig. 1.)

The muscles of the legs are not sufficiently developed to bear its own bodily weight, neither has the brain-power been trained by practice in the art of balancing; therefore self-propulsion by the legs alone is impossible. But when the child instinctively brings its arm muscles to the assistance of those of its legs, it begins to transport its own weight from place

to place. The child at this period could no more rise and walk unaided than it could fly without wings. And yet we find that only by the assistance of the arm muscles the child begins to scramble on to its feet by pulling itself up by the chair-legs. By and by we see the little thing propping itself up by the chair, and,

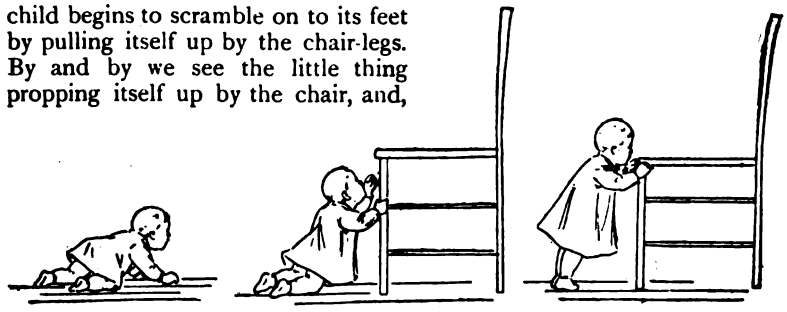


Fig. 1.—Why is it that an infant who cannot walk alone can move a chair twice its own weight?

owing to the obliquity of its body and the floor being rather slippery, we find the chair begins to slide away, the horizontal force exerted by the babe to support itself being greater than the frictional resistance between the chair and the floor. Thus we have clear evidence that a babe, though unable to walk or stand alone, can—by the co-operation of arm and leg muscles—now not only walk, but transport itself and a comparatively heavy chair about the floor.

Why does a man seated near the neck of a horse travel faster than one seated near his tail? For it has been proved within recent years in very striking fashion that he does. But why? The reason is really very simple, and yet when little Tod Sloan, the jockey, came forward with practical proof, nobody seemed to be able to explain it. A horse to move forward at all must thrust at the earth, and the chief force of this forward thrust comes from his hind legs. If the chief weight is just over or close to the thrusting power, naturally it diminishes its efficiency; instead of thrusting the horse forward, a portion of it is wasted in lifting the weight of the jockey at every stride.

In other words, the farther forward the chief weight is, the longer is the angle of thrust. If you measure the distance from the back hoofs of the horse to his tail, you get a short angle of thrust; if you measure the distance from his hoofs to his neck, you get a long angle of thrust. As a horse has to raise himself vertically with each bound, it is naturally a matter of very great importance whether he has to lift dead weight or weight which throws forward. A jockey on the horse's neck adds to the forward weight, and has less tendency to throw the horse's body into a vertical instead of a horizontal direction. It is like hanging heavy weights to the front part of a mill wheel. Or, again, the longer the lever the easier to raise the weight; so the longer the angle of thrust, the easier and therefore the faster the horse will go. This will readily be seen by reference to Fig. 2, showing the angles of the ordinary, the rear, and the forward leap.

If we suppose a horse to have wheels instead of forelegs, why would that horse be able to travel faster?

In explaining the diagram (Fig. 3) Mr. Brigg points out that, in both cases, the hind legs being the propellers, the horse's weight is principally forward, and therefore is supported and transported with less effort by the wheels, as the weight is distributed over a number of spokes mechanically following

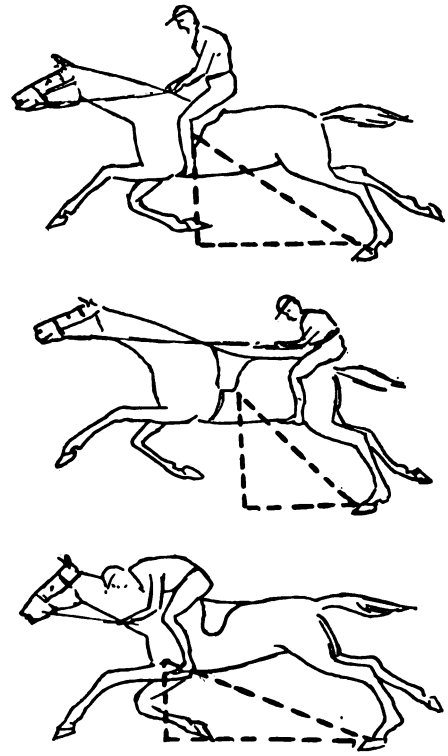


Fig. 2.—Why does a man seated near the neck of a horse travel faster than one seated near his tail?

and relieving each other, whilst in the case of the forelegs, having only two (which act in the same way as two spokes of a rimless wheel), the horse has to place these in rapid succession to take the place of the spokes in the actual wheel, thus causing greater concussion and loss of effort.

As a further proof that in the case of a horse having wheels at the front instead of forelegs he meets with less resistance, take an illustration of a horse backing. Now, which does a horse back with, his hind legs or his forelegs? The ordinary person would imagine that the hind legs are used for this purpose, whereas the fact of the matter is that a horse backs entirely with his forelegs.

The act of backing is very much the same as pushing against some impelling force—the cart tries to push the horse forward, whilst the horse endeavours to push the cart back. Very well, then; take this little experiment as a means of demonstrating how the above conclusion is arrived at. If you have a box, and push at one end, what happens? Why, the box tilts up towards its front—all its weight and power of resistance is concentrated at the front. If you substitute a horse for the box, the same conditions prevail—the weight is thrown forward to assist the forelegs to counteract, or resist better, the backward thrust of the earth. Were your horse to have wheels at the front, it is obvious that less resistance could be shown, as the pressure behind would rather increase the forward movement, and the fact that a horse, having firmly planted his two forelegs, can thrust backwards better than if he had several legs or spokes constantly moving forward, proves the obvious converse: that a horse on wheels would travel faster with the same effort, or at the same rate with less effort, than if he had forelegs instead of wheels in front.

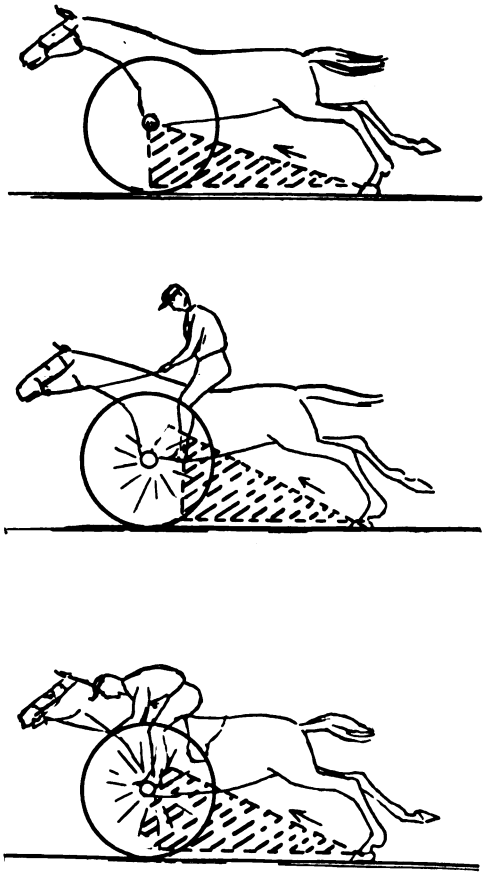
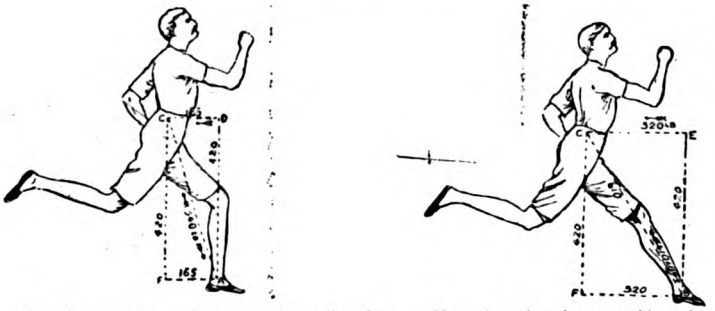


Fig. 3.—If a horse had wheels instead of forelegs, why would he travel faster?

Horses tire, exhaust, and ruin their legs and feet more, many times over, in dealing with their own bodily weight than in dealing with the various loads they haul. It is common to see men urging their horses rapidly when travelling down hill, thinking doubtless that the horse is doing little or nothing because the vehicle follows without having to be pulled. This is a brutal and fatal error, for the poor beast is thus exerting enormous retarding forces and is hammering his fore limbs with terrible effect. Hence he often stumbles and falls when thus travelling.

When you walk you lean forward if you want to go fast. Why? Because your weight is itself a propelling force if exerted in the direction of the desired motion. Very few people analyse these things, but there is a scientific reason for the simplest facts of life. It adds much to the interest of living to know *why*—to prise open the watchlid of common things, so to speak, and inspect the works. Have you ever thought, for instance, on the important mechanical difference between walking on one's feet and rolling on wheels? When a man or a horse is at rest upright, each has a tendency to remain upright because of the length of base on which he stands. Very well; the longer the base and the lower the centre of gravity, the more power will be needed to propel any object. That seems simple enough. Now, when you take a stride in walking or running



Here there is 165lb. of retarding force when forward foot is not far distant from centre of gravity.

Here there is a longer stride and 320lb. of retarding force.

Fig. 4.—The reason why a runner with a short stride would win the race.

you extend your base—your power to remain vertical—and the longer your base—that is to say, your stride—the greater must be the height through which your weight is raised and lowered at each step. Consequently, a greater force is required to check the fall out of the perpendicular (Fig. 4).

There you have the "angle of thrust" again. When you lean forward you fall. Walking or running is only a series of falls and recoveries. A tall man has a longer angle of thrust than a short man, and a tall man with a big head would make a better sprinter than a tall man with a small head, supposing their strength and weight were the same. This seems a queer statement, but is perfectly true. Also, when the leg is short the angle of thrust is more acute, and if the leg is extended to remedy this, there is a consequent loss of power. Hence the greater fatigue to short soldiers in keeping step with taller ones in a regiment. A soldier has to raise and lower something more than his rifle, knapsack, and accoutrements, and that something is his own weight, and the short man has to raise and lower it more than a tall one. In so doing he experiences a greater backward thrust at every stride, which has to be made good by the propelling foot.

When you walk or run you do not take into consideration what a tremendous engine the ground is. The earth looks quiet enough; it is in reality full of dynamic power. You have heard of the Irishman who, when he fell, said that "the ground flew up and shtruck him a deadly blow," and laughed at his expression, which, after all, was really the expression of a truth. We could all propel ourselves speedily and easily if the ground were not continually flying up and stopping us. If you want to know the maximum force of the ground, jump off a train in rapid motion. As your body is travelling at the same rate as the train, you take the precaution of putting one foot in advance of your centre of gravity and lean backwards. The ground thrusts with enormous force through your legs, which have to be put in rapid motion to lessen the force otherwise sufficient to break the bone. This same concussion in the mere act of walking four miles an hour equals double the man's weight at each stride. Running involves a greater thrust from the rear foot, the forward foot striking the ground with a correspondingly greater oblique thrust, the ground hammering it with a series of blows which exhaust the runner sooner than he is exhausted by his own efforts.

Set a couple of men to a tug of war. Their heights and strength are equal, but No. 1 weighs nine stone nine pounds, and No. 2 eight stone five pounds. There is No. 1's advantage—a purely mechanical one—over his opponent. But suppose a lad jumps on to No. 2's

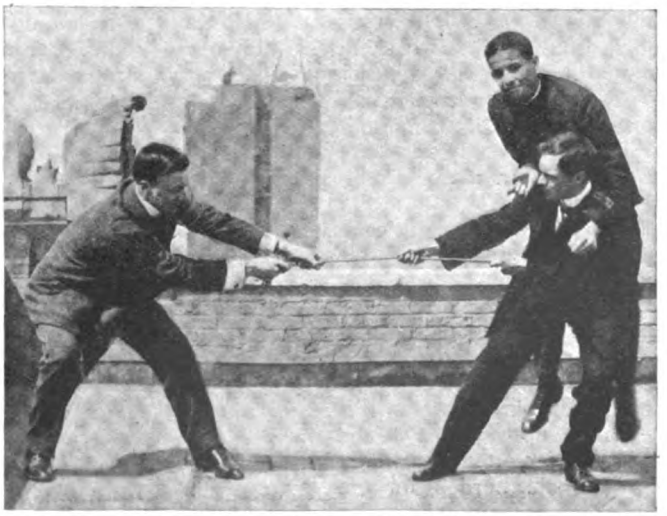


Fig. 5.—Suppose these two men pull a rope, why will the man on the right win, although he is carrying a man on his back as well as pulling?

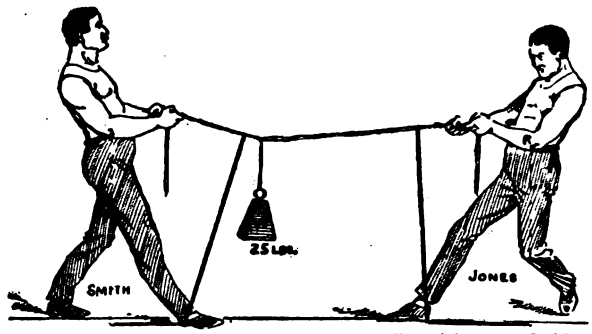


Fig. 6.—Smith and Jones in a tug-of-war. A 25lb. weight nearer Smith. Smith wins. Why?

shoulders — what happens? It is not any question of added strength, but the mechanical conditions are altered. The top of No. 2's angle of thrust is now weighted, and his body, like a lever, drags about No. 1 easily in spite of all the resistance he can offer (Fig. 5). Nine men out of ten think it is simply a question of the strongest puller, when really it is a matter of leverage combined with the proper "angle of thrust."

Let us view this important question of poise and the thrust due to gravity in another way. Two men are engaged in a tug-of-war —equal in their powers and in the conditions of the contest. A weight is fastened to the rope nearer to one man than the other. What happens? The rope slants in his direction, and the greater the obliquity of the rope to the nearer man is as good as greater muscle to him. He instantly adds more to his weight and alters the angle of thrust which his leg forms. With a 70lb. pull Smith adds 20lb. to his own, while Jones adds only 5lb. (Fig. 6). "It is a great thing, this angle of thrust," says Mr. Brigg; "often as good as money in a man's pocket."

A good conundrum which not one person in a thousand will guess correctly was once evolved by Mr. Brigg in mid-Atlantic.

Two horses weigh each 1,500lb. One is lying on his back, supporting the other, which stands on the lower animal's feet (Fig. 7). Which of the pair, at the point of contact of the hoofs, supports the greater burden?

As the upper horse weighs 1,500lb., it certainly seems a considerable burden for the lower one to support; yet the pressure at the upper horse's feet is exactly equal to that upon the feet of the lower, and just as fatiguing. But the pressure on the back of the horse lying down would be 3,000lb., the weight of both horses. This also illustrates in effective fashion the enormous amount of work a horse does merely in supporting his own weight.

If one man at the end of a crowbar is not strong enough to raise a given load at the other end, then get another man to add the required weight, and the load will be lifted. But, notwithstanding the fact that added weight enables a man or a horse to haul a bigger load, it would be extremely unwise and very cruel to compel either of them to continually carry the added weight. For instance, in the case of a man desiring to haul a load in a truck or hand-barrow up a hill, as shown in Fig. 8, the wisest and most economic plan would be to so place the load as to press downwardly at the man's hands and feet. But, when he comes to travel down hill (Fig. 9), the added weight would only be wise in case of a steep down grade or a rather slippery one; on a slight grade, however, the added weight would be effective in producing two bad results. First, it would very materially increase the impact or concussion at his feet, making it painful to him; and, secondly, it would considerably shorten his strides and reduce the rate of transport; for, as will readily be seen when travelling down an easy grade, it will be very much easier for the man if the load were so placed as to effect a lift at the man's body, for he would thus have the concussion largely reduced at his feet and would be able to take strides varying from three feet to fifteen or twenty feet long, and in this way secure a part of those mechanical conditions which enable men to travel hundreds of miles per day on bicycles.

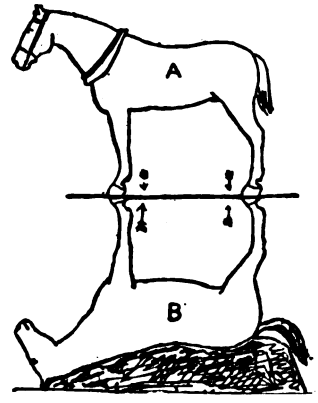


Fig. 7.—Which horse's feet would get tired first, and why?

Again, it will be seen that although the lift at one time affords so great a relief to the man when descending hills, we now find that a lift at the man's body when climbing hills becomes very unwise.

An elephant, for instance, requiring to move a heavy load on the level or up a hill, will instinctively secure for himself precisely the same

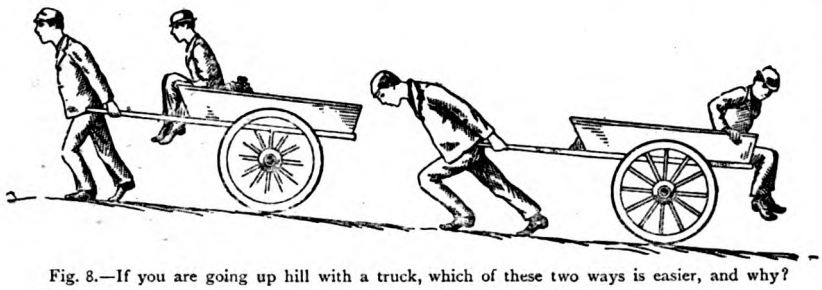


Fig. 8.—If you are going up hill with a truck, which of these two ways is easier, and why?

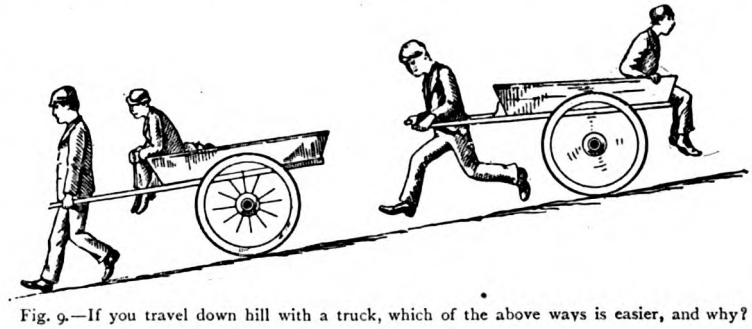


Fig. 9.—If you travel down hill with a truck, which of the above ways is easier, and why?

mechanical conditions as those secured by a thoughtful man. The latter will *lift and thrust;* so will the elephant (Fig. 10), and by so doing secures two important advantages, viz., he increases his own weight — making himself equal to a bigger elephant — and at the same time he reduces the weight of the load on the wheels; but if he be yoked, as we so ignominiously yoke our horses, he is prevented from doing as he *instinctively* would, and is unable to move anything near so great a load, because the pull of the load, which is equal to the pull of the elephant, tends to pull all his weight off his front feet, thus relying entirely on the strength of the hind legs.

Which will travel the faster — a short motor-car or a long one?

The shorter the wheel-base the more the car will jump at the front wheels, and the greater the transfer therefrom to the rear wheels. The wheel-base can be so short that the front wheels may be thrown right over to the back of the drivers, thus turning the car upside down. The load on each wheel should be properly —not evenly—distributed for easy running.

This distribution, however, is greatly affected by the location of the centre of gravity. With the longer wheel-base a better distribution of load is maintained on the wheels, and a more horizontal, or in other words a less oblique, line of propulsion is obtained, resulting in greater speed and economy for racing purposes.

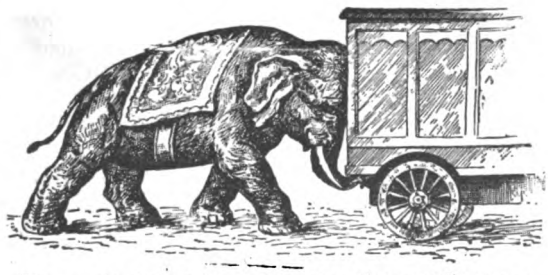


Fig. 10.—An elephant has a choice of pushing or pulling a car. Which will he choose, and why?

Such are the problems which Mr. Brigg sets himself to solve—problems of everyday life and of the utmost interest and importance in saving unnecessary labour in men and animals. Such problems are innumerable, and will readily occur to every reader. Here are a few on which he may like to test his ingenuity :—

1. Is it easier to push than to pull a wheelbarrow up hill?

2. Holding a wheel-barrow by the shafts, is it easier to hold back a greater load by preceding or following the vehicle down a steep hill?

3. Is it easier for a cyclist to carry or to push his machine up a steep grade?

4. Is it safer and easier to carry a cycle down a very steep hill than to hold it back?

The House of Arden.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By E. NESBIT.

CHAPTER IX.

WHITE WINGS AND A BROWNIE.

PERHAPS I had better begin this chapter by telling you exactly how Edred "got even with old Parrot-nose," as he put it. You will remember that Master Parados was the Ardens' tutor in the time of King James I., and that it was through his eavesdropping and tale-bearing that Edred and Elfrida were imprisoned in the Tower of London. There was very little time in which to get even with anyone, and, of course, getting even with people is not really at all a proper thing to do. Yet Edred did it.

Edred had got Elfrida out of the Tower just as Lady Nithsdale got her lord out, and now he and she and Cousin Richard were at Arden House, in Soho, and the old nurse, who was also, astonishingly, the old witch, had said that there was no time to be lost.

"But I *must* be even with old Parrot-nose," said Edred. He was feeling awfully brave and splendid inside, because of the way he had planned and carried out the Nithsdale rescue of Elfrida; and also he felt that he could not bear to go back to his own times without somehow marking his feelings about Mr. Parados.

As to how it was to be done Cousin Richard was not to have anything to do with it, because while they would be whisked away by some white road that the Mouldiwarp would find for them when they called it to their help by spoken poetry, he would be left behind to bear the blame of everything. This Edred and Elfrida decided in a quick whispered conference, but Cousin Dick wanted to know what they were talking about, and why he wasn't to help in what he had wanted to do these four years.

"If we tell you," said Elfrida, "you won't believe us."

"You might at least make the trial," said Cousin Richard.

So they told him, and though they were as quick as possible, the story took some time to tell. Richard Arden listened intently. When the tale was told he said nothing.

"You don't believe it," said Edred; "I knew you wouldn't. Well, it doesn't matter.

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What can we do to pay out old Parrot-nose?"

"I don't like it," said Richard, suddenly; "it's never been like this before. It makes it seem not real. It's only a dream really, I suppose. And I always believed so that it wasn't."

"I don't understand a word you're saying," said Edred, "but what we've been saying's true anyhow. Look here." He darted to the dark corner of the parlour, where he had hidden the camera behind a curtain. "Look here, I bet you haven't got anything like this. It comes from *our* times, ever so far on in history—out of the times where *we* come from—the times that haven't happened yet—at least, *now* we're *here* they haven't happened yet. You don't know what it is. It's a machine for the sun to make pictures with."

"Oh, stow that," said Richard, wearily. "I know now it's all a silly dream. But it's not worth while trying to dream that I don't know a Kodak when I see it. That's a Brownie!"

There was a pause, full of speechless amazement.

Then: "If you've dreamed about our times," said Elfrida, "you might believe in us dreaming about yours. Did you dream of anything except Brownies? Did you ever dream of fine carriages, fine boats, and——"

"Don't talk as if I were a baby," Richard interrupted. "I know all about railways and steamboats, and the Hippodrome and the Crystal Palace. I know Kent made 615 against Derbyshire last Thursday. Now, then——"

"But, I say. Do tell us——"

"I sha'n't tell you anything more. But I'll help you to get even with Parrot-nose. I don't care if I am left here after you go," said Richard. "Let's shovel all the snow off the roof into his room, and take our chance."

Edred and Elfrida would have liked something more subtle, but there was no time to think of anything.

"I know where there are shovels," said Richard—"if they've not got mixed up in the dream."

"I say," said Edred, slowly, "I'd like to write that down about Kent, and see if it's right afterwards."

There was a quill sticking out of the pewter inkstand on the table, where they were used to do their lessons. But no paper.

"Here, hurry up," said Cousin Richard, and pulled a paper out of the front of his doublet. "I'll write it, shall I?"

He wrote, and gave the thing screwed up to Edred, who put it in the front of *his* doublet.

Then the three went up on to the roof, groped among the snow till they found the edge of the skylight that was the tutor's window—for learning was lodged in the attic at Arden House. They broke the thick glass with the edges of their spades, and shovelled in the thick, white snow—shovelled all the harder for the shouts and angry words that presently sounded below them. Then, when Mr. Parados came angrily up on to the roof, shivering and stumbling among the snow, they slipped behind the chimney-stack, and so got back to the trap-door before he did, and shut it and bolted it, and said "A-ha!" underneath it, and went away—locking his room door as they passed, and leaving him to stand there on the roof and shout for help from the street below, or else to drop through his broken skylight into the heaped snow in his room. He was quite free, and could do whichever he chose.

They never knew which he *did* choose, and you will never know either.

And then Richard was sent to bed by the old witch-nurse, and went.

And the Mouldiwarp was summoned, and insisted that the only way back to their own times was by jumping off the roof. And, of course, Mr. Parados was on the roof, which made all the difference. And the soldiers of the guard were knocking at the front-door with the butts of their pistols.

"But we can't go on to the roof," said Edred, and explained about Mr. Parados.

"Humph," said the Mouldiwarp, "that's terr'ble unfortunate, that is. Well, the top landing window will have to do, that's all. Where's the other child?"

"Gone to bed," said the witch-nurse, shortly.

"Te-he!" chuckled the Mouldiwarp. "Some people's too clever by half. Think of you not having found *that* out, and you a witch too. Te-he!"

And all the time the soldiers were hammering away like mad at the front door.

Elfrida caught the Mouldiwarp and the nurse caught Edred's hand, and the four raced up the stairs to the very top landing, where there was a little window at the very end. The air was keen and cold. The window opened difficultly, and when it was opened the air was much colder than before.

"Now, then, out with you—ladies first," cried the Mouldiwarp.

"You don't really mean," said Elfrida—

"you *can't* mean that we're to jump out into —into nothing?"

"I mean you're to jump out right enough," said the Mouldiwarp. "What you're to jump into's any pair of shoes—and it's my look-out, anyway."

"It's ours a little, too, isn't it?" said Elfrida, timidly, and her teeth were chattering; she always said afterwards that it was with cold.

"Then, get along home your own way," said the Mouldiwarp, beginning to vanish.

"Oh, *don't!* Don't go!" Elfrida cried, and the pounding on the door downstairs got louder and louder.

"If I don't go you must," said the Mouldiwarp, testily. But it stopped vanishing.

"Put me down," it said. "Put me down and jump, for goodness' sake!"

She put it down.

Suddenly the nurse caught Elfrida in her arms and kissed her many times.

"Farewell, my honey-love," she said. "All partings are not for ever, else I could scarce let thee go. Now, climb up; set thy foot here on the beam, now thy knee on the sill. So—jump!"

Elfrida crouched on the window-ledge, where the snow lay thick and crisp. It was very, very cold. Have you ever had to jump out of a top-floor window into the dark, when it was snowing heavily? If so, you will remember how much courage it needed. Elfrida set her teeth, looking down into black nothing dotted with snowflakes. Then she looked back into a black passage, lighted only by the rushlight the nurse carried.

"Edred'll be all right?" she asked. "You're sure he'll jump all right?"

"Of course I shall," said Edred, in his new voice. "Here, let me go first, to show you I'm not a coward."

Of course, Elfrida instantly jumped. And next moment Edred jumped too.

It was a horrible moment, because, however much you trusted the Mouldiwarp, you could not in an instant forget what you had been taught all your life—that if you jumped out of top-floor windows you would certainly be smashed to pieces on the stones below. To remember this and, remembering it, to jump clear, is a very brave deed. And brave deeds, sooner or later, have their reward.

The brave deed of Edred and Elfrida received its reward sooner. As Elfrida jumped she saw the snowflakes gather and thicken into a cloud beneath her. The cloud was not the sort that lets you through, either. It was solid and soft as piled eiderdown feathers; she knew this as it rose up and caught her, or as she fell on it—she never knew which. Next moment Edred was beside her, and the white downy softness was shaping itself round and under them into the form of a seat—a back, arms, and place for the feet to rest.

"It's—what's that in your hand?" Elfrida asked.

"Reins," said Edred, with certainty. "White reins. It's a carriage."

It was—a carriage made of white snowflakes —the snowflakes that were warm and soft as feathers. There were white, soft carriage-rugs that curled round and tucked themselves in entirely of their own accord. The reins were of snowflakes—joined together by some magic weaving, and warm and soft as white velvet. And the horses!

"There aren't any horses; they're swans—white swans!" cried Elfrida, and the voice of the Mouldiwarp, behind and above, cried softly: "All white things obey me."

Edred knew how to drive. And now he could not resist the temptation to drive the six white swans round to the front of the house and to swoop down, passing just over the heads of the soldiers of the guard who still earnestly pounded at the door of Arden House, and yelling to them, "Ha, ha! Sold again!"

Which seemed to startle them very much. Then he wheeled the swans round and drove quickly through the air along the way which he knew quite well, without being told, to be the right way. And as the snow-carriage wheeled, both Edred and Elfrida had a strange, sudden vision of another smaller snow-carriage, drawn by two swans only, that circled above theirs and vanished in the deep dark of the sky, giving them an odd, tantalizing glimpse of a face they knew and yet couldn't remember distinctly enough to give a name to the owner of it.

Then the swans spread their white, mighty wings to the air, and strained with their long, strong necks against their collars, and the snow equipage streamed out of London like a slender white scarf driven along in the wind. And London was left behind, and the snowstorm, and soon the dark blue of the sky was over them, jewelled with the quiet silver of watchful stars, and the deeper dark of the Kentish county lay below, jewelled with the quiet gold from the windows of farms already half asleep, and the air that rushed past their faces as they went was no longer cold, but soft as June air is, and Elfrida always declared afterwards that she could smell white lilies all the way.

So across the darkened counties they went, and the ride was more wonderful than any ride they had ever had before or would ever have again.

All too soon the swans hung, poised on long, level wings, outside the window of a tower in Arden Castle—a tower they did not know.

But though they did not know the tower, it was quite plain that they were meant to get in at the window of it.

"Dear swans," said Elfrida, who had been thinking as she sat clutching her Brownie, "can't we stay in your carriage till it's light? We do so want to take a photograph of the castle."

"HE COULD NOT RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO DRIVE THE SIX WHITE SWANS ROUND TO THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE."

The swans shook their white, flat, snake-like heads, just as though they understood. And there was the open window, evidently waiting to welcome the children.

So they got out—very much against their wills. And there they were in the dark room of the tower, and it was very cold.

But before they had time to begin to understand how cold it was, and how uncomfortable they were likely to be for the rest of the night, six swans' heads appeared at the window and said something.

"Oh," said Elfrida, "I do wish we'd learned Swanish instead of French at school."

But it did not matter. The next moment the swans' heads ducked and reappeared, holding in their beaks the soft, fluffy, white rugs that had kept the children so warm in the snow-carriage. The swans pushed the rugs through the window with their strong white wings, and made some more remarks in swan language.

"Oh, thank you!" said the children. "Good-bye, good-bye."

Then there was the rush of wide-going wings, and the children, tired out, cuddled down on the floor, wrapped in the soft rugs.

The happiest kind of dreams were tucked up in that coverlet, and it seemed hardly any time at all before the children woke to find the winter sunshine looking in at them through the narrow windows of the tower.

Elfrida jumped up and threw off the silver-white, downy-soft coverlet. It instantly tore itself into five pieces of different shapes and sizes, and these screwed themselves up, and drew themselves in, and blew themselves out, and turned before her very eyes into a silver basin of warm water, a piece of lily-scented soap, a towel, a silver comb, and an ivory tooth-brush.

"Well!" said Elfrida. When she had finished her simple toilet, the basin, soap, towel, tooth-brush, and comb ran together like globules of quicksilver, made a curious tousled lump of themselves, and straightened out into the fluffy coverlet again.

"Well!" said Elfrida, again. Then she woke Edred, and his coverlet played the same clever and pretty trick for him.

And when the children started to go down with the Brownie and take the photographs of the castle, the shining coverlets jumped

up into two white furry coats, such as the very affluent might wear when they went a-motoring—if the very affluent ever thought of anything so pretty. And one of the coats came politely to the side of each child, holding out its arms as if it were saying :—

"Do, please, oblige me by putting me on."

Which, of course, both children did.

They crept down the corkscrew stairs and through a heavy door that opened under the arch of the great gateway. The great gate was open, and on the step of the door opposite to the one by which they had come out a soldier sat. He held his helmet between his knees, and was scouring it with sand and whistling as he scoured. He touched his forehead with his sandy hand, but did not get up.

"You're early afield," he said, and went on rubbing the sand on the helmet.

"It's such a pretty day," said Elfrida. "May we go out?"

"And welcome," said the man, simply; "but go not beyond the twelve-acre, for fear of rough folk and Egyptians. And go not far. But breakfast will have a strong voice to call you back."

They went out, and instead of stepping straight on to the turf of the downs, their stout shoes struck echoing notes from the wooden planks of a bridge.

"It's a drawbridge," said Edred, in tones of awe; "and there's a moat, look—and it's covered with cat-ice at the edges."

There was, and it was. And at the moat's far edge, their feet fast in the cat-ice, were reeds and sedge—brown and yellow and dried, that rustled and whispered as a wild duck flew out of them.

"How lovely," said Elfrida. "I do *wish* Arden had a moat now."

"If we found out where the water comes from," said Edred, practically, "we might get the moat back when we'd found the treasure."

So when they had crossed the moat, and felt the frozen dew crackle under their feet as they trod the grass, they set out, before photographing the castle, to find out where the moat water came from.

The moat, they found, was fed by a stream that came across the field from Arden Knoll and entered the moat at the north-east corner, leaving it at the corner that was in the south-west. They followed the stream, and it was not till they had got quite into the middle of the field, and well away from the castle, that they saw how very beautiful the castle really was. It was quite perfect — no crumbled arches, no broken pillars, no shattered, battered walls.

"Oh!" said Edred, "how beautiful it is! How glad I am that we've got a castle like this!"

"Our castle isn't like this," said Elfrida.

"No; but it shall be, when we've found the treasure. You've got the two film rolls all right?"

"Yes," said Elfrida, who had got them in a great unwieldy pocket that was hanging and banging against her legs under the full skirt. "Oh, look! Where's the river? It stops short!"

It certainly seemed to. They were walking beside it, and it ran swiftly—looking like a steel-grey ribbon on the green cloth of the field—and half-way across the field it did stop short; there wasn't any more of it—as though the ribbon had been snipped off by a giant pair of scissors, and the rest of it rolled up and put by safely somewhere out of the way.

"My hat," said Edred, "it does stop short, and no mistake." Curiosity pricked him, and he started running. They both ran. They ran to the spot where the giant scissors seemed to have snipped off the stream, and when they got there they found that the stream seemed to have got tired of running above ground, and without any warning at all, any sloping of its bed, or any deepening of its banks, plunged straight down into the earth through a hole not eight feet across.

They stood fascinated, watching the water as it shot over the edge of the hole, like a steel band on a driving-wheel, smooth and shining, and moving so swiftly that it hardly seemed to move at all. It was Edred who roused himself to say: "I could watch it for ever. But we'll have it back; we'll have it back. Come along; let's go and see where it comes from."

"Let's photograph this place first," said Elfrida, "so as to know, you know." And the Brownie clicked twice.

Then they retraced their steps beside the stream and round two sides of the moat and across the field to Arden Knoll, and there — oh, wonderful to see! — the stream came straight out of the Knoll at the part where it joined on to the rest of the world —came out under a rough, low arch of stone that lay close against the very lip of the water.

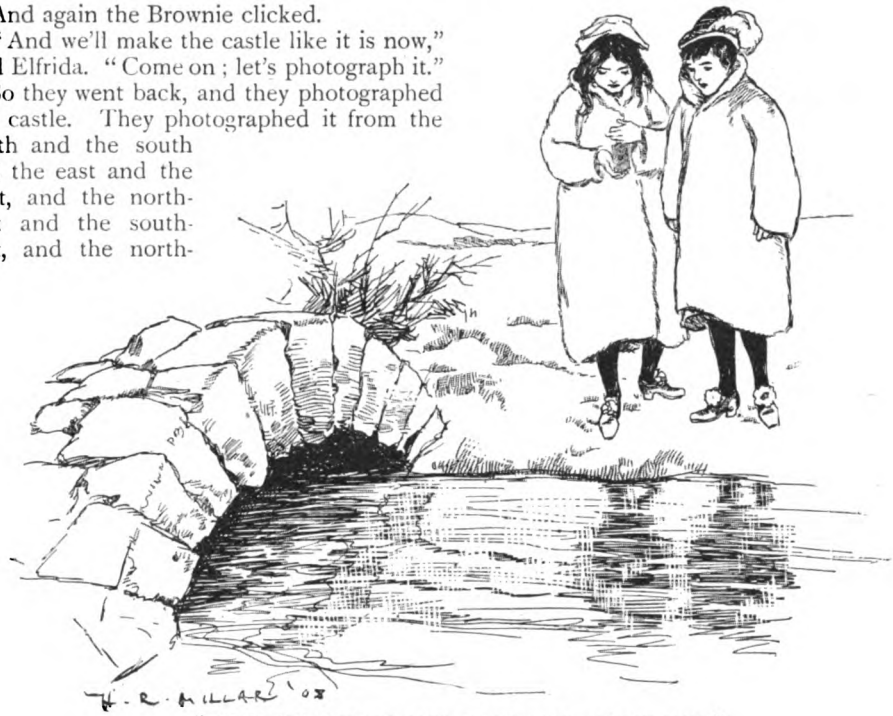
"So that's where it came from and that's where it goes to," said Elfrida. "I wonder what became of it, and why it isn't at Arden now?"

"We'll bring it back," said Edred, firmly. "When we find the treasure."

And again the Brownie clicked.

"And we'll make the castle like it is now," said Elfrida. "Come on; let's photograph it."

So they went back, and they photographed the castle. They photographed it from the north and the south and the east and the west, and the north-east and the south-east, and the north-



"THE STREAM CAME OUT UNDER A ROUGH, LOW ARCH OF STONE."

north-west—and all the rest of the points of the compass that I could easily tell you if I liked; but why be wearisome and instructive?

And they went back across the hollow-echoing drawbridge, and past the soldier, who had now polished his helmet to his complete satisfaction and was wearing it.

There was a brief and ardent conference on the drawbridge; the subject of it, breakfast. Edred wanted to stay; he was curious to see what sort of breakfast people had in the country in James the First's time. Elfrida wanted to get back to 1908, and the certainty of eggs and bacon.

"If we stay here we shall only be dragged into some new adventure," she urged; "I know we shall. I never in my life knew such a place as history for adventures to happen in. And I'm tired, besides. Oh, Edred, do come along."

"I believe it's ducks," said Edred, and he sniffed questioningly; "it smells like onion stuffing."

"Stuff and nonsense," said Elfrida; "that's for dinner, most likely. I expect breakfast for *us* would be bread and water. You'd find we'd done something wrong, as likely as not. Oh, come along, do, before we get punished for it. Besides, don't you want to know whether what Cousin Richard said about the cricket was right?"

"Well, yes," said Edred, "and we can always come back here, can't we?"

"Of course we can," Elfrida said, eagerly. "Oh, come on."

So they climbed up to the twisty-twiny, corkscrew staircase, and found the door of the room where they had slept under the wonderful white coverlets that now were coats. Then they stood still and looked at each other, with a sudden shock.

"How are we to get back?" was the unspoken question that trembled on each lip.

The magic white coats cuddled close round their necks. There was, somehow, comfort and confidence in the soft, friendly touch of that magic fur. When you are wearing that sort of coat, it is quite impossible to feel that everything will not come perfectly right the moment you really, earnestly, and thoroughly wish that it *should* come right.

"Our clothes," said Elfrida.

"Oh, yes, of course," said Edred; "I was forgetting."

"You may as well go on forgetting," said his sister, "because the clothes aren't here. They're the other side of that twisty-twiny, inside-out, upside-down shakiness that turned

the attic into the tower. I suppose the tower would turn back into the attic if we could only start that shaky upside-downness going —wrong way before, you know."

"I suppose it would," said Edred, stopping short, with his fingers between the buttons of his doublet. "Halloa! What's this?"

He pulled out a folded paper.

"It's the thing about cricket that Cousin Richard gave you. Don't bother about that now. I want to get back. I suppose we ought to make some poetry."

But Edred pulled out the paper and unfolded it.

"It might vanish, you know," he said, "or get stuck here, and when we got home we should find it gone when we came to look for it. Let's just see what he says Kent *did* make."

He straightened out the paper, looked at it, looked again, and held it out with a sudden arm's-length gesture.

"Look at that," he said. "If that's true, Richard *has* dreamed our times, and no mistake. And, what's more, he's brought things back here out of our times."

Elfrida took the paper and looked at it, and her mouth dropped open. "If it's true?" said she. "But it *must* be true!" The paper almost fell from her hand, for it was a bill from Gamage's for three ships' guns, a compass, and a half-dozen flags—and the bill was made out to Mr. R. D. Arden, 117, Laurie Grove, New Cross, London, S.E. On the other side was the pencilled record of the runs made by Kent the previous Thursday.

"I *say*," said Elfrida, and was going on to say I don't know what clever and interesting things when she felt the fur coat creep and wriggle all through its soft length, and along its soft width, and no wriggle that ever was wriggled expressed so completely "Danger! danger! danger! You'd better get off while you can, while you can." A quite violent ruffling of the fur round the neck of her coat said, as plain as it could speak, "Don't stop to jaw. Go now—*now—now!*"

When you say a lady is a "true daughter of Eve" you mean that she is inquisitive. Elfrida was enough Eve's daughter to scurry to the window and look out.

A thrill ran right down her backbone and ended in an empty feeling at the ends of her fingers and feet.

"Soldiers!" she cried. "And they're after us—I know they are."

The fur coat knew it, too, if knowledge can be expressed by wriggling.

"Oh, and they're pulling up the drawbridge! What for?" said Edred, who had come to the window, too. "And, I say, doesn't the portcullis look guillotinish when it comes down like that?"

Through the window one looked straight down on to the drawbridge, and as the tower stuck out beyond the gate, its side window gave an excellent view of the slowly-descending portcullis.

"I say," said Elfrida; "my fluffy coat says go. Doesn't yours?"

"It would if I'd listen to it," said Edred, carelessly.

The soldiers were quite near now—so near that Elfrida could see how fierce they looked. And she knew that they were the same soldiers who had hammered so loud and so hard at the door of Arden House, in Soho. They must have ridden all night. So she screwed her mind up to make poetry, just as you screw your muscles up to jump a gate or run a hundred yards. And almost before she knew that she was screwing it up at all the screw had acted and she had screwed out a piece of Mouldiwarp poetry and was saying it aloud:—

> Dear Mouldiwarp, since Cousin Dick
> Buys his beautiful flags from Gamage's,
> Take us away, and take us quick,
> Before the soldiers do us any damages.

And the moment she had said it, the white magic coats grew up and grew down and wrapped the children up as tight and as soft as ever a silkworm wrapped itself when it was tired of being a silkworm and entered into its cocoon, as the first step towards being a person with wings.

Can you imagine what it would be like to have lovely liquid sleep emptied on you by the warm tubful? That is what it felt like inside the white wonderful cocoons. The children knew that the tower was turning wrong way up and inside out, but it didn't matter a bit. Sleep was raining down on them in magic showers—no, it was closing on them, closer and closer, nearer and nearer, soft, delicious layers of warm delight. A soft humming sound was in their ears, like the sound of bees when you push through a bed of Canterbury bells, and the next thing that happened was that they came out of the past into the present with a sort of snap of light and a twist of sound. It was like coming out of a railway-tunnel into daylight.

The magic coverlet-coat-cocoons had even saved them the trouble of changing into their own clothes, for they found that the stiff, heavy clothes had gone, and they were dressed

in the little ordinary things that they had always been used to.

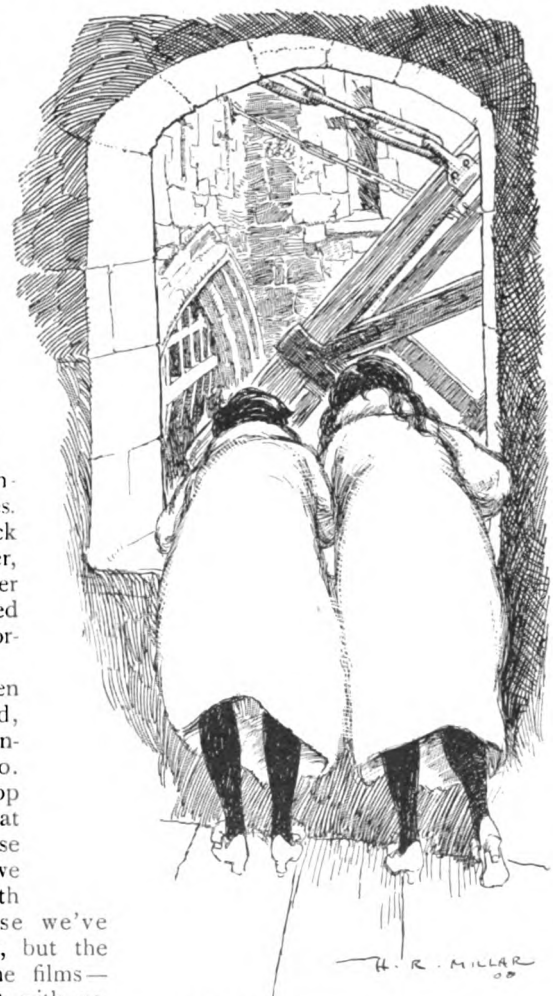
"And now," said Elfrida, "let's have another look at that Gamage paper, if it hasn't disappeared. I expect it has though."

But it hadn't.

"I should like to meet Dick again," said Edred, as they went downstairs. He was much the jolliest boy I ever met."

"Perhaps we shall," Elfrida said, hopefully. "You see, he *does* come into our times. I expect that New Cross time he stayed quite a long while, like we did when we went to Gunpowder Plot times. Or we might go back there, a little later, when the Gunpowder Plot has all died away and been forgotten."

"It isn't forgotten *yet*," said Edred, "and it's three hundred years ago. Now let's develop our films; I'm not at all sure about those films. You see, we took the films with us, and of course we've brought them back, but the *picture* that's on the films—we didn't take that with us. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if the films are all blank."



"'SOLDIERS!' SHE CRIED, 'AND THEY'RE AFTER US.'"

"It's very, very clever of you to think of it," said Elfrida, respectfully; "but I do hope it's a perfectly silly idea of yours. Let's ask Mrs. Honeysett if we may use the old room she said used to be the still-room to develop them in. It'll be a ripping dark-room when the shutters are up."

"Course you may," said Mrs. Honeysett. "Yes; an' I'll carry you in a couple of pails of water. The floor's stone; so it won't matter if you do slop a bit. You pump, my lord, and I'll hold the pails."

"Why was that part of the house let to go all dirty and cobwebby?" asked Elfrida, when the hoarse voice of the pump had ceased to be heard.

"It's always been so," said Mrs. Honeysett. "I couldn't take upon me to clear up without Miss Edith's orders. Not but what my fingers itch to be at it with a broom and a scrubbing brush."

"But *why?*" Elfrida persisted.

"Oh, it's one of them old, ancient tales," said Mrs. Honeysett. "Old Neale could tell you, if anyone could."

"We'll go down to old Neale's," said Edred, decidedly, "as soon as we've developed our pictures of the castle — if there *are* any pictures," he added.

"You never can tell with them photo. machines, can you?" said Mrs. Honeysett, sympathetically. "My husband's cousin's wife was took, with all her family, by her own back door, and when they come to wash out the picture, it turned out they'd took the next door people's water-butt by mistake, owing to their billy-goat jogging the young man's elbow that had got the camera. And it wasn't a bit like any of them."

(To be continued.)

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

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HOME-MADE FOUNTAIN.

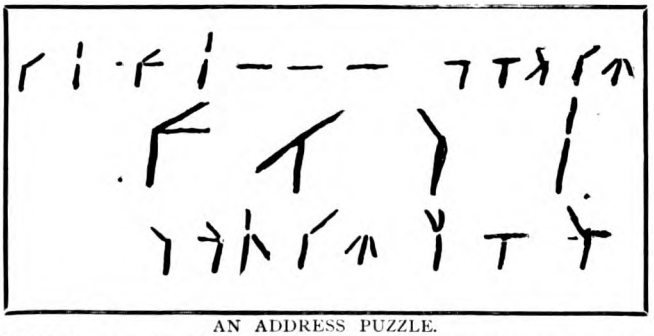
TO those who would like to add to the attraction of their gardens a fountain such as that shown in the photograph given above, the following particulars will be of interest. Hidden by the rockery is a foot-bath, the next piece being a washing machine upside down, the rim giving it a Corinthian style of architecture. The long support is a shell of an ice-cream freezer, surmounted by a cheese-box lid, which supports a reversed chimney-pot. The lid of the washing-machine is thin, and is strengthened underneath by the smaller lid of the ice-cream freezer. The show-bowl at top, with an incandescent gas-burner to form the spray, completes the fountain. Painted stone-colour, it can scarcely be told from a substantial stone-hewn fountain. It works from the soft-water cistern close by, so I do not have to pay an ornamental water-rate. All these articles were saved from the dust-heap, and none of them were fit for their original use. Filled with ferns and creeper the fountain looks very well, and has amply repaid me for the little trouble it took to erect.—Mr. Bollard Felce, Cottesbrooke, 35, Haughton Road, Birchfields, Birmingham.

WHICH FOOT IS HE USING?

I AM sending you the picture of a man kicking a football, thinking it may amuse readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE to try and discover whether he is kicking the ball with his right or left foot. — Mr. E. J. Seddon, The Seddons and Arlidge Co., Ltd., Wellington Street, Kettering.

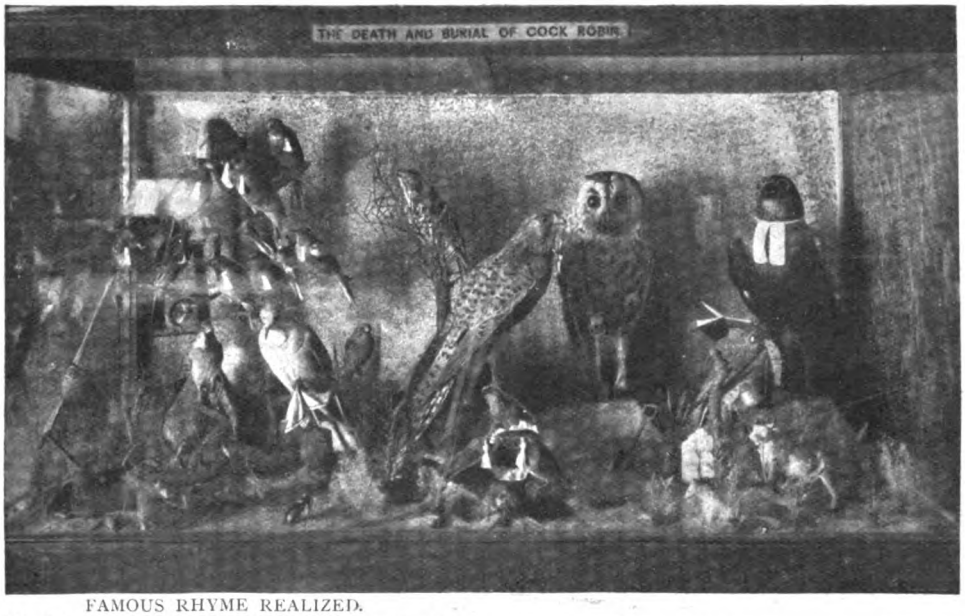
RABBIT'S HEAD AS CIGARETTE-HOLDER.

THOUGH curious cigarette-holders are by no means uncommon, the one shown in the accompanying photograph is something of a novelty. It is made from the head of a rabbit, while a rabbit-bone also does duty as a stem. — Bolak's Photo. Agency, 10, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, E.C.



AN ADDRESS PUZZLE.

THE mysterious characters shown above were cut from an envelope sent to us by one of our customers, and represent the name and address of this firm according to the Army Signalling Code. Can any of your readers say exactly how it is worded? — Edward O'Brien, Ltd., Cycle Dealers, Coventry.



FAMOUS RHYME REALIZED.

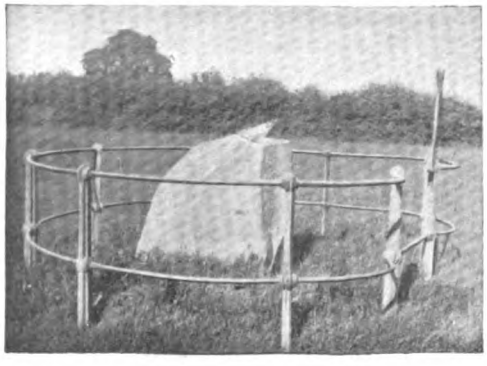
IN this case are shown all the characters, even including the fly, figuring in the famous old rhyme of "The Death of Cock Robin." Moreover, with the exception of the cow, all are genuine specimens, each one having been caught and stuffed by the owner of the collection.—Mr. T. Nicholls, Jun., 24, Bridget Street, Rugby.

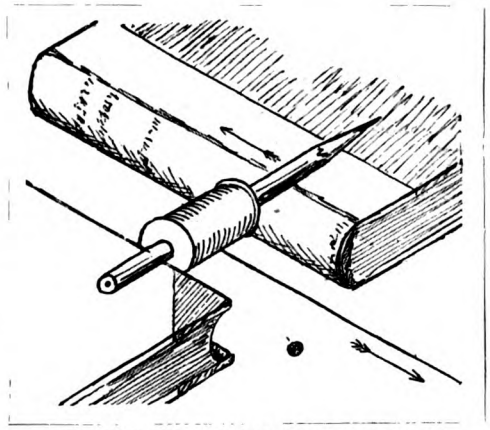
WHERE THE FIRST ENGLISH BALLOON FELL.

ABOUT four miles from Ware, in Hertfordshire, may be seen a stone marking the spot where the first English balloon fell. It bears the following curious inscription :—

Let Posterity Know And Knowing be Astonished That On the 15th Day of September 1784 Vincent Lunardi of Lucca in Tuscany The 1st Aerial Traveller in Britain Mounting From the Artillery Ground in London And Traversing the Regions of the Air For Two Hours And Fifteen Minutes In this spot Revisited the Earth On this Rude Monument For Ages be Recorded That Wonderous Enterprise Successfully Atchieved By power of Chem stry And the Fortitude of Man That Improvement in Science Which The Great Author of all Knowledge Patronising by His Providence The Invention of Mankind Hath Graciously Permitted To Their Benefit And To His Own Eternal Glory.

This is a retranslation on metal, on the monument, made by Mr. A. G. Puller in 1815.—Mr. G. M. Herford, St. Edmund's College, Old Hall Green, Ware, Herts.





ANOTHER EXPERIMENT IN DYNAMICS.

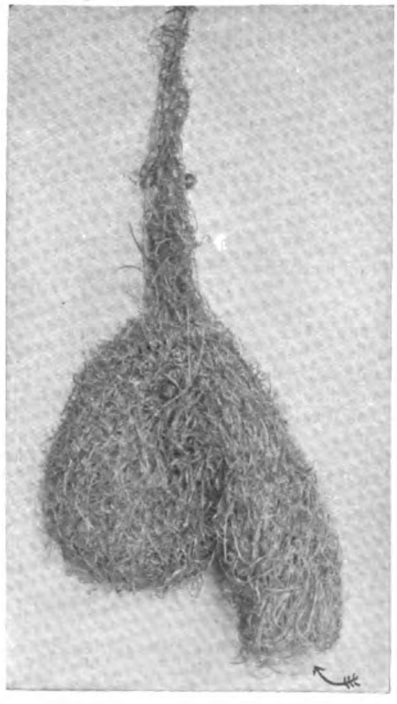
IN the "Curiosities" in THE STRAND for May it was stated that if a half-unrolled spool of thread is placed on a table and the thread pulled horizontally from the under side of it, the spool, contrary to general expectation, will roll towards the hand. In connection with this it is interesting to note that if the cylinder is larger in diameter at the point around which the thread is wound than it is at the points on which it rolls, it will roll away from the hand when the thread is pulled. This experiment can be tried by passing a pencil through a spool and resting the ends of it on two books as in the illustration. Also, if the thread be drawn from the under side of a *full* spool resting on a flat surface the spool will not move in either direction. I was led to these conclusions, which I afterwards verified, by trying, in the case of the half-unrolled spool mentioned in the May STRAND, to calculate the ratio between the rate of the spool and that of the hand, as the hand pulled the thread. This makes a very interesting little problem. — Mr. J. Courtland Knowles, 2, Angell Street, Providence, R.I., U.S.A.

A BIG CATCH.

WHILE "dragging" for cables in West Indian waters we caught this shark, and as it was being hauled up I held the camera vertically and inverted in order to get a good picture of the terrible teeth and jaws. When hauled on board the shark was measured, and found to be seven feet nine inches long.—Mr. R. H. Riddle, 33, Ayresome Street, Middlesbrough.

HOW THE SPHINX BIRD OUTWITS THE SNAKE.

THIS photograph shows the curious nest of the sphinx bird, which is usually suspended from the branch of a tree or bush, usually over water. Apart from the marvellous structure—which consists of a ball-like chamber with a passage leading *up* to it, woven from very tough fibres—the reason for this is very interesting. Where these birds breed there are many snakes which eat eggs and young birds, and if the nest was like our English ones it would be an easy matter for the snakes to rob them, so the sphinx bird has adopted a plan of architecture which defies them, as it is clearly impossible for the snake to get sufficient purchase on the loose hanging nest and to reach the eggs, having no means of support such as claws to enable it to secure a hold on the structure, and thus effect an entrance.—Mr. A. K. Lawson, 152, Stamford Park Road, Altrincham.



AN ELOQUENT ADVERTISEMENT.

AS a specimen of English as written in Japan I think you will find this example difficult to beat. It is taken from the catalogue of a manufacturer of fire-proof safes in Tokio.—Mr. K. Maki, 6, Yamashitacho, Yokohama, Japan.

The merits of machine to join character.

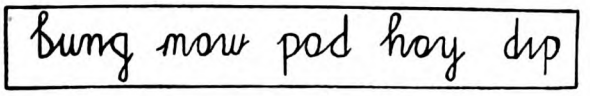
The machine to join character of a safe can do to open shut to join turn round left right the character, if it is number hundred men in a house, there can nor open leaf of a door except of a man to employ how to be bestow contrivacce that men is not affect for a safe, if can mistake to hand other and to be bestow for a bad plan, it can not to reach a hope for machin of the character, and if man bave number hundred of safes, that is not in a way to join the machine, so it is wholly difference, further if it is to be manufactured number ten thousand to the key and the lock, there is wholly difference to resemble for one, so that have not a fear to be manufactured fellow key for a lock, and a character machine is to be scattered for a key and lock, so if a man to let alone a key from a safe, it can not open leaf of a door for can not to join the character and if It is to down lock and to be join a character machine, can not open leaf of a door, only a key and a lock if it have not the machine to join a character, as obove that is not a fear to use for a fellow key, so rightness for a door will to guarantee for complete.

But the way of negotiable to open shut for a safe will give a writing to explain to know easily that, so the men of long road can liberty negotiable by writing to explain of a little to order.

The inside of safe as a drawing is to be make by a large leaved tree a shelf and a box, but there will make to meet like for convenience of a use, if the safe of my shop is not merits for calamity or loss from a fire, my shop will garnt a proof of security to pay fine for the price of good sold.

MORE REVERSIBLE WORDS.

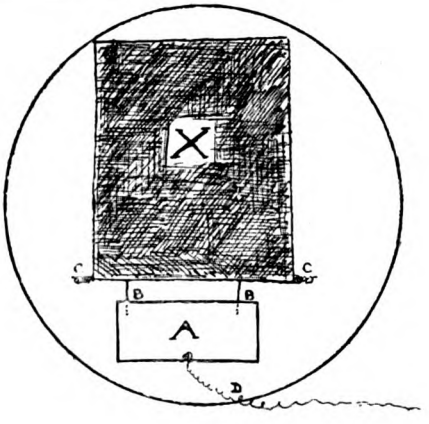
SEEING the reversible word "chump" among your "Curiosities," I am sending you a name, "W. H. Hill," which, when written in the style shown, reads the same when reversed. Surely this is the only name possessing so convenient a peculiarity.—Mr. B. R. Bligh, 2, Porchester Mews, Bayswater, W.



In writing the word "Bet" so that it reads the same when upside down, I have simply written the letter B twice—once with the paper inverted. Three letters and one word are thus twice repeated. Possibly B is the only letter of the alphabet that will produce such an interesting anomaly. I also send you five more examples of reversible words. — Mr. Clarence Williams, 216, Bright Street, Carbrook, Sheffield.

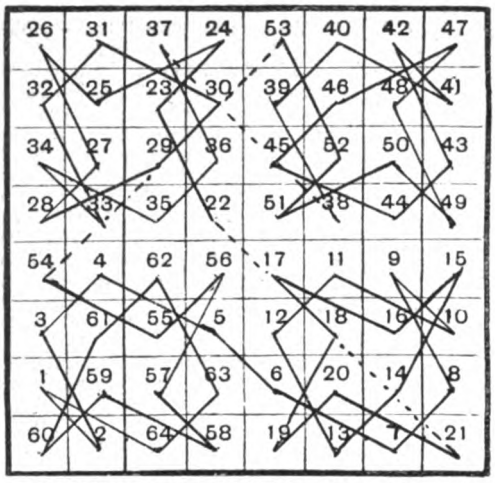
A MAGICAL PROBLEM.

IT was recently my pleasure to witness one of the cleverest illusions that I have ever come across. I give herewith a description and explanation of the trick for the benefit of readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. On a table in the centre of the stage, in front of a dark background, stands an ancient statue. The illusionist appears and, demonstrating its perfect solidity, replaces it as shown in Fig. 1. He then delivers a short oration on the power of ancient deities to vanish at will, then suddenly producing a revolver he fires at the statue, which instantly vanishes into thin space. The illusion is rendered nearly miraculous by the fact that the table-top is not two inches deep and that the solitary leg can, by reason of its thinness, have nothing to do with the vanishing. Reference, however, to the diagram will make things clearer. A solid block of wood, A, is let into the table-top, but this can be pulled back by the thread D about half an inch. This thread is passed to an assistant behind the scenes. The block has in its side two holes B, B, into which are inserted two wires attached to a screen X. This screen, which is of the same material as the background, is normally forced up at right angles to the table by two springs, C, C. Now all will be clear. The performer replaces the statue on A; the assistant, the moment he hears the pistol, pulls the thread, drawing back A, which, by releasing the wires, lets the screen fly up, effectually concealing the statue. Being of the same material as the background, it is, of course, invisible. The performer bows, the curtain falls!—Mr. T. P. C. Sewell, Godolphin House, Eton College, Windsor.



CURIOUS CHILIAN CUSTOM.

I SEND you a photograph taken just before the observance of the curious custom known as "The Burning of Judas Iscariot." The custom is an annual one, and was carried out here this year at ten o'clock in the morning of Easter Sunday.—Mr. William B. Bateson, Antofagasta, Chile.



SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S CHESS PROBLEM.

THE above is the solution to Mr. J. Wallis's problem in the last number, which was to make a tour of the chess board with alternate moves of a knight and a bishop. They leave the bishop's square together and make first a knight's move and then a bishop's move, and so on, alternately. On the sixty-fourth move they arrive at the square from which they started, having stopped on every square on the way.

By taking alternate moves of a knight and a rook, it is possible not only to make the tour of the board, but to obtain so symmetrical an arrangement that the numbers of the moves, when added by columns, lines, or diagonals, give the same sum. In other words, a chess tour is combined with a magic square—two puzzles in one. Solution by Mr. J. Wallis will be given in the next month's STRAND MAGAZINE.

CAN YOU READ THIS INSCRIPTION?

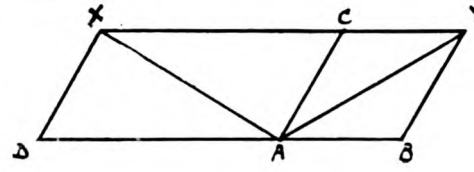
THE picture of this gravestone may be of interest to your readers. It is fixed against the churchyard wall at Rothstorne (modern spelling, Rostherne), Cheshire, and on the first glance appears undecipherable. Upon further examination, however, the writing is comparatively easy to read, thus: "John Chadocke, Vicar of Rothstorne, Dyed in Anno. 1630. And as I am so you shall be." The peculiar formation of some of the letters is of interest. For clearness the drawing I send serves better than a photograph.—Mr. W. Freeman Cooper, 17, Mortimer Street, London, W.

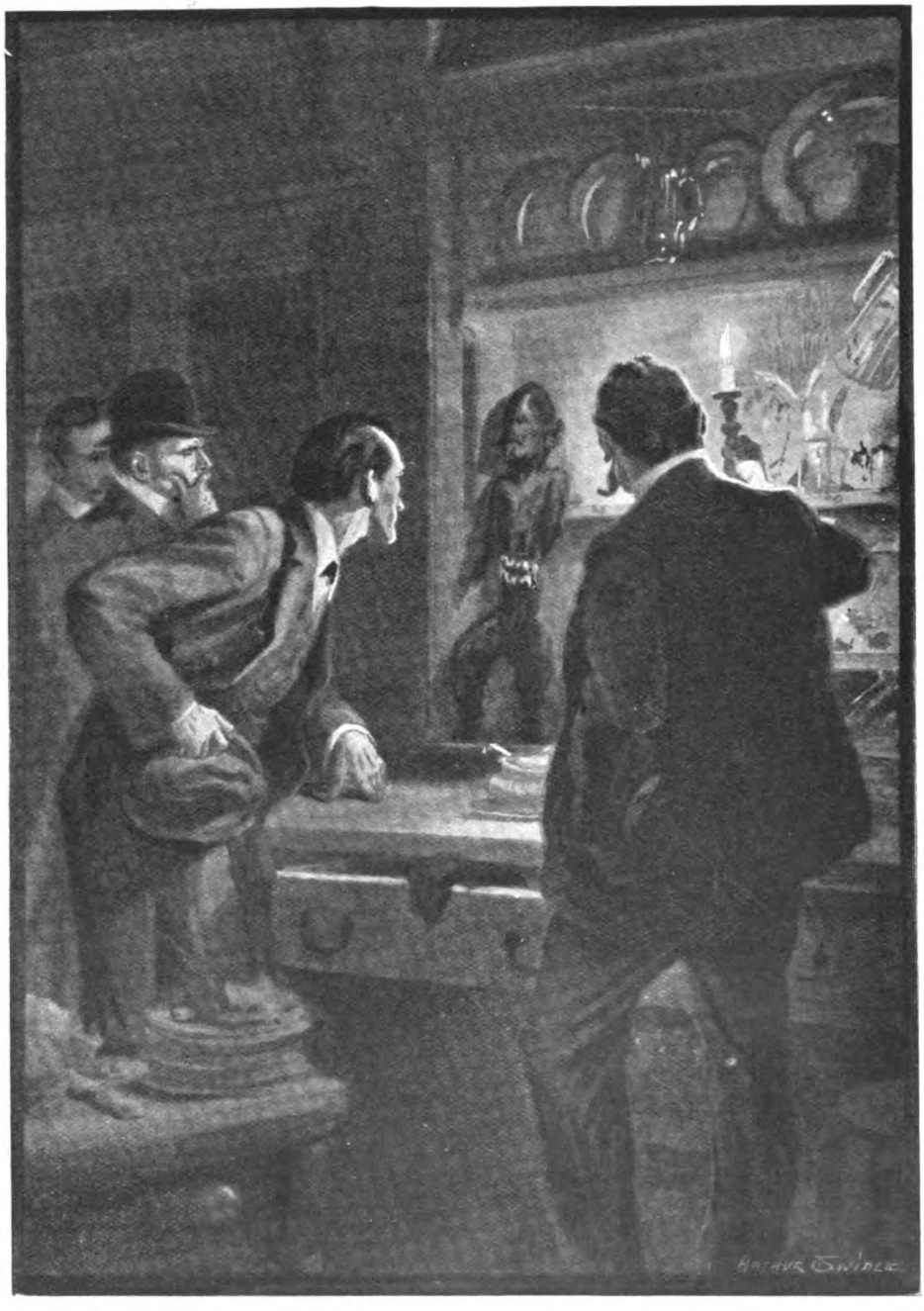
MADE OF MACARONI.

HERE is a photograph of a quaint little toy made by the "wily Chinee" out of the common tape or flat macaroni, although in appearance it would be easily mistaken for a wax model. By twirling the supporting little stick of cane between the fingers, the arms revolve with rapidity, and as each hand holds a dagger a very ludicrous stabbing action is produced. The figure, which is only three inches in height, is painted with those gay colours beloved by all Asiatics, and was purchased for the very modest sum of an English penny.—Mr. H. W. Haines, 23, Hampton Place, Brighton.

HOW OUR EYES DECEIVE US.

WHILE working out a problem recently I was deceived by the accompanying optical illusion. I never dreamt that the line A—Y could be equal to the line A—X until, after some figures, I actually tested them with the compass, when to my surprise I found that such was the case.—Mr. Alex. Blades, Les Charmettes, Lausanne, Switzerland.





"'VERY INTERESTING INDEED,' SAID HOLMES."

(*See page* 364.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxxvi. OCTOBER, 1908. No. 214.

A Reminiscence of Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

By ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

II. — The Tiger of San Pedro.

A COLD and melancholy walk of a couple of miles brought us to a high wooden gate which opened into a gloomy avenue of chestnuts. The curved and shadowed drive led us to a low, dark house, pitch-black against a slate-coloured sky. From the front window upon the left of the door there peeped the glimmer of a feeble light.

"There's a constable in possession," said Baynes. "I'll knock at the window." He stepped across the grass plot and tapped with his hand on the pane. Through the fogged glass I dimly saw a man spring up from a chair beside the fire, and heard a sharp cry from within the room. An instant later a white-faced, hard-breathing policeman had opened the door, the candle wavering in his trembling hand.

"What's the matter, Walters?" asked Baynes, sharply.

The man mopped his forehead with his handkerchief and gave a long sigh of relief.

"I am glad you have come, sir. It has been a long evening, and I don't think my nerve is as good as it was."

"Your nerve, Walters? I should not have thought you had a nerve in your body."

"Well, sir, it's this lonely, silent house and the queer thing in the kitchen. Then, when you tapped at the window I thought it had come again."

"That what had come again?"

"The devil, sir, for all I know. It was at the window."

"What was at the window, and when?"

"It was about two hours ago. The light was just fading. I was sitting reading in the chair. I don't know what made me look up, but there was a face looking in at me through the lower pane. Lord, sir, what a face it was! I'll see it in my dreams."

"Tut, tut, Walters! This is not talk for a police-constable."

"I know, sir, I know; but it shook me, sir, and there is no use to deny it. It wasn't black, sir, nor was it white, nor any colour that I know, but a kind of queer shade like clay with a splash of milk in it. Then there was the size of it—it was twice yours, sir. And the look of it—the great staring goggle eyes, and the line of white teeth like a hungry beast. I tell you, sir, I couldn't move a finger, nor get my breath, till it whisked away and was gone. Out I ran, and through the shrubbery, but thank God there was no one there."

"If I didn't know you were a good man, Walters, I should put a black mark against you for this. If it *were* the devil himself, a constable on duty should never thank God that he could not lay his hands upon him. I suppose the whole thing is not a vision and a touch of nerves?"

"That at least is very easily settled," said Holmes, lighting his little pocket lantern. "Yes," he reported, after a short examination of the grass bed, "a number twelve shoe, I should say. If he was all on the same scale as his foot he must certainly have been a giant."

"What became of him?"

"He seems to have broken through the shrubbery and made for the road."

"Well," said the inspector, with a grave and thoughtful face, "whoever he may have been, and whatever he may have wanted, he's gone for the present, and we have more immediate things to attend to. Now, Mr. Holmes, with your permission, I will show you round the house."

The various bedrooms and sitting-rooms

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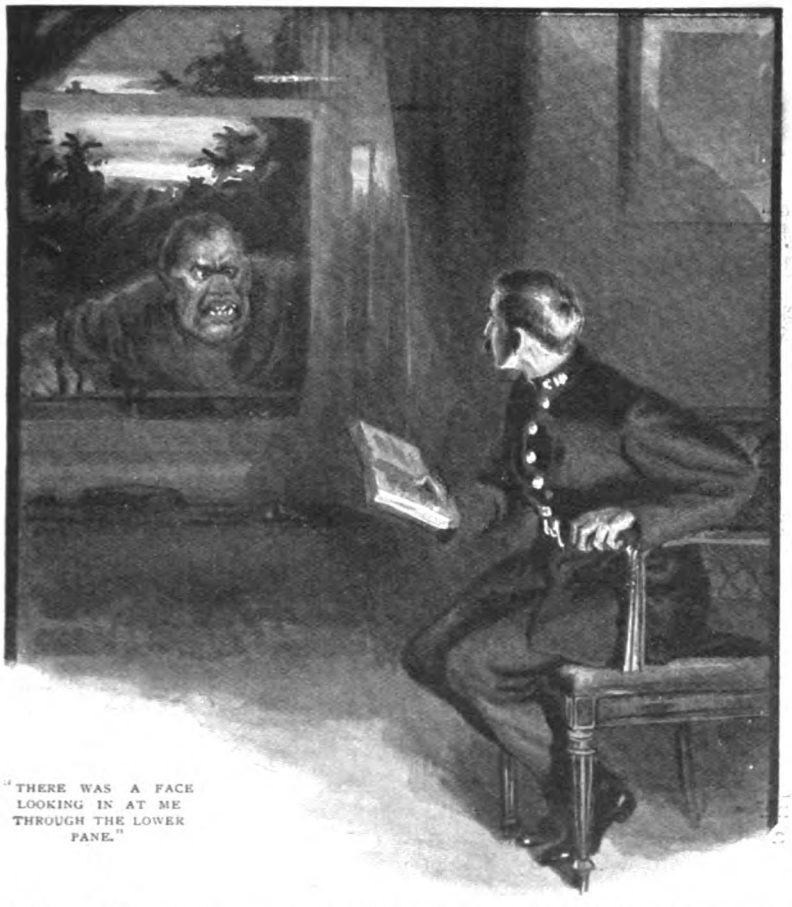


"THERE WAS A FACE LOOKING IN AT ME THROUGH THE LOWER PANE."

had yielded nothing to a careful search. Apparently the tenants had brought little or nothing with them, and all the furniture down to the smallest details had been taken over with the house. A good deal of clothing with the stamp of Marx and Co., High Holborn, had been left behind. Telegraphic inquiries had been already made which showed that Marx knew nothing of his customer save that he was a good payer. Odds and ends, some pipes, a few novels, two of them in Spanish, an old-fashioned pinfire revolver, and a guitar were amongst the personal property.

"Nothing in all this," said Baynes, stalking, candle in hand, from room to room. "But now, Mr. Holmes, I invite your attention to the kitchen."

It was a gloomy, high-ceilinged room at the back of the house, with a straw litter in one corner, which served apparently as a bed for the cook. The table was piled with half-eaten dishes and dirty plates, the *débris* of last night's dinner.

"Look at this," said Baynes. "What do you make of it?"

He held up his candle before an extraordinary object which stood at the back of the dresser. It was so wrinkled and shrunken and withered that it was difficult to say what it might have been. One could but say that it was black and leathery, and that it bore some resemblance to a dwarfish human figure. At first, as I examined it, I thought that it was a mummified negro baby, and then it seemed a very twisted and ancient monkey. Finally, I was left in doubt as to whether it was animal or human. A double band of white shells was strung round the centre of it.

"Very interesting — very interesting indeed!" said Holmes, peering at this sinister relic. "Anything more?"

In silence Baynes led the way to the sink and held forward his candle. The limbs and body of some large white bird, torn savagely to pieces with the feathers still on, were littered all over it. Holmes pointed to the wattles on the severed head.

"A white cock," said he; "most interesting! It is really a very curious case."

But Mr. Baynes had kept his most sinister exhibit to the last. From under the sink he drew a zinc pail which contained a quantity of blood. Then from the table he took a platter heaped with small pieces of charred bone.

"Something has been killed and something has been burned. We raked all these out of the fire. We had a doctor in this morning. He says that they are not human."

Holmes smiled and rubbed his hands.

"I must congratulate you, inspector, on handling so distinctive and instructive a case.

Your powers, if I may say so without offence, seem superior to your opportunities."

Inspector Baynes's small eyes twinkled with pleasure.

"You're right, Mr. Holmes. We stagnate in the provinces. A case of this sort gives a man a chance, and I hope that I shall take it. What do you make of these bones?"

"A lamb, I should say, or a kid."

"And the white cock?"

"Curious, Mr. Baynes, very curious. I should say almost unique."

"Yes, sir, there must have been some very strange people with some very strange ways in this house. One of them is dead. Did his companions follow him and kill him? If they did we should have them, for every port is watched. But my own views are different. Yes, sir, my own views are very different."

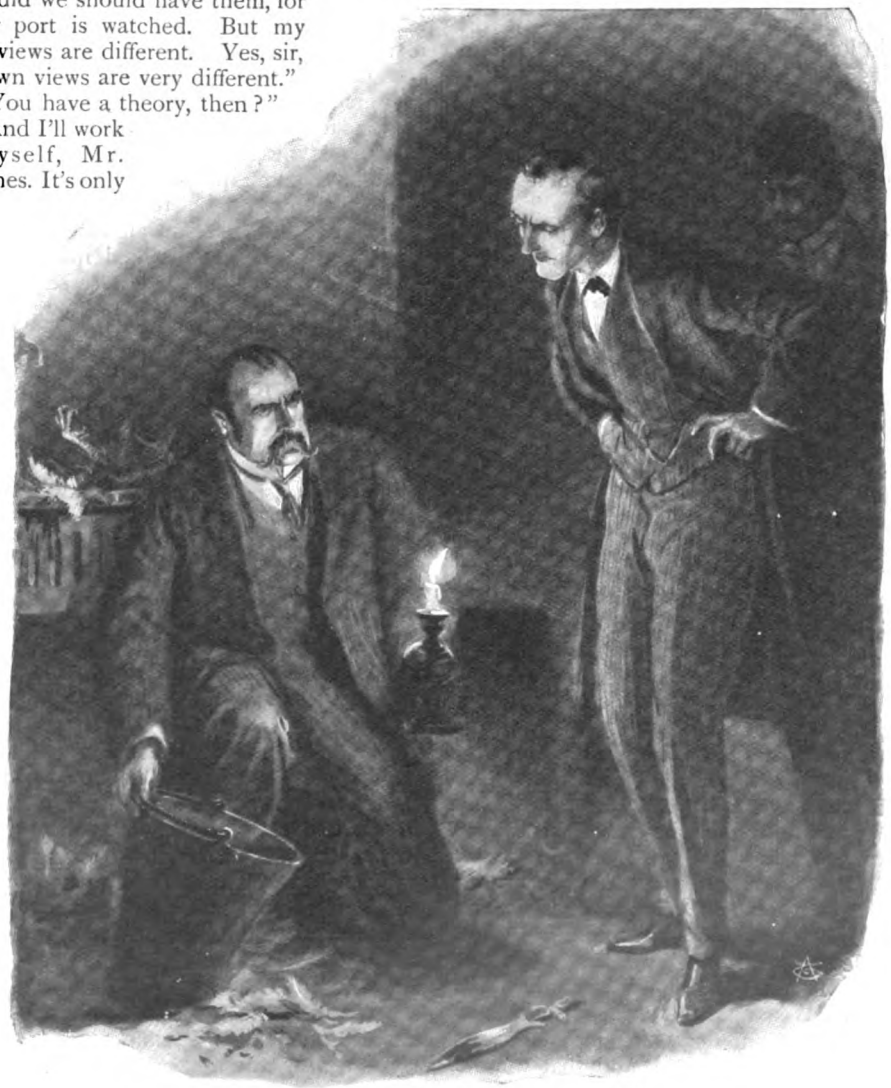
"You have a theory, then?"

"And I'll work it myself, Mr. Holmes. It's only due to my own credit to do so. Your name is made, but I have still to make mine. I should be glad to be able to say afterwards that I had solved it without your help."

Holmes laughed good-humouredly.

"Well, well, inspector," said he. "Do you follow your path and I will follow mine. My results are always very much at your service if you care to apply to me for them. I think that I have seen all that I wish in this house, and that my time may be more profitably employed elsewhere. *Au revoir* and good luck!"

I could tell by numerous subtle signs, which might have been lost upon anyone but myself, that Holmes was on a hot scent.



"FROM UNDER THE SINK HE DREW A ZINC PAIL."

As impassive as ever to the casual observer, there were none the less a subdued eagerness and a suggestion of tension in his brightened eyes and brisker manner which assured me that the game was afoot. After his habit he said nothing, and after mine I asked no questions. Sufficient for me to share the sport and lend my humble help to the capture without distracting that intent brain with needless interruption. All would come round to me in due time.

I waited, therefore — but, to my ever-deepening disappointment, I waited in vain. Day succeeded day, and my friend took no step forward. One morning he spent in town, and I learned from a casual reference that he had visited the British Museum. Save for this one excursion, he spent his days in long, and often solitary, walks, or in chatting with a number of village gossips whose acquaintance he had cultivated.

"I'm sure, Watson, a week in the country will be invaluable to you," he remarked. "It is very pleasant to see the first green shoots upon the hedges and the catkins on the hazels once again. With a spud, a tin box, and an elementary book on botany, there are instructive days to be spent." He prowled about with this equipment himself, but it was a poor show of plants which he would bring back of an evening.

Occasionally in our rambles we came across Inspector Baynes. His fat, red face wreathed itself in smiles and his small eyes glittered as he greeted my companion. He said little about the case, but from that little we gathered that he also was not dissatisfied at the course of events. I must admit, however, that I was somewhat surprised when, some five days after the crime, I opened my morning paper to find in large letters:—

"THE OXSHOTT MYSTERY.
A SOLUTION.
ARREST OF SUPPOSED ASSASSIN."

Holmes sprang in his chair as if he had been stung when I read the head-lines.

"By Jove!" he cried. "You don't mean that Baynes has got him?"

"Apparently," said I, as I read the following report:—

"Great excitement was caused in Esher and the neighbouring district when it was learned late last night that an arrest had been effected in connection with the Oxshott murder. It will be remembered that Mr. Garcia, of Wistaria Lodge, was found dead on Oxshott Common, his body showing signs of extreme violence, and that on the same night his servant and his cook fled, which appeared to show their participation in the crime. It was suggested, but never proved, that the deceased gentleman may have had valuables in the house, and that their abstraction was the motive of the crime. Every effort was made by Inspector Baynes, who has the case in hand, to ascertain the hiding-place of the fugitives, and he had good reason to believe that they had not gone far, but were lurking in some retreat which had been already prepared. It was certain from the first, however, that they would eventually be detected, as the cook, from the evidence of one or two tradespeople who have caught a glimpse of him through the window, was a man of most remarkable appearance—being a huge and hideous mulatto, with yellowish features of a pronounced negroid type. This man has been seen since the crime, for he was detected and pursued by Constable Walters on the same evening, when he had the audacity to revisit Wistaria Lodge. Inspector Baynes, considering that such a visit must have some purpose in view, and was likely therefore to be repeated, abandoned the house, but left an ambuscade in the shrubbery. The man walked into the trap, and was captured last night after a struggle, in which Constable Downing was badly bitten by the savage. We understand that when the prisoner is brought before the magistrates a remand will be applied for by the police, and that great developments are hoped from his capture."

"Really we must see Baynes at once," cried Holmes, picking up his hat. "We will just catch him before he starts." We hurried down the village street and found, as we had expected, that the inspector was just leaving his lodgings.

"You've seen the paper, Mr. Holmes?" he asked, holding one out to us.

"Yes, Baynes, I've seen it. Pray don't think it a liberty if I give you a word of friendly warning."

"Of warning, Mr. Holmes?"

"I have looked into this case with some care, and I am not convinced that you are on the right lines. I don't want you to commit yourself too far, unless you are sure."

"You're very kind, Mr. Holmes."

"I assure you I speak for your good."

It seemed to me that something like a wink quivered for an instant over one of Mr. Baynes's tiny eyes.

"We agreed to work on our own lines, Mr. Holmes. That's what I am doing."

"Oh, very good," said Holmes. "Don't blame me."

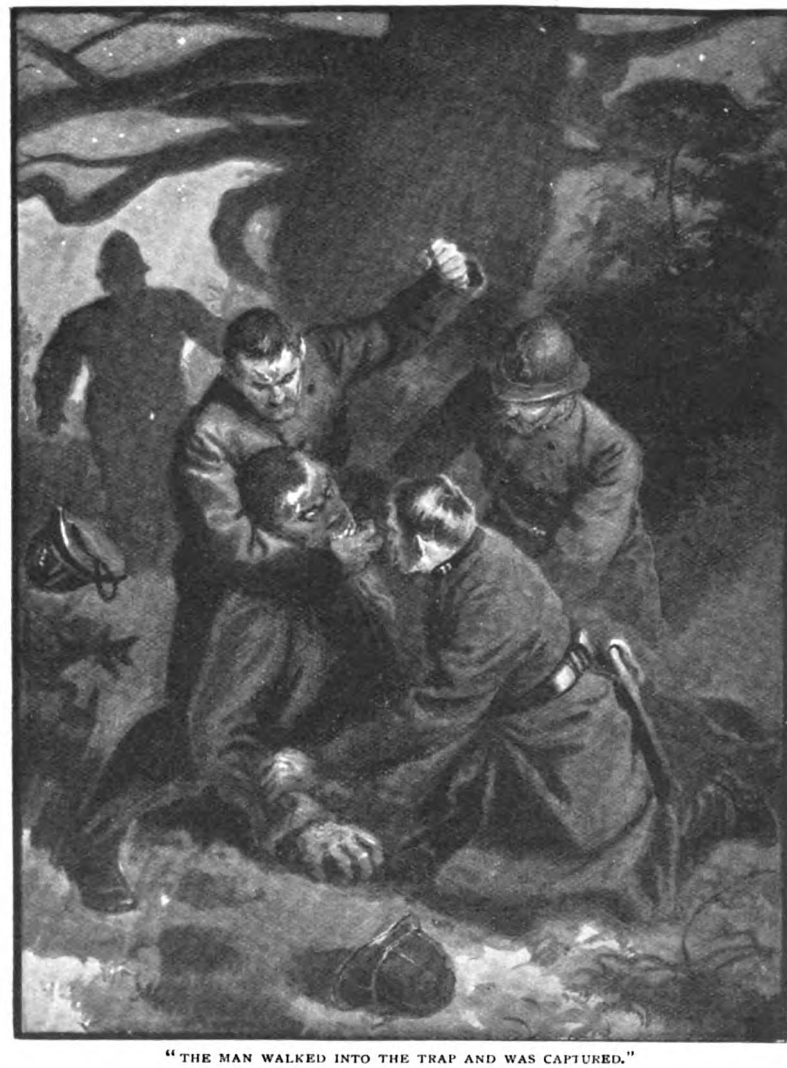
"No, sir; I believe you mean well by me. But we all have our own systems, Mr. Holmes. You have yours, and maybe I have mine."

"Let us say no more about it."

"You're welcome always to my news. This fellow is a perfect savage, as strong as a cart-horse and as fierce as the devil. He chewed Downing's thumb nearly off before they could master him. He hardly speaks a word of English, and we can get nothing out of him but grunts."

"And you think you have evidence that he murdered his late master?"

"I didn't say so, Mr. Holmes; I didn't say so. We all have our little ways. You try yours and I will try mine. That's the agreement."



"THE MAN WALKED INTO THE TRAP AND WAS CAPTURED."

Holmes shrugged his shoulders as we walked away together. "I can't make the man out. He seems to be riding for a fall. Well, as he says, we must each try our own way and see what comes of it. But there's something in Inspector Baynes which I can't quite understand."

"Just sit down in that chair, Watson," said Sherlock Holmes, when we had returned to our apartment at the Bull. "I want to put you in touch with the situation, as I may need your help to-night. Let me show you the evolution of this case, so far as I have been able to follow it. Simple as it has been in its leading features, it has none the less presented surprising difficulties in the way of an arrest. There are gaps in that direction which we have still to fill.

"We will go back to the note which was handed in to Garcia upon the evening of his death. We may put aside this idea of Baynes's that Garcia's servants were concerned in the matter. The proof of this lies in the fact that it was *he* who had arranged for the presence of Scott Eccles, which could only have been done for the purpose of an alibi. It was Garcia, then, who had an enterprise, and apparently a criminal enterprise, in hand that night, in the course of which he met his death. I say criminal because only a man with a criminal enterprise desires to establish an alibi. Who, then, is most likely to have taken his life? Surely the person against whom the criminal enterprise was directed. So far it seems to me that we are on safe ground.

"We can now see a reason for the disappearance of Garcia's household. They were *all* confederates in the same unknown crime. If it came off then Garcia returned, any possible suspicion would be warded off by the Englishman's evidence, and all would be well. But the attempt was a dangerous one, and if Garcia did *not* return by a certain hour it was probable that his own life had been sacrificed. It had been arranged, therefore, that in such a case his two subordinates were to make for some prearranged spot, where they could escape investigation and be in a position afterwards to renew their attempt. That would fully explain the facts, would it not?"

The whole inexplicable tangle seemed to straighten out before me. I wondered, as I always did, how it had not been obvious to me before.

"But why should one servant return?"

"We can imagine that, in the confusion of flight, something precious, something which he could not bear to part with, had been left behind. That would explain his persistence, would it not?"

"Well, what is the next step?"

"The next step is the note received by Garcia at the dinner. It indicates a confederate at the other end. Now, where was the other end? I have already shown you that it could only lie in some large house, and that the number of large houses is limited. My first days in this village were devoted to a series of walks, in which in the intervals of my botanical researches I made a reconnaissance of all the large houses and an examination of the family history of the occupants. One house, and only one, riveted my attention. It is the famous old Jacobean grange of High Gable, one mile on the farther side of Oxshott, and less than half a mile from the scene of the tragedy. The other mansions belonged to prosaic and respectable people who live far aloof from romance. But Mr. Henderson, of High Gable, was by all accounts a curious man, to whom curious adventures might befall. I concentrated my attention, therefore, upon him and his household.

"A singular set of people, Watson—the man himself the most singular of them all. I managed to see him on a plausible pretext, but I seemed to read in his dark, deep-set, brooding eyes that he was perfectly aware of my true business. He is a man of fifty, strong, active, with iron-grey hair, great bunched black eyebrows, the step of a deer, and the air of an emperor—a fierce, masterful man, with a red-hot spirit behind his parchment face. He is either a foreigner or has lived long in the Tropics, for he is yellow and sapless, but tough as whipcord. His friend and secretary, Mr. Lucas, is undoubtedly a foreigner, chocolate brown, wily, suave, and cat-like, with a poisonous gentleness of speech. You see, Watson, we have come already upon two sets of foreigners—one at Wistaria Lodge and one at High Gable—so our gaps are beginning to close.

"These two men, close and confidential friends, are the centre of the household; but there is one other person, who for our immediate purpose may be even more important. Henderson has two children—girls of eleven and thirteen. Their governess is a Miss Burnet, an Englishwoman of forty or thereabouts. There is also one confidential man-servant. This little group forms the real family, for they travel about together, and Henderson is a great traveller, always on the move. It is only within the last few weeks that he has returned, after a year's absence, to High Gable. I may add that he is enormously rich, and whatever his whims may be he can very easily satisfy them. For the rest, his house is full of butlers, footmen, maid-servants, and the usual overfed, underworked staff of a large English country-house.

"So much I learned partly from village gossip and partly from my own observation. There are no better instruments than discharged servants with a grievance, and I was lucky enough to find one. I call it luck, but it would not have come my way had I not been looking out for it. As Baynes remarks, we all have our systems. It was my system which enabled me to find John Warner, late gardener of High Gable, sacked in a moment of temper by his imperious employer. He in turn had friends among the indoor servants, who unite in their fear and dislike of their master. So I had my key to the secrets of the establishment.

"Curious people, Watson! I don't pretend to understand it all yet, but very curious people anyway. It's a double-winged house, and the servants live on one side, the family on the other. There's no link between the two save for Henderson's own servant, who serves the family's meals. Everything is carried to a certain door, which forms the one connection. Governess and children hardly go out at all, except into the garden. Henderson never by any chance walks alone. His dark secretary is like his shadow. The gossip among the servants is that their master is terribly afraid of something. 'Sold

his soul to the devil in exchange for money,' says Warner, 'and expects his creditor to come up and claim his own.' Where they came from or who they are nobody has an idea. They are very violent. Twice Henderson has lashed at folk with his dog-whip, and only his long purse and heavy compensation have kept him out of the courts.

"Well, now, Watson, let us judge the situation by this new information. We may take it that the letter came out of this strange household, and was an invitation to Garcia to carry out some attempt which had already been planned. Who wrote the note? It was someone within the citadel, and it was a woman. Who, then, but Miss Burnet, the governess? All our reasoning seems to point that way. At any rate, we may take it as a hypothesis, and see what consequences it would entail. I may add that Miss Burnet's age and character make it certain that my first idea that there might be a love interest in our story is out of the question.

"If she wrote the note she was presumably the friend and confederate of Garcia. What, then, might she be expected to do if she heard of his death? If he met it in some nefarious enterprise her lips might be sealed. Still, in her heart she must retain bitterness and hatred against those who had killed him, and would presumably help so far as she could to have revenge upon them. Could we see her, then, and try to use her? That was my first thought. But now we come to a sinister fact. Miss Burnet has not been seen by any human eye since the night of the murder. From that evening she has utterly vanished. Is she alive? Has she perhaps met her end on the same night as the friend whom she had summoned? Or is she merely a prisoner? There is the point which we still have to decide.

"You will appreciate the difficulty of the situation, Watson. There is nothing upon which we can apply for a warrant. Our whole scheme might seem fantastic if laid before a magistrate. The woman's disappearance counts for nothing, since in that extraordinary household any member of it might be invisible for a week. And yet she may at the present moment be in danger of her life. All I can do is to watch the house and leave my agent, Warner, on guard at the gates. We can't let such a situation continue. If the law can do nothing we must take the risk ourselves."

"What do you suggest?"

"I know which is her room. It is accessible from the top of an outhouse. My suggestion is that you and I go to-night and see if we can strike at the very heart of the mystery."

It was not, I must confess, a very alluring prospect. The old house with its atmosphere of murder, the singular and formidable inhabitants, the unknown dangers of the approach, and the fact that we were putting ourselves legally in a false position, all combined to damp my ardour. But there was something in the ice-cold reasoning of Holmes which made it impossible to shrink from any adventure which he might recommend. One knew that thus, and only thus, could a solution be found. I clasped his hand in silence, and the die was cast.

But it was not destined that our investigation should have so adventurous an ending. It was about five o'clock, and the shadows of the March evening were beginning to fall, when an excited rustic rushed into our room.

"They've gone, Mr. Holmes. They went by the last train. The lady broke away, and I've got her in a cab downstairs."

"Excellent, Warner!" cried Holmes, springing to his feet. "Watson, the gaps are closing rapidly."

In the cab was a woman, half-collapsed from nervous exhaustion. She bore upon her aquiline and emaciated face the traces of some recent tragedy. Her head hung listlessly upon her breast, but as she raised it and turned her dull eyes upon us I saw that her pupils were dark dots in the centre of the broad grey iris. She was drugged with opium.

"I watched at the gate, same as you advised, Mr. Holmes," said our emissary, the discharged gardener. "When the carriage came out I followed it to the station. She was like one walking in her sleep; but when they tried to get her into the train she came to life and struggled. They pushed her into the carriage. She fought her way out again. I took her part, got her into a cab, and here we are. I sha'n't forget the face at the carriage window as I led her away. I'd have a short life if he had his way—the black-eyed, scowling yellow devil."

We carried her upstairs, laid her on the sofa, and a couple of cups of the strongest coffee soon cleared her brain from the mists of the drug. Baynes had been summoned by Holmes, and the situation rapidly explained to him.

"Why, sir, you've got me the very evidence I want," said the inspector, warmly, shaking

"SHE FOUGHT HER WAY OUT AGAIN."

my friend by the hand. "I was on the same scent as you from the first."

"What! You were after Henderson?"

"Why, Mr. Holmes, when you were crawling in the shrubbery at High Gable I was up one of the trees in the plantation and saw you down below. It was just who would get his evidence first."

"Then why did you arrest the mulatto?"

Baynes chuckled.

"I was sure Henderson, as he calls himself, felt that he was suspected, and that he would lie low and make no move so long as he thought he was in any danger. I arrested the wrong man to make him believe that our eyes were off him. I knew he would be likely to clear off then and give us a chance of getting at Miss Burnet."

Holmes laid his hand upon the inspector's shoulder.

"You will rise high in your profession. You have instinct and intuition," said he.

Baynes flushed with pleasure.

"I've had a plain-clothes man waiting at the station all the week. Wherever the High Gable folk go he will keep them in sight. But he must have been hard put to it when Miss Burnet broke away. However, your man picked her up, and it all ends well. We can't arrest without her evidence, that is clear, so the sooner we get a statement the better."

"Every minute she gets stronger," said Holmes, glancing at the governess. "But tell me, Baynes, who is this man Henderson?"

"Henderson," the inspector answered, "is Don Murillo, once called the Tiger of San Pedro."

The Tiger of San Pedro! The whole history of the man came back to me in a flash. He had made his name as the most lewd and bloodthirsty tyrant that had ever governed any country with a pretence to civilization. Strong, fearless, and energetic, he had sufficient virtue to enable him to impose his odious vices upon a cowering people for ten or twelve years. His name was a terror through all Central America. At the end of that time there was a universal rising against him. But he was as cunning as he was cruel, and at the first whisper of coming trouble he had secretly conveyed his treasures aboard a ship which was manned by devoted adherents. It was an empty palace which was stormed by the insurgents next day. The Dictator, his two children, his secretary, and his wealth had all escaped them. From that moment he had vanished from the world, and his identity had been a

frequent subject for comment in the European Press.

"Yes, sir; Don Murillo, the Tiger of San Pedro," said Baynes. "If you look it up you will find that the San Pedro colours are green and white, same as in the note, Mr. Holmes. Henderson he called himself, but I traced him back, Paris and Rome and Madrid to Barcelona, where his ship came in in '86. They've been looking for him all the time for their revenge, but it is only now that they have begun to find him out."

"They discovered him a year ago," said Miss Burnet, who had sat up and was now intently following the conversation. "Once already his life has been attempted; but some evil spirit shielded him. Now, again, it is the noble, chivalrous Garcia who has fallen, while the monster goes safe. But another will come, and yet another, until some day justice will be done; that is as certain as the rise of to-morrow's sun." Her thin hands clenched, and her worn face blanched with the passion of her hatred.

"But how come you into this matter, Miss Burnet?" asked Holmes. "How can an English lady join in such a murderous affair?"

"I join in it because there is no other way in the world by which justice can be gained. What does the law of England care for the rivers of blood shed years ago in San Pedro, or for the ship-load of treasure which this man has stolen? To you they are like crimes committed in some other planet. But *we* know. We have learned the truth in sorrow and in suffering. To us there is no fiend in hell like Juan Murillo, and no peace in life while his victims still cry for vengeance."

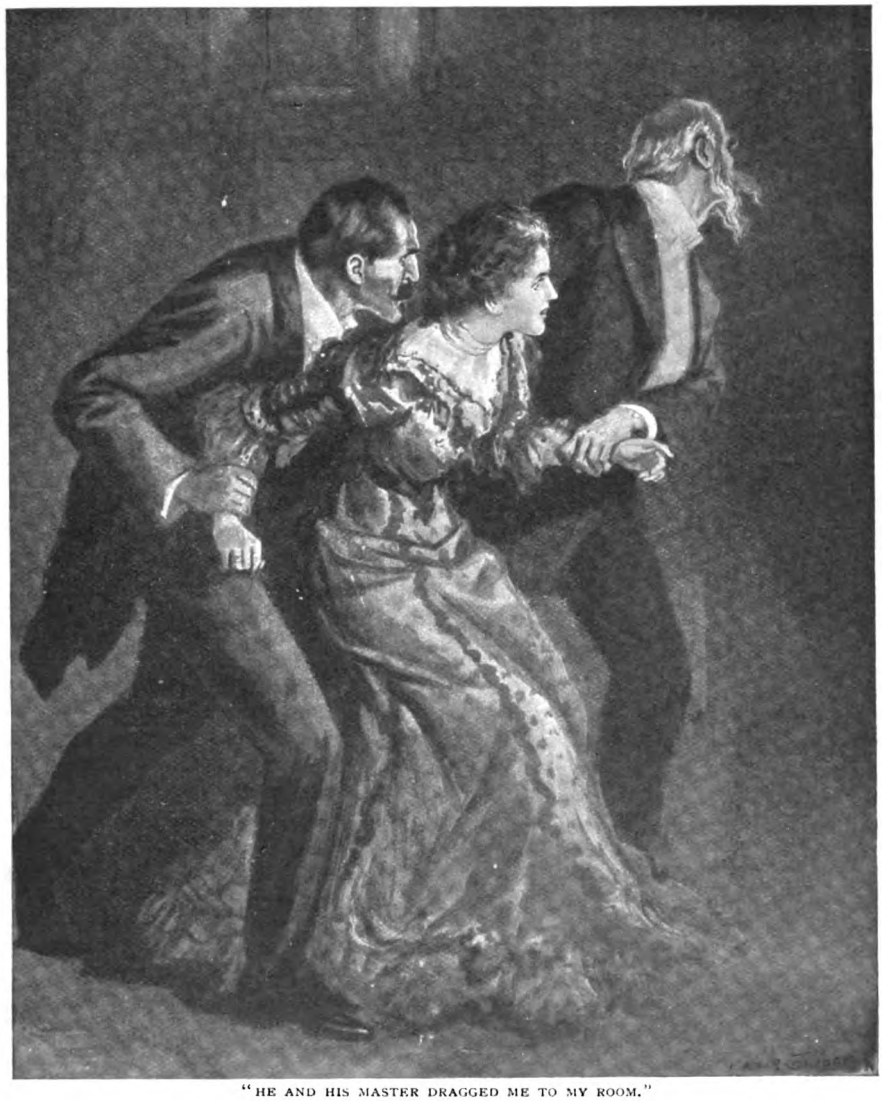
"No doubt," said Holmes, "he was as you say. I have heard that he was atrocious. But how are you affected?"

"I will tell you it all. This villain's policy was to murder, on one pretext or another, every man who showed such promise that he might in time come to be a dangerous rival. My husband—yes, my real name is Signora Victor Durando — was the San Pedro Minister in London. He met me and married me there. A nobler man never lived upon earth. Unhappily, Murillo heard of his excellence, recalled him on some pretext, and had him shot. With a premonition of his fate he had refused to take me with him. His estates were confiscated, and I was left with a pittance and a broken heart.

"Then came the downfall of the tyrant. He escaped as you have just described. But the many whose lives he had ruined, whose nearest and dearest had suffered torture and death at his hands, would not let the matter rest. They banded themselves into a society which should never be dissolved until the work was done. It was my part, after we had discovered in the transformed Henderson the fallen despot, to attach myself to his household and keep the others in touch with his movements. This I was able to do by securing the position of governess in his family. He little knew that the woman who faced him at every meal was the woman whose husband he had hurried at an hour's notice into eternity. I smiled on him, did my duty to his children, and bided my time. An attempt was made in Paris, and failed. We zigzagged swiftly here and there over Europe, to throw off the pursuers, and finally returned to this house, which he had taken upon his first arrival in England.

"But here also the ministers of justice were waiting. Knowing that he would return there, Garcia, who is the son of the former highest dignitary in San Pedro, was waiting with two trusty companions of humble station, all three fired with the same reasons for revenge. He could do little during the day, for Murillo took every precaution, and never went out save with his satellite Lucas, or Lopez as he was known in the days of his greatness. At night, however, he slept alone, and the avenger might find him. On a certain evening, which had been prearranged, I sent my friend final instructions, for the man was for ever on the alert, and continually changed his room. I was to see that the doors were open, and the signal of a green or white light in a window which faced the drive was to give notice if all was safe, or if the attempt had better be postponed.

"But everything went wrong with us. In some way I had excited the suspicion of Lopez, the secretary. He crept up behind me, and sprang upon me just as I had finished the note. He and his master dragged me to my room, and held judgment upon me as a convicted traitress. Then and there they would have plunged their knives into me, could they have seen how to escape the consequences of the deed. Finally, after much debate, they concluded that my murder was too dangerous. But they determined to get rid for ever of Garcia. They had gagged me, and Murillo twisted my arm round until I gave him the address. I swear that he might have twisted it off had I understood what it would mean to Garcia.



"HE AND HIS MASTER DRAGGED ME TO MY ROOM."

Lopez addressed the note which I had written, sealed it with his sleeve-link, and sent it by the hand of the servant, José. How they murdered him I do not know, save that it was Murillo's hand who struck him down, for Lopez had remained to guard me. I believe he must have waited among the gorse bushes through which the path winds and struck him down as he passed. At first they were of a mind to let him enter the house and to kill him as a detected burglar; but they argued that if they were mixed up in an inquiry their own identity would at once be publicly disclosed and they would be open to further attacks. With the death of Garcia the pursuit might cease, since such a death might frighten others from the task.

"All would now have been well for them had it not been for my knowledge of what they had done. I have no doubt that there were times when my life hung in the balance. I was confined to my room, terrorized by the most horrible threats, cruelly ill-used to break my spirit—see this stab on my shoulder and the bruises from end to end of my arms—and a gag was thrust into my mouth on the one occasion when I tried to call from the window. For five days this cruel imprisonment continued, with hardly enough food to hold body and soul together. This afternoon a good lunch was brought me, but

the moment after I took it I knew that I had been drugged. In a sort of dream I remember being half-led, half-carried to the carriage; in the same state I was conveyed to the train. Only then, when the wheels were almost moving, did I suddenly realize that my liberty lay in my own hands. I sprang out, they tried to drag me back, and had it not been for the help of this good man, who led me to the cab, I should never have broken away. Now, thank God, I am beyond their power for ever."

We had all listened intently to this remarkable statement. It was Holmes who broke the silence.

"Our difficulties are not over," he remarked, shaking his head. "Our police work ends, but our legal work begins."

"Exactly," said I. "A plausible lawyer could make it out as an act of self-defence. There may be a hundred crimes in the background, but it is only on this one that they can be tried."

"Come, come," said Baynes, cheerily; "I think better of the law than that. Self-defence is one thing. To entice a man in cold blood with the object of murdering him is another, whatever danger you may fear from him. No, no; we shall all be justified when we see the tenants of High Gable at the next Guildford Assizes."

It is a matter of history, however, that a little time was still to elapse before the Tiger of San Pedro should meet with his deserts. Wily and bold, he and his companion threw their pursuer off their track by entering a lodging-house in Edmonton Street and leaving by the back-gate into Curzon Square. From that day they were seen no more in England. Some six months afterwards the Marquess of Montalva and Signor Rulli, his secretary, were both murdered in their rooms at the Hotel Escurial at Madrid. The crime was ascribed to Nihilism, and the murderers were never arrested. Inspector Baynes visited us at Baker Street with a printed description of the dark face of the secretary, and of the masterful features, the magnetic black eyes, and the tufted brows of his master. We could not doubt that justice, if belated, had come at last.

"A chaotic case, my dear Watson," said Holmes, over an evening pipe. "It will not be possible for you to present it in that compact form which is dear to your heart. It covers two continents, concerns two groups of mysterious persons, and is further complicated by the highly respectable presence of our friend Scott Eccles, whose inclusion shows me that the deceased Garcia had a scheming mind and a well-developed instinct of self-preservation. It is remarkable only for the fact that amid a perfect jungle of possibilities we, with our worthy collaborator the inspector, have kept our close hold on the essentials and so been guided along the crooked and winding path. Is there any point which is not quite clear to you?"

"The object of the mulatto cook's return?"

"I think that the strange creature in the kitchen may account for it. The man was a primitive savage from the backwoods of San Pedro, and this was his fetish. When his companion and he had fled to some prearranged retreat—already occupied, no doubt, by a confederate—the companion had persuaded him to leave so compromising an article of furniture. But the mulatto's heart was with it, and he was driven back to it next day, when, on reconnoitring through the window, he found policeman Walters in possession. He waited three days longer, and then his piety or his superstition drove him to try once more. Inspector Baynes, who, with his usual astuteness, had minimized the incident before me, had really recognised its importance, and had left a trap into which the creature walked. Any other point, Watson?"

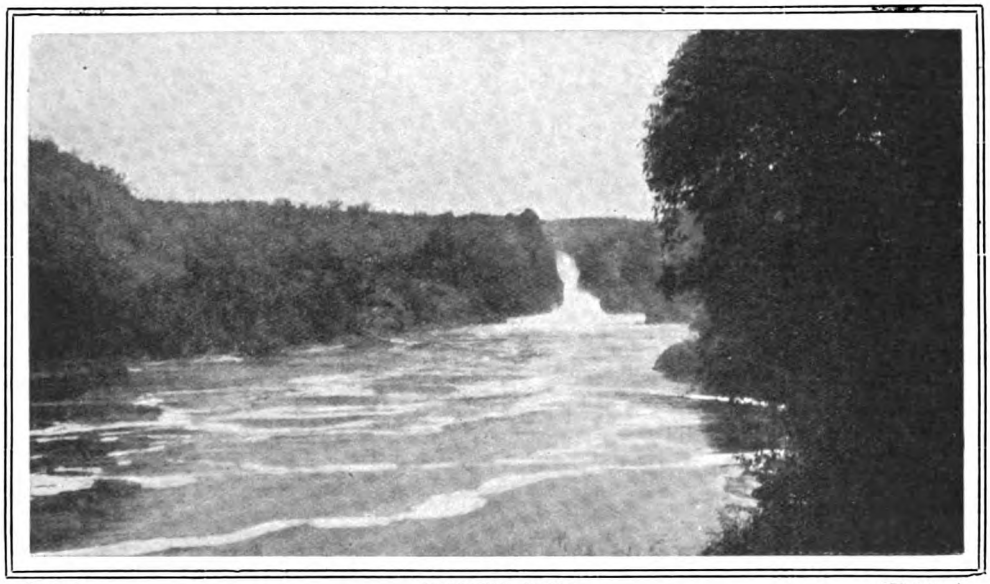
"The torn bird, the pail of blood, the charred bones, all the mystery of that weird kitchen?"

Holmes smiled as he turned up an entry in his note-book.

"I spent a morning in the British Museum reading up that and other points. Here is a quotation from Eckermann's 'Voodooism and the Negroid Religions':—

"'The true Voodoo-worshipper attempts nothing of importance without certain sacrifices which are intended to propitiate his unclean gods. In extreme cases these rites take the form of human sacrifices followed by cannibalism. The more usual victims are a white cock, which is plucked in pieces alive, or a black goat, whose throat is cut and body burned.'

"So you see our savage friend was very orthodox in his ritual. It is grotesque, Watson," Holmes added, as he slowly fastened his note-book; "but, as I have had occasion to remark, there is but one step from the grotesque to the horrible."



From a] MURCHISON FALLS. *[Photograph*

"MY AFRICAN JOURNEY."

BY THE RT. HON. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, M.P

VIII.—MURCHISON FALLS.

WE had intended, on leaving the Nile where it turns northwards at Mruli, to march directly across to Hoima, on the Albert Lake; and this journey, by way of Masindi, would have required four marches. But tales of the beauty and wonder of the Murchison Falls had captivated my mind, and before embarking at Kakindu a new plan had been resolved. Runners were sent back to the telegraph-wire at Jinja, and thence a message was flashed by Kampala to Hoima, directing the flotilla which awaited us there to steam to the north end of the Albert and meet us at the foot of the Murchison Falls at Fajao. Thither we were now to proceed by five marches—two to Masindi and three more turning northward to the Nile.

The road from Mruli consists of a sort of embanked track through low-lying and desolate scrub and jungle. The heavy black cotton soil, cracked and granulated by the heat, offered at this time a hardened if uneven surface to the bicycle; but in the rains such paths must become utterly impassable. As one advances westward the country improves rapidly in aspect. The dismal flats of the South Chioga shore are left behind, and the traveller discovers more characteristic Uganda scenery in a region of small hills and great trees. Before Masindi is reached we are again in a rich and beautiful land. Pools of shining water, set in verdant green, flash back the sunbeams. Bold bluffs and ridges rise on all sides from amid the unceasing undulations of the ground. Streams plash merrily downwards through rocky channels. The yellow grass roofs of frequent villages peep from underneath their groves of bananas, among broad streaks of cultivated ground, and chiefs and headmen salute the stranger with grave yet curious politeness as the long "safari" winds beneath the trees.

The heat grows as the altitude dwindles, and even in the early morning the sun sits hard and heavy on the shoulders. At ten o'clock its power is tremendous. So long as the roadway consisted of nobbly lumps of black cotton soil bicycling, though possible in places, was scarcely pleasant. But the change in the landscape arises from the change in the soil. The fields are now of bright red earth, the paths of red sandstone washed in places almost as smooth and as firm as asphalt by the rains and sparkling with

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crystalline dust; and when the ridges which form the watershed between Lake Chioga and Lake Albert had been topped, my bicycle glided almost without impulsion down four miles of gradual descent into Masindi. This station — which is the residence of a collector—lies embosomed in a wide bay of gently-sloping hills clothed with noble trees. It is indeed a pleasant spot. There are real houses, standing on high stone platforms, with deep verandas and wire gauze windows. The roads are laid out in bold geometry of broad red lines. There are avenues of planted trees, delicious banks of flowers, a prepared breakfast, cold, not cool, drinks, a telegraph office, and a file of the *Times*. What more could an explorer desire or the Fates accord!

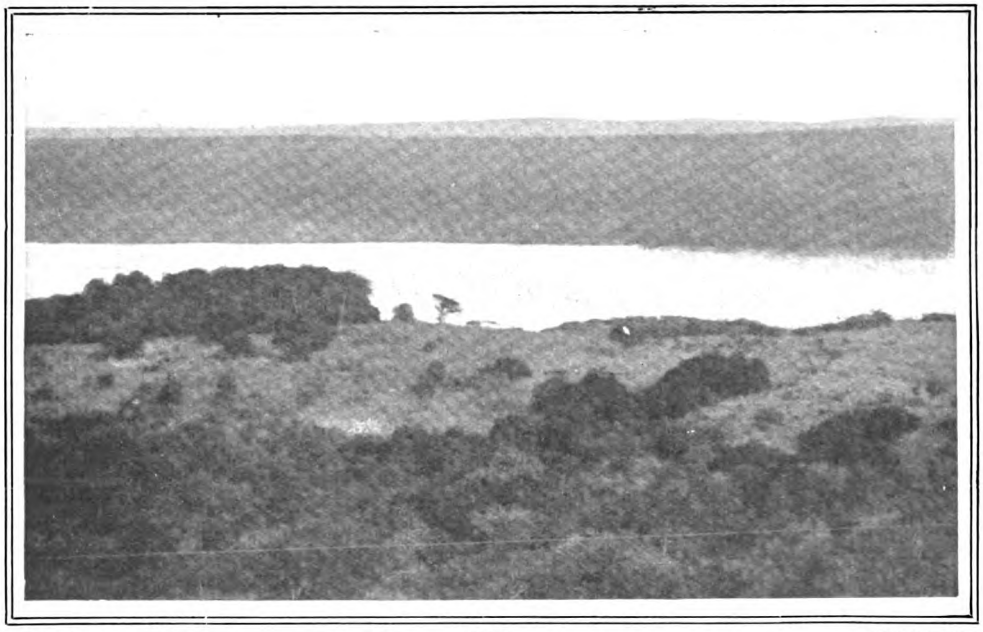
We were now to strike northwards to the Nile at Fajao in three long marches (for the porters) of about sixteen miles each. Upon the Hoima road some preparations had been made to make the journey easier by clearing the encroaching jungle from the track and constructing rest-houses. But my change of plan had disconcerted these arrangements, and on the new route we had to clear our own paths from the overgrowth by which even in a season, if unused, they are choked, and to trust to tents and improvised shelters. Progress was therefore slow and camps unpretentious. But all was redeemed by the wonders of the scene. For a whole day we crept through the skirts of the Hoima forest, amid an exuberance of vegetation which is scarcely describable. I had travelled through tropical forests in Cuba and India, and had often before admired their enchanting, yet sinister, luxuriance. But the forests of Uganda, for magnificence, for variety of form and colour, for profusion of brilliant life—plant, bird, insect, reptile, beast—for the vast scale and awful fecundity of the natural processes that are beheld at work, eclipsed, and indeed effaced, all previous impressions. One becomes, not without a secret sense of aversion, the spectator of an intense convulsion of life and death. Reproduction and decay are locked struggling in infinite embraces. In this glittering Equatorial slum huge trees jostle one another for room to live; slender growths stretch upwards—as it seems in agony—towards sunlight and life. The soil bursts with irrepressible vegetations. Every victor, trampling on the rotting mould of exterminated antagonists, soars aloft only to encounter another host of aerial rivals, to be burdened with masses of parasitic foliage, smothered in the glorious blossoms of creepers, laced and bound and interwoven with interminable tangles of vines and trailers. Birds are as bright as butterflies; butterflies are as big as birds. The air hums with flying creatures; the earth crawls beneath your foot. The telegraph-wire runs northward to Gondokoro through this vegetable labyrinth. Even its poles had broken into bud.

As we advanced, continually rising or falling with the waves of the land, and moving in rapid alternations from a blazing patch of sunshine into a cloistered dimness, every now and then the path became smooth, broad, and of firm sandstone. And here one could watch the columns of marching soldier-ants. Perhaps in a hundred yards the road would be crossed four times by these fierce armies. They move in regular array, and upon purposes at once inscrutable and unswerving. A brown band, perhaps two inches broad and an inch and a half *deep*, is drawn across your track. Its ends are lost in the recesses of the jungle. It moves unceasingly and with a multiplied rapidity; for each ant runs swiftly forward, whether upon the ground or upon the backs of his already moving comrades. About a yard away, on each side of the main column, are the screening lines of the flank-guards, and for five yards beyond this every inch is searched, every object is examined by tireless and fearless reconnoitring patrols. Woe to the enemy who is overtaken by these hordes. No matter what his size or nature, he is attacked at once by an ever-increasing number of assailants, each one of whom, by remorseless instinct, plunges his strong mandibles in the flesh, and will have his head pulled off his shoulders rather than let go.

These ant armies fascinated me. I could not resist interfering with them. With my walking-stick I gently broke the column and pushed the swarming rope off its line of march. Their surprise, their confusion, their indignation were extreme. But not for an instant did they pause. In a second the scouts were running all over my boots eagerly seeking an entry, and when I looked back from this to the walking-stick I held it was already alive. With a gesture so nimble that it might have been misunderstood, I cast it from me and jumped back out of the danger circle until I found refuge on a large rock at a respectful distance. The Soudanese sergeant-major of the escort, a splendid negro, drilled as smart as a Grenadier guardsman and with a good long row of medal

ribbons on his khaki tunic, so far forgot himself as to grin from ear to ear. But his gravity was fully restored when I invited him to rescue my walking-stick, which lay abandoned on the field in the mandibles of the victorious enemy. The devoted man was, however, equal to the crisis.

I have a sad tale also to tell of the perversity of butterflies. Never were seen such flying fairies. They flaunted their splendid liveries in inconceivable varieties of colour and pattern in our faces at every step. Swallow-tails, fritillaries, admirals, tortoise-shells, peacocks, orange-tips—all executed in



From a] FAJAO. *[Photograph.*

at least a dozen novel and contrasted styles, with many even more beautiful, but bearing no resemblance to our British species—flitted in sunshine from flower to flower, glinted in the shadow of great trees, or clustered on the path to suck the moisture from any swampy patch. The butterfly is a dirty feeder, and if ever some piece of putrescent filth lay odorous on the ground be sure it would be covered with a cloud of these greedy insects, come in such gay attire to eat such sorry meat. I found them sometimes so intoxicated with feasting that I could pick them up quite gently in my fingers without the need of any net at all. To anyone who has ever tried to collect the modest and now all too rare and scattered butterflies of Britain, these spectacles could not but be a hard temptation. For a week I had resisted it, not because it was not easy enough to make a net, but because of the difficulty of setting and preserving the prizes; and it was not until the end of our first day's march out from Masindi that I was told that much the best way of sending butterflies home from Africa was to enclose them in neatly-folded triangles of paper and leave them to be set in London. Forthwith, out of telegraph-wire and mosquito curtain, a net was made, and before another dawn I was fully equipped. It is almost incredible to state that from that very moment, except near the Murchison Falls, I scarcely ever saw a really fine butterfly again all the way to Gondokoro. Whether this was due to the perversity of these insects, or to the fact that we had left the deeper recesses of the forest region, I do not inquire; but the fact remains, and I carry away from the butterflies of Uganda only the haunting memories of unrealized opportunity.

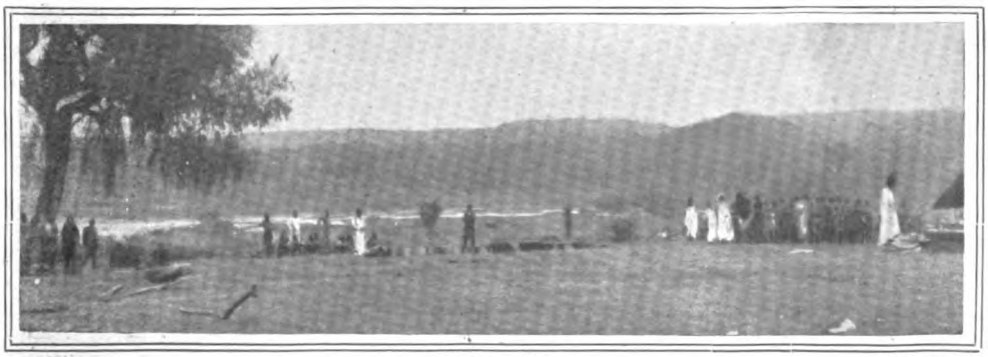
This first day's march from Masindi was a long one, and our porters panted and toiled under their loads through the heat of the day. It was not till the afternoon that the main body came into camp, and stragglers trickled through into the dusk. Meanwhile the local natives built under our eyes, with extraordinary speed and cleverness, a spacious dining-hall and two or three quite excellent

bedrooms from the surrounding elephant grass and bamboo groves; and we fared as comfortably in these two humble dwellings as if we dwelt in kings' palaces. The forest was a little thinner on the second day, although the jungle was of the same dense and tangled fertility. We started an hour before sunrise, and by eight o'clock had climbed to the saddle of the high rocky wall which contains the valley of the Victoria Nile. From this elevation of, perhaps, six hundred feet above the general level of the plain a comprehensive view of the landscape was for the first time possible. In every direction spread a wide sea of foliage, thinning here into bush, darkening there into forest, rising and falling with the waves of the land, and broken only by occasional peaks of rock. Far away to the north-west a long silver gleam, just discernible through the haze of the horizon, revealed to our eyes the distant prospect of the Albert Nyanza. The camera cannot do justice to such a panorama. In photographs these vast expanses look like mere scrubby commons, inhospitable and monotonous to the eye, melancholy to the soul. One has to remember that here are Kew Gardens and the Zoo combined on an unlimited scale; that Nature's central productive laboratory is here working night and day at full blast; and that the scrubby common of the picture is really a fairyland of glades and vistas, through which an army of a hundred thousand men might march without the glint of a bayonet, or even the dust of an artillery column, betraying their presence to the watcher on the crag.

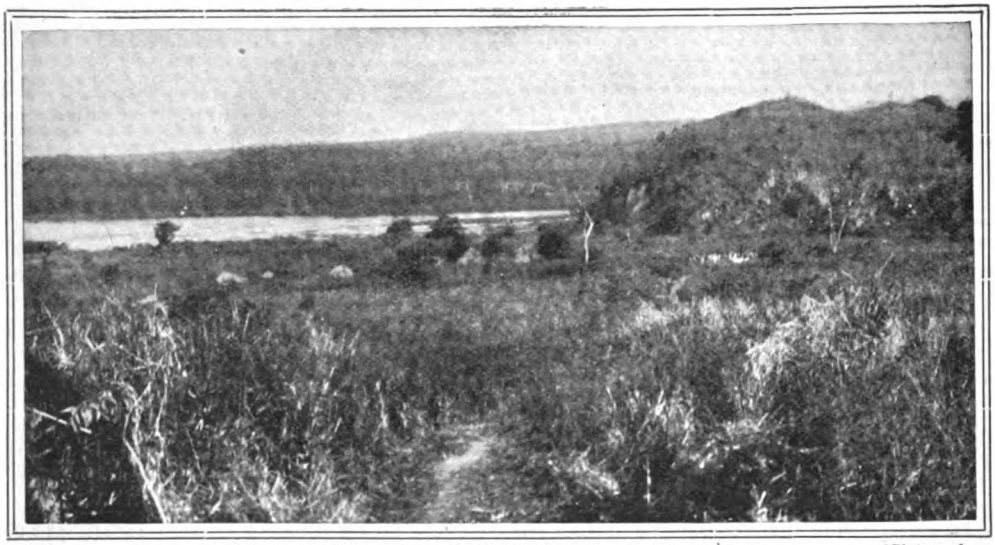
Our camp this night lay in a tiny patch cleared in the heart of this wild world. The cluster of tents under a canopy of palms, illumined by the watch-fires, bright with lanterns, and busy with the moving figures of men and the hum of human activity, seemed at a hundred yards' distance an island of society amid an ocean of Nature. To what strange perils—apart altogether from the certainty of losing your way—would a walk of a quarter of a mile in any direction expose the wanderer? To withdraw from the firelight was to be engulfed in the savage conditions of prehistoric time. Advance and the telegraph-wire would tell you the latest quotations of the London markets, the figures of the newest by-election. An odd sensation!

We had scarce proceeded for an hour on our third march, when just as it grew daylight a low vibrant murmur began to be perceptible in the air. Now it was lost as we descended into some moist valley, now it broke even more strongly on the ear as we reached the summit of some ascent—the sound of the Nile plunging down the Murchison Falls. And by nine o'clock, when we were still about ten miles off, a loud, insistent, and unceasing hum had developed. These Falls are certainly the most remarkable in the whole course of the Nile. At Foweira the navigable reaches stretching from Lake Chioga are interrupted by cataracts, and the river hurries along in foam and rapid down a gradual but continuous stairway, enclosed by rocky walls, but still a broad flood. Two miles above Fajao these walls contract suddenly till they are *not six yards apart*, and through this strangling portal, as from the nozzle of a hose, the whole tremendous river is shot in one single jet down an abyss of a hundred and sixty feet.

The escarpment over which the Nile falls curves away in a vast bay of precipitous, or almost precipitous, cliffs, broken here and there by more gradual rifts, and forms the eastern wall of the Albert Lake, from whose waters it rises abruptly in many places to a height of six or seven hundred feet. Arrived at the verge of this descent, the lower reaches



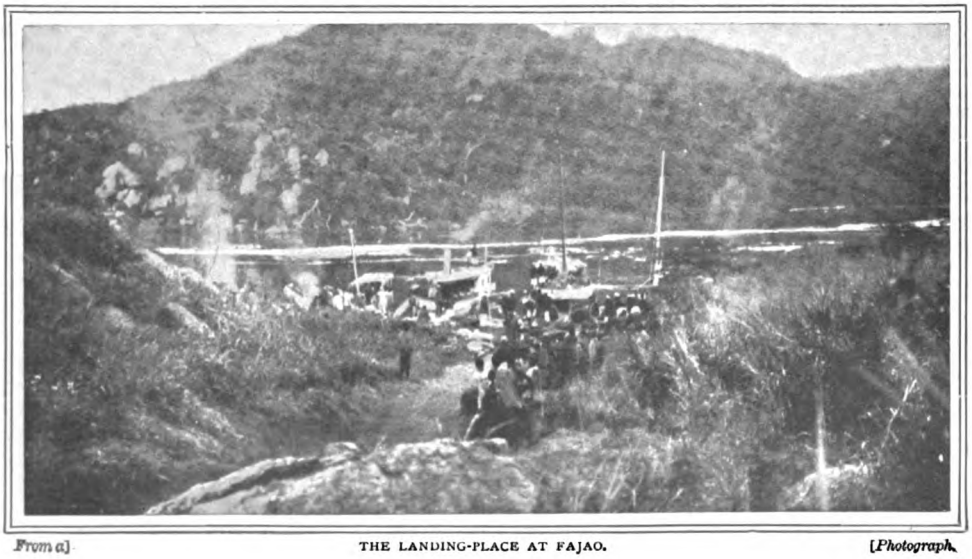
From a] CAMP AT FAJAO. *[Photograph.*



From a] FAJAO, WITH NATIVES ASSEMBLED TO WELCOME MR. CHURCHILL'S PARTY. *[Photograph.*

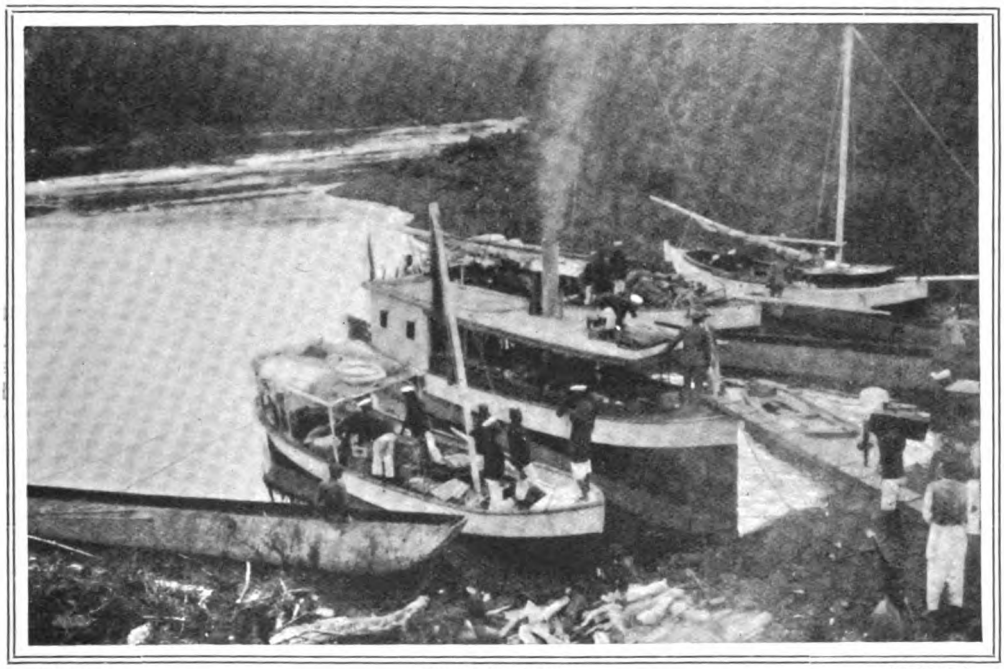
of the Victoria Nile could be followed, stretching away mile after mile in a broad, gleaming ribbon almost to its mouth on the lake. The Falls themselves were, indeed, invisible, concealed behind a forested bluff, but their roaring left no doubt of their presence. Below me a zigzag path led down by long descents to the water's edge, and on an open meadow a row of tents and grass houses had already been set up.

Fajao as a native town was no more. At hardly any point in Uganda has the sleeping sickness made such frightful ravages. At least six thousand persons had perished in the last two years. Almost the whole population had been swept away. Scarcely enough remained to form the deputation, who, in their white robes, could be discerned at the entrance to the cleared area of the camping-ground. And this cleared area was itself of the utmost importance; for all around it the powers of evil were strong. The groves which fringed and overhung the river swarmed with tsetse flies of newly-replenished venom and approved malignity, and no man could enter them except at a risk. After pausing for a few minutes to watch a troop of baboons who were leaping about from tree to tree on the opposite hill, and who seemed as big as men, I climbed down the zigzag, photographed



From a] THE LANDING-PLACE AT FAJAO. *[Photograph.*

the deputation, and shook hands with the chief. He was a very civilized chief—by name James Kago—who wore riding breeches and leather gaiters, and who spoke a few unexpected sentences of excellent English. He seemed in the best of spirits, and so did the remnant of the population who gathered behind him, though whether this was due to stoical philosophy or good manners I could not tell. All was smiles and bows and gurglings of guttural gratification. The district officer who had travelled with me explained that the chief had had the path up to the top of the Falls improved, and that he



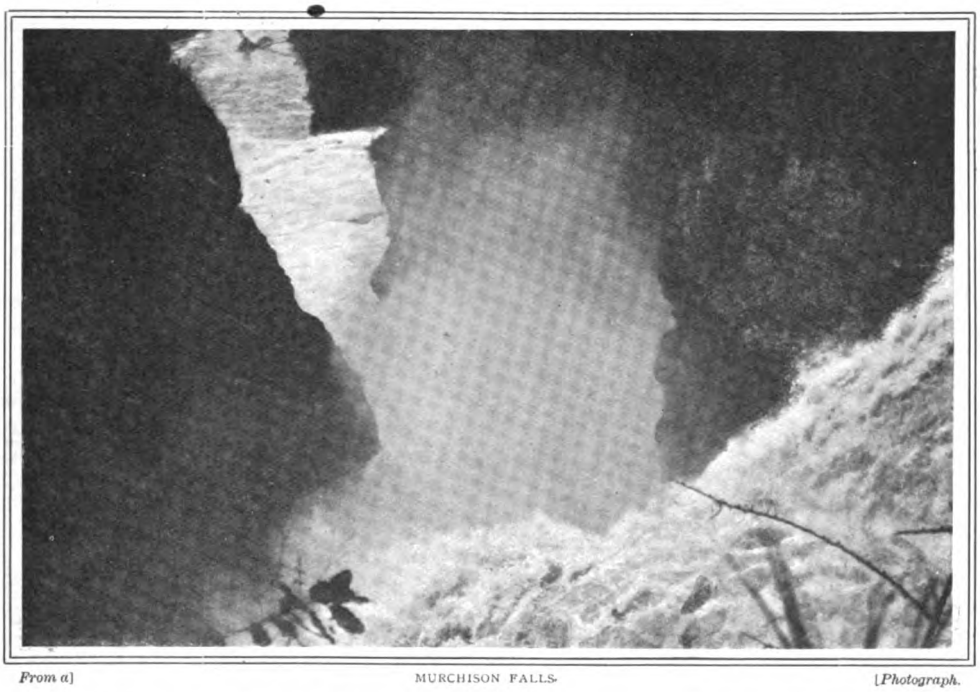
From a] FLOTILLA AT FAJAO. *[Photograph.*

proposed, after we had lunched and rested, to guide us along it to the very edge of the abyss, but that the forest along the river-bank was so dangerous because of the tsetses that we should in prudence wear veils and gloves before entering it. With all of this I made no quarrel.

In a little rocky inlet forming a small natural harbour we found the Albert flotilla already arrived. It consisted of the *Kenia*, a steam launch about forty feet long, decked, and with a cabin, and drawing four feet of water, and three steel sailing boats of different sizes—to wit, the *James Martin*, the *Good Intent*, and another. These small vessels were to carry us down the Victoria Nile into the Albert Nyanza, across the top end of this lake, and then down the hundred and seventy miles reach of the White Nile till navigation is barred at Nimule by more cataracts. They were manned by a crew of jolly Swahili tars smartly dressed in white breeches and blue jerseys, on whose breasts the words "Uganda Marine" were worked in yellow worsted. The engineer of the steam-launch commanded the whole with plenary powers of discipline and diplomacy; and it was by means of this little group of cock-boats that trade and communications with the Nile province and around the whole of Lake Albert were alone maintained. The flotilla, nestled together in its harbour and sheltered by a rocky breakwater from the swift current, made a pretty picture; and behind it the Nile, streaked and often covered with the creamy foam of the Falls, swept along in majestic flood six hundred yards from brim to brim.

We began our climb to the summit of the Falls in the blazing heat of the day, and for the first time I was forced to confess the Central African sun as formidable as that which beats on the plains of India. Yet even at the worst moments it is more endurable, for the breeze does not stifle you with the breath of a furnace. First the path led through the deadly groves; and here, of course, the most beautiful butterflies—some

five inches across the wings—floated tantalizingly. Sometimes we descended to where the river lapped along the rocks and curled in eddies under floating islands of froth. Precautions were required against diverse dangers. The Nile below the Murchison Falls swarms with crocodiles, some of an enormous size, and herds of hippopotamus are found every half mile or so; so that, what with the rifles which it was necessary to take for great beasts, and the gloves and veils which were our protection against even more villainous small ones, we



From a] MURCHISON FALLS. *[Photograph.*

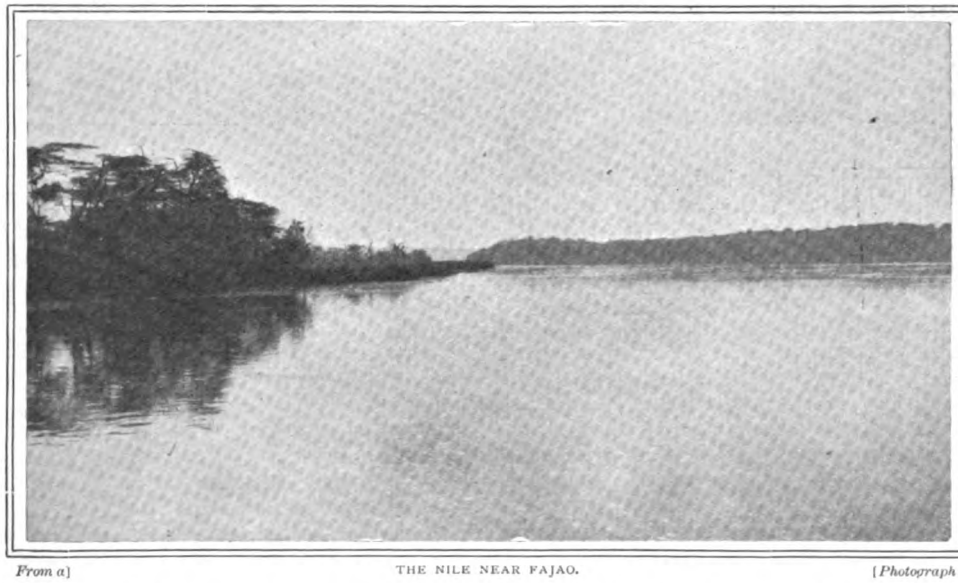
were painfully encumbered. Indeed, the veils were such a nuisance and the heat was so great that I resolved to chance the tsetse and took mine off. But after half an hour of menacing buzzings, and after a fly—presumably of the worst character—had actually settled on my shoulder, brushed off by the promptness of my companion, I changed my mind again.

As we were thus scrambling along the brink of the river a crocodile was discovered basking in the sunshine on a large rock in midstream, about a hundred and fifty yards from the shore. I avow, with what regrets may be necessary, an active hatred of these brutes and a desire to kill them. It was a tempting shot, for the ruffian lay sleeping in the sun blaze, his mouth wide open and his fat and scaly flanks exposed. Two or three attendant white birds hopped about him, looking for offal, which I have been assured (and does not Herodotus vouch for it?) they sometimes pick from his very teeth. I fired. What the result of the shot may have been I do not know, for the crocodile gave one leap of surprise or mortal agony and disappeared in the waters. But then it was my turn to be astonished. The river at this distance from the Falls was not broader than three hundred yards, and we could see the whole shore of the opposite bank quite plainly. It had hitherto appeared to be a long brown line of mud, on which the sun shone dully. At the sound of the shot the whole of this bank of the river, over the extent of at least a quarter of a mile, sprang into hideous life, and my companions and I saw hundreds and hundreds of crocodiles, of all sorts and sizes, rushing madly into the Nile, whose waters along the line of the shore were lashed into white foam, exactly as if a heavy wave had broken. It could be no exaggeration to say that at least a thousand of these saurians had been disturbed at a single shot. Our British friends explained that Fajao was the favourite haunt of the crocodiles, who lay in the water below the Falls waiting for dead fish and animals carried over by the river. Very often, they

told us, hippos from the upper river and from Lake Chioga were caught and swept downwards, the force of the water "breaking every bone in their body. Indeed," added the officer, somewhat obscurely, "they are *very lucky* if they are not smashed into pulp."

At length we turned a corner and came face to face with the Falls. They are wonderful to behold, not so much because of their height — though that is impressive — but because of the immense volume of water which is precipitated through such a narrow outlet. Indeed, seeing the great size of the river below the Falls, it seemed impossible to believe that it was wholly supplied from this single spout. In clouds of rainbow spray and amid thunderous concussions of sound we set to work to climb the southern side of the rock wall, and after an hour achieved the summit. It was possible to walk to within an inch of the edge and, lying on one's face with a cautious head craned over, to look actually down upon the foaming hell beneath. The narrowness of the gorge at the top had not been overstated. I doubt whether it is fifteen feet across from sheer rock to sheer rock. Ten pounds, in fact, would throw an iron bridge across the Nile at this point. But it is evident that the falling waters must have arched and caved away the rock below their surface in an extraordinary degree, for otherwise there could not possibly be room for the whole river to descend.

We waited long at this strange place, watching the terrible waters, admiring their magnificent fury, trying to compute their force. Who can doubt that the bridle is preparing which shall hold and direct their strength, or that the day will come when forlorn Fajao—now depopulated and almost derelict—will throb with the machinery of manufacture and electric production? I cannot believe that modern science will be content to leave these mighty forces untamed, unused, or that regions of inexhaustible and unequalled fertility, capable of supplying all sorts of things that civilized industry needs in greater quantity every year, will not be brought—in spite of their insects and their climate — into cultivated subjection. Certain it is that the economy of the world remains hopelessly incomplete while these neglects prevail, and, while it would be wasteful and foolish to hustle, it would be more wasteful and more foolish to abate the steady progress of development.

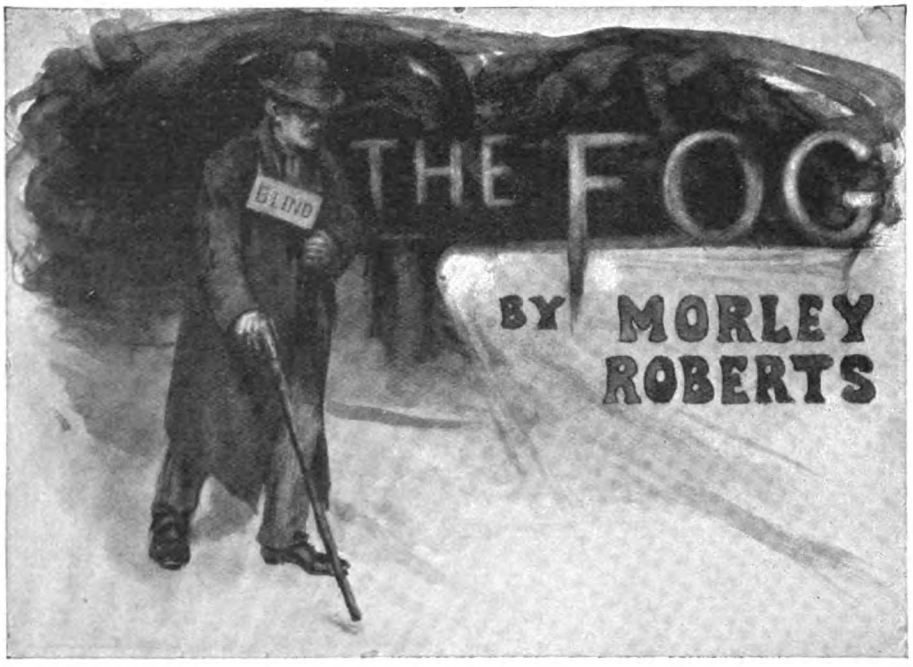


From a] THE NILE NEAR FAJAO. *[Photograph*

From these reflections I was roused abruptly by the Nile, a wave of whose turbulent waters—cast up by some unusual commotion as they approached the verge—boiled suddenly over a ledge of rock hitherto high and dry, carrying an ugly and perhaps indignant swish of water to my very feet.

Winston S. Churchill.

(*To be continued.*)



THE fog had been thickening for many weeks, but now, moving like a black wall, it fell on the town. The lights that guided the world were put out—the nearest were almost as invisible as the stars; a powerful arc-lamp overhead was but a blur. Traffic ceased, for drivers could not see; screams were heard in the streets, and cries for help, where none could help themselves.

"I'm blind," said Tom Crabb, as he leant against the pillar outside the Café Français in Regent Street. He said it with a chuckle, for he, alone of a street full of the lost, did not feel lost. "I'm blind, but know my way home!"

Day by day and night by night he patrolled the street with a placard upon his breast marked in big letters, "Blind." People with eyes saw him. Out of a thousand one gave him a penny; out of ten thousand one gave him sixpence. The millionth, or some charitable madman, made it half a crown. The red-letter day of his blind life was when he found a sovereign in his palm, put there by a soft little hand that touched his. He heard a gentle girl's voice say, "Poor blind man." He had a hard life, and was a hard and lonely man, but he remembered that voice, as he did all voices.

As he stayed by the pillar a man stumbled against him and apologized.

"That's Mr. Bentley," said Tom Crabb.

"Who are you?"

"I'm blind Crabb, sir, bless your heart. You've given me many a copper, haven't you?"

Bentley was a chauffeur and engineer. He drove for Lord Gervase North, the balloonist and motor-racer, and was for ever about the West-end and Regent Street, as Lord Gervase often dined at the Français.

"To be sure. I know your voice," said Bentley. "It's an awful night, Crabb."

"Must be," said Crabb. "But fog or none is the same for an eyeless man. To hear the folks, it might be the end of the world, sir."

"There never was such a fog," replied Bentley; "it's just awful. I can't see you; no, nor my hand before my face."

"You can't get home, then What are you doing?"

"I've come for my boss and the lady he's to marry. They're dining here with her mother. But we'll never get home."

"Bentley!" called a voice.

"Yes, my lord," said the chauffeur.

"What are we to do?"

"Don't know, my lord."

"Can we get to an hotel?"

"They're crammed already, I hear, my lord."

Crabb put out his hand and touched Bentley.

"Where does he want to go? Perhaps I could lead you."

It was a strange notion, but then the blind know their way.

"Aye, perhaps you could. The ladies live in Eccleston Square and my lord in Pont Street."

"I don't know either of them, but I could take them and you to your place."

"My place?" said Bentley. Then his master spoke.

"Who's that with you, Bentley?"

"A blind man, my lord. He thought he might take you all home, but he doesn't know Eccleston Square. All he knows is my place."

"Better be there than in the street," said Crabb. He had a sense of power in him. All the rest of the world were blind. He alone had some sight.

"If the hotels are full we must go somewhere," said Lord Gervase. "There's no room here, nor a bed. They want to shut up now. I'll speak to the ladies."

"Good bloke that," said Crabb. "He gave me a shilling once and said a kind word."

The darkness was thicker than ever. It was incredibly thick and choking—it made the useless eyes ache. It was a threat, a terror. So might the end of the world come.

"Bentley!" said Lord Gervase once more.

"Yes, my lord."

"Come here."

Bentley found him, and his employer put his hand upon his shoulder. "Can you trust this man? If so, the ladies will come to your place till it clears, if you will take us in."

"My wife will do her best, my lord. I know this Crabb to speak to. He says you once gave him a shilling. I'm sure he'll lead us right. But what about the car?"

"You must leave it, or get him to bring you back. I want you with us. Come, Lady Semple; come, Julia."

The mother and daughter, who had been close behind him, moved timidly.

"Let me lead her ladyship," said Bentley.

"Thank you, Bentley," said Lady Semple. There was a painful note in her voice. She was never strong, and the fog alarmed her. Julia clung to her lover and did not speak.

"Crabb, take us to my place, then, if you can," said Bentley.

"I'll give you a fiver if we get there all right," said Lord Gervase.

"CRABB PUT OUT HIS HAND AND TOUCHED BENTLEY."

"You gave me a shilling once, my lord, and after that I'd take you for nothing," said Crabb. "'Tisn't often I get so much."

He led the way and Bentley took hold of his coat.

"Keep close, all of you," said Crabb. "The Circus is packed terrible, but if I can get across Piccadilly, 'twill be easy."

They were on the west side of Regent Street and went down Air Street into Piccadilly. Out of the darkness wandering folks came and met them. Some wailed, some asked for help, some seemed dazed or half mad, as all folks get in deep fog. And every now and again there was a crash of glass.

They came to Piccadilly and heard the trampling of horses. People in carriages spoke. The darkness was a visible, awful darkness, and in it a mad world was buried.

"Here's the way across to Eagle Place," said Crabb. "But can we get across?"

It was a passage of such peril as might be found in war, or upon an unknown mountain in heavy snow, or in a wreck upon a reef of sharp rocks. They heard the dreadful cry of a hurt man. Crabb's foot came upon one who lay on the pavement. He was dead, or so Crabb averred when he stooped and felt him.

"I've seen many dead when I was soldiering in India," said Crabb. Julia trembled to hear him say so.

There were many people in the street; some were drunk, and many wild, but most were fearful. Yet the darkness released some from fear and let loose their devilry. It seemed that two men in front of them smashed every window as they passed, and laughed wildly. Once Julia called out, and her lover said, "What is it?"

"Did you kiss me, Gervase?"

There was horror in her voice. He had not kissed her.

"My God!" said Gervase. "My God!"

There was a strange laugh in the darkness. He leapt at the laugh, caught it by the throat, and dashed the laugher on the pavement. And Julia's cry brought him back to her. But they crossed at Duke Street, and wondered how they did it.

"Now it's easy," said Crabb. "We're as good as there, my lord."

In St. James's Square there were few people, and they rested. Julia spoke again.

"Did you—did you hurt him?"

But Crabb heard her speak.

"Who spoke?" he said, suddenly.

"'Twas Miss Semple spoke," answered Bentley.

"Young lady, did you ever give a poor blind man a sovereign?" asked Crabb, in a strange, far-off voice.

"Yes, once, many years ago," said Julia, wondering.

"And you said, 'Poor blind man.' God bless you, miss. I knew your voice just now," said Crabb. "'Twas the fifth of July, five years ago; I never forget a voice."

He went on in silence and led them by way of Pall Mall and the Square down Whitehall and Parliament Street, going through many perils, till the Houses of Parliament were on their left and the Abbey on their right.

"We're close now," said Crabb. "'Tis strange it should be the same to me as any other night. Is it better now?"

"It's worse," said Bentley, gloomily.

But they came to the stairway of the flat that Bentley lived in.

"Is this it?" asked Bentley, in surprise. He could see nothing.

"You live here, or I'm a fool," said Crabb. "I've led you straight. Go up and see."

On the first floor his flat was, and Bentley's young wife opened the door and cried out as she took hold of him.

"A blind man led me, dear," said Bentley, "and we've brought Lord Gervase North and Lady Semple and Miss Semple. They cannot get home. We must keep them till to-morrow, when the fog goes."

So shadow spoke to shadow, and she whom they could not see spoke to them and bade them welcome in a trembling voice, and found chairs for them. But Bentley and Lord Gervase went out again to Crabb, who took his five pounds gratefully.

"Will this fog last?" asked Lord Gervase. But none could answer him. Ere Crabb went off to his solitary house close by, Bentley said to him:—

"If the fog's like this to-morrow, come in and see us, Crabb."

They shook hands, for the danger brought them close, and Crabb went off murmuring to himself. Bentley went back upstairs again, and it seemed to him that the fog was thicker still. In the room was lighted darkness, and the lamps showed the night feebly.

"There never was such a fog," he said, cheerfully. But Lady Semple moaned and shed tears, and nothing they could say consoled her. To be in her own home in such a fog would be bad enough, but to be here! Poor Mrs. Bentley, only lately married, was terrified to think she had three such folks to

deal with, but she had sense and some energy in her. She took her husband aside.

"The Thompsons are away," she began. These people lived in the opposite flat on their landing. "Why shouldn't we break in there and take their beds for these ladies?"

"Break in!" cried Bentley. "Suppose they came back?"

"They've gone for a week, and how can they come back in this fog? Besides, what can we do?"

"It's a notion after all," said her husband. "I'll propose it to his lordship."

As a result of the proposal he and Lord Gervase put their heads and shoulders together and turned housebreakers inside five minutes. They lighted fires and lamps and mitigated the horrid darkness as much as they could, and sent Lady Semple and Julia to bed. Mrs. Bentley soon followed, and left her husband and his employer together.

"This is a queer situation, Bentley. I wonder if it will last?" said Lord Gervase.

"It's a rum start, my lord," replied Bentley; "and, to look at it, it might last for ever."

"Then what will become of London and of us?"

"We'll have to leave in your balloon, my lord," said Bentley, with a grim laugh. "But let's hope it will be better in the morning."

Lord Gervase slept in the Bentleys' spare room, and slept soundly. When he woke it was pitch-dark. He looked at his watch by the light of a match and could not discern the figures. It seemed as if he was blind. But on opening the watch and feeling the hands he found it was eight o'clock in the morning. The fog was worse than ever. The gloom that was outside settled on their hearts. They had breakfast together and hardly spoke. Lady Semple cried continually, and Julia could hardly restrain her own tears.

"It's like the end of the world," sobbed Lady Semple. "We—we shall die of it."

In truth Mrs. Bentley wondered where food was to come from if it continued. She had nothing left after breakfast but a loaf of bread. And they could not see each other. When they opened the window the outside fog was as thick as a black blanket. It inspired a helpless, hopeless horror. They sat about till nearly noon and said nothing. At ten Crabb came to the outer door and knocked. When they let his dark shadow in he put something on the table.

"It's grub," he said. "I thought you might want it."

He came to them from the outer world; they asked him for news.

"Things are awful, my lord," he said, quietly. But there was a strange ring in his voice. "They're awful; I can't tell you all that's going on. 'Tis madness. There are awful things being done; fires, murders, and horrible screams about. I was in Trafalgar Square and folks cried out suddenly, 'Light! Light!' Something broke in the fog overhead and a great light shone. People cried out, and then—then the fog came down again. Terror is in us all, but many have broken into liquor shops and are drunk; the whole town's mad."

"Oh, will it last?" asked Julia. "What do the papers say?"

There were no papers; there was nothing, said Crabb. The very electric lights were out; it seemed no one worked, no one could work. There was a blind mob in the streets, and all were lost. They sought to escape, and knew not which way to run. When he had finished Lady Semple fainted, falling into her daughter's arms. Julia and Mrs. Bentley took hold of her, and Crabb and Bentley and Lord Gervase went apart.

"What's to be done?" asked Lord Gervase, in a kind of despair.

"Nothing but wait, my lord," said Bentley.

"Could you lead us out of London, Crabb?" asked Lord Gervase.

"I don't know more than my beat and a bit over," said Crabb. "What I know I know like the inside of my hat, but beyond it there's a sort of blackness for me. But I'll get you food."

"How did you get what you brought?" asked Bentley.

"Out of an open shop," said Crabb. "There was a dead man in it."

They said nothing for a time.

"Folks are going mad and jumping into the river," said Crabb. "And I heard women shrieking awfully. Wicked people are about. There's fires already here and there."

"What can we do?" asked Lord Gervase.

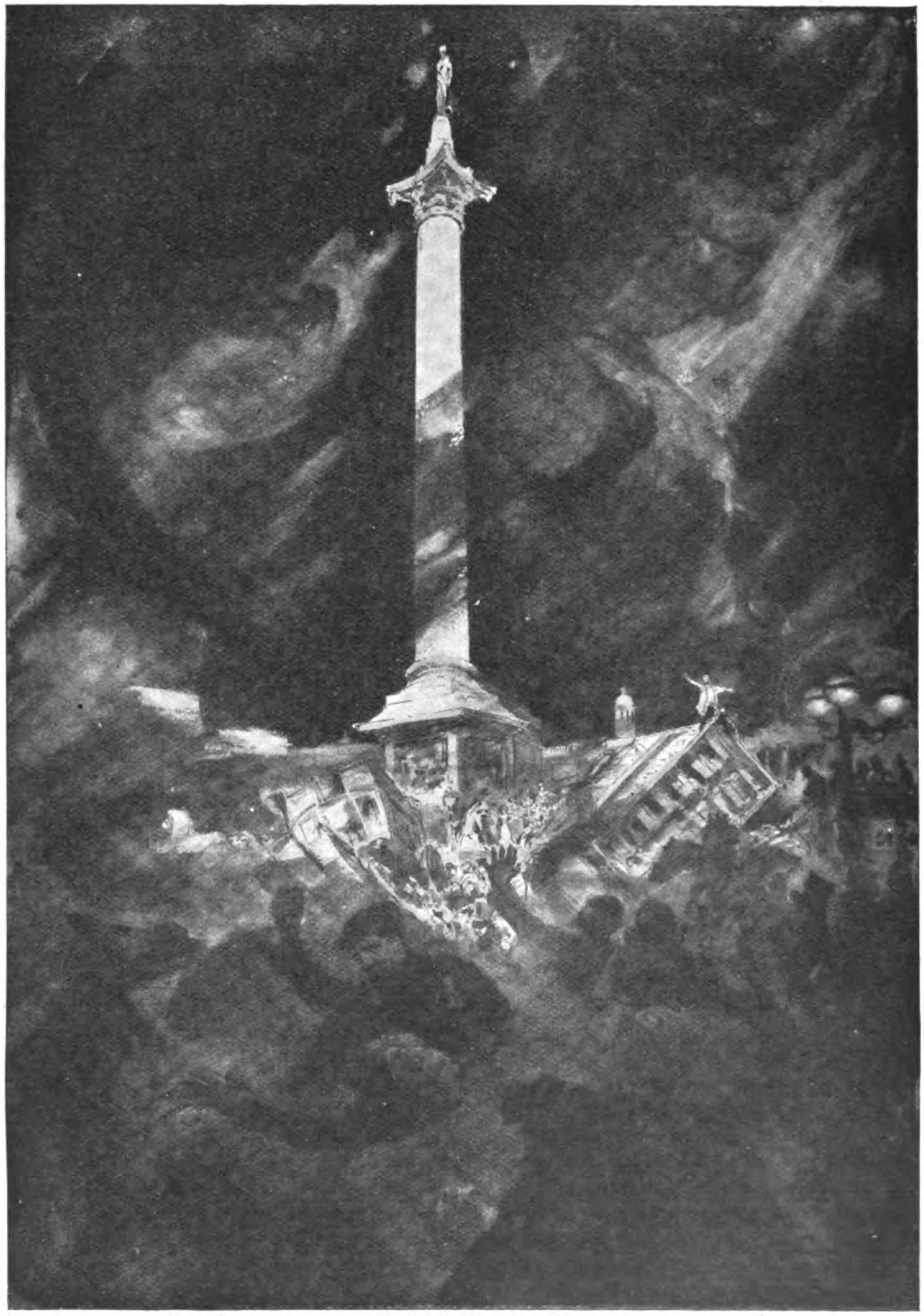
"It can't last," said Bentley.

"Why can't it?" asked Crabb, after a pause.

"It might last a week, eh?" said Bentley; "or—or more?"

"Where's London's food to come from? Where are folks to find it?" asked Crabb. "In three days they'll be eating each other. I heard horrid things said in the dark by blind voices, my lord. They gave me the shivers and shakes."

"Where's that balloon, Bentley?" asked



"SOMETHING BROKE IN THE FOG OVERHEAD, AND A GREAT LIGHT SHONE."

Lord Gervase, in a shaken voice. "Could we—could we use it? We *must* get Lady Semple out of this; we must, or she will die!"

It was in a store close by the gas-works, but Bentley couldn't find it. Crabb said he knew the gas-works if Bentley could find the place in which the balloon was.

"But what will you do with it, my lord?"

"Go up in it and out of this, and drift away," said Lord Gervase. "It could be done."

"Will there be any gas left?" asked Bentley, and then he clapped his thigh as if he thought of something.

"What is it, Bentley?"

"There'll be none working at the gas-works, my lord!"

"No?"

"Crabb and I will go down and turn off the supply if we can," said Bentley; "turn it off before it's gone."

"Do it," said Lord Gervase; "this is horrible—my eyes ache. It's driving me mad. Poor Julia!"

"Will you help me, Crabb?" asked Bentley.

So they went out together, and passed murder in the streets, and saw the glare of fires, and heard awful things. And Bentley was blind. But Crabb had eyes in his mind. So at last they came to the works, and smote on the door to see if by happy chance there were any there. The watchman came running; he had lost his nerve, and cried as he held to them, telling how the men had left him all alone. But he lived there, and they had their homes elsewhere.

"What gas have you left?" they asked him, and when he could answer he said that one gasometer was half full, but that it went quickly.

"Come and turn it off, so that it won't waste any more," cried Bentley. And they turned it off, knowing they brought bitter darkness to many. But Crabb said he would bring food to the watchman, and he was easier in his mind.

"London's being destroyed," said the watchman. "I hear dreadful things."

"Dreadful things are being done," said Crabb. "But dreadful things are always being done, my lad. I'm not so blind I can't see that."

"This *is* blindness," said the watchman. "I can't smoke even. 'Tis dreadful. Shall we all die?"

"Some day," said Crabb. "I can see that."

And he and Bentley tried to find the store where the balloon was, and, in trying, Crabb once got lost and said so. Bentley's blood ran cold, for Crabb was his sight, his life, and the life of those he loved. For he loved not only his wife, but Gervase North and Julia Semple, since they were made to be loved, both of them, and Bentley was kind-hearted.

Yet Crabb found himself again, and they went back to the Square without discovering the balloon shed.

"We'll try to-morrow," said Crabb.

They tried next day and failed.

They tried the next day—and still failed. But Crabb brought them food, very fine food, wonderful things in pots and jars.

"I went up to Piccadilly and smashed a window for 'em," said Crabb. "God's truth I did. I hope they're good. Is it too dark to see?"

They, too, had no gas.

"We can taste," they answered. But they tasted fog—fog thick, inspissated, yellow, a pasty fog. And they tasted horror, for there were lamentable voices in the streets, voicing death and murder.

"What's this in the bottom of the sack?" asked Bentley, when he had taken out the jars and the fine glasses of preserved foods.

"Jewels, I think," said Crabb, in a strange voice. "I thought the ladies might like 'em. I found 'em on the pavement in an open bag, and by the feel of 'em thought they might be di'monds. And I passed another shop and smashed the window and grabbed a handful. Why not? Who wants 'em? London's dying. But you've your balloon."

Again a heavy silence fell on them. Crabb went away—he wanted news, he said. So he went lightly through the gloom, the paste of darkness and night. London was like the Pit: it was silent, but in the silence were cries. Horses lay dead; others wandered loose. There were fires in the streets, made of smashed vehicles; gloomy shadows burnt themselves and cooked horseflesh by the leaping hidden flames; some danced drunkenly and fell in the fires. Many offered golden loot for food, jewels for a mouthful, and went about hunting. They said—voices said—that the river was thick with floating corpses already, and fires increased. Out of the night came the mad shrieks of women and the wildest laughter. Dying men played with death and fell on fire and crime and the awfullest disasters. Some went madly crying for their wives and daughters, their little children and their old people who were lost. In churches they prayed; a blind organist made mad music to Heaven in a church that Crabb passed. For him a madman blew.

"'Tis an awful strange world," said Crabb. "Darkness fell on me years ago. But this city's blind."

Some he spoke to were quiet and some wild. They told him rumours—the strangest. It was wonderful how rumours went in the dark. Wild crowds were marching east and west and south and north, or trying to march. But few had any guidance. 'Twas said one man had a compass and led a thousand to the river and there fell in. The parks were full of wanderers. Rich people offered

thousands from windows, and were slain for money that the slayers could not find. One man lighted a fire with bank-notes. A voice said that men were in the Bank, in all the banks, stealing the sacks of gold. The pavements were slippery with a thick fluid, and the dead lay everywhere. Folks drank at the river and fell in. They threw themselves from windows and fell on blind wanderers.

The railways were quiet; nothing moved there. Ships were deserted in the lower river. The telegraphs were quiet; men fled from them. The telephone exchanges were empty. The outside world had deserted London and cut it off. It was sunk in a pit; it lay at the bottom of a well. And these things Crabb gathered up and, going back to his friends, told them. But he brought them food and they ate in the darkness. He took them wine and they drank in the night. And they lost count of the days and the nights. But every day (or night) Bentley and Crabb sought for the place where the balloon was stored.

On the tenth day they found it. That day Lady Semple seemed near to death.

With infinite labour, though they had the help of the watchman, they took the balloon to the gas-works, and then Lord Gervase came with them, leaving Julia with her sick mother.

"It's our only chance, my darling," he said, as he left her.

He kissed her in the darkness, and kissed the dying woman—for, indeed, unless they got her out of darkness she was dead—and went away with Crabb and Bentley.

With blind eyes they worked; their eyes ached and saw nothing; their hearts laboured, for the air was thick and foul, and ever fouler and thicker, since the fires of the town grew by the folly and madness of lost men. And once again for an hour it grew lighter overhead. They saw each other. Then the darkness fell again. With the help of the watchman, now their slave and the slave of Crabb—who did the work of many and was the calmest of all—they started the inflating of the great balloon. In the blackness of things they had to use infinite care lest they should wound the gigantic ship which was to save them. Yet at last the monster commenced to grow wonderfully, like a huge toadstool in the night. As it grew it straightened out the gear, and they felt its proportions and recognised this and that and felt easier.

"We shall get out," said Lord Gervase. He yearned to live. He was young and loved a woman, and the world was big for him and fine. But he found Bentley a bigger man than himself; and Crabb was bigger than either, though he had been no more than a soldier, wounded in a foolish fight in far-off India. He gave them courage to drink—he held up their hearts. For he loved the voice of Julia Semple, and remembered her gift, and was glad to help her and her lover.

"You shall want nothing after this, Crabb," said Gervase.

"I shall want much, or little always," returned Crabb, in a strange exaltation. For he had never loved a woman till now, though he had kissed many. And her whom he loved he could never kiss.

The world outside was not their world. They were lost in London in the darkness, and were cut off. But the balloon grew and grew. And then it ceased to grow. There was no more gas.

That night it was a little lighter (for it was night, though they knew it not), and the four men laboured in the works, and set the retorts going and made more gas. Crabb was a man of strength, and now he grew more strong. He held them up and laboured, and made the watchman, who was a poor creature, do all that he should do. He made him feel brave. This is the gift of the strong; the gift by which men know them. And at last the balloon stood up and tugged upon its ropes, made fast to an old boiler in the open space.

"It will carry—how many?" asked Crabb. This was a thing none had asked. It was a great balloon, built for a special race and for purposes of science, but it could not carry them all, and they knew it.

Lord Gervase whispered to him.

"Five at the most, Crabb."

Including the watchman they were seven.

"I'll stay, my lord," said Crabb. "I can get on by myself, as you see."

"You're a brave man," said Lord Gervase.

He was more than a brave man, this poor blind fellow. But for him what would they have done? By now they would have been dead. Through him they had one chance.

But if Crabb stayed, who was the other to be? They fought it out that night in the flat among the three—Lord Gervase, Crabb, and Bentley. The women stayed apart in another room, where some feared Lady Semple was dying.

"I'll stay with those who can't go," said Crabb. They understood him. He could

"THE FOUR MEN LABOURED IN THE WORKS, AND SET THE RETORTS GOING AND MADE MORE GAS."

live. For him it was not dark. He had, as he said, eyes, and his strong and quiet mind could endure the horrors of which he told them. They knew he never told half, but their minds told them the rest.

"Let it be so, Crabb. You've saved us," said Lord Gervase. "When this is over, ask what you like and you shall have it."

"I'll stay with Crabb, sir," said Bentley. He too was brave, but his heart sank as he spoke.

"Your wife must go, then!"

"She must," said Bentley.

"What about the watchman?" asked Crabb.

"If I stay he can go," said Bentley. "He has helped; but for him we couldn't have filled the balloon. Let him go."

Bentley called to his wife. She came from the other flat and went to his voice, and leant upon him while he told her what they meant to do. She was a young girl still, no more than nineteen, and her soul was her husband's in this hour.

"I'll stay with you, Will."

They could not move her. For when they spoke urgently she laughed at them in scorn. Every reason they urged for her safety was one for her man's.

"I'd rather die with him. Don't say any more. Let the watchman go," said she. Bentley kissed her in the darkness, which was lighted for him by her faith and love, and she wept upon his heart.

"Take poor Lady Semple out of this place quickly," she said, "or she will die."

They knew it was the truth. Lord Gervase spoke.

"Then it's Lady Semple and Miss Semple, myself and the watchman. Yet the balloon might carry five. It's a pity."

"So much the better chance for you, my lord," said Bentley.

The higher they could rise the greater chance there was of getting an air-current to carry them away from London. But they knew there might be none.

"Lose no time," said Crabb. He was the strongest there.

They needed a strong man, for if the fog could be worse it was now worse indeed. The heavy smoke of many fires ran along the ground; nothing but the calm that destroyed them kept them from being destroyed.

"Let's go now," said Crabb. He carried Lady Semple to the works in his arms, and as they went she spoke to him.

"Save my daughter, Crabb. I shall never get out alive."

"We'll save you both, and all of you, my lady," said Crabb, cheerfully.

"Oh, it's dreadful," she moaned. "Am I blind, Crabb? I see nothing—nothing! I choke!"

"You'll be in sunlight, God's sunlight, in half an hour, my lady," said Crabb. "Up above this there's light—there must be; think of it—fine sunlight shining such as I've not seen these ten years, since I saw it out in India. 'Tis a sun there, my lady. I remember shining temples, gold and marble. Oh, yes, there's sunlight up above."

They came to the works and entered. The watchman greeted them nervously.

"You must take me, gentlemen; you must take me," he cried, fearfully.

"Shut up," said Crabb. "You're going to be taken. Don't act the cur."

But the watchman was half mad. There were thousands mad that hour in London, and tens of thousands would be. Yes, there was sunlight up above, said Crabb. Oh, the brave man he was! Could there be sunlight, or had the sun been put out?

They laid the sick woman in the car, and she rested her head upon Julia's knees. The watchman held to the basket-work and leapt in hurriedly. But Gervase North spoke with Crabb and Bentley.

"Stay here if you can, Crabb. You, Bentley, go back to your wife. She'll be lonely. You're both brave men—the bravest. I feel a cur to leave you. But you stay, Crabb. If there's no wind up aloft we shall come down *here*—here! You understand?"

They understood and shook hands.

"I'd like to shake hands with Miss Julia, my lord," said Crabb, in a queer, strained voice.

"Yes, yes," said Lord Gervase.

So Crabb spoke to the girl.

"Will you shake hands, miss?"

Julia cried softly.

"Oh, yes; you're a brave man."

"You said years ago, 'Poor blind man,'" said Crabb. He kissed her hand gently.

"Good-bye, miss."

Gervase was in the car.

"You can let go, Crabb," he said. "Good-bye, Bentley; good-bye, Crabb."

"Good luck and God's sunlight to you all," said the blind man.

He and Bentley let the rope run slowly, easing it off round a heavy pipe of iron that lay by the big boiler.

"I'm at the end of the rope," said Crabb.

"Stand clear, Bentley. Good-bye, sir. Good-bye, miss."

The balloon was invisible, the car unseen; the world was blank and awful.

"Let go," said Gervase.

He heard a far dim voice below him cry "Good-bye," and knew the earth had dropped away. He grasped Julia's hand. Lady Semple fainted and was quiet. The watchman laughed. But Gervase looked up—up!

Above him he saw something—a dimness, a blur, a space. It was almost black, but visible; it was brown, it was yellow, and then grey. There was a dash of wonderful blue in it, and then they shot out into a magic and intolerable day of noon! The sun shone upon them, and far below lay a wonderful cloud with sunlight on it.

And the watchman giggled strangely. Julia shrank from him and held out her hand to her lover. They saw each other once more—their sight was their own again. But Gervase was grimed with the labour he had done; she hardly knew him. Even his voice was strange.

"Thank God! It's wonderful!" she said. He bent and kissed her.

"My dearest!" he answered. And Lady Semple moaned and woke.

"Where am I?" she asked.

"In the daylight," said Gervase.

"The poor men who were left!" cried Julia. She had never seen this Crabb with her eyes; she only knew him as a big shadow, a voice that was strong and yet trembled when he spoke to her. She knew he was a hero, and knew, as women must know, that he loved her. He was in the darkness beneath them.

But how wonderful the world was! The sun was glorious, the heaven above a perfect blue. The far cloud below was white, and yet in places a strange dun colour. It heaved and moved and rose and sank. Out of it came strange pillars of yellow clouds.

"What are they?" asked Julia, pointing into the void.

"Fires," said her lover. He wondered if the balloon moved, and could not see that it did. There was no speck of cloud above them to say if the air moved.

Far away from the city, to the east and west, they saw a shining gleam of the river. The great cloud rested only on the town. They saw far off blue hills, and the far, far country adorned with happy little towns. Wrath lay only on the city; far away was peace. The lower river was full of ships. The outer world wondered at the end of things.

They rose no farther. And they did not move. Gervase grasped Julia's hand.

"You're brave, my dear?"

It was a question, and she knew it.

"What is it, Gervase?"

"We don't move, Julia. Neither up nor away from here."

"What does that mean?"

She saw how grave he looked.

"What does it mean?"

"You're brave and will be," he said.

So she understood. He knew the balloon was slowly sinking. Perhaps there was a little leak in it.

They came slowly, very slowly, from the heights. But still the watchman chuckled, for he watched no longer. The golden cloud heaved close beneath them.

"We're going down, down," said the lovers. It was as though a ship sank in a turbid sea. A little grey cloud gathered about them. The sun lost its golden clear sharpness. And the watchman saw it and watched, and ceased to laugh.

"'WHAT ARE THEY?' ASKED JULIA, POINTING INTO THE VOID."

"Do we go down again, sir?" he asked.

"Aye," said Gervase. Lady Semple heard him, but saw nothing. The light of day grew dim. It was as though night fell about them. The sun went out and darkness gathered where they sank. They breathed uneasily and sank into utter blackness.

Down below Crabb waited, quietly wondering. He had taken Bentley home and had come back to the works by himself. He sat quiet as a stone—hoping, happy and unhappy. She was, at any rate, in sunshine. He thanked what gods there were for that. The time went. Perhaps a wind blew high up in the sunlight!

As he waited he heard a little sharp cry like that of a bat, and then a sudden rushing sound, and the flat sound of something striking earth not many yards from him. It was very horrible, for what fell was soft—humanly soft—and he knew it. He groped his way to where the thing fell, and his hands were wet when he touched it, and his heart failed him. But he felt again, and knew it was a man, or had been one, and not a woman. He felt a beard. It was the watchman. He sat by the body—by the wreck of the body — and wondered. Had Lord Gervase thrown him out? That was possible. Anything was possible. Or perhaps the man had gone mad. He knew he was unbalanced. There were few wholly sane in the great city. But if the balloon had been coming down, it must have ascended again.

"I'll wait," said Crabb. How long he waited he did not know. No clocks chimed. He had no sense of the hours; there was no light for him or for any. But at last—at last

—he heard a far dim voice. It was not in the street, for now none came there, or if they came they cried lamentably. It was far above him. The next moment he heard the faint light impact of the car; heard it rebound lightly and come down again, not twenty yards from where it had ascended.

"Is that you, my lord?" he asked.

A voice within two yards of him answered, "Yes, Crabb."

"I'm sorry, sorry, my lord."

"It can't be helped," said Gervase. "Did you hear anything fall, Crabb?"

"Aye, my lord."

"The watchman went mad and jumped out. We rose again, but sank once more. There's no wind up there, Crabb. And Lady Semple's dead, Crabb."

Crabb heard Julia Semple weeping quietly, but he found a sheet of iron and dragged it over the hollow in which the watchman's body lay before he went to the car.

"Make the ropes fast, Crabb," said Lord Gervase.

Then they lifted Julia and her dead mother from the car. They laid the body apart.

"God help us," said Gervase. "Where's Bentley?"

"With his wife," said Crabb.

"We must keep the balloon full and try again," said Gervase. Crabb brought Bentley, and his wife came with him. The men fired the retorts and made more gas with infinite labour. Once more the balloon, which had become limp and flaccid, stood up boldly. There were five of them left. The car could carry five, but even with four they had done nothing. Before they did anything else they buried Lady Semple, and heaped earth upon the battered watchman. They thought then that it was day.

"We must go," said Gervase.

Crabb stood apart once more, but Julia Semple spoke.

"Let Crabb come."

"Oh, no, miss."

"You must come, or I will not go."

She took the blind man by the arm.

"Yes; come, Crabb. We owe everything to you," said Gervase.

"I'll come, then," said Crabb. His voice was strained. They remembered it afterwards. Some folks have gifts in their voices: they mark the power of their nature, the strength of them.

Before they went up they lightened the car of every superfluous thing and cut away the guide-rope. They took little food with them, and even cast away their boots.

"It's our last chance, Bentley," said Lord Gervase. "We can't make more gas, Crabb says."

They got into the car again.

"I'll cut the rope, my lord," said Crabb.

"Aye," said Gervase.

"Are we ready?"

"Yes."

Crabb cut the rope, and they rose. But overhead the darkness was intense.

"We came through black and dun and yellow and grey before," said Gervase. "And then the light—the light!"

Now they breathed again and saw a faint greyness, and then stars sparkling suddenly in deep dark blue, and far away to the west a thin, thin moon. It was night, the dark hour before the dawn. Towns shone with lights far below them, sparkling on the horizon.

"It's night still," they said.

Even as they spoke they saw in the east a little grey flame of dawn, a faint whiteness, a growth as of a lily opened.

"There's the day!"

"I wish I could see it," said Crabb.

"Poor blind man," said Julia, and she pressed his big hand.

"That's better than gold, missy. Oh, if I could see your face!" said Crabb.

"I've never seen yours," she said, softly.

But the dawn rose like a magic palm in a desert. There was gold in the flame of it, and a heart of gold, and the upper limb of the sun grew out of the east, and she saw Crabb at last. Grimed though he was by labour she saw a strangely carved face, which was very calm and strong. The lids upon his sightless eyes were full and hid them. His mouth was like that of some strange Egyptian. It had power in it, and resolution.

"I see you now, Crabb," she said to him.

The others looked at the dawn. Mrs. Bentley wept softly.

"If I could only see you! May I touch your face, missy?"

She raised his hand to it and he felt its sweet, soft contours.

"You must be very beautiful," he murmured. Then he said to Lord Gervase:—

"Do we still rise, my lord?"

"I think so, Crabb," Gervase answered.

"Look up, my lord. Is there a cloud above us?"

High in the zenith there was a faint wisp of vapour in a cool current.

"That cloud above moves, my lord," said Bentley.

"We don't move," said Gervase, dully. "'Tis a thousand feet above us."

"Can we cast out anything?" said Crabb, in an eager voice.

They cast out some clothes—aye, and some food and water.

"It's not enough," said Gervase. "But there's a strong current high above us."

"Oh, there's enough," said Crabb.

But they only stared at him.

"You're blind, Crabb."

"I can see things," said Crabb. "I see if we go down we shall not rise again. I see that—and more."

He bent his head to Julia.

"You see me, missy? Will you remember me?"

"Oh, yes, Crabb."

He stood up and held the edge of the car.

"Sit down, man!" cried Bentley.

But he stared at the warmth of the sun, which he felt upon his pallid cheek.

"Oh, the sun's good, though I cannot see it! And I've a sense of light in me! Good-bye, missy."

He said that to Julia, and ere they knew what he did he threw himself from the car.

They saw his body fall, and Julia shrieked vainly. He fell into the cloud, but the balloon rose and entered the great wind of the upper air. And the heavy cloud below them slipped to the east.

"HE FELL INTO THE CLOUD, BUT THE BALLOON ROSE AND ENTERED THE GREAT WIND OF THE UPPER AIR."

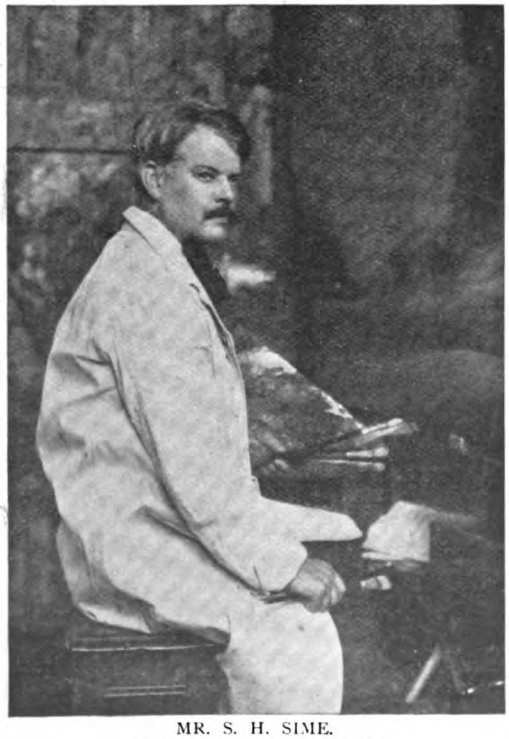
MR. S. H. SIME AND HIS WORK.

By E. S. VALENTINE.

"IT is easy to seek after what is at once grotesque and art," once wrote a great critic; "it is much more difficult to find it." Mr. Sidney Sime, one of the ablest draughtsmen of the day, has not sought after the grotesque; he has not, indeed, found it—the grotesque has found him.

"What I do," he said to me, as we sat together in his studio in a remote corner of Surrey, surrounded by a truly marvellous collection of sketches in oil, ink, and water-colour—"what I do I don't do consciously. I'm speaking now of my ideas. I have a natural inherent bent towards mystery, and things must appear to be touched with what I may call the 'bogey wand' or—well, I simply don't see them! I do not remember a time when I did not make drawings—of sorts. Like Traddles I was much addicted to skeletons, likewise to ghosts and devils!"

Mr. Sime is, both in character and person, as far removed as possible from the dreamy, decadent, degenerate type of artist. He springs direct from the common people, just as William Blake did—and, strange as it may appear, there are many points of physical resemblance between himself and Blake. Weird and charged with occult significance as many of his designs are, Sime is a humorist—and, moreover, a man absolutely without pose.



MR. S. H. SIME.
From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

"I'm afraid," he says, "the general public want what is obvious and instantly understood. The age is a commercial one, and everyone is so busy making money that few people have the time to acquire a taste for what is really good in art. But I am not going to rail at the public or call the man in the street a tyrant. I have acquired a competence and don't now depend, thank Heaven, on his suffrage. He wants something he can fathom at once and throw aside. If an artist's work can't be understood at once people think he is posing. Well, perhaps he is posing. I'm not.

"No; I don't draw from models. As I am not a draughtsman in a technical sense, I cannot say that any one of my drawings is worse than another from a South Kensington point of view. I like to draw things which tickle my own fancy—but let me be quite frank with you; I really think farming or sailoring better occupations for a grown man."

After this burst of candour we talked about Mr. Sime's first Metropolitan appearance in the pages of *Pick-Me-Up*, when he succeeded Mr. Raven-Hill, and produced drawings which created an instant sensation. Yet they were as different from the drawings since associated with his genius as can well be imagined. He began by caricaturing popular actors and music-hall favourites. "It took me some time to study an actor's mannerisms so as to give a characteristic picture of him. I usually visited a piece two or three times before making my finished sketch. At the first visit I would study his face from the stalls; at the second visit I might consider him from a dark corner of the pit, noting his peculiarities of gesture and attitude."

Once Mr. Sime gave his impressions of the

house from the stage while the inimitable Dan Leno was delivering one of his monologues; in other words, how the audience must have appeared to the comedian.

But all this kind of work was before Mr. Sime became a daring adventurer in strange tracts of country--Dreamland, Fairyland, the Netherworld, and Utopia. At first, as he confesses, he did not know how to express himself in terms which the public would understand. He tried Aubrey Beardsley as a guide. He has even tried Forain.

"Beardsley's work was generally morbid, and he introduced often into his drawings more than a suggestion of pain and disease. But, apart from his temperament, his technique was extraordinary. I think he has influenced almost every man who is drawing to-day. The same, of course, may be said of Japanese art." As a consequence, people charged Mr. Sime with being morbid.

"HOW THE AUDIENCE APPEARED TO DAN LENO."
(Reproduced by courtesy of *The Sketch*.)

Then there is that series of drawings of the Netherworld and the serener atmosphere of Elysium which brought the artist fame. Who that has ever seen it can forget "The Gate of Heaven," through which the rich man has perforce to pass? How can so corpulent a soul pass through a portal so straitened?

Is there any draughtsman living who could design anything weirder or more grotesque than that which Mr. Sime has wrought specially for THE STRAND, and to which he gives the title of "The Squidg"?

The whole presentment reeks of humour, as well as of the ingenious fantasy of nightmare. Pass but a glance at the smirking monster that never was on sea or land, crouched on the summit of his rocky cliff, and then regard the serious absurdities of the rest of the picture — the Squidg's gardener, raking up a crop of pebbles which grow upon the fertile adamant; the bridge across the chasm leading to the captive balloon, wherein the gardener goes and fetches and carries for his egregious master.

All this is pure Sime—Sime for the nursery as well as for our own lighter moments.

As a further example of Mr. Sime's peculiar talents, take note of his drawing, "An Illustration to an Unknown Tale." (See page 398.) Obviously such a tale would be unknown. Who would undertake to fit a story to such pictorial licence as this? Is it a gorilla, is it some extraordinary type of baboon, or is it a new type of cannibal? The contents of the saucepan point to the latter solution; but we

"THE GATE OF HEAVEN."
(Reproduced by courtesy of *The Sketch*.)

are only certain of one thing, and that is the drawing is pure Sime again.

Mr. Sime himself suggests the following wording as descriptive of the picture, wording as truly explicit as the picture itself :—

heeded by me, absorbed as I was—for how long I know not—in a profound and fatal curiosity. . . ."

Obviously, nothing in prose or verse could be more clear.

"THE SQUIDG."

". . . The sudden discovery of that infamous den—that renowned and impregnable stronghold, the fear and envy of universal wizardry—not only drowned my memory of the quest, it involved me in perilous side issues. The malevolence underlying the Pophoff's hospitable greeting passed un-

Again, what an amount of tragi-comedy there is in "The Dream of the Woman of Char." (See page 400.) The true nightmare touch is evinced both in the weirdness of the charwoman's surroundings and in the agony of her plaintive cry—"I dreamed I was the Woman of Char, and that it was my task to

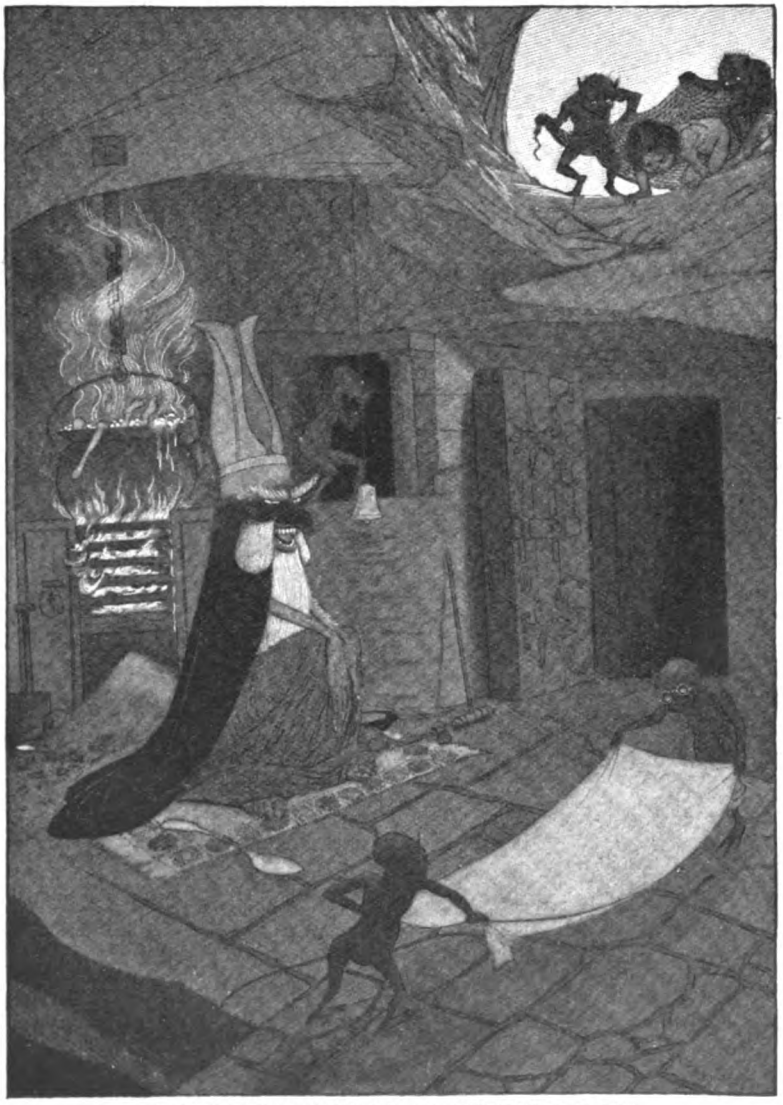
scrub the endless and gigantic stairs which are neither here nor there. I had no water, but my tears fell in great abundance, and there was an occasional shower of rain; so I worked frantically, and the lather grew and grew. But despair overcame me when I realized the hideous mockery of the situation—*The stairs were made of soap!*"

The expression Mr. Sime gives to the charwoman—caught just as she makes her momentous discovery—is too delicious to need description.

Although essentially imaginative, Mr. Sime resorts both to Nature and to books. I asked him to whom he most owed inspiration.

"I owe everything to omnivorous and indiscriminate reading," he replied; "but perhaps if I mention Poe, Heine, De Quincey, it will give you some indication of my preferences in literature. And Meredith—above all, Meredith."

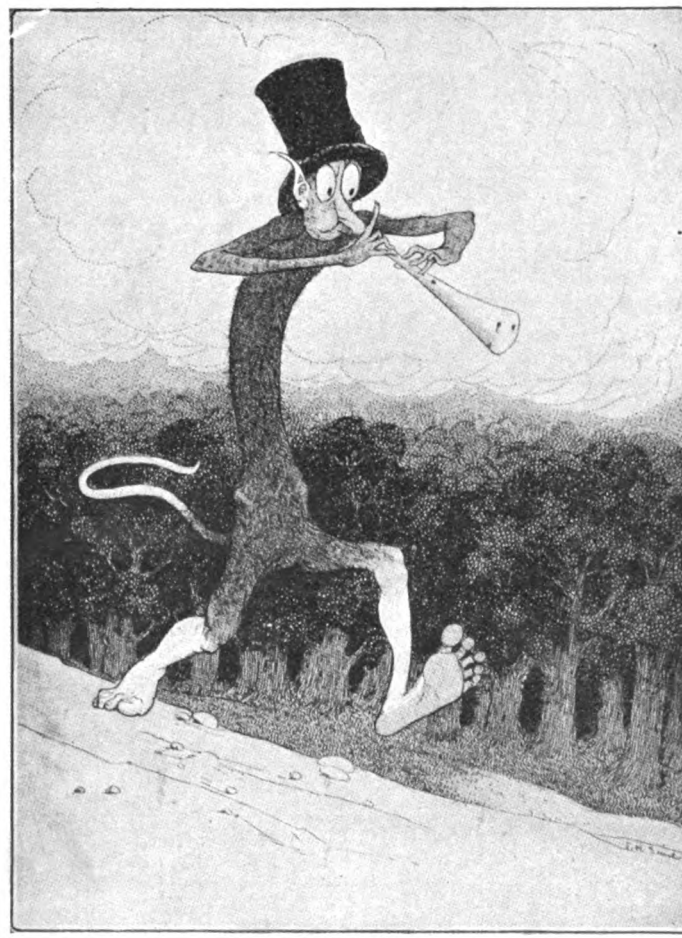
Periodically Mr. Sime emerges from the remote and picturesque seclusion of the little village of Worplesdon and plunges into the heart of London. There he frequents cafés, music-halls, and other prosaic places where



"AN ILLUSTRATION TO AN UNKNOWN TALE."
(Reproduced by courtesy of *The Tatler*.)

the man in the street loves to congregate, keeping his eyes, if not his note-book, open. It is curious, perhaps almost incredible, that the idea for a "Squidg" or a "Zoom" should be evolved by the artist through scanning the comparatively prosaic faces of his fellow-men. But Mr. Sime reads between the lines in the Book of Life.

found in the landscapes of Mr. MacWhirter or Mr. Leader. One upon which he is now at work, entitled "Wild Beast Wood," depicts a moonlit, tree-dotted slope, taken from the height of some giant pine or the back of a mighty roc. The impression is one of eerie, wind-swept silence, and this despite the herd of gaunt black wolves who with blazing eyes



"THE ZOOM."
(Reproduced by courtesy of *The Sketch*.)

"I reproduce faces, when I want human faces, from memory. When I am travelling I often make a study of the people in the railway carriage, and I can draw them all from memory when I get home."

Little as his most ardent admirers suspect it, Mr. Sime is a painter in oils, much addicted to landscape. He is fondest of wild Scottish Highland or Welsh scenery, which, coming under the magic of his brush, takes on a weird and "wicked" quality not at all to be

noiselessly steal across the open. (See next page.) Almost involuntarily I exclaimed:—

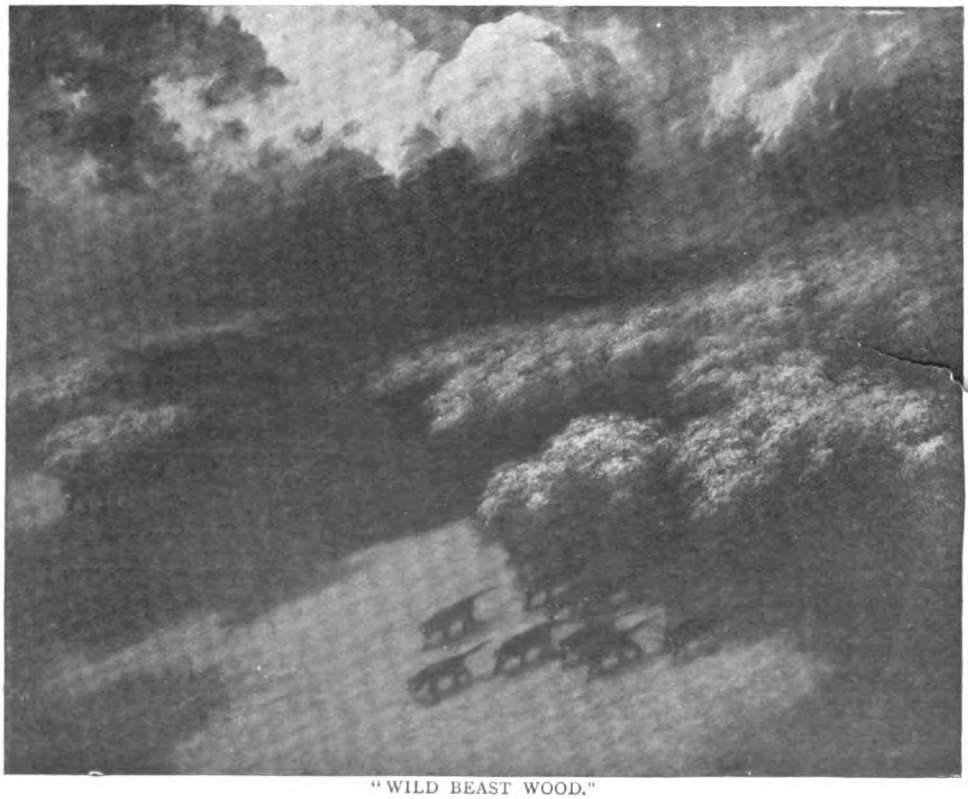
"Behold, there is your masterpiece!"

Sime—"the man Sime"—as he used invariably to be called in the pages of *Pick-Me-Up*—smiled an indulgent smile.

"Masterpiece? I haven't had time to attempt a masterpiece. But I'll show you something which is giving me more trouble than anything else I ever did attempt."

From an adjacent easel the cloth was

"THE DREAM OF THE WOMAN OF CHAR."
(Reproduced by courtesy of *The Sketch*.)



"WILD BEAST WOOD."

IMPERTURBABLE BOATMAN: "Haud up yer rod, man! Ye have 'm!—ye have 'm!"
(Reproduced by the special permission of the Proprietors of *Punch*.)

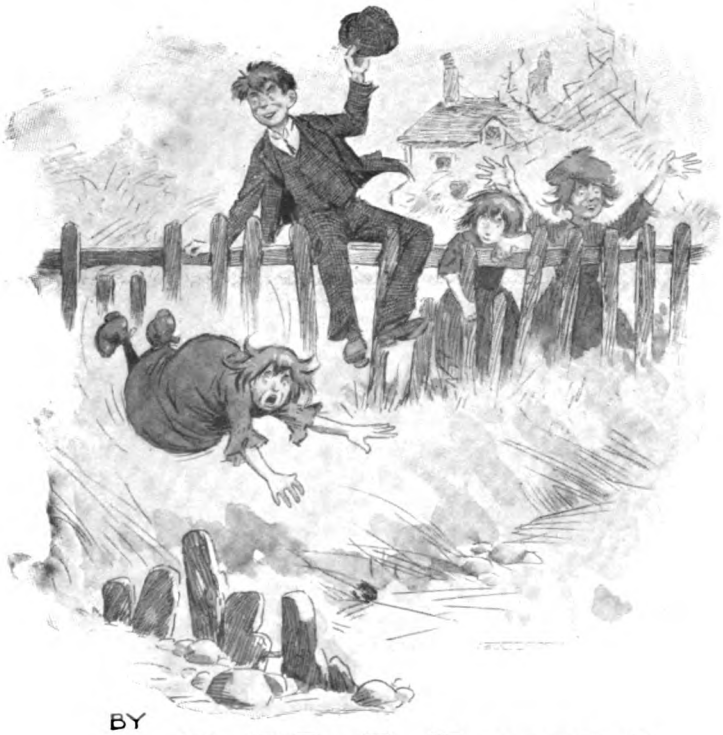
removed, revealing a perfect riot of vivid colour and bizarre shapes. It is intended to represent a scene from Poe's "The Masque of the Red Death," and will be one of a triad of pictures. One may safely predicate of this achievement that when it comes to be exhibited, at the Royal Academy or elsewhere, it will make all the other paintings in its immediate entourage appear somewhat flat, pale, and uninspired.

Mr. Sime has also been a contributor to *Punch*. The specimen of his work in that paper reproduced above has the rare distinction of being a funny picture, apart from the merit of the joke.

CARICATURE SKETCH OF MR. S. H. SIME,
BY "MAX."

Mr. Sime has, amongst other distinctions, enjoyed that of being caricatured by Mr. Max Beerbohm. It says much for the elder artist's magnanimity that, in spite of this performance, he can yet declare warmly, "Max is the only caricaturist we have!" This was not uttered in the spirit of one illustrious victim, whose comment was, "If there were another Max, or if Max had Sime's skill in draughtsmanship, England would be intolerable for some of us!"

SALTHAVEN



BY

W·W·JACOBS

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE news that Mrs. Chinnery had taken a house of her own and was anxious to let rooms gave Robert Vyner an idea which kept him busy the whole of one morning. He broached it next day to Hartley, but, finding him hopelessly divided between joy and nervousness, he took the matter into his own hands and paid a visit to Tranquil Vale, the result of which he communicated with some pride to Joan Hartley the same afternoon.

"It was my own idea entirely," he said, modestly. "Some people would call it an inspiration. Directly I heard that Mrs. Chinnery was anxious to let rooms I thought of your children. I mentioned the idea to your father, and escaped an embrace by a hair's breadth. I was prepared to remind him that 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder,' and to follow it up with 'Distance lends enchantment to the view'; but it was unnecessary. It will be a great thing for Mrs. Chinnery."

Miss Hartley looked thoughtful.

"And you," said Robert, reproachfully.

"If father is satisfied——" began Miss Hartley.

"'Satisfied' is a cold and inadequate word," said Robert. "He was delighted. He could not have been more pleased if I had told him that the entire five had succumbed to an attack of croup. I left my work to look after itself to come and give you the news."

"You are very kind," said Joan, after some consideration.

"It is a good thing for all concerned," said Robert. "It is a load off my mind. The very last time I was here I was interrupted at a most critical moment by the entrance of Miss Trimblett."

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"And now, instead of coming here to see them, you will have to go to Mrs. Chinnery's," said Joan.

"When I want to," said Mr. Vyner, with a forced smile, as the twins came rushing into the room. "Yes."

The exodus took place three days afterwards, to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. Tranquil Vale alone regarded the advent of the new-comers with a certain amount of uneasiness; the joy of Ted and the twins when they found that there was a river at the bottom of the garden threatening to pass all bounds. In a state of wild excitement they sat on the fence and waved to passing craft, until in an attempt to do justice to a larger ship than usual Miss Gertrude Trimblett waved herself off the fence on to the stones of the foreshore below.

Captain Sellers, who had been looking on with much interest, at once descended and rendered first aid. It was the first case he had had since he had left the sea, but after a careful examination he was able to assure the sufferer that she had broken her right leg in two places. The discovery was received with howls of lamentation from both girls until Dolly, blinded with her tears, happened to fall over the injured limb and received in return two such hearty kicks from it that the captain was compelled to reconsider his diagnosis, and after a further examination discovered that it was only bent. In quite a professional manner he used a few technical terms that completely covered his discomfiture.

It was the beginning of a friendship which Tranquil Vale did its best to endure with fortitude, and against which Mrs. Chinnery fought in vain. In the company of Ted and the twins Captain Sellers renewed his youth. Together they discovered the muddiest places on the foreshore, and together they borrowed a neighbour's boat and sailed down the river in quest of adventures. With youth at the prow and dim-sighted age at the helm they found several. News of their doings made Hartley congratulate himself warmly on their departure.

"Mrs. Chinnery is just the woman to manage them," he said to Joan, "and Truefitt tells me that having children to look after has changed her wonderfully."

Miss Hartley, with a little shiver, said she could quite understand it.

"I mean for the better," said her father. "He said she is getting quite young and jolly again. And he told me that young Saunders is there a good deal."

Miss Hartley raised her eyebrows in mute interrogation.

"He pretends that he goes to see George," said her father, dropping his voice, "but Truefitt thinks that it is Jessie. I suppose Trimblett won't mind; he always thought a lot of Saunders. I don't know whether you ought to interfere."

"I?" said Joan, flushing. "Certainly not. What has it got to do with me?"

"Well, I just mentioned it," said Hartley; "although I suppose Mrs. Chinnery is mostly responsible while they are with her. I am writing to tell Trimblett that the children are at Tranquil Vale. When he comes back perhaps he will make other arrangements."

"Very likely," said his daughter, absently; "or perhaps he will marry Mrs. Chinnery."

Mr. Hartley, who was at supper, put down his knife and fork and sat eyeing her in very natural amazement. "Marry Mrs. Chinnery?" he gasped; "but how can he?"

"I mean," said Joan, with a sudden remembrance of the state of affairs—"I mean if anything should happen to me."

Mr. Hartley finished his supper and, drawing his chair up to the fire, sat smoking in thoughtful silence.

"And if anything happens to Trimblett, perhaps you will marry again," he said at last.

Miss Hartley shook her head. "I am not afraid of that," she said, ambiguously.

Her confidence was put to the test less than a fortnight later by an unexpected visit from Mr. Robert Vyner, who, entering the room in a somewhat breathless condition, accepted a chair and sat gazing at her with an air of mysterious triumph.

"I'm the bearer of important news," he murmured. "Despatches from the front. You'll hear all about it from your father when he comes home, but I wanted to be the first with it."

"What is the matter?" inquired Joan.

Mr. Vyner looked shocked. "All important news, good or bad, should be broken gently," he said, reproachfully. "Do you know any Scotch?"

"Scotch?" said the mystified Miss Hartley.

Mr. Vyner nodded. "'The best-laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley,'" he quoted, in a thrilling voice. "Do you understand that?"

"I'll wait till father comes home," announced Miss Hartley, with some decision.

"There are other quotations bearing on the matter in hand," said Mr. Vyner, thoughtfully, "but I have forgotten them.

At present I am thinking of you to the utter exclusion of everything else. Not that that is anything unusual. Far from it. To cut a long story short, Captain Trimblett has been left behind at San Francisco with malaria, and the mate has taken the ship on."

Miss Hartley gave a little cry of concern.

"He has had it before," said Mr. Vyner, composedly, "but he seems to have got it bad this time; and when he is fit enough he is coming home. Now, what are you going to do?"

"Poor Captain Trimblett!" said Joan. "I am so sorry."

"What are you going to do?" repeated Mr. Vyner, impressively. "His children are at Salthaven, and he will live here because my father and I had practically decided to give him the berth of ship's husband after this voyage. He will have it a little sooner, that's all. Appropriate berth for a marrying man like that, isn't it? Sounds much more romantic than marine superintendent."

"I made sure that he would be away for at least two years," said Joan, regarding him helplessly.

"There is nothing certain in this world," said Mr. Vyner, sedately. "You should have thought of that before. The whole thing is bound to come out now. There are only two courses open to you. You might marry Captain Trimblett in reality——"

"What is the other?" inquired Joan, as he paused.

"The other," said Mr. Vyner, slowly, and lowering his voice—"the other stands before you. All he can urge in his favour is that he is younger than Trimblett and, as I have said on another occasion, without encumbrances."

"If there is nothing more than that in his favour——" said Joan, turning away.

"Nothing," said Robert, humbly, "unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless you know of anything."

Joan Hartley, her gaze still averted, shook her head.

"Still," said Mr. Vyner, with an air of great thoughtfulness, "a paragon would be awful to live with. Awful. Fancy marrying Bassett, for instance! Fancy being married to a man you could never find fault with!"

"There is a third course open to me," said Joan, turning round. "I could go away."

Mr. Vyner got up slowly and took a step towards her. "Would you—would you sooner go away than stay with me?" he said, in a low voice.

"I—I don't want to go away," said Joan, after a long pause.

Mr. Vyner took two more steps.

"I'm so fond of Salthaven," added Joan, hastily.

"So am I," said Robert. "It seems to me that we have a lot of ideas in common. Don't you think it would simplify matters if you stayed at Salthaven and married me?"

Joan eyed him gravely. "I don't think that it would simplify matters with your father," she said, slowly.

Mr. Vyner's fourth and last step took him to her chair.

"Is that your only objection?" he murmured, bending over her.

"I might think of others—in time," said Joan.

Mr. Vyner bent a little lower, but so slowly that Miss Hartley was compelled to notice it. She got up suddenly and confronted him. He took both her hands in his, but so gently that she offered no resistance.

"That is a bargain," he said, trying to steady his voice. "I will soon arrange matters with my father."

Joan smiled faintly and shook her head.

"You'll see," said Robert, confidently. "I've been a good son to him, and he knows it. And I always *have* had my own way. I'm not going to alter now. It wouldn't be good for him."

"You are holding my hands," said Joan.

"I know," said Mr. Vyner. "I like it."

He released them reluctantly, and stood looking at her. Miss Hartley, after a brave attempt to meet his gaze, lowered her eyes. For a time neither of them spoke.

"I'm as bad as Trimblett," said Robert at last. "I am beginning to believe in fate. It is my firm opinion that we were intended for each other. I can't imagine marrying anybody else, can you?"

Miss Hartley, still looking down, made no reply.

"Silence gives consent," said Robert, and, leaning forward, took her hands again.

CHAPTER XXV.

ROBERT VYNER walked home slowly, trying as he went to evolve a scheme which should, in the first place, enable him to have his own way, and, in the second, cause as little trouble as possible to everybody. As a result of his deliberations he sought his father, whom he found enjoying a solitary cup of tea, and told him that he had been to Hartley's with the news of Captain Trimblett's illness. He

added, casually, that Mrs. Trimblett was looking remarkably well. And he spoke feelingly of the pleasure afforded to all right-minded people at being able to carry a little sympathy and consolation into the homes of the afflicted.

Mr. Vyner, senior, sipped his tea. "She has got her father and the children if she wants sympathy," he said, gruffly.

Robert shook his head. "It's not quite the same thing," he said, gravely.

"The children ought to be with her," said his father. "I never understood why they should have gone to Mrs. Chinnery; still, that's not my affair."

"It was to assist Mrs. Chinnery, for one thing," said Robert. "And, besides, they were awfully in the way."

He heard his father put his tea-cup down, and felt, rather than saw, that he was gazing at him with some intentness. With a preoccupied air he rose and left the room.

Satisfied with the impression he had made, he paid another visit to Hartley's on the day following, and then, despite Joan's protests, became an almost daily visitor. His assurance that they were duty visits, paid with a view to their future happiness, only served to mystify her. The fact that Hartley twice plucked up courage to throw out hints as to the frequency of his visits, and the odd glances with which his father favoured him, satisfied him that he was in the right path.

For a fortnight he went his way unchecked, and, apparently blind to the growing stiffness of his father every time the subject was mentioned, spoke freely of Mrs. Trimblett, and the beautiful resignation with which she endured her husband's misfortunes. His father listened for the most part in silence; but coming at last to the conclusion that there was nothing to be gained by that policy, he waited until his wife had left the dining-room one evening and ventured a solemn protest.

"She is a very nice girl," said the delighted Robert, in a sullen voice.

"Just so," said his father, leaning towards a candle and lighting his cigar; "although perhaps that is hardly the way to speak of a married woman."

"And we have been friends for a long time," said Robert.

Mr. Vyner senior, coughed, dryly.

"Just so," he said again.

"Why shouldn't I go and see her when I like?" said Robert, after a pause.

"She is another man's wife," said his father, "and it is a censorious world."

Robert Vyner looked down at the cloth. "If she were not, I suppose there would be some other objection," he said, gloomily.

Mr. Vyner laid his cigar on the side of a plate and drew himself up. "My boy," he said, impressively, "I don't think I deserve that. Both your mother and myself would ha—always put your happiness before our own private inclinations."

He picked up his cigar again and, placing it in his mouth, looked the personification of injured fatherhood.

"Do you mean," said Robert, slowly—"do you mean that if she were single you would be willing for me to marry her?"

"It is no good discussing that," said Mr. Vyner, with an air of great consideration.

"But would you?" persisted his son.

Mr. Vyner was a very truthful man as a rule, but there had been instances—— He added another.

"Yes," he said, with a slight gasp.

Robert sprang up with a haste that overturned his coffee, and, seizing his father's hand, shook it with enthusiasm. Mr. Vyner, somewhat affected, responded heartily.

"Anything possible for you, Bob," he said, fervently, "but this is impossible."

His son looked at him. "I have never known you to go back on your word," he said, emphatically.

"I never have," said Mr. Vyner.

"Your word is your bond," said Robert, smiling at him. "And now I want to tell you something."

"Well?" said the other, regarding him with a little uneasiness.

"She is not married," said Robert, calmly.

Mr. Vyner started up and his cigar fell unheeded to the floor.

"WHAT?" he said, loudly.

"She is not married," repeated his son.

Mr. Vyner sank back in his chair again, and, looking down mechanically for his cigar, found it tracing a design on the carpet.

"Con-found it!" he said, fervently, as he stooped to recover it. He tossed it in his plate and, leaning back, glared at his son.

"Do you mean that she didn't marry Trimblett?" he inquired, in a trembling voice.

"Yes."

Mr. Vyner drew the cigar-box towards him, and selecting a cigar with great care nipped off the end and, having lighted it, sat smoking in grim silence.

"This is very extraordinary," he said at last, avoiding his son's eyes.

"I suppose she had a reason," said Robert, in a matter-of-fact voice.

"'SHE IS NOT MARRIED,' SAID ROBERT, CALMLY."

Mr. Vyner winced. He began to realize the true state of affairs, and sat trembling in impotent wrath. Then he rose and paced up and down the room. He thought of his veiled threats to Hartley, and the idea that his son should know of them added fuel to his anger.

"You are of full age," he said, bitterly, "and you have your own income—now."

Robert flushed and then turned pale.

"I will give that up if you wish, provided that you'll retain Hartley," he said, quietly.

Mr. Vyner continued his perambulations. He smoked furiously, and muttered something about "forcing conditions upon him."

"I can't leave Hartley in the lurch," said his son, quietly. "It's not his fault. I can look after myself."

Mr. Vyner stopped and regarded him. "Don't be a fool," he said, shortly. "If it wasn't for your mother——"

His son repressed a smile by an effort, and began to feel more at ease. One of Mrs. Vyner's wifely privileges was to serve as an excuse for any display of weakness of which her husband might be guilty.

"This pretended marriage will be a public scandal," said Mr. Vyner, frowning. "What are you going to tell people?"

"Nothing," said Robert.

"Do you think it is conducive to discipline to marry the daughter of my chief clerk?" continued his father.

Robert shook his head.

"No," he said, decidedly. "I have been thinking of that. It would be better to give him a small interest in the firm—equal to his salary, say."

Well aware of the uses of physical exercise at moments of mental stress, Mr. Vyner started on his walk again. He began to wonder whether, after all, he ought to consider his wife's feelings in the matter.

"She is a very nice girl," said Robert, after watching him for some time. "I wish you knew her."

Mr. Vyner waved the remark away with a large, impatient hand.

"She declined to marry me against your wishes," continued his son, "but now that you have given your consent——"

The room suddenly became too small for

Mr. Vyner. He passed out into the hall, and a few seconds later his son heard the library door close with an eloquent bang. He shrugged his shoulders and, lighting a cigarette, sat down to wait. He was halfway through his third cigarette when the door opened and his father came into the room again.

"I have been talking to your mother," said Mr. Vyner, in a stately fashion. "She is very much upset, of course. Very. She is not strong, and I ha—we came to the conclusion that you must do as you please."

He stepped to the table and, with a trembling hand, helped himself to a whisky and soda. Robert took up a glass with a little claret in it.

"Success to the young couple," he said, cheerfully.

Mr. Vyner paused with the glass at his lips, and eyed him indignantly; then, with a wooden expression of face—intended, possibly, to suggest that he had not heard—took a satisfying drink. He placed the glass on the table, and turned to see his son's outstretched hand.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CAPTAIN TRIMBLETT, by special arrangement with Mrs. Truefitt, was back again in his old quarters, and already so much improved in health that he was able to repel with considerable vigour the many inquirers who were anxious to be put in possession of the real facts concerning his pretended marriage. It was a subject on which the captain was dumb, but in some mysterious fashion it came to be understood that it was a device on the part of a self-sacrificing and chivalrous ship-master to save Miss Hartley from the attentions of a determined admirer she had met in London. It was the version sanctioned—if not invented—by Mr. Robert Vyner.

It was a source of some little perturbation of spirit to Miss Jelks that the captain had been brought home by his faithful boatswain. Conduct based on an idea of two years' absence had to be suddenly and entirely altered. She had had a glimpse of them both on the day of their arrival, but the fact that Mr. Walters was with his superior officer, and that she was with Mr. Filer, prevented her from greeting him. In the matter of his dismissal Mr. Filer met her more than halfway.

"Somebody 'ad to look arter 'im," said Mr. Walters, referring to the captain, as he sat in Rosa's kitchen the following evening, "and he always 'ad a liking for me. Besides which I wanted to get 'ome and see you."

"You have got it bad," said Rosa, with a gratified titter.

"Look arter you I ought to ha' said," retorted Mr. Walters, glowering at her; "and from wot I hear from Bassett it's about time I did."

"Ho!" said Miss Jelks, taking a deep breath. "Ho, really!"

"I had it out of 'im this morning," continued Mr. Walters, eyeing her sternly. "I waited for 'im as he come out of his 'ouse. He didn't want to tell me at first, but when he found as 'ow he'd be late for the office if he didn't, he thought better of it."

Miss Jelks leaned back in her chair with a ladylike sneer upon her expressive features.

"I'll Bassett him," she said, slowly.

"And I'll Filer *him*," said Mr. Walters, not to be outdone in the coining of verbs.

"It's a pity he don't say these things to my face," said Rosa. "I'd soon let him know."

"He's going to," said the boatswain, readily. "I told 'im we'd meet him on Sunday arternoon by Kegg's boat-house. Then we'll see wot you've got to say for yourself. Shut that door! D'ye want to freeze me?"

"I'll shut it when you're gone," said Rosa, calmly. "Make haste, else I shall catch cold. I'll go with you on Sunday afternoon—just so as you can beg my pardon—and after that I don't want nothing more to do with you. You'd try the temper of a saint, you would."

Mr. Walters looked round the warm and comfortable kitchen, and his face fell. "I ain't going to judge you till I've heard both sides," he said, slowly, and then, seeing no sign of relenting in Rosa's face, passed out into the bleak night.

He walked down to the rendezvous on Sunday afternoon with a well-dressed icicle. Miss Jelks only spoke to him once, and that was when he trod on her dress. A nipping wind stirred the surface of the river, and the place was deserted except for the small figure of Bassett sheltering under the lee of the boat-house. He came to meet them, and, raising a new bowler hat, stood regarding Miss Jelks with an expression in which compassion and judicial severity were pretty evenly combined.

"Tell me afore her wot you told me the other day," said Mr. Walters, plunging at once into business.

"I would rather not," said Bassett, adjusting his spectacles and looking from one to

the other, "but in pursuance of my promise I have no alternative."

"Fire away!" commanded the boatswain.

Bassett coughed, and then, in a thin but firm voice, complied. The list of Miss Jelks's misdeeds was a long one and the day was cold, but he did not miss a single item. Miss Jelks, eyeing him with some concern as he proceeded, began to think that he must have eyes at the back of his head. The boatswain, whose colour was deepening as he listened, regarded her with a lurid eye.

"And you believe it all?" said Rosa, turning to him with a pitying smile, as Bassett concluded his tale. "Why don't he go on? He ain't finished yet."

"Wot?" said Mr. Walters, with energy.

wanted to take me to Marsham Fair and cried because I wouldn't go."

"Eh?" gasped the boatswain, staring at the bewildered Bassett.

"Ask him if he didn't go down on his knees to me in Pringle's Lane one day—a muddy day—and ask me to be his," continued the unscrupulous Rosa. "Ask him if he didn't say I was throwing myself away on a wooden-headed boatswain with bandy legs."

"Bandy wot?" ejaculated the choking Mr. Walters, as he bestowed an involuntary glance at the limbs in question.

"I can assure you I never said so," cried Bassett, earnestly. "I never noticed before that they *were* bandy. And I never——"

"ASK HIM IF HE DIDN'T SAY I WAS THROWING MYSELF AWAY ON A WOODEN-HEADED BOATSWAIN WITH BANDY LEGS."

"He ain't told you about making love to me yet," said Rosa.

"I didn't," said the youth. "I shouldn't think of doing such a thing. It was all a mistake of yours."

Miss Jelks uttered a cruel laugh. "Ask him whether he followed me like a pet dog," she said, turning to the astonished boatswain. "Ask him if he didn't say he loved the ground my feet trod on. Ask him if he

An enormous fist held just beneath his nose stopped him in mid-career.

"If you was only three foot taller and six or seven stun 'eavier," said the palpitating boatswain, "I should know wot to do with you."

"I assure you——" began Bassett.

"If you say another word," declared Mr. Walters, in grating accents, "I'll take you by the scruff of your little neck and drop you in

the river. And if you tell any more lies about my young woman to a living soul, I'll tear you limb from limb and box your ears arterwards."

With a warning shake of his head at the gasping Bassett he turned to Miss Jelks, but that injured lady, with her head at an alarming angle, was already moving away. Even when he reached her side she seemed unaware of his existence, and it was not until the afternoon was well advanced that she deigned to take the slightest notice of his abject apologies.

"It's being at sea and away from you that does it," he said, humbly.

"And a nasty jealous temper," added Miss Jelks.

"I'm going to try for a shore berth," said her admirer. "I spoke to Mr. Vyner—the young one—about it yesterday, and he's going to see wot he can do for me. If I get that I shall be a different man."

"He'd do anything for Miss Joan," said the mollified Rosa, thoughtfully, "and if you behave yourself and try and conquer your wicked, jealous nature I might put in a word for you with her myself."

Mr. Walters thanked her warmly, and, with a natural anxiety regarding his future prospects, paid frequent visits to learn what progress she was making. He haunted the kitchen with the persistency of a blackbeetle, and became such a nuisance at last that Miss Hartley espoused his cause almost with enthusiasm.

"He is very much attached to Rosa, but he takes up a lot of her time," she said to Robert Vyner, as they were on their way one evening to Tranquil Vale to pay a visit to Captain Trimblett.

"I'll get him something for Rosa's sake," said Robert, softly. "I shall never forget that she invited me to breakfast when her mistress would have let me go empty away. Do you remember?"

"I remember wondering whether you were going to stay all day," said Joan.

"It never occurred to me," said Mr. Vyner, in tones of regret. "I'm afraid you must have thought me very neglectful."

They walked on happily through the dark, cold night until the lighted windows of Tranquil Vale showed softly in the blackness. There was a light in the front room of No. 5, and the sound of somebody moving hurriedly about followed immediately upon Mr. Vyner's knock. Then the door opened, and Captain Trimblett stood before them.

"Come in," he said, heartily. "Come in. I'm all alone this evening."

He closed the door behind them, and while Mr. Vyner stood gazing curiously at a mound on the table, which appeared to have been hastily covered up with a rather soiled towel, placed a couple of easy chairs by the fire. Mr. Vyner, with his eyes still on the table, took his seat slowly, and then, transferring his regards to Captain Trimblett, asked him in a stern voice what he was smiling at Joan for.

"She smiled at me first," said the captain.

Mr. Vyner shook his head at both of them, and at an offer of a glass of beer looked so undecided that the captain, after an uneasy glance at the table, which did not escape Mr. Vyner, went to the kitchen to procure some.

"I wonder," said Robert, musingly, as he turned to the table—"I wonder if it would be bad manners to——"

"Yes," said Joan, promptly.

Mr. Vyner sighed, and tried to peer under a corner of the towel.

"I can see a saucer," he murmured, excitedly.

Miss Hartley rose, and, pointing with a rigid forefinger at her own chair, changed places with him.

"You want to see yourself," declared Mr. Vyner.

Miss Hartley scorned to reply.

"Let's share the guilt," continued the other. "You shut your eyes and raise a corner of the towel, and I'll do the peeping."

The return of the unconscious captain with the beer rendered a reply unnecessary.

"We half thought you would be at No. 9," said Robert, as the captain poured him out a glass.

"I'm keeping house this evening," said the captain, "or else I should have been."

"It's nice for you to have your children with you," said Joan, softly.

Captain Trimblett assented. "And it's nice to be able to give up the sea," he said, with a grateful glance at Vyner. "I'm getting old, and that last bout of malaria hasn't made me any younger."

"The youngsters seem to get on all right with Mrs. Chinnery," said Robert, eyeing him closely.

"Splendidly," said the captain. "I should never have thought that she would have been so good with children. She half worships them."

"Not all of them," said Mr. Vyner.

"All of 'em," said the captain.

"Twins as well?" said Mr. Vyner, raising his voice.

"She likes them best of all," was the reply.

My Vyner rose slowly from his chair. "She is a woman in a million," he said, impressively. "I wonder why——"

"They're very good girls," said the captain, hastily. "Old Sellers thinks there is nobody like them."

"I expect you will be making a home for them soon," said Robert, thoughtfully; "although it will be rather hard on Mrs. Chinnery to part with them, won't it?"

"We are all in the hands of fate," said the captain, gazing suddenly at his tumbler. "Fate rules all things from the cradle to the grave."

He poured himself out a little more beer and, lapsing into a reminiscent mood, cited various instances in his own career in confirmation. It was an interesting subject, but time was passing, and Mr. Vyner, after a regretful allusion to that fact, announced that they must be going. Joan rose, and Captain Trimblett, rising at the same moment, knocked over his beer and, in a moment of forgetfulness, snatched the towel from the mound to wipe it up. The act revealed an electro-plated salad bowl of noble proportions, a saucer of whitening, and some pieces of rag.

"Halloa!" said Robert, looking from the bowl to the captain's ruddy face. "What's this?"

"I was just giving it a clean up," murmured the captain.

"What is it?" said the other.

"It's a present," said Captain Trimblett, with a faint note of defiance in his voice —"a present from a dear old friend of mine —Captain Walsh."

He accompanied his visitors to the door, and after a cordial farewell stood looking after them until their voices died away in the darkness. Then he came back into the room and, whistling cheerfully, took up a piece of rag and resumed his interrupted task.

"'IT'S A PRESENT,' SAID CAPTAIN TRIMBLETT."

THE END.

Bills of Birds.

By E·H·Aitken

Illustrated by J.A. Shepherd.

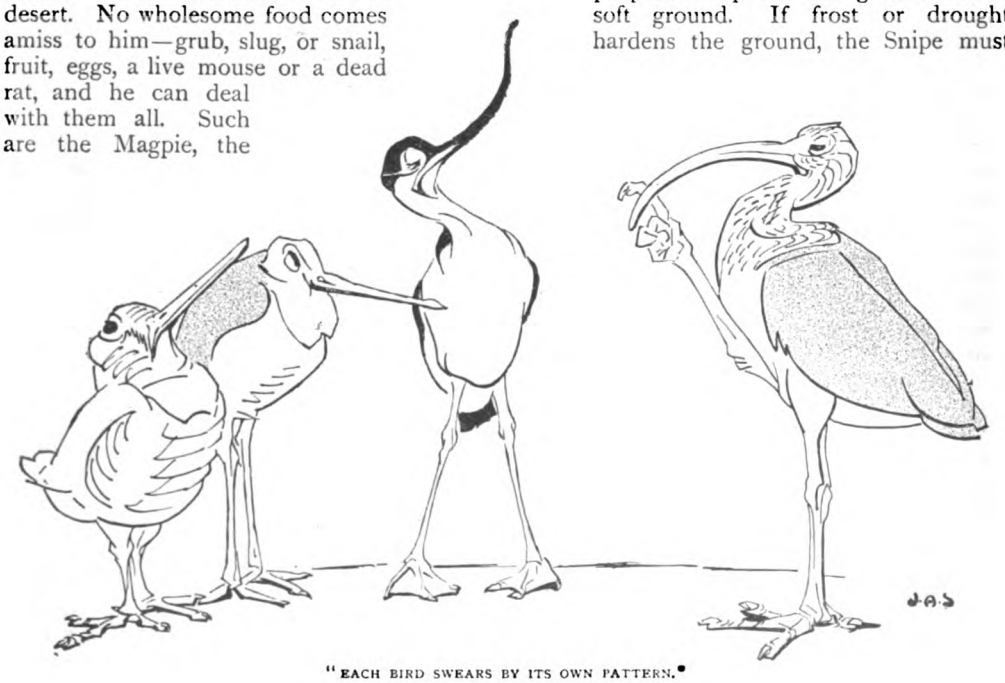
THE prospectus, or advertisement, of a certain American typewriting machine commences by informing the public that "The —— typewriter is founded on an idea." When I saw this phrase I secured it for my collection, for I felt that, without jest, it contained the kernel of a true philosophy of Nature. The forms, the *phainomena*, of Nature are innumerable, multifarious, interwoven, and infinitely perplexing, and you may spend a happy life in unravelling their relations and devising their evolutions; but until you have looked through them and seen the ideas that are behind them you are a mere materialist and a blind worker. The soul of Nature is hid from you.

What is the bill of a bird and what does it mean? I do not refer to the bill of a Hawk, or a Heron, or an Owl, or an Ostrich, but to that which is the abstract of all these and a thousand more. I hold, regardless of anatomy and physiology, that a bird is a higher being than a beast. No beast soars and sings to its sweetheart; no beast remains in lifelong partnership with the wife of its youth; no beast builds itself a summer-house and decks it with feathers and bright shells. A beast is a grovelling denizen of the earth; a bird is a free citizen of the air. And who can say that there is not a connection between this difference and other developments? The beast, thinking only of its appetites, has evolved a delicate nose, a discriminating palate, three kinds of teeth to cut, tear, and grind its food, salivary glands to moisten the same, and a perfected apparatus of digestion. The bird, occupied with thoughts of love and beauty, with "fields, or waves, or mountains" and "shapes of sky or plain," has made little advance in the art and instruments of good living. It swallows its food whole, scarcely knowing the taste of it, and a pair of forceps for picking it up, tipped and cased with horn, is the whole of its dining furniture. For the bill of a bird, primarily and essentially, is that and nothing else. In the chickens and the sparrows that come to steal their food, and the robin that looks on, and all the little dicky-birds, you may see it in its simplicity. The size and shape may vary, as a Canadian axe differs from a Scotch axe; some are short and stout and have a sharp edge for shelling seeds; some are longer and fine-pointed, for picking worms and caterpillars out of their hiding-places; some a little hooked at their points, and one, that of the Crossbill, with points crossed for picking the small seeds out of fir-cones; but all are practically the same tool. Yet the last distinctly points the way to those modifications by which the simple bill is gradually adapted to one special purpose or another, until it becomes a wonderful mechanism in which the original intention is quite out of sight.

At this point I find an instructive parable in my tool chest. Fully half of the tools are just knives. A chisel is a knife, a plane is a knife set in a block of wood, a saw is a knife with the edge notched. Moreover, there are

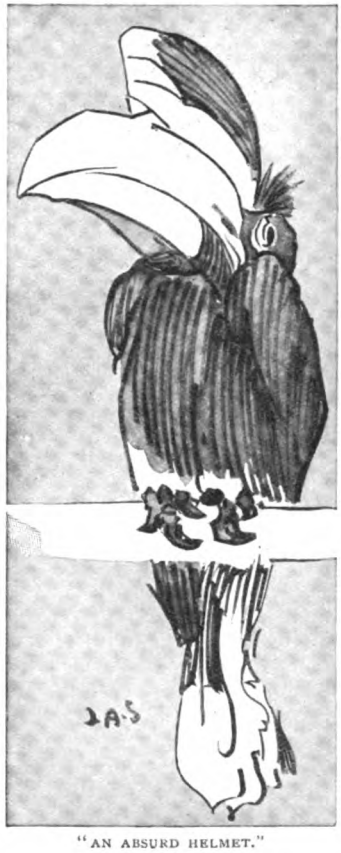
many sorts of curious planes and saws, each intended for one distinct kind of fine work. All these the joiner has need of, but a schoolboy would rather have one good, strong pocket-knife than the whole boxful. For, just in proportion as each tool is perfected for its own special work, it becomes useless for any other. And your schoolboy is not a specialist. He wants a tool that will cut a stick, carve a boat, peel an apple, dig out a worm—in short, one that will do whatever his active mind wants done. Now apply this parable to the birds. If you see a bill that is nothing but a large and powerful pair of forceps, good for any rough job, you may know without further inquiry that the owner is no limited specialist, but a "handy man," bold, enterprising, resourceful, and good all round. He will not starve in the desert. No wholesome food comes amiss to him—grub, slug, or snail, fruit, eggs, a live mouse or a dead rat, and he can deal with them all. Such are the Magpie, the Crow, the Jackdaw, and all of that ilk; and these are the birds that are found in all countries and climates, and prosper wherever they go. But all birds cannot play that part. One is timid, another fastidious, another shy but ingenious. So, in the universal competition for a living, each has taken its own line according to the bent of its nature, and its one tool has been perfected for its trade until it can follow no other. The Thrush catches such worms as rashly show themselves above-ground; but an ancient ancestor of the Snipe found that, if it followed them into marshy lands, it could probe the soft ground and drag them out of their chambers. For this operation it has now a bill three inches long, straight, thin and sensitive at the tip, a beautiful instrument, but good for no purpose except extracting worms from soft ground. If frost or drought hardens the ground, the Snipe must

"GOOD FOR ANY ROUGH JOB."



"EACH BIRD SWEARS BY ITS OWN PATTERN."

starve or travel. Among the many "lang nebbit" birds that follow the same profession as the Snipe, some, like the Curlew and the Ibis, have curved bills of prodigious length. I do not know the comparative advantages of the two forms, but no doubt each bird swears by its own pattern, as every golfer does by his own putter.

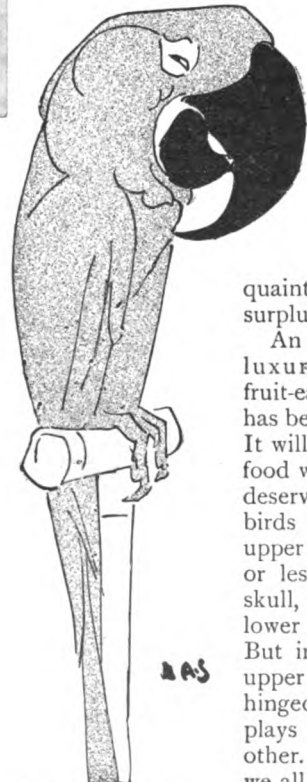


"AN ABSURD HELMET."

But now behold another grub-hunter, which, distasting mud, has discovered an unworked mine in the trunks of trees. There, in deep burrows, lurked great succulent beetle-grubs, demanding only a tool with which they might be dug out. This has been perfected by many stages, and I have now before me a splendid specimen of the most improved pattern—namely, the bill of the Great Black Woodpecker of Western India, a bird nearly as big as a crow. It is nothing else than a hatchet in two parts, which, when locked together, present a steeled edge about three-eighths of an inch in breadth. The hatchet is two and a half inches long by one in breadth at the base, and a prominent ridge, or keel, runs down the top from base to point. It is further strengthened by a keel on each side. Inside of it, ere the bird became a mummy, was her tongue, which I myself drew out three inches beyond the point of the bill. It was round and tough, like gutta-percha, tipped with a fine spike, and armed on each side, for the last inch of its length, with a row of sharp barbs pointing backwards. The whole was lubricated with some patent stick-fast, "always ready for use." That grub must sit tight indeed which this corkscrew will not draw when once the hatchet has opened a way.

The Swallows and Swifts, untirable on their wings, but too gentle to hold their own in a jostling crowd, soared away after the midges and May-flies and pestilent gnats that rise from marsh and pond to hold their joyous dances under the blue dome. Continually rushing open-mouthed after these, they have stretched their gape from ear to ear; but their bills have dwindled by disuse and left only an apology for their absence.

Compared with all these, the birds that can do with a diet of fruit only lead an easy life. They have just to pluck and eat—that is, if they are pleased with small fruits and content to swallow them whole. But the Hornbills, being too bulky to hop among twigs, need a long reach; hence the portentous machines which they carry on their faces. The beak of a Hornbill is nothing else than a pair of tongs long enough to reach and strong enough to wrench off a wild fig from its thick stem. If it were of iron it would be thin and heavy; being of cellular horn-stuff it is bulky but light. If you ask why it should rise up into an absurd helmet on the queer fowl's head, I cannot tell. Nature has quaint ways of using up surplus material.



"ITS BILL DESERVES STUDY."

An easy life begets luxury, and among fruit-eaters the Parrot has become an epicure. It will not swallow its food whole, and its bill deserves study. In birds generally the upper mandible is more or less joined to the skull, leaving only the lower jaw free to move. But in the Parrot the upper mandible is also hinged, so that each plays freely on the other. The upper, as we all know, is hooked and pointed; the lower

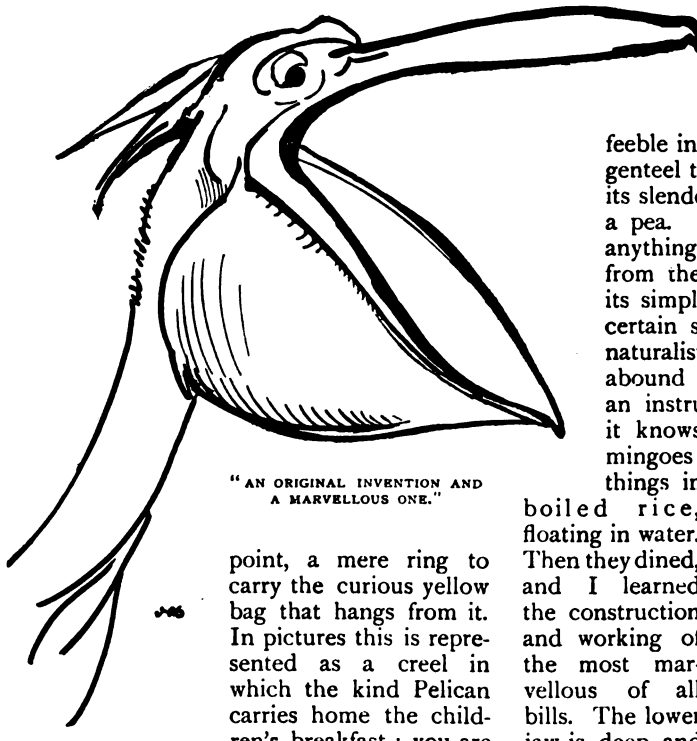
"HERE THE COMPETITION HAS BEEN VERY KEEN INDEED."

has a sharp edge. The tongue is thick, muscular, and sensitive. The whole makes a wonderful instrument, unique among birds, for feelingly manipulating a dainty morsel, shelling, peeling, and slicing, until nothing is left but the sweetest part of the core. Of all gourmands Polly is the most shameless waster.

Long before land, trees, and air had been exploited the primitive bird must have discovered the harvest of the waters, and here the competition has been very keen indeed. Yet the form of bill most in use is very simple—just a plain pair of forceps, long and sharp-pointed like scissors. This is evidently hard to beat, for birds of many sorts use it, handling it variously. The Kingfisher plumps bodily down on the minnow from an overhanging perch; the Solan Goose, soaring, plunges from a "pernicious height"; the Heron, high on its stilts, darts out a long and serpentine neck; the Diver, with similar beak and neck but different legs, pursues the fleeing shoals under water; to the swift and slippery fish all are alike terrible in their certainty. There are, however, other varieties of the fishing bill. Some have a hook at the point, as that of the Cormorant, and some are straight at the top, but curved on the under side. This last form is handy for Storks, which do not pluck fish out of water so much, but scoop up frogs, crabs, and reptiles from the ground. The ridiculous bill of the Puffin, or Sea-Parrot, is an eccentricity. There may be some idea in it, but I suspect it is an effect of vanity merely, being coloured blue, yellow, and red, and quite in keeping with the other absurdities of the wearer.

"THE RIDICULOUS BILL OF THE PUFFIN."

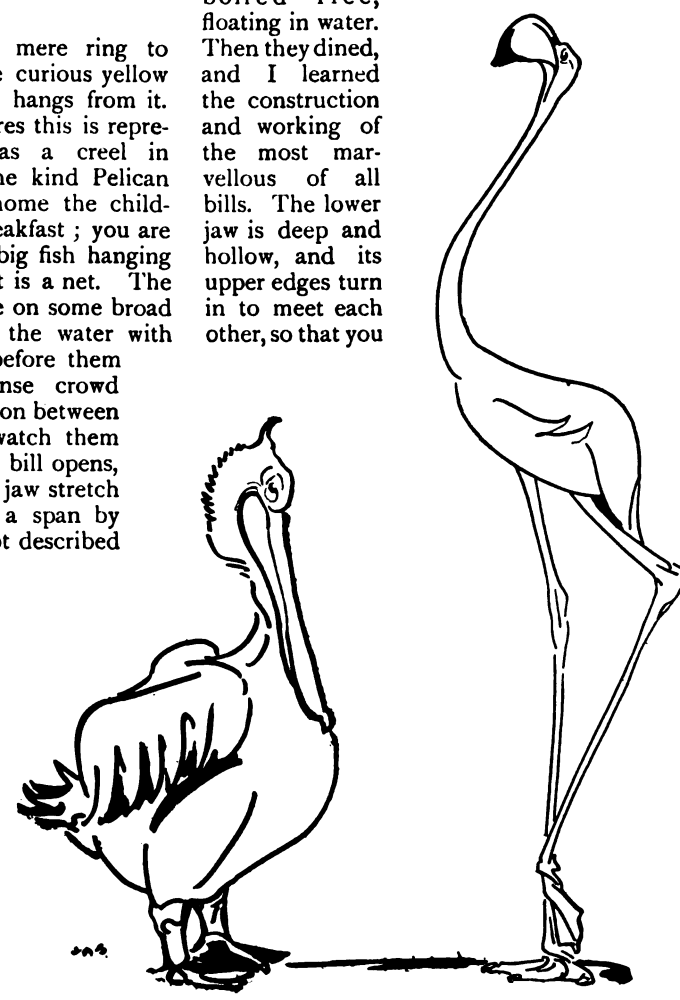
Apart from all these and by itself stands a princely fisher whose bill is no modification, but an original invention and a marvellous one. Larger than a Swan and gluttonous withal, the Pelican cannot live on single fishes. It has given up angling altogether and taken to netting; and the way in which the net has been constructed out of the pair of forceps provided in the original plan of its construction is as well worth your examining as anything I know. It is a foot in length, the upper jaw is flat and broad, while the lower consists of two thin, elastic bones joined at the



"AN ORIGINAL INVENTION AND A MARVELLOUS ONE."

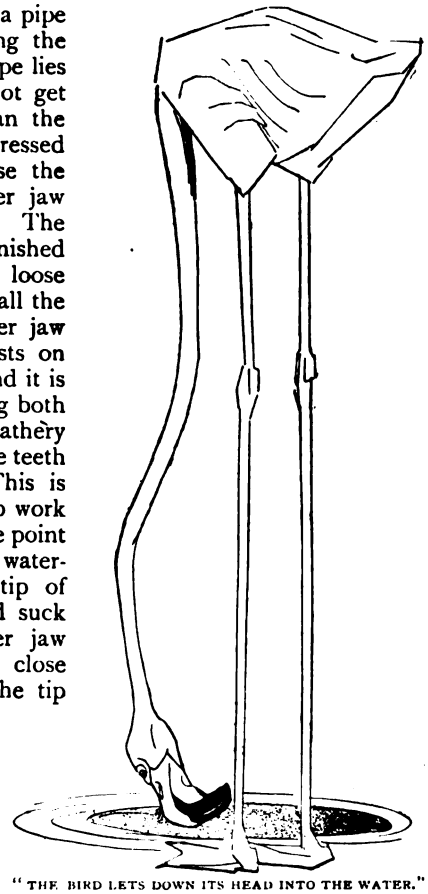
point, a mere ring to carry the curious yellow bag that hangs from it. In pictures this is represented as a creel in which the kind Pelican carries home the children's breakfast; you are allowed to see the tail of a big fish hanging out. But it is not a creel; it is a net. The great birds, marshalled in line on some broad lake or marsh, and beating the water with their wings, drive the fish before them until they have got a dense crowd huddled in panic and confusion between them and the shore. Now watch them narrowly. As each monstrous bill opens, the thin bones of the lower jaw stretch sideways to the breadth of a span by some curious mechanism not described in the books, and at the same time the shrunken bag expands into a deep, capacious net. Simultaneously the whole instrument is plunged into the struggling, silvery mass and comes up full. The side bones instantly contract again, and the upper jaw is clapped on them like a lid. No wonder the fishermen of the East detest the Pelican.

In the same marsh, perhaps, standing with unequalled grace upon the longest legs known in this world, is a troop of giant birds as wonderful as the Pelican, but how opposite! The beautiful Flamingo is a bird of feeble intellect, delicate appetite, and genteel tastes. It cannot eat fish, for its slender throat would scarcely admit a pea. Besides, the idea of catching anything, or even picking up food from the ground, does not occur to its simple mind. Its diet consists of certain small crustaceans, classed by naturalists with water-fleas, which abound in brackish water; and it has an instrument for taking these which it knows how to use. I kept Flamingoes once, and, after trying many things in vain, offered them bran, or boiled rice, floating in water. Then they dined, and I learned the construction and working of the most marvellous of all bills. The lower jaw is deep and hollow, and its upper edges turn in to meet each other, so that you



"AS WONDERFUL AS THE PELICAN, BUT HOW OPPOSITE!"

may fairly describe it as a pipe with a narrow slit along the upper side. In this pipe lies the tongue, and it cannot get out, for it is wider than the slit, but it can be pressed against the top to close the slit, and then the lower jaw becomes an actual pipe. The root of the tongue is furnished on both sides with a loose fringe which we will call the first strainer. The upper jaw is thin and flat and rests on the lower like a lid, and it is beautifully fringed along both sides with small, leathery points, close set, like the teeth of a very fine saw. This is the second strainer. To work the machine you dip the point into dirty water full of water-fleas, draw back the tip of the tongue a little, and suck in water till the lower jaw (the pipe) is full, then close the point again with the tip of the tongue and force the water out. It can only get out by passing through the first strainers at the root of the tongue, then over the palate, and so through the second strainers at the sides of the bill; and all the solid matter it contained will remain in the mouth. The sucking in and squirting out of the water is managed by the cheeks, or rather by the cheek, for a Flamingo has only one cheek, and that is situated under the chin. When the bird is feeding you will see this throbbing faster than the eye can follow it, while water squirts from the sides of the mouth in a continuous stream. I should have said that the whole bill is sharply bent downwards at the middle. The advantage of this is that, when the bird lets down its head into the water, like a bucket into a well, the point of the bill does not stick in the mud, but lies flat on it, upside down.



"THE BIRD LETS DOWN ITS HEAD INTO THE WATER."

In conclusion, let us not fail to note, whatever be our political creed, that, while all the birds pursue their respective industries, there sit apart, in pride of place, some whose bills are not tools wherewith to work, but weapons wherewith to slay. And these take tribute of the rest, not with their consent, but of right.

"WEAPONS WHEREWITH TO SLAY."

CORPORAL SAM.

By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH ("Q.").

I.

CORPORAL SAM VICARY, coming up to the edge of the camp-fire's light, stood there for a moment with a white face. The cause of it—though it would have been a sufficient one—was not the story to which the men around the fire had been listening; for the teller, at sight of the corporal, had broken off abruptly, knowing him to be a good fellow, but a religious one after a fashion, with a capacity for disapproval and a pair of fists to back it up. So, while his comrades guffawed, he rather cleverly changed the subject.

"Oh, and by the way, talkin' of the convent"—he meant the Convent of Santa Teresa, a high building under the very slope of the citadel, protected by its guns and, after three days' fighting, still held by the enemy—"do any of you know a small house to the left of it? Sort of a mud nest it is, like a swallow's, stuck under the cliff where it overhangs. No? Well, that's a pity; for the General has promised five pounds to the first man who breaks in there."

"But why, at all?" inquired a man, close on his right.

"I know the place," put in another; "a mean kind of building, with one window lookin' down the street, and that on the second floor, as you might say. It don't look to me the sort of house to hold five pounds' worth, all told—let be that, to force it, a man must cross half the fire from the convent, and in full view. Five pounds be hanged! Five pounds isn't so scarce in these times that a man need go there to fetch it for his widow."

Corporal Sam was turning away. For three days San Sebastian had been a hell, between the flames of which he had seen things that sickened his soul, and that sickened it yet in remembrance. Yes, and the sickness had more than once come nigh to be physical. His throat worked at the talk of loot, now that he knew what men did for it.

"The General ain't after the furnitcher," answered the first speaker. "It consarns a child."

"A child ain't no such rarity in San Sebastian that anybody need offer five pounds for one."

"What's this talk about a child?" asked Sergeant Wilkes, coming in from his rounds and dropping to a seat by the blaze. He caught sight of Corporal Sam standing a little way back, and nodded.

"Well, it seems that, barring this child, every soul in the house has been killed. The place is pretty certain death to approach, and the crittur, for all that's known, has been left without food for two days and more. 'Tis a boy, I'm told—a small thing, not above four at the most. Between whiles it runs to the window and looks out. The sentries have seen it more'n a dozen times, and one told me he'd a sight sooner look on a ghost."

"Then why don't the Frenchies help?" someone demanded. "There's a plenty of 'em close by in the convent."

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"The convent don't count. There's a garden between it and the house, and on the convent side a blank wall—no windows at all, only loopholes. Besides which there's a whole block of buildings in full blaze t'other side of the house, and the smoke of it drives across so that 'tis only between-whiles you can see the child at all. The odds are he'll be burnt alive or smothered before he starves outright; and I reckon, put one against another, 'twill be the mercifuller end."

"Poor little beggar!" said the sergeant. "But why don't the General send in a white flag and take him off?"

"A lot the Johnnies would believe—and after what you and me have seen these two days! A nice tender-hearted crew, we are, to tell 'em, 'If you please, we've come for a poor little three-year-old.' Why, they'd as lief as not believe we meant to *eat* him."

Sergeant Wilkes glanced up across the camp-fire to the spot where Corporal Sam had been standing. But Corporal Sam had disappeared.

II.

ALTHOUGH the hour was close upon midnight and no moon showed, Corporal Sam needed no lantern to light him through San Sebastian; for a great part of the upper town still burned fiercely, and from time to time a shell, soaring aloft from the mortar batteries across the river, burst over the citadel or against the rocks where the French yet clung, and each explosion flooded the sky with sudden glare.

He had passed into the town unchallenged. The fatigue parties, hunting by twos and threes among the ruins of the river-front for corpses to burn or bury, doubtless supposed him to be about the same business. At any rate, they paid him no attention.

Just within the walls, where the conflagration had burnt itself out, there were patches of black shadow to be crossed carefully. The fighting had been obstinate here, and more than one blazing house had collapsed into the thick of it. The corporal picked his way gingerly, shivering a little at the thought of some things buried, or half buried, among the loose stones. Indeed, at the head of the first street his foot entangled itself in something soft. It turned out to be nothing more than a man's cloak, or *poncho*, and he slipped it on, to hide his uniform and avoid explanations should he fall in with one of the patrol; but it had given him a scare for a moment.

The lad, in fact, was sick of fighting and slaughter—physically ill at the remembrance and thought of them. The rage of the assault had burnt its way through him like a fever and left him weak, giddy, queasy of stomach. He had always hated the sight of suffering, even the suffering of dumb animals; and as a sportsman, home in England, he had learnt to kill his game clean, were it beast or bird. In thought he had always loathed the trade of a butcher, and had certainly never guessed that soldiering could be—as here in San Sebastian he had seen it—more bestial than the shambles.

For some reason, as he picked his road, his mind wandered away from the reek and stink of San Sebastian and back to England, back to Somerset, to the slopes of Mendip. His home there had overlooked an ancient battlefield; and as a boy, tending the sheep on the uplands, he had conned it often and curiously, having heard the old men tell tales of it. The battle had been fought on a wide plain intersected by many water-dykes. Twice or thrice he had taken a holiday to explore it, half expecting that a close view would tell him something of its history; but, having no books to help him, he had brought back very little beyond a sense of awe that so tremendous a thing had happened just there, and (unconsciously) a stored remembrance of the scents blown across the level from the flowers that lined the dykes—scents of mint and meadow-sweet, at home there as the hawthorn on the hills.

He smelt them now, across the reek of San Sebastian, and they wafted him back to England—to boyhood, dreaming of war but innocent of its crimes—to long thoughts, long summer days spent among the unheeding sheep, his dog Rover beside him—an almost thoroughbred collie, and a good dog, too, though his end had been tragic. But why on earth should his thoughts be on Rover just now?

Yet—and although, as he went, England was nearer to him and more real than the smoking heaps between which he picked his way—he steered all the while towards the upper town; through the square, and up the hill overlooked by the convent and the rocky base of the citadel. He knew the exact position of the house, and chose a narrow street—uninhabited now, and devastated by fire—that led directly to it.

The house was untouched by fire as yet, though another to the left of it blazed furiously. It clung, as it were a swallow's nest, to the face of the cliff. A garden wall ran under the front of it, and, parallel with

the wall, a road pretty constantly swept by musketry fire from the convent. At the head of the street Corporal Sam stumbled against a rifleman who, sheltered from bullets at the angle of the crossing, stood calmly watching the conflagration.

"Halloa!" said the rifleman, cheerily. "I wanted some more audience, and you're just in time."

"There's a child in the house, eh?" panted Corporal Sam, who had come up the street at a run.

The rifleman nodded. "Poor little devil! He'll soon be out of his pain, though."

"'I'D OFFER TO FIGHT THE BOTH OF YOU,' HE SAID, 'BUT 'TIS TIME WASTED WITH A COUPLE OF WHITE-LIVERS THAT DON'T DARE FETCH A POOR CHILD ACROSS A ROADWAY.'"

"Why, there's heaps of time! The fire won't take hold for another half-hour. What's the best way in? You an' me can go shares, if that's what you're hangin' back for," added Corporal Sam, seeing that the man eyed him without stirring.

"Hi! Bill!" The rifleman whistled to a comrade who came slouching out of a doorway close by with a clock in one hand and in the other a lantern, by help of which he had been examining the inside of this piece of plunder. "Here's a boiled lobster in an old woman's cloak wants to teach us the way into the house yonder."

"Tell him to go home," said Bill, still peering into the works of the clock. "Tell him we've *been* there." He chuckled a moment, looked up, and addressed himself to Corporal Sam. "What regiment?"

"The Royals."

The two burst out laughing, scornfully. "Don't wonder you cover it up," said the first rifleman.

Corporal Sam pulled off his *poncho*. "I'd offer to fight the both of you," he said, "but 'tis time wasted with a couple of white-livers that don't dare fetch a poor child across a roadway. Let me go by, please. *You'll* keep, anyway."

"Now look here, sonny." The first rifleman blocked his road. "I don't bear no malice for a word spoken in anger, so stand quiet and take my advice. That house isn't goin' to take fire. 'Cos why? 'Cos, as Bill says, we've *been* there—there and in the next house, now burnin'—and we know. 'Cos before leavin'—the night before last it was—some of our boys set two barrels o' powder somewheres in the next house, on the ground floor, *with* a slow match. That's why *we* left; though, as it happened, the match missed fire. But the powder's there, and if you'll wait a few minutes now you'll not be disapp'inted."

"You left the child behind?"

"Well, we left in a hurry, as I tell you; and somehow, in the hurry, nobody brought him along. I'm sorry for the poor little devil too." The fellow swung about. "See him there at the window, now! If you want him put out of his pain——"

He lifted his rifle. Corporal Sam made a clutch at his arm to drag it down, and in the scuffle both men swayed out upon the roadway. And with that, or a moment later, he felt the rifleman slip down between his arms, and saw the blood gush from his mouth as he collapsed on the cobbles.

Corporal Sam heard the man Bill shout a furious oath, cast one puzzled look up the roadway towards the convent, saw the flashes jetting from its high wall, and raced across unscathed. A bullet sang past his ear as he found the gate and hurled himself into the garden. It was almost dark here, but dark only for a moment. For, as he caught sight of a flight of steps leading to a narrow doorway, and ran for them—and even as he set foot on the lowest—of a sudden the earth heaved under him, seemed to catch him up in a sheet of flame, and flung him backwards—backwards and flat on his back—into a clump of laurels.

Slowly he picked himself up. The sky was dark now; but, marvellous to say, the house stood. The mass of it yet loomed over the laurels. Yes, and a light showed under the door at the head of the steps. He groped his way up and pushed the door open.

The light came through a rent in the opposite wall, and on the edge of this jagged hole some thin laths were just bursting into a blaze. He rushed across the room to beat out the flame, and this was easily done; but as he did it he caught sight of a woman's body stretched along the floor by the fireplace, and of a child cowering in the corner, watching him.

"Come and help, little one," said Corporal Sam, still beating at the laths. The child understood no English, and, moreover, was too small to help. But it seemed that the corporal's voice emboldened him, for he drew near and stood watching.

"Who did *this*, little one?" asked Corporal Sam, nodding towards the corpse, as he rubbed the charred dust from his hands.

For a while the child stared at him, not comprehending, but by and by pointed beneath the table, and then back at its mother.

The corporal walked to the table, stooped, and drew from under it a rifle and a pouch half filled with cartridges.

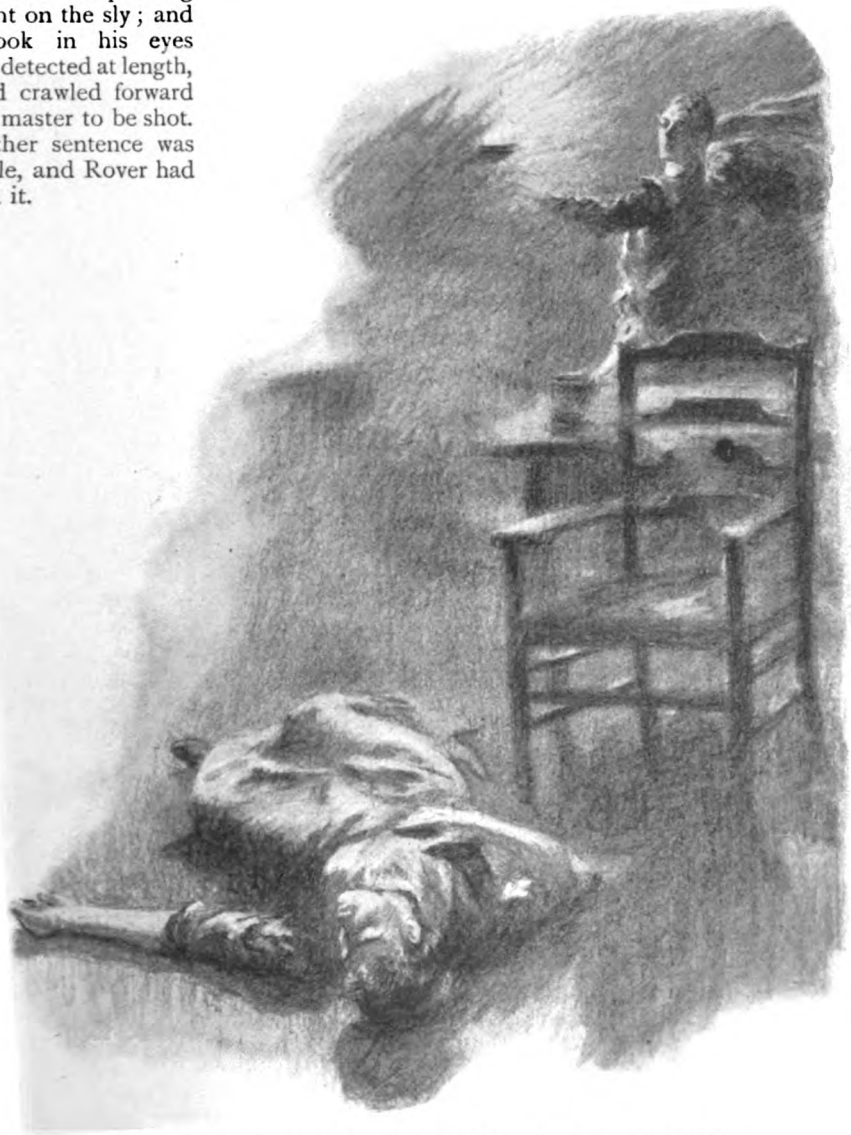
"Tell him we've *been* there." He seemed to hear the rifleman Bill's voice repeating the words close at hand. He recognised the badge on the pouch.

He was shaking where he stood; and this, perhaps, was why the child stared at him so oddly. But looking into the wondering young eyes, he read only the question, "What are you going to do?"

He hated these riflemen. Nay, looking around the room, how he hated all the foul forces that had made this room what it was! And yet, on the edge of resolve, he knew that he must die for what he meant to do—

that the thing was unpardonable; that in the end he must be shot down, and rightly, as a dog.

He remembered his dog Rover; how the poor brute had been tempted to sheep-killing at night on the sly; and the look in his eyes when, detected at length, he had crawled forward to his master to be shot. No other sentence was possible, and Rover had known it.



"HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF A WOMAN'S BODY STRETCHED ALONG THE FLOOR."

Had he no better excuse? Perhaps not. He only knew that he could not help it; that a thing had been done, and by the consent of many; that as a man he must kill for it, though as a soldier he deserved only to be killed.

With the child's eyes still resting on him in wonder he set the rifle on its butt and rammed down a cartridge; and so, dropping on hands and knees, crept to the window.

III.

EARLY next morning Sergeant Wilkes picked his way across the ruins of the great breach and into the town, keeping well to windward of the fatigue parties already kindling fires and collecting the dead bodies that remained unburied.

Within and along the sea-wall San Sebastian was a heap of burnt-out ruins. Amid the stones and rubble encumbering the streets lay broken muskets, wrenched doors, shattered sticks of furniture—mirrors, hangings, women's apparel, children's clothes—loot dropped by the pillagers as valueless, wreckage of the flood. He passed a very few inhabitants, and these said nothing to him—indeed, did not appear to see him, but sat by the ruins of their houses with faces set in a stupid horror. Even the crash of a falling house near by would scarcely persuade them to stir, and hundreds during the last three days had been overwhelmed thus and buried.

The sergeant had grown callous to these sights. He walked on, heeding only a little more than he was heeded, came to the great square, and climbed a street leading northwards, a little to the left of the great convent. The street was a narrow one, for half its length lined on both sides with fire-gutted houses; but the upper half, though deserted, appeared to be almost intact. At the very head, and close under the citadel walls, it took a sharp twist to the right, and another twist, almost equally sharp, to the left, before it ended in a broader thoroughfare crossing it at right angles and running parallel with the ramparts.

At the second twist the sergeant came to a dead halt; for at his feet, stretched across the causeway, lay a dead body.

He drew back with a start and looked about him. Corporal Sam had been missing since nine o'clock last night, and he felt sure that Corporal Sam must be here or hereabouts. But no living soul was in sight.

The body at his feet was that of a rifleman—a private in the 95th—one of the volunteers whose presence had been so unwelcome to General Leith and the whole Fifth Division. The dead fist yet clutched its rifle, and the sergeant, stooping to disengage this, felt that the body was warm.

"Come back, you silly fool!"

He turned quickly. Another rifleman had thrust his head out of a doorway close by. The sergeant, snatching up the weapon, sprang and joined him in the passage where he sheltered.

"I—I was looking for a friend hereabouts."

"Fat lot of friend you'll find at the head of *this* street!" snarled the rifleman, and jerked his thumb towards the corpse. "That makes the third already this morning. These Johnnies ain't no sense of honour left—firing on outposts as you may call it."

"Where are they firing from?"

"No 'they' about it. You saw that cottage—or didn't you?—right above there, under the wall; the place with one window in it? There's a devil behind it somewheres; he fires from the back of the room, and, what's more, he never misses his man. You have Nick's own luck—the pretty target you made too—that is, unless, like some that call themselves Englishmen and ought to know better, he's a special spite on the Rifles."

The sergeant paid no heed to the sneer. He was beginning to think, and to think furiously.

"How long has this been going on?" he asked.

"Only since daylight. There was a child up yonder last night; but it stands to reason a child can't be doing this. He never misses, I tell you. Oh, you had luck just now!"

"I wonder," said Sergeant Wilkes, musing. "I'll try it again, anyway." And while the rifleman gasped, he stepped out boldly into the road.

He knew that his guess might, likely enough, be wrong; that, even were it right, the next two seconds might see him a dead man. Yet he was bound to satisfy himself. With his eyes on the sinister window—it stood half open and faced straight down the narrow street—he knelt by the corpse, found its ammunition pouch, unbuckled the strap, and drew out a handful of cartridges. Then he straightened himself steadily—but his heart was beating hard—and as steadily walked back and rejoined the rifleman in the passage.

"You have a nerve," said the rifleman, his voice shaking a little. "Looks like he don't fire on red-coats; but you have a nerve, all the same."

"Or else he may be gone," suggested the sergeant, and on the instant corrected himself; "but I warn you not to reckon upon that. Is there a window facing on him anywhere, round the bend of the street?"

"I dunno."

The rifleman peered forth, turning his head sideways for a cautious reconnoitre. "Maybe he *has* gone, after all."

It was but his head he exposed beyond the angle of the doorway, and yet, on the instant, a report cracked out sharply, and he pitched forward into the causeway. His own rifle clattered on the stones beside him, and where he fell he lay, like a stone.

Sergeant Wilkes turned, with a set jaw, and mounted the stairs of the deserted house behind him. They led him up to the roof, and there he dropped on his belly and

crawled. Across three roofs he crawled, and lay down behind a balustrade overlooking the transverse roadway. Between the pillars of the balustrade he looked right across the roadway and into the half-open window of the cottage. The room within was dark, save for the glimmer of a mirror on the back wall.

"Kill him I must," growled the sergeant through his teeth, "though I wait the day for it."

And he waited there, crouching, for an hour—for two hours.

He was shifting his cramped attitude a little—a very little—for about the twentieth time, when a smur of colour showed on the mirror and the next instant passed into a dark shadow. It may be that the marksman within the cottage had spied yet another rifleman in the street. But the sergeant had noted the reflection in the glass, and that it was red. Two shots rang out together. But the sergeant, after peering through the parapet, stood upright, walked back across the roofs, and regained the stairway.

The street was empty. From one of the doorways a voice called to him to come back. But he walked on, up the street and across the roadway to a green-painted wicket. It opened upon a garden, and across the garden he came to a flight of steps with an open door above. Through this, too, he passed and stared into a small room. On the far side of it, in an arm-chair, sat Corporal Sam, leaning back, with a hand to his breast; and facing him, with a face full of innocent wonder, stood a child—a small, grave, curly-headed child.

IV.

"I'M glad you done it quick," said Corporal Sam.

His voice was weak, yet he managed to get out the words firmly, leaning back in the wooden arm-chair, with one hand on his left breast, spread and covering the lower ribs.

The sergeant did not answer at once. Between the spread fingers he saw a thin stream welling, darker than the scarlet tunic which it discoloured. For perhaps three seconds he watched it. To him the time seemed as many minutes, and all the while he was aware of the rifle-barrel warm in his grasp.

"Because," Corporal Sam pursued, with a smile that wavered a little, half wistfully, seeking his eyes, "you'd 'a' had to 'a' done it anyway—wouldn't you? And any other way it—might—'a' been hard."

"But what *made* you?" It was all Sergeant Wilkes could say, and he said it, wondering at the sound of his own voice. The child, who, seeing that the two were friends, and not, after all, disposed to murder one another, had wandered to the head of the stairs to look down into the sunlit garden shining below, seemed to guess that something was amiss after all, and, wandering back, stood at a little distance, finger to lip.

"I don't know," the corporal answered, like a man trying with difficulty to collect his thoughts. "Leastways, not to explain to you. It must 'a' been comin' on for some time."

"But *what*, lad—*what?*"

"Ah—'what?' says you. That's the trouble, and I can't never make you *see*—yes, make you *see*—the hell of it. It began with thinkin'—just with thinkin'. And the things I saw and heard; and then, when I came here, only meanin' to save *him*——"

He broke off and nodded at the child, who, catching his eye, nodded back smiling.

He and the corporal had evidently made great friends.

But the corporal's gaze, wavering past him, had fixed itself on a trestle-bed in the corner.

"There was a woman," he said. "She was stone-cold. But the child told me—until I stopped his mouth and made a guess at the rest. I took her down and buried her in the garden, and with that it came over me that the whole of it—the whole business—was wrong, and that to put myself right I must kill, and keep on killing. Of course, I knew what the end would be, but I never looked for such luck as *your* coming. I was ashamed first along, catching sight o' you—not—not ashamed, only I didn't want you to see. But when you took cover an' waited, though I wouldn't 'a' hurt you for worlds, why, then I knew how the end would be."

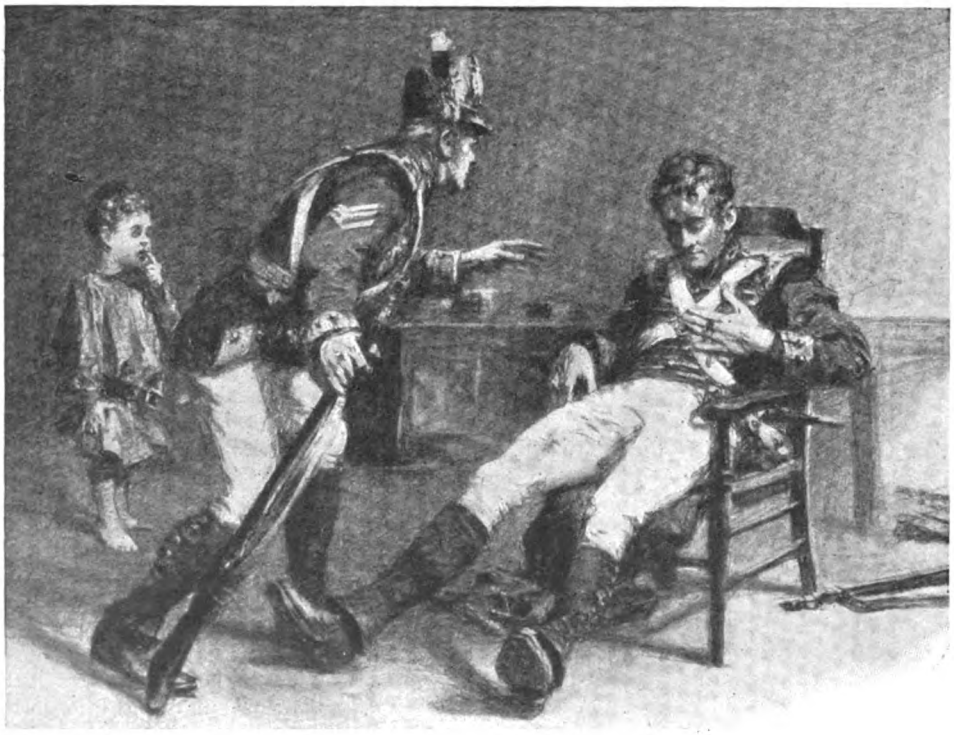
"Lad," said the sergeant, watching him as he panted, "I don't understand you, except that you're desprit wrong. But I saw you—saw you by the lookin'-glass behind there, and 'tis right you should know."

"O' course you saw me. I'm not blamin', am I? You had to do it, and I had to take it. That was the easiest way. I couldn't do no other, an' you couldn't do no other, that bein' your duty. An' the child there——"

Sergeant Wilkes turned for a moment to the child, who met his gaze, round-eyed, then to his friend again.

But the corporal's head had dropped forward on his chest.

The sergeant touched his shoulder, to make sure; then, with one look behind him, but ignoring the child, reeled out of the room and down the stairs, as in a dream. In the sunny garden the fresh air revived him, and he paused to stare at a rose-bush, rampant, covered with white blossoms against which the bees were humming. Their hum ran in his head so that he failed to notice that the sound of musketry had died down. An hour before it had been death to walk, as he did, under the convent wall and out into the street leading to the lesser breach. The convent had, in fact, surrendered, and its defenders were even now withdrawing up the hill to the citadel. He found the lesser breach and climbed down it to the shore of the Urumea.



"THE CORPORAL'S HEAD HAD DROPPED FORWARD ON HIS CHEST."

He sat down on the bank and pulled off boots and socks, preparing to wade, but turned at a slight sound.

The child had followed him and stood half-way down the ruins of the breach, wistful, uncertain.

Sergeant Wilkes waved an arm. The child came creeping up to him, and the sergeant, taking him by the arm, swung him to his shoulder, and with a small, warm arm about his neck, waded across the ford towards the camp.

THE IDEAL OF CHILD-BEAUTY

OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

ENGLISH.

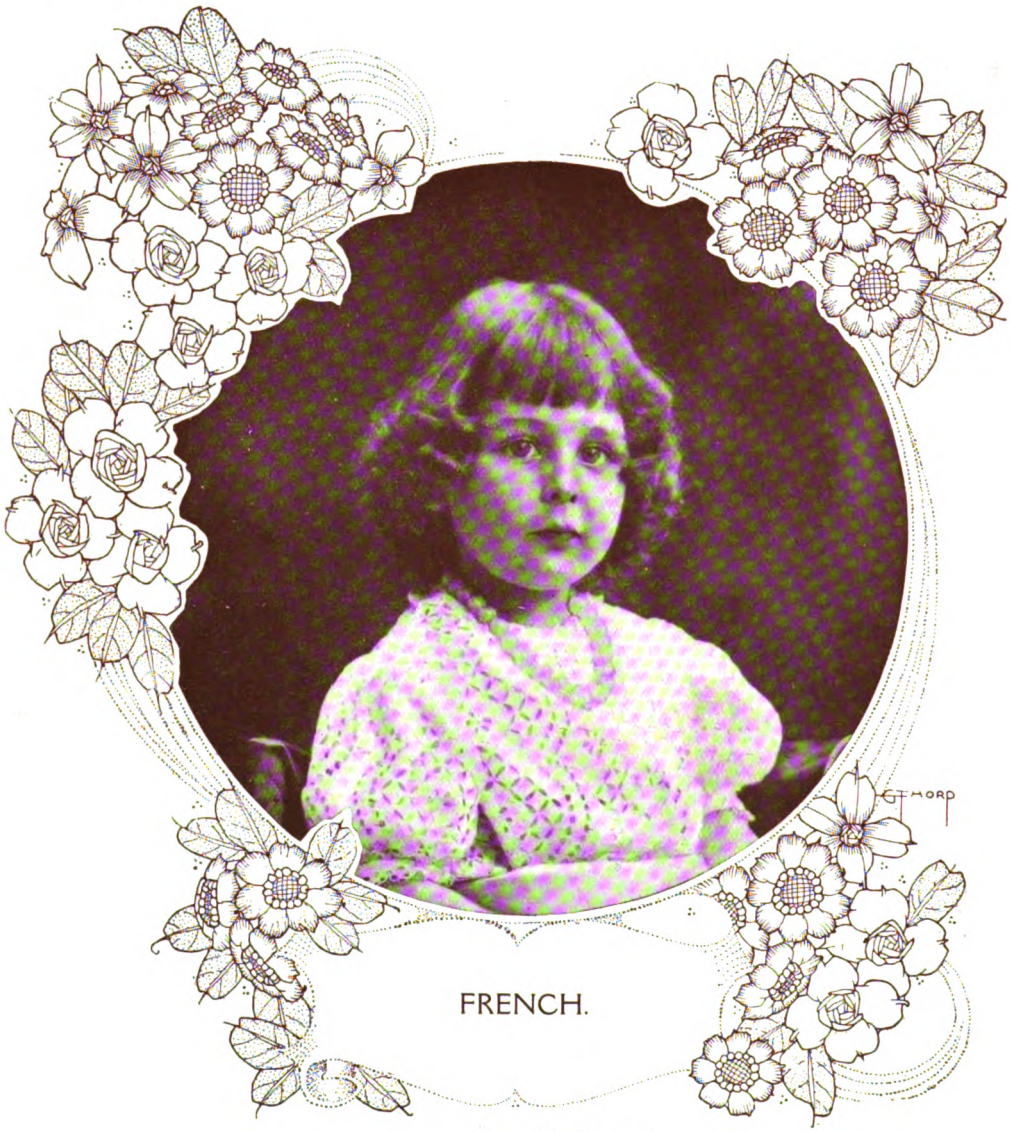
From a Photograph by Bassano, Ltd., London.

WHICH country's baby makes the prettiest photograph? The subject is one of more than passing interest, and will doubtlessly appeal to all lovers of children. A photographer of wide experience with the camera in many lands, when interrogated on the subject, replied :—

"'Handsome is as handsome does.' If you ask which is the best picture of a baby I have ever taken, my answer will be easier. So much has to be taken into consideration when a photographer is forced to select the fruit of one single experience."

In looking over these photographs one is reminded of the fact that our verb "to take" may occasionally give rise to misconception.

On one of the loneliest roads in Cumberland a lady found herself hurrying at nightfall, having got separated from her companions and missed her way. Her nerves were at their highest tension when she heard footfalls



From a Photograph by Otto, Paris.

and male voices approaching. Pale with terror, she concealed herself behind a tree while three men sat down to refresh themselves. Although chance acquaintances amongst themselves, they soon proved to be malefactors of the deepest dye. One openly confessed that he took office furniture for a livelihood; the second that, "although he was studying to be a poisoner, he frequently took animals"; the third ruffian avowed in cold blood that he "took babies." The lady raised the alarm, the trio were apprehended, and proved to be two photographers and a chemist's assistant on holiday.

If in the foregoing instance the "taking" of babies aroused the deepest revulsion, in reality, or, rather, in its photographic sense, it ought to excite compassion. There is no branch of the art so difficult. Once at

an International Photographic Congress the question was raised, which was the most exciting pursuit in connection with the camera? One member averred, "Photographing wild beasts in Africa"; another gave it as his opinion that photographing the treacherous summits of the Alps and Himalayas was the most nerve-racking; another mentioned submarine photography. When they had all finished, a pale, wild-eyed man got up and said, "Gentlemen, all these things are placid diversions compared with my speciality. I am a child-photographer." The photographs which accompany this article, of babies of the United Kingdom, France, Germany, Holland, Japan, Hungary, Italy, and America, are intrinsically of great interest. And, besides this intrinsic interest, they have another, as being types of the various national ideas of child beauty. By contrasting these it may be possible to arrive at a solution of the question—which is the prettiest.

From a Photograph.

Beauty in children is so various; but all are agreed that its first foundation

essential is health. With health usually goes an abundance of animal spirits. There is the beginning of the photographer's difficulty; there is where his trouble begins. What does the baby think—what is in its little mind when a great man, with a portentous instrument on three legs, advances towards him? Paterfamilias it understands; the male relation or chance visitor with insinuating smile; even the doctor with his teaspoonful of oil and his everlasting tick-tick-ticker! But here is a brand-new phenomenon, a thing to strike a chill into the heart of the stoutest and bravest, an uncanny being half enveloped in a mysterious black cloth who makes vague passes in the air with his hands, who moves backwards and forwards nodding and gesticulating, whose laugh rings hollow as he entreats baby to smile—(smile, forsooth!)—who sounds a futile rattle and calls a hypocritical attention to a wholly imaginary "pretty dicky-bird." Is this conduct at all

From a Photograph.

calculated to conciliate, is this behaviour destined to allay baby's fears?

What wonder, these being the circumstances, that the unhappy victim refuses to be cozened, emphatically declines to "look pretty" even to please the "nice gentleman" who is at that critical moment invoking the sun to do his office—in other words, exposing a plate not less sensitive to impressions than the scowling and howling cherub in the chair of torture? To wrest an even moderate amount of success out of these conditions is reserved for such skill and tact as almost amounts to genius. All amateurs of the camera are ready to award the palm to the successful child-photographer.

From a Photograph.

Which nationality in babies is easiest to photograph? Of course, one would say the most phlegmatic. But a picture of a phlegmatic child is rarely artistic; it can never be very attractive. Consequently, one might say that Dutch babies would be the easiest to

photograph and the least attractive. But such a proposition is nipped in the bud by the statement of a French expert who has operated in Amsterdam for nearly nine years, and consequently is entitled to air his opinions.

"If the Hollanders are a phlegmatic people," he says, "this must apply to the adults, for their babies are full of vivacity even to restlessness. They are much harder to photograph properly than French babies, who generally sit quiet without fear of the operator, and allow themselves to be taken with their pleasantest expression."

Now, here we may have stumbled on a momentous discovery—namely, that if the child is father to the man, as the poet tells us (probably referring to children of ten or twelve), the baby is not his grandfather. In other words, the placidity of an infant offers no correct indication of its adult character. If this is not true of individuals it is seemingly true of nations. The liveliest

From a Photograph.

nation is the French—*ergo*, French babies are the least vivacious. German children are bursting with life and spirits.

"As to American babies," says the same authority, "they are invariably corpulent and complacent before the camera. They are the most self-conscious babies in the world, but it is this very self-consciousness which makes them look what American mothers call 'cunning' in a photograph, and gives it an element of interest to grown-ups."

Some time ago Baby Competitions were very much in favour in both London and the provinces. Prizes were awarded by harassed judges to the finest, prettiest, or heaviest baby produced by some worshipping mother, who, heedless of the scorching glances of her competitors, carried off the prize triumphantly. These competitions were, however, confined to our own country. But how would the idea of an International Babies' Photograph Competition appeal to

From a Photograph.

the army of mothers in this country and others?

The very fact that the criterion of child-beauty varies so in each land—one might almost say in each maternal eye—would lead to complications. The German mother would reject from the photographs all those that did not evince a certain amount of immature *embonpoint* and the slightly heavy

matically cropped hair and stoical visage. When this was reached her search for the prettiest photograph would be over — the presentment of young Japan it would be obviously impossible to improve upon from the beauty standpoint.

And the mother of tiny Hans or Gretchen? Even supposing a representative photograph was not available, she would select without

From a Photograph.

stolidity of typical Karl or Lina. The French lady would plump for the dark, alert, vivacious type; always, of course, choosing the portrait most like her own child. By the way, the portrait on page 426 represents the daughter of Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergne, by whose permission it is here reproduced.

But all of these children's photographs would not please the maternal eye of the little mother from Lotus Land. Gracefully she would discard all the pictures until she arrived at that of the quaint little fellow with mathe-

doubt the same, or nearly the same, one as her German sister.

The English mother is, perhaps, in a class apart, for she does not need to even look at the photographs of babies of any other nation. She already knows which is the most beautiful of them all, the pearl among pearls; in a word—the British child.

The copyright in this country of the photographs of the Dutch, American, Hungarian, German, and Italian children belongs to the Rotary Photographic Company.

The Girl in the Light Blue Dress.

By RICHARD MARSH.

IT might have been the heat; perhaps it was because he was in an unusually languid mood — the fact remained that Mr. Hugh Stewart, having placed himself on the couch in his own apartment, fell fast asleep—in the middle of the afternoon. He slept till something roused him. It took him some seconds to realize that he had been asleep; when he had got so far he continued to lie still, wondering what had happened. Something had, or he would hardly have come out of sleep quite so suddenly. All at once there was a sound as of someone moving—someone who moved with a swishing noise. The room was empty when he lay down—who could have come into it since? Who swished when moving? A trifle bewildered, he raised himself on his elbow to look about him.

Which of the two was the more surprised, he or the lady, was a moot question. As he might have guessed, had he had his senses more about him, the person whose movements had caused that rustling sound was of the feminine sex. She stood by the little centre table. Mr. Stewart was not only very young, but he was even younger than he thought, and susceptible to a degree of which he had no notion. It seemed to him that she was the most entrancing vision he had

"A TRIFLE BEWILDERED, HE RAISED HIMSELF ON HIS ELBOW TO LOOK ABOUT HIM."

ever seen; possibly the effect was enhanced by the fact that it was so unexpected, and that he had so recently come out of slumber. She was gowned in blue—light blue, the proper Cambridge tint. He was an undergraduate of Trinity Hall; to his confused senses it almost seemed that the shade was of the nature of a delicate compliment. Her light blue hat was worn at the back of her head, at an angle which became her uncommonly well. She was fair, with blue eyes, and did not look more than nineteen.

As is not unusual in a delicate situation, the lady was the first to speak—rather haltingly.

"I beg your pardon; I'd no idea——"

She did not say of what she had no idea; there she stopped. He could hardly be said to have filled the hiatus.

"I'm awfully sorry; but—if I'd only known——"

There he stopped; scrambling off the couch as if he had been guilty of an impropriety in allowing himself to be found upon it. Then, apparently, she completed her sentence; speaking with a certain little air of disdain which, to his thinking, became her infinitely well.

"I'd no idea that the room was yours."

"No, of course not; I suppose you wouldn't. As a matter of fact, it is mine."

"The window was open."

He glanced at it; at that moment it was closed.

"Yes, I expect it was; it's rather warm this afternoon. As a matter of fact, I left it open."

"I was coming along, when all at once I was overtaken by an attack of faintness. Seeing the window open, without thinking what I was doing I came in."

She sank down on to a chair in an attitude which suggested that that attack of faintness was overtaking her again. His concern at the sight of her condition was greater than his command of words. He could only make blundering suggestions.

"Is there anything I can do for you? Is there anything I can get?"

She shook her pretty head with a languid grace which to his excited fancy made her almost flower-like.

"Nothing, thank you. I shall be better presently. Will you please leave me?"

He moved towards the door. If it occurred to him that, considering it was his room, there was about the request an element of coolness, there was nothing in his bearing to show it.

"Shall I send anyone to you?—my aunt's maid?—she's a most excellent woman."

The proposition scarcely met with a cordial reception; the lady sat up with a sudden rigidity which seemed to suggest that it had itself gone some way towards effecting a cure. Her tone was almost sharp.

"You will certainly not send anyone to me. I know what is the matter with me better than anyone else; I shall be all right presently if I'm left alone. You must promise that you will not send anyone to me—it will only make me worse; promise that you will not even tell anyone that I am here. I trust you; promise me."

"Of course I won't tell anyone if—if you don't want me to."

"Then be so good as to understand that I do not want you to. Now, please, go."

He went—turned out of his own room as if he had been the intruder, not she. He almost fell into the arms of his aunt's maid.

"Master Hugh!" she observed, "your aunt wants to see you at once."

He went up to his aunt's room on the first floor. At the door was a chambermaid; close by was a waiter; within were the manager of the hotel and his aunt, who was plainly in a state of considerable agitation. Mrs. Macartney—who, physically, was nearly as broad as she was long—had a habit, when she was at all excited, of appearing to gasp for breath. She was evidently excited then.

"So it's you!" she exclaimed. "Where have you been? I've been looking for you all over the place!"

"My dear aunt, I've been in my room!"

She went on, paying no heed to what he said.

"Monte Carlo's a nice place! It's a den of thieves! They may well call it the dust-heap of Europe! And this is a nice hotel! Hughie, I've been robbed! That's the sort of hotel this is!"

She glanced at the manager with so much meaning that that functionary made what proved to be a futile effort to divert the lady's wrath.

"If madam will permit me, I would observe——"

But she would permit him to observe nothing. She went breathlessly on:—

"I was going out, as I told you I meant to do, for a run in the car, and just as I got into the hall I suddenly remembered that I had left my rings and my bracelets, and my watch and chain, and a pearl necklace and a gold purse, and two thousand five hundred francs in notes, and some other things, which

I shall recollect when I have time to think, on the table in my room. I came rushing back to get them. Directly I opened the door I saw, standing by the table, just about where I am, a woman—a creature in a pale blue dress."

"In a what, aunt?"

The question came from Mr. Stewart.

"I said in a pale blue dress—don't I speak clearly enough, or are you deaf?—and a hat to match; both the gown and the hat were perfect. I shouldn't be surprised if both of them came from the Rue de la Paix. I took it that it was someone come to see me, though I couldn't think for the moment who it was, and I was just about to advance to her and say 'Good afternoon,' when she ran across the floor on to the balcony and vaulted over the railing into mid air. I never was so horrified in my life — I screamed!"

"I heard madam scream."

This was the manager.

"Oh, you did! It's a consolation, in an hotel like this, to know that someone does at least hear something; I suppose if I'd been killed you'd have heard me being murdered. I was so taken aback that I nearly lost my senses; it was some seconds before I regained sufficient self-possession to enable me to approach the balcony and look over the railing. I imagined myself to have witnessed a suicide; I quite expected to see the creature lying in a huddled mass below, instead of which there was not a vestige of her to be seen."

"After all," pointed out the manager, "it is only about twelve feet from madam's balcony to the ground; for an active young woman not such a very difficult jump."

"Perhaps not for you, or for the persons who are in the habit of frequenting your hotel. I know that if I fell off that balcony I should never expect to rise again. However, when I discovered that there was no one there, and no one even in sight, I was so bewildered that for some moments I felt that I must be dreaming, and that there really had been no young woman in a light blue dress. It was only when I came back into the room that I began to realize what kind of hotel this actually was. My rings, my bracelets, my watch and chain, my pearl necklace, my gold purse, my two thousand five hundred francs, to speak of nothing else, had vanished — with that girl in the light blue dress. Then I understood; the creature was a thief—a brazen as well as an athletic thief—probably one of the persons who are in the habit of frequenting this hotel, and who think nothing

"'AFTER ALL,' POINTED OUT THE MANAGER, 'IT IS ONLY ABOUT TWELVE FEET FROM MADAM'S BALCONY TO THE GROUND.'"

of a twelve-foot jump. Very well! Since the creature is probably well known as an *habituée* of the house, I shall insist on her being immediately arrested; and I shall expect my property to be at once returned to me, or adequate compensation made upon the spot."

Mrs. Macartney was very short of breath indeed before her eloquence was exhausted. When the hotel manager went so far as to venture to point out, with the profoundest courtesy, that she had been guilty of what resembled contributory negligence in leaving her valuables exposed, she worked herself into such a state of agitation that her maid, Packham, insisted on turning both men out of the room as the only means of warding off from her mistress an attack of hysterics.

Parting from the manager at the foot of the staircase, Mr. Stewart moved towards his own room, slowly, as one at a loss. Stopping outside his door, he tapped at a panel; he had a feeling that he was not entitled to enter his own premises without at least giving warning. When, after an interval, no answer came, he entered the room. It was empty. Quite what he had expected to find he could not have said. The silence had troubled him. He thought it possible that the entrancing vision—conscience-stricken, ashamed, realizing that she was brought to bay, that escape was hopeless—had been guilty of that desperate act which his aunt had supposed her to be perpetrating when she saw her vault over her balcony into "mid air."

Stay! What was that? Heavens! what could it be? There on the floor, as if it had been hurriedly thrown down, was what looked like a light blue dress, and on an adjacent chair was a light blue hat. On the back of the chair on which at present reposed that light blue hat had been a suit of his—a grey tweed suit. The suit was gone. It dawned upon him also that a green felt hat had vanished off the table.

That evening he dined with Mrs. Puttenham. Mrs. Puttenham was a widow with whom, during the last two or three days, he had almost convinced himself he was in love. Being only fifteen or sixteen years older than he was she found him, on the whole, amusing. They were a *partie carrée* that night at her flat in the Villa des Fleurs; Colonel Trefusis and Miss Blaine were the other two. After dinner, wandering about the small *salon*, he came upon a photograph, the sight of which made him exclaim:—

"Why, what on earth—who is this?"

Mrs. Puttenham, who was sitting by the open window all alone—Colonel Trefusis had gone on with Miss Blaine to the rooms—had been conscious that the young gentleman's attentions had not been so entirely centred on herself as heretofore. Her guest's sudden exclamation, after quite a perceptible interval of silence, made her start.

He was holding out to her the portrait of a young woman. She regarded him with rather an acid smile.

"Do you think it is quite nice of you to make a fuss about another girl when I am here?"

"I say! I'm not making a fuss about her! I only wish to know who she is."

"My dear Hugh, since you are evidently interested in the girl, and not at all in me, I'll tell you all I know about her, if you like. She is Lady Vera Denzil——"

"*Lady* Vera Denzil?"

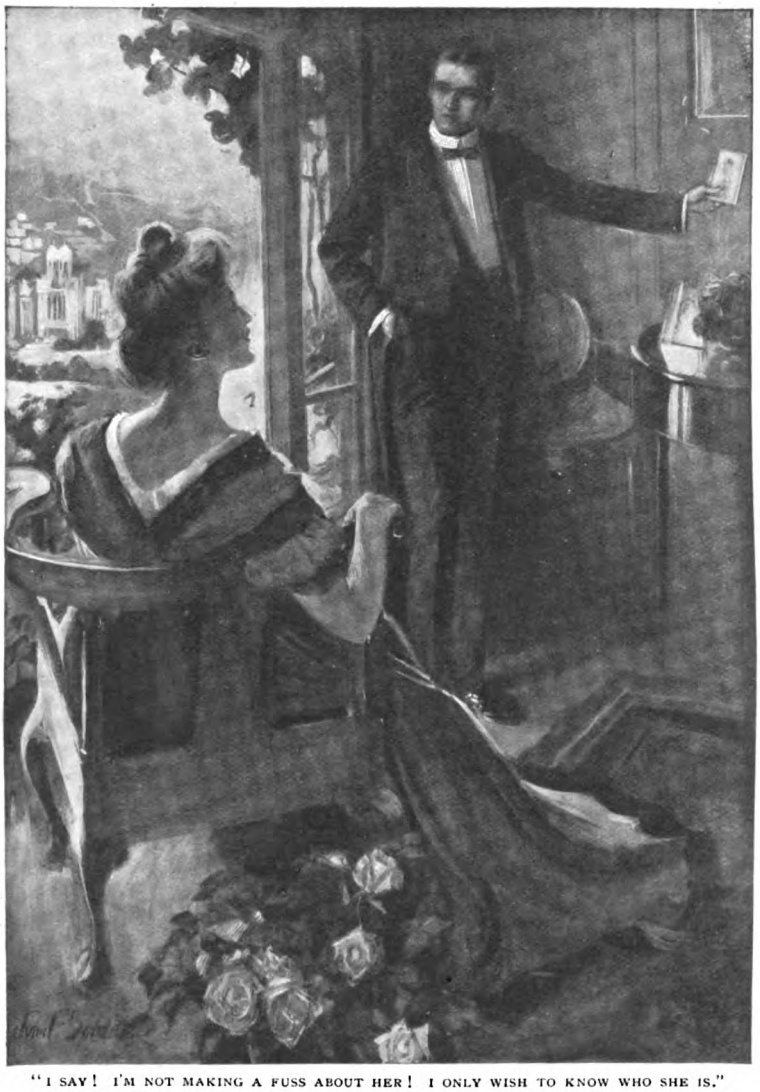
"I said Lady Vera Denzil—aren't you a trifle slow in taking one's meaning to-night?—presumed to be a daughter of the Earl of Horley, as I thought everybody knew; but I suppose you're not old enough to be told such stories. Hers is a piquant history, in more senses than one. I could tell you tales. Just now she's in this neighbourhood; she's staying with her aunt, the Marchioness of Rye, in that old house over by Roccabruna. As she's giving what's by way of being a garden-party to-morrow, to which you ought to have no difficulty in gaining admission, since all the scum of the place seems going, you will have an opportunity of informing yourself as to whether Vera Denzil is or is not the original of the photograph in which you take so flattering an interest."

Mrs. Puttenham rose from her seat with the air of one who was weary.

"I think, if you don't mind, I'll go over to the casino; it ought to be slightly more cheerful there than it is here. Perhaps you will escort me to the door."

He did as she suggested, and at the door he said "Good night."

When at last he did return to his hotel he found on the table in his room a brown-paper parcel. Having opened it, he discovered within his grey tweed suit. On the top was half a sheet of note-paper, on which was written, in a small, clear hand, which was scarcely feminine, "Returned—with thanks for unintentional loan. I think I'll keep the green felt hat in remembrance." Not a word was said of the return of the light blue dress, to say nothing of the hat.



"I SAY! I'M NOT MAKING A FUSS ABOUT HER! I ONLY WISH TO KNOW WHO SHE IS."

While he was still regarding what was written on that scrap of paper, Mrs. Macartney entered, unannounced.

"Hugh," she exclaimed, "where have you been? I thought something must have happened to you; I've been hunting for you all over Monte Carlo. Nothing has been heard of my rings, and bracelets, and necklace, and money, and other things, and nothing has been seen of that jade in the light blue dress."

"Should you know her if you saw her again?"

"I should know the dress and the hat—I should know them anywhere; but as for her face, I never had a proper look at it—she took care of that—so how could I know her again? As for the manager of this hotel, his impertinence is unbearable. But I'll show him! I'm fully resolved, if I don't receive complete satisfaction the first thing to-morrow morning, to go straight to the British Consul."

The injured lady did not receive complete satisfaction in the morning; but she received a visit from a high official of the police, who was the pink of courtesy, and who assured her, on what grounds he alone knew, that his underlings were hard on the miscreant's heels, whose capture might be expected at any moment. And as the manager of the hotel was apologetic, Mrs. Macartney, her feathers somewhat smoothed, decided to postpone that visit to the British Consul. Then an acquaintance — the Comtesse Beauregard—made her a proposition which was of the nature of a bargain, offering, in exchange for a seat in her car, to introduce Mrs. Macartney, and, if he desired, her nephew also, to the Marchioness of Rye's garden-party. Thus it came about that Mr. Hugh Stewart found himself one of a throng which suggested that the marchioness was giving a public rather than a private entertainment.

He had not been there a quarter of an hour before he came upon the lady of the light blue dress.

Desirous of avoiding the crowd—in which there seemed to be no one he knew—he was wandering down one of the side-paths in the large but ill-kept grounds, when he saw her approaching from the opposite direction. It was only when they were within three or

four feet of each other that, realizing that she did mean to extend him recognition, he ventured to raise his fingers to his hat. She stopped. Theoretically, she ought to have been overcome by confusion, to say nothing of shame; actually, she was very far from being anything of the kind. Something about her mouth, which was distinctly a pretty one, suggested an embryonic smile; while she looked him straight in the face with an expression in her blue eyes which gave him a dreadful feeling that she was looking at him as if she saw in him something to laugh at. Anyone less resembling conscience-stricken guilt one could scarcely conceive.

"BEFORE SHE COULD BE ASKED TO EXPLAIN SHE WALKED BRISKLY OFF, SWINGING HER PARASOL AS SHE WENT."

"I think," she remarked, after they had confronted each other for quite an uncomfortable number of seconds, "that we have met before."

"I—I rather fancy we have."

He tried to imitate her bearing of smiling unconcern; but the attempt was a failure. The quizzical light in her eyes grew more pronounced.

"I hope you're feeling rested."

For a moment he was at a loss as to what the words referred to. When he recalled how she had found him asleep upon the couch he turned a generous schoolboy red. While he was struggling to find words with which to answer, she went on—a new tone in her voice.

"I believe your name is Stewart?"

He stammeringly admitted that it was.

"Allow me," she said, "to introduce you to my aunt, the Marchioness of Rye. Tuppenny"—this was addressed to an old lady who had come up, unnoticed by the young gentleman, from behind him—"this is Mr. Hugh Stewart. I dare say, if well shaken before taken, you may find him good for the blues."

What she meant was certainly not clear. Before she could be asked to explain she walked briskly off, swinging her parasol as she went. The marchioness stood looking after her, a puzzled smile on her wrinkled face, as if she were wondering what the young woman might mean. Then she turned to Mr. Stewart, who stood before her with his hat in his hand.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Stewart. Are you an old friend of my niece?"

"I am afraid I cannot claim that honour."

"Honour! You call it honour? It's a doubtful one. I am afraid there can hardly be a more dangerous friend,

for a certain sort of nice boy, than Vera Denzil."

The word "boy" stung him. He was at an age when any reference to his youth touched him almost as if it were an impertinence. He felt that he would like to prove to this old lady, as well as to the young one, that there was very little of a boy about him.

Still alone—he had an unusual feeling strong upon him that the less he had of his fellows' society for the present the better—he was sitting under a tree in a secluded part of the grounds, when he was addressed from the back by a voice which, although he had only heard it twice, already seemed curiously familiar.

"Again enjoying your own company? You seem fond of solitude, Mr. Stewart."

He sprang up, to find himself once more confronting the laughing eyes.

"You also seem to be a good deal alone."

"I hope you will feel flattered when I tell you that is partly because I have been looking for you."

"I do feel flattered."

"Did you get a parcel last night? So much obliged. I trust you'll excuse the—liberty I took, but you've no idea how handy they were."

"I think I ought to tell you, since you don't seem to be aware of the fact, that I am Mrs. Macartney's nephew."

"Are you? Is that so? How very interesting; how nice for Mrs. Macartney! Who is Mrs. Macartney?"

"You vaulted over the railing of her balcony!"

It was possible, because he put the matter in what he felt was such a delicate way, that, for some instants, she did not appear to understand the reference. When she did, instead of being—as he thought might be the case at last—overwhelmed by the shame and horror of the discovery, she laughed right out.

"How very droll! To think that you should be that dear woman's nephew! What nice aunts we both of us have got! Do you know, when you woke up on that couch, I wondered if you could be any connection of the lady's overhead. Doesn't it strike you as comical?"

"I'm afraid it doesn't."

"Haven't you any sense of humour? Oh, I see you're shocked! I'm afraid the possibility of that didn't occur to me; I suppose it ought to have done. Poor, poor young man! What you must have suffered on my account! And I never guessed! Perhaps under the circumstances I ought to give you an explanation."

"I—I only hope there is an explanation."

"There isn't—in that sense; none. I dare say you'll be horrified, but from my point of view, in that sense, none is required. What I was about to explain is that I'm in advance of the age."

Resting both hands on the knob of her parasol, she regarded him with a light in her eyes which made it difficult to say whether she wished him to take her seriously. What was clear to him was that she continued to find something about him which was quite unintentionally amusing.

"The loftiest spirits always have been in advance of their age. It is with pride I announce to you that I am one of that fine army. I am an advanced socialist, a convinced anarchist, an enthusiastic contemner of the present social structure, not, as so many are, in theory only, but in practice also. It is that which makes me in advance of my age. I practise what I believe, what I preach. A gets money from B, B from C, C from D, D from E; what does it matter how or from whom E gets it, so long as, since under present conditions money is a necessity, he does get it? There you have, in concrete form, the unspoken creed of millions, the spoken creed of thousands, the acted creed of two or three—of whom I am one. To-morrow it will be recognised that the criminal is A, who, having a sufficiency, refuses to allow B to take what he requires. I am four-and-twenty hours in advance—that is all; I assert it now; your aunt has had proof of it. I was visiting a friend who is at the hotel in which she is stopping; I was passing along a corridor; the door of a room was wide open; I saw something on a table; I went to see what it was—it was just what I wanted. No one has any idea how hideously hard up a girl in my position—who has no regular income on which she can positively rely—can get. Naturally I took what I required. As I was in the act of taking it a portly lady flounced in. I perceived that it was quite possible that she might refuse, even at the eleventh hour, to allow me to take what I required. I went to the window and vaulted over the balcony. Don't you think that that was rather a plucky thing for me to do?"

"I would rather not tell you what I think, if you don't mind."

"You think it was risky?—rash? One has to take hazards. I confess it was lucky I alighted on my feet instead of on my head,

as I quite easily might have done; as it was I was so shaken that, had it not been for your open window, I don't know what I should have done. You have, in one way or another, placed me under quite a considerable obligation."

"Are you aware that my aunt is here, that she has placed the matter in the hands of the police, and that, if she recognises you, the consequences will be serious?"

"To me, to you, or to her? How you frighten me! Are you going to tell her tales?"

"I am not. I am hoping to be able to induce you to tell her yourself; I am sure she will forgive you if you explain that it was all a joke."

"Which it wasn't. Mr. Stewart, do you wish me to tell your aunt the thing which is not? For shame! Do you know that practising what I preach brought me luck? That's the point which I've been approaching. I went last night to the rooms with the notes of which I had become the fortunate possessor. I placed a fifty-franc note on the table and won. It was returned to me with others. I staked again, won again. I kept on winning; I couldn't lose. I ended by winning more than eighteen thousand francs —which only shows that there is a tide even in the affairs of women which, taken when you are most in need of it, leads on to fortune."

"I am sorry to hear you talk like this. I—I only trust that you are not in earnest."

"Eighteen thousand francs is not a large sum when resolved into pounds, shillings, and pence, but to a girl in my position it's comforting. This morning I looked at things through another pair of spectacles—at your aunt's things. I realized that they weren't worth so very much, probably nothing like so much as she had tried to persuade her acquaintance that they were. Having now a sufficiency, at least for a time, until something is paid on account of those abominable dressmakers' bills, I resolved to carry my principles to their logical conclusion, and present your aunt with what I have made mine, in order that she may again place it, by means of another open door, at the disposition of someone who is more in need than I am. Did you notice a summer-house at the end of this path?"

He contented himself with nodding; possibly because he would have found it difficult to express himself in articulate speech. She commented on his silence.

"You're not very conversational, are you, Mr. Stewart? Never mind; it's a positive relief; so many boys of your age are such chatterboxes. If you look into that summer-house in about ten minutes you'll see what you will see. Good-bye; we haven't seen very much of each other, but what I have seen of you I've distinctly liked. I'm returning to England to-night; I'm leaving this at once. We may meet again. If we do, I think it possible that you may pour forth on my offending head that flood of eloquence with which, at this moment, you are nearly bursting."

She nodded, laughed, and was off.

Some minutes later, chastened in spirit, appreciating himself at a much lower valuation than he was in the habit of doing, he rejoined his aunt and again became one of the crowd. They were approaching the summer-house of which the young woman had spoken when a girl came running out of it with something in her hand.

"Oh, I say!" she exclaimed to an acquaintance. "Just look what I've found in there!"

She had in her hand a green felt hat, which Hugh Stewart thought he recognised. He moved towards her.

"Excuse me, but I rather fancy that that's my hat."

"Is it? But just see what there is inside it."

"Why," exclaimed Mrs. Macartney, who had kept close to her nephew's side, "there are my rings and bracelets, and necklace and gold purse, and notes, and all my things! I never did! Of all the marvels! How ever did your hat get into that summer-house, and how did my things get inside your hat?"

Mr. Hugh Stewart, glancing round, saw on the fringe of the crowd Lady Vera Denzil. She nodded to him and smiled, and touched her fingers to her lips as if she were blowing him a kiss. When he returned to the hotel he found a note awaiting him:—

"DEAR MR. STEWART,—Might I trouble you to return frock and hat, care of my aunt? She'll send them on. I've a weakness for that frock; I'm rather fond of myself in light blue, and nice frocks are so hard to get in these hard times.—Until we meet again, believe me to be, gratefully yours,

"V. D."

Turning the page he found on the other side a postscript, which, as sometimes is the case when a lady is the scribe, contained more than the letter:—

"I am a wretch! If you only knew how I hate myself, and how ashamed I am! I

"HOW EVER DID YOUR HAT GET INTO THAT SUMMER-HOUSE, AND HOW DID MY THINGS GET INSIDE YOUR HAT?"

was so ashamed when I saw you that I did not dare to let you know how ashamed I was, so I behaved like a wretch instead. I never meant to touch the things, of course I didn't. I never dreamt of it; I don't know how I did it now. I could bang my head against the wall when I think of it!

"As I told you, I was going along the passage, and there was the open door. At first I really thought it was my friend's room. When I saw those things on the table I felt—— When I tell you that I was going to my friend to try to get her to lend me enough money to buy a ticket to take me back to London, and that I was nearly sure that she wouldn't lend it me, you will begin to understand what I did feel like. I was afraid of myself as I stood there. They represented more money than I had ever had in my life, and at that moment I hadn't a louis in the world. As I had them in my hand, and was fighting the feeling that seemed to have me by the throat, I am sure I should have won if your aunt had not come into the room; but then I lost my head, and rushed to the window and flung myself over the balcony. How I escaped without broken bones is a miracle. I did not know that I had taken the things till I found them in my hand; then I stuck them into a flower-tub which was under your aunt's room, and I sought refuge through the first open window.

"The rest you know.

"My one thought afterwards was how to get back the things without discovery. Thanks to you, I have succeeded in doing so. How grateful I am to you you will never know. *Please* don't think I am the kind of creature I made myself out to be. I am not! I am not!

"I am a wretch; but if ever you do think of me, try not to think of me as quite the wretch I have seemed. I am a terrible illustration of how easy it is to be, and do, the thing one loathes!

"I shall often think of you—always when I say my prayers."

Up the Schreckhorn in a Storm.

By GEORGE D. ABRAHAM.

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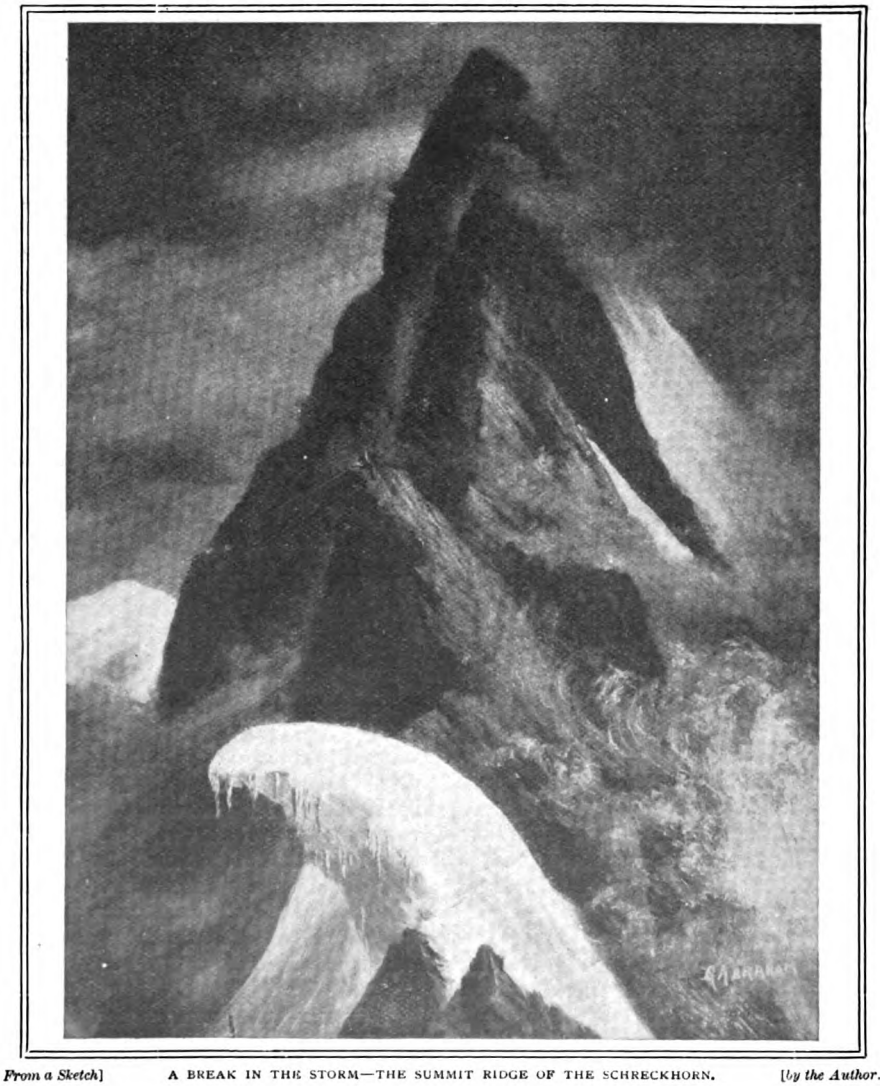


From a Sketch] A BREAK IN THE STORM—THE SUMMIT RIDGE OF THE SCHRECKHORN. *[by the Author.*

WHO, in these days of popular travel, has not heard of "The Three Graces" of Grindelwald, the snow-wreathed Jungfrau, the glacier-clad Mönch, and the rock-battlemented Eiger? Truly they grace the most beautiful valley in the Alps with their vast magnificence. All the world comes to see them, and even railways, German bands, kursaals, and almost all kinds of civilized society nuisances have not spoiled their glories. Grindelwald, even though it may be called Brighton-by-the-Mountains, is but as a small speck of dust on a great picture. After all, the peaks are the Oberland—the town is the "Unterland."

The mountaineer is nowadays inclined to shun Grindelwald, and this is easily done, for it is so situated that scarcely more than an hour's walk will take him into the heart of his beloved solitudes. 'Midst the crags of the Schreckhorn, which is a far grander peak

than any of its better-known neighbours, he need not fear at every corner to spoil a love-making scene, even though at his hotel he may incur the displeasure of match-making matrons because he prefers a Jungfrau of the mountain variety.

Out-of-season wanderers see little of this, and during my autumn visit these discomforts were not the cause that led me to attempt the Schreckhorn under doubtful conditions. Rather was it an alluring peep of this wonderful mountain which was disclosed during the ride up the popular railway route to the Wengern Alp.

The huge wedge of granite towered into the Alpine sky, black and truculent-looking. It seemed a real "Terror-Peak," but the almost entire absence of snow and ice on its crest led me to hope that under such conditions the usually impossible western ridge could be assailed. Perchance with a high wind and signs of a change in the weather it was a mad idea, but we have been told that a man without ambition is like a monkey without a tail—unnatural and incomplete—'tis better to aim high than not to aim at all, or, in other words, "laze" in Grindelwald.

Thus, the early hours of the next morning saw us trudging away up through the pine-woods. Even in the valley there was a wintry feeling in the air, but as we mounted higher to where the storm-shattered pines clung sparsely to the rocky slopes of the Mettenberg, the scene became a fairyland of beauty. The damp night mists were shifting lazily upwards, leaving behind a wondrous mantle of hoar-frost; every blade of grass and twig was ermine-coated, and the branches of the trees drooped gracefully

THE SCHRECKHORN FROM THE FIESCHERHORN, SHOWING THE ROUTE FOLLOWED.

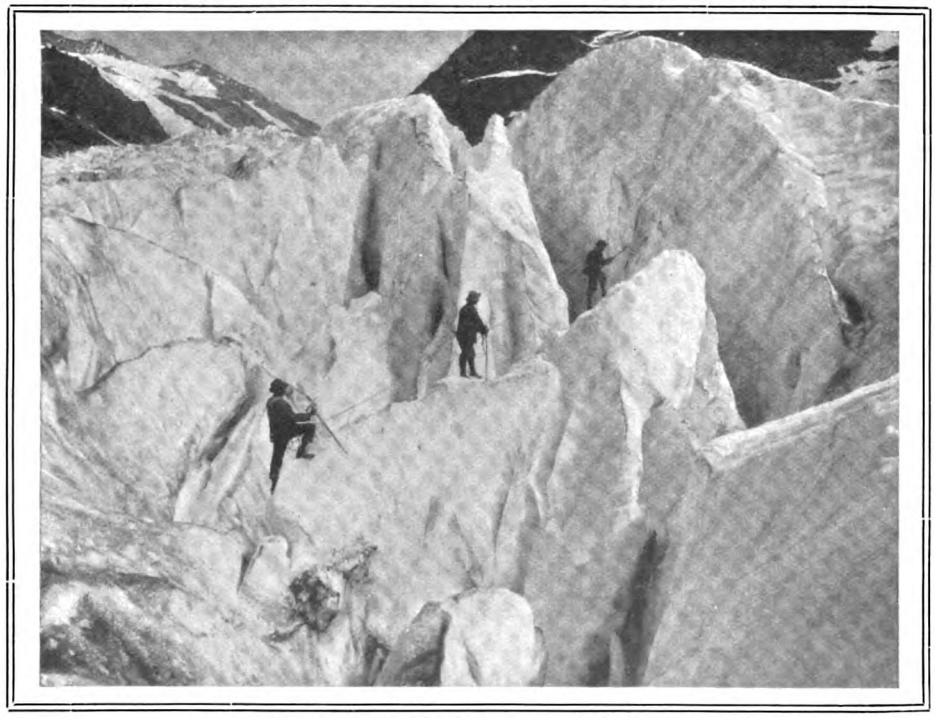
with the weight of their covering. Beyond the châlet of the Bäregg we emerged from the shadows of the deep gorge into glorious sunshine; midwinter suddenly changed to midsummer, and we perspired accordingly.

The idea was to climb the slopes of the Fiescherhorn, on the opposite side of the valley, to prospect the route for the morrow, and the illustration on the preceding page shows what we saw. By means of a powerful glass—I do not refer to anything of a liquid nature—we were able to see, perchance with the eye of faith, a possible route up the rocks direct to the summit. Everything promised well; with the exception of some dense clouds which shut out the Grindelwald Valley, now many thousands of feet below, the weather seemed perfect.

Shortly after midday we were slowly wending our way down the great ice-slopes, and after threading a passage through an intricate ice-fall we arrived at the Schwarzegg Hut as the rosy glint of sunset fell athwart the gaunt crags and icy couloirs of our peak which stretched above the sleeping-place.

Rudolf, the guide, was an expert cook, and the porter who had charge of my ubiquitous camera saw to the sleeping arrangements, so I was able to stroll outside and enjoy the glorious view. After the meal came bed amongst the straw, and oblivion until the persistent striking of matches caused a partial awakening.

Then was heard a scuffling sound, and the door of the hut was opened to let in a whiff of chill night air. Rudolf was inspecting the weather, and the words "Three o'clock and a cloudy morning, sir," dispelled all tendency to slumber. A peep outside disclosed nothing but a drifting mist; however, it felt dry and harmless, so we decided to start as soon as the usual formalities of eating, etc., had been attended to.



"THREADING A PASSAGE THROUGH AN INTRICATE ICE-FALL."

After roping together in the hut we lit the two lanterns and sallied forth into the darkness, wondering what the "Terror-Peak" had in store for us. Anyhow, we quickly realized its powers as an Alpine "quick-change artiste" so far as weather was concerned, for as we trudged across the loose rocks and snow a "thin" wind swept across the slope, suggestively laden with tiny snow-flakes. However, we soon entered the foot of the long snow couloir, which rises a few hundred yards from the back of the hut, and there we found comparative shelter.

Up and up we went in the darkness, our

lanterns casting a weird light over the steep, frozen snow. The view was restricted to this area, and I remember that the main feature of my outlook was a vari-coloured patch in the trousers of the guide in front. Words were unnecessary and inadvisable, for we all knew the dangers of the lower couloir. Undue noise might bring down the overhanging glacier, which in daylight grins grimly down on those who come within reach of its jaws, and now and again the icy monster detaches huge masses and hurls them down on those presumptuous mortals who dare the dangers of his sanctuary.

The risky section was passed in safety, and we mounted gaily in the unmistakable bed of the couloir until it narrowed somewhat, and the presence of ice made me suggest our taking to the rocks on the right to avoid step-cutting. Whilst the discussion was in progress Rudolf gave a sudden shout of warning, and at the same moment we heard the sound of falling stones high above us, but evidently coming down the natural funnel wherein we lingered. It was an unnerving experience thus to be trapped, but fractions of seconds were valuable. Rudolf had good holding on the rocks to the right of the couloir, and a terrific jerk on the rope put an end to my momentary inaction by dragging me clean out of my icy footsteps. Then I seemed to crash with a rush-and-tumble swing into the rocks below Rudolf, and almost instantly the porter came rolling down on the top of me.

Fortunately for us all there was a deep hollow between the icy bed of the couloir and the rocks, and in this we all got shelter, thanks to Rudolf's rough but effective action. He had jumped impetuously down into the dark hole, and the tightening rope had pulled us all down into the same rift at a lower point. But not an instant too soon, for, crouching down as far as possible, the forerunners of the small avalanche were heard whizzing down the couloir with a hum like a Mauser bullet. Then the big guns opened fire and great rocks came crashing down, first on one side of the couloir and then on the other, covering us with loose snow and small splinters.

Eventually the din subsided, but it was some minutes before we could inspect our bruises, which proved to be only of a minor order, and we deferred the application of bandages and sticking-plaster until a more convenient resting-place was available. Sad to tell, one of our lanterns had disappeared, probably dashed to pieces in the first wild rush, and this made progress up the rocks, which we attacked at once, somewhat slow. The point of divergence is visible in the illustration taken from the Fiescherhorn, and the dangers of the couloir are also evident; it acts as a receptacle for loose matter that falls from the face of the mountain above.

The difficulties of the rocks were increased by the darkness, but in about half an hour's time we arrived on a snowy platform, and passing away to the right below the "nose" of the west ridge the scene was impressive. The mist was scurrying across the great black crags above us, where the gale echoed fiercely, but down below and far away across the vast Ewig Schneefeld—the Everlasting Snowfield—on the opposite side of the valley, comparative peace seemed to reign. The clouds had suddenly drawn aside like a huge curtain. There, flooded with the weak rays of a misty full moon, we saw the wondrous white peaks of the "Monk" and "Ogre," crouching in front of the graceful form of the Jungfrau, whose head was swathed in a light gauzy veil of mist. To the left, and almost in front of the moon, the fearsome shape of the Finsteraarhorn—the Peak of the Black Eagle—cleft the clearing sky like the sharp beak of some cruel and monstrous bird of prey. But the lull soon ended, clouds enveloped us, and the storm shrieked louder than ever amongst the crags up which we had hoped to climb to the summit.

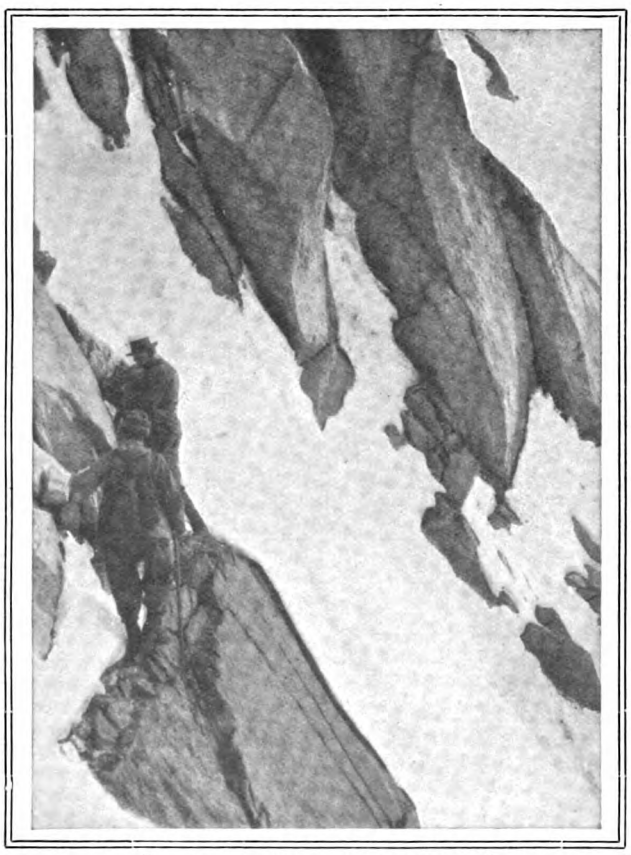
Man proposes, the weather disposes in the Alps. Our intended route was obviously impossible at present, but we decided to wait in the shelter of the rocks for an hour, to give the weather a chance of improving. This allowed us time to partake of second breakfast and patch up the damage sustained lower down. After shivering out the appointed hour and noting that the weather showed no signs of improvement, we decided to forsake the west ridge and force a way to the summit by the ordinary course. The Schreckhorn was evidently in a playful mood that day, and we knew that even the usual route, which at best is difficult, would give us exercise and excitement enough and to spare.

Then we launched boldly forth upon the cloud-swept surface of the glacier on the right. The way proved fairly easy to find, because the rocks on the left served as a landmark for some time, until several big crevasses forced us away to the right in an easterly direction. Just when progress began to get monotonous, and the mist grew lighter with the coming dawn, we were stopped by

an awesome crevasse which stretched across the glacier from side to side. This was the famous *Bergschrund* which we knew had defeated a guideless party a few days previously. At the point of approach the passage was impossible, for the upper lip of the *Schrund*, besides being several feet above the level of our heads, was some yards away on the other side of the icy chasm, which seemed hundreds of feet deep. Fortunately we turned to the right, and, moving carefully along the lower lip of the *Schrund* for two or three hundred yards, a vulnerable-looking place attracted attention.

Peering over the edge of the abyss we saw that some large splinters had fallen away from the farther side of the gulf and become wedged in its interior; one of these with a thin, sharp, icy crest formed a natural bridge, and perchance offered the only way to the top that day. The ice was so shattered and broken on the farther side that the exit would cause little trouble, but with the descent to the bridge it was otherwise. There was quite twenty-five feet of smooth, slippery, vertical ice to negotiate, and I found such difficulty in following down the ice-staircase, which Rudolf had skilfully cut with his axe, that we deemed it unsafe for the porter, as last man, to descend without a rope from above. This meant leaving our spare length of rope tied to an ice-axe, which the porter drove firmly into the hard snow. Then he slid carefully down the rope to our level, and it was comforting to know that we had a certain means of return, for the climb up that icy wall unaided would have been almost impossible. Certainly we were short of an ice-axe, but the rocks were close at hand, and its absence was scarcely felt at all.

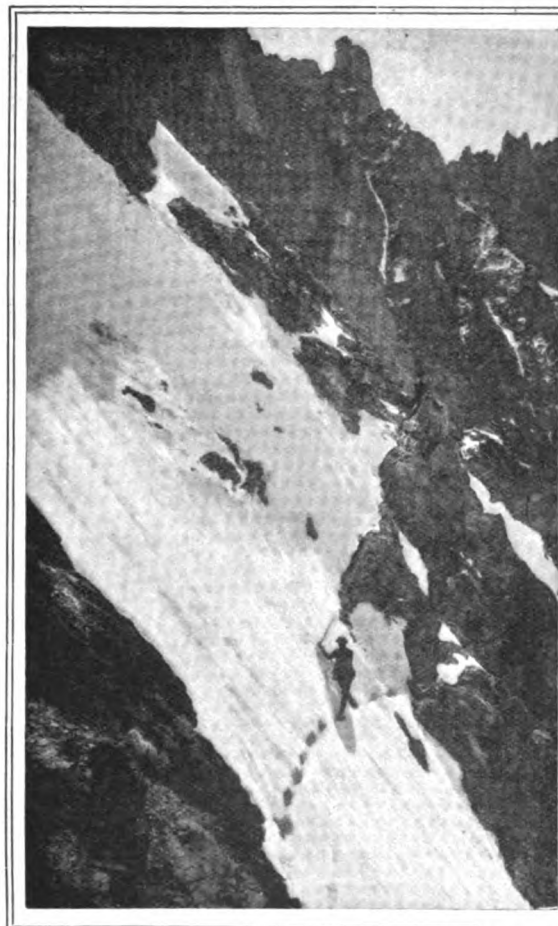
'Twas a weird experience to sit astride that fragile bridge in the gloomy, yet sheltered, depths of the *Bergschrund*, with huge icicles dependent on every hand. One at a time we edged warily across this veritable *pons asinorum*, and each uttered a cry of satisfaction when the firm ice on the farther side was attainable.



"THE GREAT SNOW-WREATHED ROCK-WALL."

Ere long we were out of the clutches of the chilly chasm and battling with the rising wind which rushed down upon us during the approach to the rocks. Once these were gained we mounted gaily and at a great speed for the sake of promoting bodily warmth. Daylight came on apace as we wrestled with the great, snow-wreathed rock-wall, which is one of the principal details of an ascent of the Schreckhorn.

One of the outstanding features of the "Terror-Peak" is its unenviable reputation for throwing stones at those who come within range. We had verified this lower down, but the high cliff above the *Bergschrund* is really responsible for this evil name. The place certainly possessed plenty of available loose matter—in fact, we were often compelled to climb up it. I know of no more surprising sensation in the world than, on an exposed precipice, to catch hold of a promising-looking hand-hold and feel it suddenly come away with a jerk. The unnerving experience



CROSSING THE UPPER COULOIR.

is heightened if the cliff is almost vertical and there is naught below for thousands of feet but "cloud-filled nothingness."

One of us—fortunately not the leader—tasted of the discomforts of such a performance that morning on the Schreckhorn; but, after all, the adventure served a useful purpose—it acted as a warning, and made everybody move carefully.

After crossing the upper couloir the gale suddenly swept the clouds aside. Night lingered below, but far above our heads we saw the roseate tinge of dawn flashing across the summit snows. The sight was gloriously inspiring, and with renewed energy we struggled onwards—

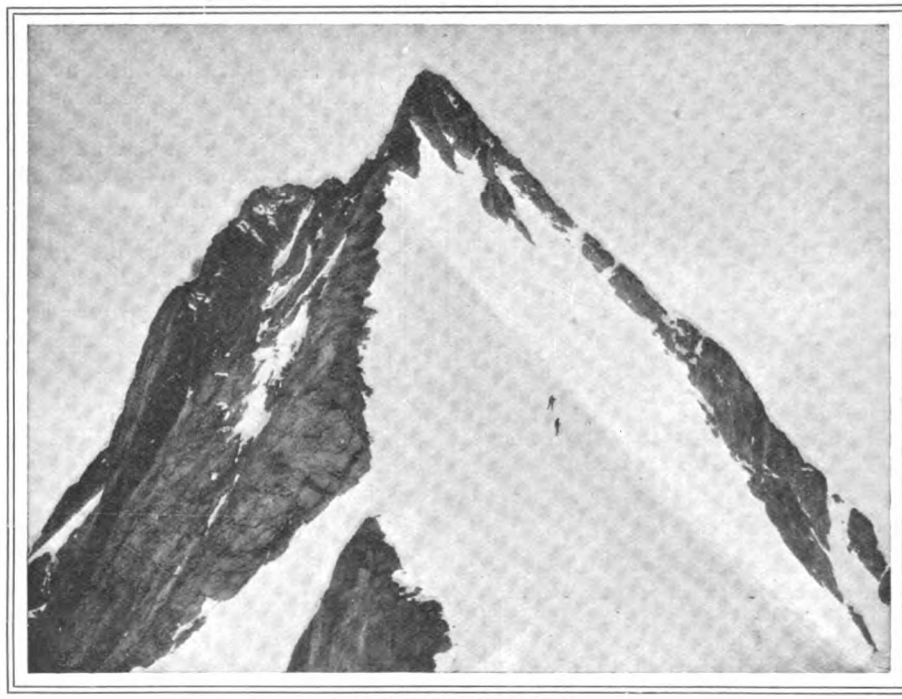
> Up the high steep across the golden sill,
> Up out of shadow into very light,
> Up out of dwindling light to light aglow.

But this enthusiasm received a sudden shock, for one of the party—I am afraid it was the amateur—carelessly dislodged a loose rock, which started quite a junior avalanche lower down. All at once it dawned upon us that should any of the falling matter smash the ice-axe which supported the belayed rope in the *Bergschrund* a thousand feet below, our return might easily be indefinitely delayed.

However, we were soon too busy to think of such disagreeable matters, for on the crest of the rock-wall the storm caught us in full force; it was impossible to stand upright in the blast, and we crept under the leeward side of the ridge for partial shelter. By this means we made quick progress, until about five hundred feet higher it became necessary to climb on the narrow, exposed crest of the ridge which leads direct to the summit. Before emerging we crouched in the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land," and made external and internal preparation for the final dash.

"RUDOLF LED US BOLDLY UP ON TO THE GALE-SWEPT RIDGE."

Every article of spare clothing was now brought into use. Then, leaving all the luggage behind, Rudolf led us boldly up on to the gale-swept ridge. Our reception was terrific. A tremendous wind came tearing up from the cloud-filled depths on the other side of the mountain, and nearly carried us all along with it into space. Movement was impossible for quite half a minute, but in the succeeding lull we scrambled hurriedly upwards, and for some time progress could only be made during these quieter intervals.



THE TOP OF THE SCHRECKHORN.

At such times it was possible to realize the situation.

We were perched astride a steep, narrow rock-ridge of the knife-edge variety which bent gracefully over to the left, overhanging a bottomless abyss filled with seething mist; whilst on the right the view downwards was scarcely less impressive. I remember that the extreme sharpness of the ridge to which we clung suggested the idea of being cut into two equal parts, and I kept wondering which of these would be the first to reach the glaciers some thousands of feet below on either hand.

For a moment we caught a glimpse of the summit just before reaching the final *gen darme* on the ridge. It was here that the full force of the storm was felt. Great, dense clouds of loose snow were being torn off the north-eastern face, hurled up the tremendous cliff, and then carried far out to leeward. The din was overpowering—not a word could be heard between us; in fact, at times my companions at each end of the rope were invisible. Infinite care and judgment were necessary; the slightest slip would have precipitated matters in more ways than one.

Ere long only a narrow ridge of snow separated us from the summit, and this reminded us of the terrible accident which happened here to a young Englishman who recently persisted in tackling the peak alone. Another party with a well-known guide watched him returning from the summit, when they were horrified to see the snow suddenly break away under his feet. His body crashed through it and fell headlong to the glacier, over two thousand feet below. Such sinister history, coming as it were out of the heart of the storm, proved scarcely cheerful, but it was quickly forgotten in the joys of victory.

Just one touch of the tapering summit stones, thirteen thousand three hundred and eighty-six feet above the sea, and we began the descent immediately, for any chance of a view in such a *tourmente* was hopeless.

Slowly, but surely, we moved downwards out of the storm and danger-zone until our sheltered ledge was reached and a meal could be attempted. This was a failure; everything was frozen hard; some oranges were as solid as cricket-balls and inaccessible unless dissected with an ice-axe. The chicken was as hard as a board; and my wine-gourd was frozen into a solid mass, so we tried to persuade ourselves that alcoholic stimulants are unnecessary in mountaineering—in fact, they are positively dangerous. However, raisins and biscuits were available, and these proved sufficient for the rest of the descent. Down and down we went, quickly as well as surely, over slippery rocks and treacherous ice-slopes, for the weather was evidently growing worse; down into the welcome warmth, our frozen limbs gradually thawing with the violent exercise. Intermittent snow-showers fell, and when we gained the glacier vivid flashes of lightning flickered eerily amidst the snow-laden vapour.

Fortunately the ice-axe and rope were intact, and after escaping from the *Bergschrund* we rattled quickly down the glacier to near the top of the dangerous couloir. Then came a sudden stop; the porter absolutely refused to go down to the hut by this route. It seemed that a few years previously he was descending the place late in the afternoon with a famous Grindelwald guide and an amateur, and when within sight of the bottom they heard a tremendous crash and a hissing roar above their heads. There was no need to look upwards—the hanging glacier was thundering downwards. Off they ran down the couloir faster than their legs would carry them, literally, but too late. In a few seconds they were overtaken by the seething mass of ice and snow, and hurled downwards on its crest for over five hundred feet. Fortunately they were not seriously engulfed in the avalanche, and, though the couloir ends on a fairly level snow-field, their escape may be considered nothing short of miraculous. The guide had a few broken bones, our porter suffered for a few months with a damaged spine, and the amateur was practically uninjured.

When he had told this tale we appreciated our porter's opinion on the subject, though I tried an argument that had prevailed on a former occasion. Whoever heard of the Schreckhorn making two attempts to kill a climber? If fate had decreed his demise in this fashion, surely he might rest assured that the work would have been properly finished at the first attempt. In fact, his desperate experience actually enhanced the safety of us all. However, foolishness did not prevail; as a matter of fact, we were glad at heart to follow the porter's advice and descend by the Strahlegg, despite the long and wearisome *détour*.

At the Schwarzegg Hut we picked up some of our belongings and raced down to Grindelwald, well pleased with the world in general.

Next morning the valley and its peaks were swathed in damp rain-clouds borne on a south-westerly gale; the climbing season was over. Then, *au revoir* to the land of soaring mountains and everlasting snows; and next day, greeting to Old England, with its rush and roar of city life. The Alps, those truly delectable places, were far away, left to—

> Bleak wintry storms with tenfold fierceness armed,
> And snow and icy blasts.

THE SCHWARZEGG HUT.

The First Stone.

By FRED M. WHITE.

THE woman sat there flirting her fan to and fro listlessly, her dark eyes bent upon the stage as if she were absolutely lost in the brilliant new comedy which was being presented for the first time by the great actor-manager of the Comus Theatre. She lay back in her stall, haughty and listless and indifferent, as if compelled to admiration in spite of herself. She looked every inch the *grande dame* going through a round of pleasure and accepting it all entirely as a matter of course. She was beautifully, naturally dressed; diamonds shimmered in her dark hair; there was around her that nameless atmosphere which seems to always go with wealth and breeding. She might not have had a single care in the world; she might have been one of those spoilt darlings of society for whom, presumedly, Providence has intended the universe, to the exclusion of all others. Despite her coldness and her beauty and her air of absolute aloofness, there was now and then a flicker of the delicate nostril and a tightening of the haughty mouth which told of pain, either physical or mental. She laid her fan down upon the vacant stall on her left and clasped her long-gloved hands together.

There were several people in the theatre who had regarded more or less curiously this dark, stately beauty sitting there all alone. It was possible to speculate as to the meaning of the empty stall by her side. There was admiration as well as envy and sundry glances cast in her direction, and yet at that moment Stella Clinash would have been perfectly willing to have changed places with the humblest little domestic servant perched up far above in the roaring red atmosphere of the gallery.

She was glad now that her husband had not come. She was fiercely glad that Clive Clinash had stayed away. He had meant to come with her, of course, for the Clinashes were alone in London. They were only over from Buenos Ayres for a short stay. They had intended to get back to South America in the course of a day or two. Almost at the last moment there had come a telegram from Clinash to the Dominion Hotel, where they were staying, saying that he had been detained on important business and would probably join his wife in the theatre a little later on.

She had been rather glad to get this message. Sooth to say, she was a little tired of sight-seeing; she would have preferred an evening at home in her own sitting-room. But, then, there was the chance that Clinash would go straight to the theatre, and he would be greatly disappointed to find his wife absent. Therefore she had gone alone, with that strange feeling upon her that something was going to happen. It seemed to her that she had never hated London so much as she did at that moment; it seemed to her that it would have been far wiser to remain at Buenos Ayres, but Clinash would not hear of it. Besides, they had only been married a few months, and Stella Clinash had always been a solitary woman, and when she had come to find a home and husband she clung to both with a tenacity and passion which, at times, fairly frightened her. Like most people who pass for being cold and self-contained, she had depths of feeling and emotion of which Clinash, with all his love and admiration for her, knew nothing.

And he had taken her on trust, too. He had found her eighteen months before, getting a precarious living in London as an addresser of envelopes. He had fallen in love with her on the spot, and had, in his impetuous way, asked her to marry him. Just for the moment she had hesitated. There were reasons why she should have refused. And yet, when she came to think of the drab monotony of the life that lay before her, she hesitated no longer. She wanted someone to lavish her affection upon, and here she found him. For Clinash was rich and prosperous, he was young and

fairly good-looking, and—well, there was only one end to a struggle like that.

And now all the misery and unhappiness had gradually faded like an ugly landscape blurred in a cloud of mist. The ice had gradually melted from round Stella's heart until she could stand there in the sunshine of her own happiness and wonder what she had done that God should be so good to her as all this.

That was up to a few moments ago. And then she had seen him standing there by the entrance to the stalls, glancing casually round the theatre as if he were in some way connected with the management. He stood there neatly dressed in a dark frock suit, a glossy hat was perched upon his head, and his round, hard face and keen grey eyes seemed to be taking in the whole audience. Stella Clinash recognised him at once. She would have recognised him anywhere and in any circumstances. There were no delusions in her mind on the score of his failing to remember her. She felt his eyes running the measure of the rule over her, she saw him turn and say something to a theatre attendant, then presently he vanished and another man suspiciously like him took his place. There was no facial resemblance between the two, but they were both cast in entirely the same mould, both of them trim and clean and reserved, both of them speaking of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard to anybody who had ever had any contact with that dread institution. And although the second man never for one moment looked in Stella Clinash's direction she knew perfectly well that he was waiting for her, and that she would have to speak to him before the performance was over.

Well, the thing was finished now. She had had more than a year on the other side of the golden gates, and now the barriers of desolation yawned before her. And the strange thing was that she was not frightened, she did not seem to be in the least alarmed, or angry, or unhappy. She had been the sport of Fate too long to accept a blow like this with anything but resignation.

Clive would have to know. Indeed, she blamed herself now for not telling him before. But she had been afraid to do so; she had been afraid to risk the happiness which had suddenly opened before her in such dazzling splendour. She had temporized, and the time was lost, and now it was too late. Still, she must let her husband know, she must prepare him for the inevitable. It would never do for her to bring disgrace upon his honoured name. He must abandon her to her fate, he must never see her again; no one must know that guilty secret but themselves. And perhaps, when she had served her sentence out, he might be disposed to remember that for over a year she had been a good and faithful wife to him. He might be willing to make some provision to save her from want in the future. Fortunately, they knew nobody in London; it would not be an easy matter to trace her back to the Dominion Hotel, and Clive would be clever enough to hide all her tracks. Of course, he would be sorry, for she knew how genuinely fond he was of her; but at the same time his good name must not suffer, and in that respect she would help him to the best of her ability. Why, oh, why had she returned to England at all? Clinash's own call had been imperative—a business crisis that demanded his presence in England. Most men have these moments of commercial peril. And she had risked it all to be with him—not to lose a moment of her glorious happiness, as a love-sick girl might have done. Oh, the incredible folly of it!

She had thought it out now. She waited till the curtain fell on the third act, then she beckoned a programme-seller in her direction. From her purse she took out a half-sovereign and placed it in the girl's hand.

"Don't ask any questions," she murmured. "Procure me at once a sheet of paper, an envelope, and a pencil. I am going to write a note which I want delivered at the Dominion Hotel at once. If you can manage this for me the half-sovereign is yours. All I ask you to do is to be silent and say nothing of this."

The girl nodded. Perhaps the request did not strike her as being particularly strange. She came back presently with writing materials, and Stella Clinash wrote her letter. It was characteristic of her that her handwriting was firm and neat, that the letter was perfectly coherent and collected.

"There," she whispered; "will you take that now?"

"At once, madam," the girl replied. "You can rely upon me. Besides, I am going that way."

The comedy was drawing to a close now. Stella Clinash looked at the watch on her wrist, and saw that it was half-past eleven. No doubt Clive had received her letter an hour before. He would have made up his mind by this time exactly what to do.

"SHE CAME BACK PRESENTLY WITH WRITING MATERIALS, AND STELLA CLINASH WROTE HER LETTER."

Already some of the audience had begun to leave the theatre. She rose calmly and drew a wrap round her shoulders and over her head. Then she walked quite steadily and collectedly through the vestibule up to the folding doors, where the man with the hard, keen face appeared to be awaiting someone. Stella drew a little quick breath, and her lips quivered as she touched the man on the shoulder.

"I think you are waiting for me," she said, quietly. "I don't happen to know your name, but you recognise me."

The man turned and smiled good-naturedly.

"Detective-Sergeant Swift," he said, tentatively. "You are Stella Treherne. Rapson asked me to wait here. He recognised you, though, as a matter of fact, he was looking for somebody else. Hard luck, isn't it?"

The man spoke in a friendly enough tone. There was nothing of the traditional man-hunter about him. He was merely a machine cut and drilled and polished to a diamond hardness. Possibly in private life he was as generous and good-natured as other people. But he had his duty to perform, and he meant to do it.

"I don't want any sympathy," Stella said, coldly. "I am quite prepared to take the consequences. And yet, if a thousand pounds would be the slightest good to you, I am prepared——"

Swift turned aside apparently unheeding.

"Don't say that," he whispered. "Because, you see, it would make no difference. And if I mentioned it to the magistrate to-morrow morning—— But perhaps I didn't exactly catch what you said. Would you like a cab?"

"That is kind of you," Stella said, in the same strangely even voice. "I suppose I ought not to blame you so much as the iniquitous system of which you are at once the slave and tool. Of course, I must have a cab. I could hardly walk through the streets to the police-station dressed like this."

"Of course not," Swift agreed. "But wouldn't you like to go anywhere first? Would it not be as well to get as far as your hotel or your rooms, where you can procure a change of clothing? Of course, it is no business of mine to pry into your present position, but, judging from what one can see, matters appear to have gone very well with you of late. I presume you are married?"

The blood flamed into Stella's face.

"Is that necessary?" she asked.

"Well, of course not," Swift said, with some sign of confusion. "But we flatter ourselves we can always tell the difference between the woman who—well, you know what I mean."

"I am obliged for your good opinion," Stella said, calmly. "Married or not, at the present moment I am a woman who has to face a trouble entirely alone. And I have done no wrong; or, at least, if I have, I have paid for it dearly enough, God knows. Why do you hunt us like this? Why don't you give us a chance to lead a clean and honest life? Why should we be dragged month by month to report ourselves at the nearest police-station? You know it always results in the same exposure. Our employers get to hear of it, and the same weary struggle begins over again. I am sure that two-thirds of the criminals on ticket-of-leave find their way back to jail again simply because of this cruel system of yours. It would be far kinder to keep us under lock and key till the sentence is worked out. As a sensible man, you must know I am speaking the truth."

Swift shrugged his shoulders. It was not for him to question the iconoclast methods of his department. He was a mere pawn in the game of diabolical chess which the police are unceasingly playing with the criminal classes. And, besides, he had expected some sort of passionate outburst like this. They mostly behaved in the same fashion. The people were beginning to pour out of the theatre now. Stella standing there, tall and slim in her white dress, was attracting attention. A cab came up, and Swift stood aside for Stella to enter.

They drove along silently through the well-lighted streets. They passed the portico of the Dominion Hotel, where the porter was standing with his hands behind him. As the great front of the building stood out red and bold Stella caught her lip between her teeth and blinked the tears from her eyes. But she was not going to give way, she was not going to pity herself. She had played her game and she had lost it, and she was prepared to pay the price.

Still, she turned cold and faint and dizzy as the cab pulled up presently outside a police-station. There was something horribly familiar about the place, something so repulsive about the whitewashed walls and the bare, clanging passages. A couple of policemen sitting there in the charge-room, stolidly eating their suppers, looked up with a certain languid curiosity as Swift and his prisoner entered. But they were too used to these fiery, dramatic entrances and exits to do more than take in the details of the woman's dress and the cold, proud frostiness of her face. An inspector sitting behind the table glanced interrogatively at Swift.

"Stella Treherne," he said. "Charged with failing to report herself. Released on licence about twenty months ago and only been heard of once since."

The inspector bent over the table and scribbled something on a sheet of paper. From his point of view it was all a matter of business. Had Stella appeared there either in rags or in silken attire he would have displayed the same lack of interest or emotion.

"Want to send for your friends?" he asked. "You can't appear like that to-morrow morning, you know. What is your address?"

"My address is refused," Stella said, quietly. "You know my name, and that is sufficient. As to the rest, I must make the best of it. There are reasons why I cannot give you my address—imperative reasons why my present friends must not know what has happened to me. I have money in my purse. I suppose I can keep that, and perhaps one of the female warders will get me something from one of the adjacent shops in the morning. As there is no charge against me, except for failing to report myself, I must ask you to let me retain possession of my money."

The inspector scraped his jaw thoughtfully.

"Seems reasonable," he said. "Very well; we will do what you require. Is there anything you would like before morning? Perhaps you would like to send out for some food?"

Stella fairly shuddered at the suggestion. The mere notion of food filled her with loathing and disgust. There was absolutely nothing she wanted, she said. Her one desire was to be alone. In a dreamy kind of way she followed a policeman presently along an echoing flagged passage. She heard the quick turn of keys in well-oiled locks, she was once more back in those horribly suggestive environments where life has lost its savour and where the word "hope" becomes no more than a mocking, empty sound. All that banging of doors and clicking of keys seemed to be superfluous; such a waste of strength and tyrannical grip to hold one so small and crushed and miserable in durance vile. She had no inclination to shirk the inevitable. Had all the doors been thrown wide before

"'MY ADDRESS IS REFUSED,' STELLA SAID, QUIETLY. 'YOU KNOW MY NAME, AND THAT IS SUFFICIENT.'"

her she would have made no attempt to escape now. For what good would such a thing have been? By this time her husband knew everything and he would act accordingly. Already she was beginning to think of him less now as her husband than as Clive Clinash. She would never see him again. It did not seem to her that she wanted to. At all hazards now, she was going through with it to the bitter end. She would be sent to one of those dreadful convict prisons, there to serve out the rest of her sentence. But, at any rate, after that she would be free; her term of imprisonment embraced no subsequent police supervision. Once it was over and done with she could go where she liked and do as she pleased.

She sat down there with her head in her hands on that cold, hard travesty of a bed, the like of which she knew only too well. From time to time she could hear the heavy tramp of feet along the corridor; from time to time some drunken woman prisoner burst into horrible screams. Now and again from a cell close by a man was singing a snatch of comic opera in a pleasant tenor voice. Then gradually the sounds died away, and in an uneasy manner Stella slept.

She woke presently chill and cold in the grey dawn, and the whole thing came back

to her with overwhelming force. She was hungry now, and yet the mere thought of food was repulsive to her. Gradually the atmosphere grew warmer. She could hear sounds of life and movement about the place. A little later the door of her cell opened and a hard-featured woman looked in. She threw a bundle on the floor, with an intimation that everything necessary was there, and withdrew.

Here was a chance to do something, however trivial, to pass away the time. Stella's rings and jewellery had been taken possession of the night before, but her dainty dress looked hideously grotesque in the pale light of the morning. She stripped it off and cast it aside as if it had been some loathsome thing. She was almost thankful to find herself in coarse, ill-fitting black garments, with a plain straw hat. At any rate, there was no chance of any acquaintance recognising her now. There would be no opportunity for the sensational journalist to make half a column of copy out of her story.

The time had come now. She was walking across the courtyard. She stood presently in a dreamy kind of way with her hand clasping the dock; she heard her name mentioned, then the magistrate appeared to be asking her a question.

He was a kindly-looking man, and Stella took fresh heart of grace.

"Come," he said, "I am waiting for you to speak."

Stella looked up dreamily. The question seemed to be floating around the roof of the court before it reached her ears. She had been watching a bee climbing up one of the windows, fighting angrily for liberty; she was intensely interested in the efforts of the little insect. Would it manage to reach the ventilator or not? she wondered. She was more concerned with this now than with her own future. She was quite anxious about it. She gave a little sigh of relief, at length, when the bee reached the opening and sped away into the open air. Then it was that Stella came back to herself, and the knowledge that the grey-haired old gentleman opposite to her was asking her questions, and looking at her not unkindly from behind his spectacles.

"I don't know," she murmured. "I beg your pardon; I was not listening."

"What have you, then, to say?" the magistrate asked.

Stella shook her head wearily. What was the use of saying anything? She knew perfectly well that any plea for mercy on her part would pass unheeded. After all said and done, the police were doing no more than their duty. It was all part of the diabolical system, part of the constant warfare which went on between the law and the criminal. She would have to go back and finish her sentence. She had been warned on the first day of her liberty that there would be no trifling in this matter. She had lost everything now, position, reputation, husband, all at one feel swoop. There was nothing more to be said or done.

The magistrate still paused. So far as Stella was concerned, she had lost all interest in the proceedings. Somebody had jumped up in the well of the court below the dock and commenced to address the magistrate. He spoke clearly and well; evidently he was quite at home with this kind of work. In the same dreamy, half-blind fashion Stella could see that his shrewd, clean-shaven face was kindly enough. She gathered that he was saying something on her behalf. She heard this advocate of hers addressed presently as Mr. Hallam. She wondered in the same dull, groping way where she had heard the name before. Then it flashed upon her that this was a famous barrister whom she had read of over and over again. She knew that he was a man at the head of his profession; she realized that he would not have left other and more important work had not his fee been a handsome one. There could be no question as to who had procured the services of Mr. Hallam, K.C. Her husband must have sent him, and in a way Stella felt grateful.

She glanced wearily round the court to see if she could see Clive anywhere, but he had not put in an appearance. He would never forgive her, of course, he would never want to see her again; but that would not necessarily prevent him from acting a noble, manly part, and doing everything he could to lighten her sentence. She was more interested now; she began to follow eagerly and carefully what Hallam was saying.

"With all due respect, sir," the advocate said, in his smooth tones, "with all due respect, I urge this as an exceptional case. As to the facts stated by the police I have nothing to say. My unfortunate client was certainly convicted at the Old Bailey four years ago on a charge of fraud and conspiracy under her maiden name of Treherne. As a matter of fact, there would have been no sentence of penal servitude if the prisoner had not been identified by the police with a certain notorious woman criminal whose

name it is not necessary to mention. That was quite a mistake, and would have been shown at the trial had my client been properly represented. I appeal to Sergeant Swift, who has charge of this case, to confirm this statement. It was only after my client disappeared that these facts came to light."

"That is so, your worship," Swift admitted. "An unfortunate mistake was made. We did our best to find the prisoner after she vanished, but without effect. But that does not touch the present charge—the charge that the prisoner failed to report herself and rendered herself liable to arrest and to be conveyed back to prison, there to serve out the balance of her sentence."

"Oh, I am not contesting the point," Hallam cried. "I am entirely in the hands of the Court, but I have proved that a cruel mistake has been made, and that my client ought never to have been sentenced to penal servitude at all. It is not for me to question the system which compels criminals on licence to report themselves to the nearest police-station, but I do say that in certain cases it is harsh and unnecessarily brutal. Take my client's position as an instance. For a year after she came out of jail she had an exceedingly bitter struggle to live, but there was nothing against her, and when the opportunity came for turning her back upon England, when she had a chance of a happy marriage and a new life in a foreign country, the temptation was too much for her. My client is well-born, she was carefully brought up, and yet she knew what it was more than once to spend the night out of doors. Think of the temptation, think of the opportunities! How many women would have hesitated? I venture to say, not many. She never told her husband. It is only within the last few hours that he has made this terrible discovery. And he is a man in an exceedingly good position in South America; he is rich and respected. He would have been here to-day, but he is utterly overcome by this unexpected revelation, and unfortunately he cannot get here. If your worship likes, I will hand the name up to the Bench. You will quite see there is nothing to be gained by making my client's husband's name public."

"Is this a fact, Mr. Hallam?" the magistrate asked.

"I give you my word for it, sir," the barrister responded. "My statement will probably be confirmed by the circumstances in which my client was arrested last night. Now I am going to ask you, sir, to exercise your discretion in this case and allow this lady to be released on her own recognisances. When you have read the name which I propose to write down for you——"

"No," Stella Clinash cried, suddenly, "I implore you not to do anything of the kind. I would rather suffer any humiliation than allow my husband's name to be dragged into this business. I am quite prepared to face the consequences of my folly. I shall never see my husband again. He will never want to see *me*. I greatly regret that he should have sent this gentleman here to-day. Oh, can't you see that I wish to get this over as soon as possible? Can't you see what an unspeakable humiliation this is to me? Send me back where I came from. At least I shall be beyond the reach of starvation there. I was not so guilty as they said; I was the tool of others, though I do not want to shirk my responsibility. I deceived my husband, and that is the knowledge that hurts me most."

The passionate words rang through the court; the few reporters and the handful of the public present followed with breathless interest. Here was an unexpected human drama unfolding itself before them—a story more profoundly tragic than anything ever yet seen upon the stage. Stella ceased to speak; a silence fell upon the Court. It seemed to her that she had the sympathy of everyone present.

"This is unusual," the magistrate murmured. "I am sure this unfortunate lady will think better of what she says when she has time for consideration. I cannot blind myself to the fact that had the true facts of the case come out during the trial she would not be here at all. Also, I have not overlooked the inspector's statement that there is nothing against the prisoner since she came out of jail. After all said and done, it is merely a technical offence which has been committed, and I think the interests of justice will be served by a nominal sentence of a day's imprisonment—in other words, the prisoner is free to leave the dock now."

Stella seemed barely to comprehend. There was something like a murmur of applause from those present in the court. A warder touched her on the arm and intimated that she might go. She did not seem quite to understand what the sentence meant. She stood there dazed and confused in the body of the court, trying to collect her scattered senses. Her advocate was still addressing the Bench. He wanted to know if this persecution was to continue. He desired

to know whether application would be made to the Home Secretary to remit the inconvenience of these periodical calls upon the police. The magistrate shook his head doubtfully.

"That will be in your own hands, Mr. Hallam," he said. "I presume the police would raise no objection. They have no desire, of course, to turn this into a persecution."

"I am obliged to you, sir," the barrister said. "I may assume, therefore, that so long as my client is outside the jurisdiction of the Court no steps will be taken."

The magistrate shook his head with a smile.

"Ah, now you are assuming too much," he said. "I think you have no cause to be dissatisfied. Next case, please."

Stella wandered slowly out of court. She stood in the open air, undecided as to what to do or where to go next. She seemed to understand that Hallam wished to speak to her. He was asking her to wait for one moment, and then he had certain things to say.

Stella murmured something; she hardly knew what it was. She was free to go now. She had all the world before her. There were just a few shillings in her pocket. All she wanted now was to be alone, to get away from all who knew her, to start life afresh. She turned and walked rapidly down the street until she came into the thick of the traffic; then she drifted on the breast of the tide—a human derelict, alone and friendless.

"I shall manage," she murmured to herself. "It can be no worse than it was before."

It was a warm night, fortunately, so that it would be no great hardship to sleep out of doors, and anything was better than the foul, horrible den in which Stella Clinash had passed the last two nights. Her money was all gone now, with the exception of one solitary sixpence, to which she clung tenaciously. She was tired and worn out. Her one desire was to fall down somewhere and sleep. She walked along the Embankment, looking in vain for a quiet corner where the lynx eye of the law might possibly overlook her. The clock at Westminster was striking ten, the Embankment was more or less deserted, save for a hansom cab or two taking more fortunate people to some place of amusement. Here was a seat at length where Stella could sit down and rest her weary limbs. She lay back there drowsy and half unconscious. She wondered vaguely what this man was doing, this man who was moving from seat to seat closely scrutinizing the miserable outcasts who were resting there. She could see that he was well dressed, that he was wearing a light coat over his evening clothes. Then something rose in her throat and her heart gave a great leap as she recognised her husband. She bent down so that he might pass. Surely he would never recognise her in the ugly black garments which she wore. But all the same he paused before her, and then, as if sure that he had come to the end of his search, he laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Thank God!" he murmured. "Thank God I have found you! I have been searching high and low for the last three days. It is only by a mere accident that I have come across you now. Come along."

"Come," Stella asked, vaguely, "where?"

"Oh, not here; this is no place for explanations. Good heavens, do you suppose I am so black and hard as to desert you like this? When you know everything you will see I am more to blame than yourself. But come along, everything is ready. I have moved to another hotel. Nobody knows that you are the wife of Clive Clinash. Directly I got your note I sent your maid away on a pretext. A telephone message will fetch her at any moment. I have moved everything to the Blenheim Hotel. They think I am expecting my wife every hour. Come, you can change and dress, and we can have supper. Oh, my poor child, how white your face is! What awful rings you have under your eyes! Why, you are starving."

All this in a voice of infinite tenderness and feeling. Stella had risen to her feet. She could see nothing of her husband's face because her eyes were blind with tears. She wanted to run away; she wanted to leave him there and hide herself once more under the cover of the darkness. But she was too weak and spent for that—too tired and worn-out to make even the semblance of a struggle. When she came to herself again her head was on her husband's shoulder; she could feel his strong arm about her. She was being half led, half carried. She was in a hansom presently; she could hear the click, clack of the horse's hoofs on the asphalt. Then she was passing through the brilliantly-lighted vestibule of an hotel. She was in a luxuriant bedroom with all her own things about her. Here were her jewels and her silver toilet accessories. Here was the warm bath that she needed. Then presently, in the same æsthetic dream, she found herself looking at her

"'THANK GOD!' HE MURMURED. 'THANK GOD I HAVE FOUND YOU!'"

own slim, graceful presentment in a looking-glass.

The diamonds were in her hair again, a bunch of yellow roses nestled at her throat. There was a smile on her trembling lips now, the dark eyes were liquid with happiness despite the black rings below them. And yet Stella was full of contempt for her own weakness, half ashamed of a resolution she had made because she knew that it would never be carried into effect. It was good, oh, so good of Clive to treat her like this, to

say nothing of the past, never to allude even by so much as a look to the disgrace which she had brought upon his good name. And here he was again with his arm about her waist gazing fondly into her face. He was seated opposite to her now at the supper-table, and Stella was eating as, it seemed to her, she had never eaten before. The events of the last three days seemed to be disappearing like the mists of some hideous nightmare, they seemed to be drifting into space.

The table was cleared presently and they were alone in that luxuriously-appointed sitting-room, where the lights were discreetly shaded and the soft gloom invited confidence and the opening out of hearts.

"Aren't you going to scold me?" Stella whispered. "Do you know what I meant to do? I meant to go away and never see you again. I meant to disappear and fight my own battles in the future, because I have treated you abominably, Clive, and I am not worthy to be called your wife; but the temptation was so great, the life I had led so awful, and—well, I really and truly loved you, and I can think of no better excuse than that. You may think that I was cold and reserved, but behind it all——"

She paused, and for a moment it seemed as if she had no more to say. What more was there to say?

"I know, sweetheart," Clinash murmured, "I know. I heard all that happened in court the other day, and I believe I read your mind then as if it had been an open book. And because you are so weak I love you so well. It is good to know that you were so ready to come back to me. Perhaps the knowledge of it flatters my vanity. But that matters little or nothing, because from the very first you never deceived me at all. When I married you in London eighteen months ago I knew the history of your troubles as well as I know it now. I was aware even then of the cruel injustice of your sentence. But I did not tell you I knew, because—well, why should I torture you? Perhaps I thought that if I let you know you would have refused to become my wife. But if I had foreseen this I would have sacrificed everything rather than imperil your future. I know that that was a mistake now. But you longed to come, and I—well, every man in love is a fool sometimes."

Stella looked into her husband's face wonderingly.

"You knew?" she murmured; "You actually knew? Oh! you are not deceiving me, Clive? You are not trying to make the way smooth and pleasant for me?"

"My dearest, I am telling you no more than the truth. The first time I ever saw you was in court on the day of your trial. I think I fell in love with you then. It might have been love born of pity, but it is none the less true and sincere for that. And I felt then, as I feel now, that you are the victim of circumstances, and that the man who was really behind that conspiracy took advantage of your lack of knowledge to get you to alter the date on those telegrams for him. Of course, you were not blameless, but you were more of a child in the matter. And in the interest I had in watching your case I forgot for a moment my own troubles."

"Your troubles," Stella murmured; "what were they?"

"Well, simply that I was practically a prisoner, too. I was out on bail; I was waiting to be tried. My case came actually next to yours. Oh, it was a bad business, and I am making no attempt to palliate it, but it was the only slip I ever made in my life, and I registered a vow there and then that when I came out of jail I would seek you out and make you my wife. It seemed to me that we had much in common, that we should have nothing to reproach one another with. And when I did come out the struggle was too hard for me to think of anything but bare existence. Like you I felt the iniquity of that reporting system, and like you I deliberately broke it. I had marvellous luck abroad, and in a few months I came back a rich man. The rest you know. And you know now why I dared not appear in court the other morning, why I had to keep out of the way for fear that I should be recognised too, and for fear that our happiness would collapse altogether. For your sake I *had* to take risks. But it turned out for the best. Luck was on our side for once. And, you see, I must get back to Buenos Ayres without delay. My whole prosperity turns upon it. And now I must ask *you* to forgive *me*."

"Is there any question of forgiveness between us?" Stella said. The tears were running down her cheeks now. "Do you know, I am almost glad. It seems a strange thing to say; but I am. And now, when do we sail? I shall know no happiness while I remain in this country."

Clive stooped and kissed his wife.

"To-morrow," he whispered. "I have arranged that. And all our future is bound up in that word—to-morrow."

The Comic Side of Crime.

II.

Written and Illustrated by HARRY FURNISS.

THE old lady who was in the habit of looking under the bed for burglars every night, after many years actually found one, armed to the teeth, with dark lantern, jemmy, and all the burglar's stock-in-trade. He wore a mask, which made him look desperate and hideous; his socks were drawn over his boots to deaden the sound of his footsteps, and gloves were on his hands to prevent any finger-marks. All this the old lady in her nightdress observed as she held the bed-covering on high and surveyed the burly ruffian.

Now for the drama!

The ordinary drama in such cases consists of a scream, an upheaval of the bed, a short tussle, a blow from the jemmy, a gag in the mouth, the victim tied to the bedpost, the house ransacked, and the next morning the old lady discovered nearly dead and the culprit escaped.

The real scene as it happened was pure comedy. The old lady, after her careful scrutiny of the armed villain, addressed him with a bright, rather pleased voice as follows:—

"Oh, there you are, are you? Why, I have been looking for you for years!"

The desperado made no response; astonishment disarmed him more effectually than any weapon could have done. He crawled from under the bed, slunk out of the room, down the stairs, and out of the house, and the old lady, quite happy, got into her bed and went to sleep.

There are few, of course, possessed of courage enough to emulate that old lady. But they might try.

This case reminds me of another. Even the most desperate characters have either humour or find themselves in comic situations. Many years ago there was a burglary in Regent's Park which attracted considerable attention. One of the desperadoes was a well-known terror of the time, who, for some reason I do not know, was known as "The Galloway Doctor." His real name was William Dyson, a tall, powerful fellow, with pale face and red whiskers. Another was a famous burglar named Mahon, and the third was John Mitchell, five feet six inches high, stout, with a pug nose.

It was the day of knuckle-dusters and other vicious weapons of attack, of garrotting and terror of all kinds, made so much of in *Punch* and other papers.

The rich merchant's house in Regent's Park was entered by the three stalwart marauders at two in the morning, but one of them slipped, and the noise awoke the butler, who managed to secure two of the intruders. The third—the one with the pug nose—used his life-preserver pretty freely, and, although the alarm was given, he managed to escape. The plucky butler, however, seized a gun and potted him as he scaled the garden wall. The man was hit in the back, near the shoulder, with goose-shot; nevertheless, he contrived to escape. The other two were secured by the police, who had been attracted to the spot by the noise of fire-arms.

"OH, THERE YOU ARE, ARE YOU? WHY, I HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU FOR YEARS!"

Possibly the snub-nosed burglar would have got off

scot-free, for no man with a wounded shoulder could be discovered anywhere. The police and detectives had given up all idea of discovering him, when they received an anonymous letter to say that if they could find an old lady with a shot back she might turn out to be the burglar, and even went so far as to hint at which house in Surrey Street, Blackfriars Road, a lady might be found suffering from pellets in her back.

The police went to the house and found a poor lady in bed. She had on a woman's nightcap and nightgown, but, although she made a pathetic picture, the snub-nose gave the show away. "She" was transported for life in man's attire. For Mitchell had assumed the nightcap and lady's nightgown for one night only.

"THE POLICE WENT TO THE HOUSE AND FOUND A POOR LADY IN BED."

Of all the chief actors in crime in our time, so far as comedy is concerned hand in hand with downright villainy and murder, we must give the place of chief comedian to Charles Peace. Major Arthur Griffiths saw a good deal of Peace at the end of his extraordinary career, and relates some interesting facts concerning him. He agreed with others who were familiar with Peace, that he was an artist in the way of disguising himself.

In every locality he appeared as a different personage, and lived up to the character he honoured the locality by adopting. Peckham knew him as a churchwarden—a nice, quiet, religious, prosperous citizen. No one in Peckham would have believed, even from his own lips, that he was anything else, and Major Arthur Griffiths gives an amusing conversation, about veracity, which he had with Peace when awaiting his trial for murder.

"What is the good of telling the truth?" he asked; "no one believes you when you do. Now listen to this. When I was Mr. Johnson, of Peckham, I went into the chemist's one morning, smoking an excellent cigar.

"The chemist observed, 'That is very good tobacco, Mr. Johnson. Where do you get your cigars?'

"'Steal them,' I replied, perfectly frankly and truthfully. It was the absolute fact; I had stolen those cigars. But my friend the chemist thought it an excellent joke. He roared with laughter, and, of course, did not believe me in the least.

"'I wish you'd steal me a few of the same kind,' he said, and I generously promised to do so.

"Some weeks afterwards I came across a very fine lot of Havanas in a house I visited rather late at night, and I secured them. The chemist got a box of them.

"'There, Mr. So-and-so,' I said, 'I have stolen you these. I hope you will like them.'

"Again he laughed loudly, and he no more believed me than before. Still, I only told him what was perfectly true."

When Peace told the Major this ingenious story of the lack of belief in veracity which so commonly prevails, he no doubt had his tongue in his cheek and chuckled to himself on so easily "spoofing" his hearer. That Griffiths did not see through the imposition is curious; Peace was so well known for his abstemiousness from beer and tobacco. It only goes to enhance the cleverness of the man's character as an actor and storyteller and further his clever appreciation of the possibly gullible. It is with the object of showing this comic side of the scoundrel Peace that I introduce the story. To hoodwink the great and experienced official and

writer so cleverly is immense, for the Major was a very shrewd man indeed.

Peace had a profound contempt for the police. In a measure he was justified in his attitude, for none of his many disguises had been penetrated, and so clever an actor was he that, in the character of a "Methody" minister, a quack doctor, a furnaceman, or a collier, he would court the society of the very men who were searching for him.

How grim a joke to him must have been the fact of his presence in the Assize Court when Habron was sentenced to death for the crime he had himself committed! There he was, the real culprit, cheek by jowl with the men who prided themselves on having run to earth the slayer of their fellow-officer in the Manchester suburb!

CHARLES PEACE.

Crime and comedy went hand in hand in connection with the exploit which brought Peace to the scaffold. He was hanged at Armley Jail, Leeds, for the murder of Mr. Arthur Dyson, a civil engineer, at the secluded and picturesque suburb of Banner-cross, Sheffield.

Peace killed his victim in the evening, shooting him dead almost on the threshold of the residence he had just moved into, in order to put a distance of some miles between himself and his former neighbours. It was, of course, another case of *cherchez la femme*, but that is another story, as Kipling would say.

That was the tragedy; now comes the comedy.

Peace, whose contempt for the police was no doubt due to their ineffectual efforts to elucidate the many burglary mysteries he had left for their consideration, escaped from the scene of the crime by vaulting a wall, crossing a field skirting a local beauty-spot, passing through Endcliffe Woods, and thence by a roundabout way to his home. Why he should have gone there is a puzzle, but his visit was brief. Proceeding to a district station he took train, and late at night found himself at Hull, where his wife was then living.

His spouse received him without question. She knew him so well that she dared not inquire what had brought him to her shelter, but she guessed that something exceptional had happened to account for his appearance there.

Peace passed the night under his wife's roof. Next morning the couple were seated at breakfast in "the houseplace," as the general living-room is termed in the North. The entrance to the apartment opened direct upon the public road.

A smart knock upon the door preceded an immediate attempt to open it. The door was secured and another sharp knock immediately followed.

Mrs. Peace rose leisurely, collected her cup and saucer, and placed them in the wash-bowl on the sink. Then she opened the door.

With a hearty "Good morning, Mrs. Peace," two men in bowler hats, ignoring any lack of invitation to enter, stepped into the house. They glanced hurriedly around and at the table.

The place was quiet and clean; and from the single cup and saucer on the table it was evident that the visitors had disturbed the lady's breakfast.

"All alone, I see?" remarked one of the men.

"Yes," said Mrs. Peace; "what do you want?"

"Oh, that's all right," answered the other intruder; "we simply dropped in to see if Charley was here."

"No, he isn't; so you'd better get out," replied the indignant lady. Then, woman-like, her inquisitiveness prevailed; but it is possible it was not so much natural inquisitiveness as a semblance of the trait adopted under stress of circumstances with an object. Turning to the men, she demanded with some show of asperity, "What do you want him for?"

"Oh, nothing much," one observed; "we have not seen him for some time, and as he could give us a little helpful information we just dropped in here to see if he was

staying in Hull. Do you know where he is?"

"Well, he's not here, and I don't know where he is, and, what's more, I don't care. So there you are, and now you can go."

"All right, old girl," said one of the visitors, whom Mrs. Peace had at once rightly conjectured to be detective officers; "we'll just have a look round before we go."

And without delay, or offering any apology, the men thoroughly explored the lower premises and then ascended the stairs. They searched everywhere, but all to no purpose, and then left the house to report at the Central Police Office.

The warning knock at the door was the signal to Peace to make himself scarce, and this he lost no time in doing. He slipped upstairs, opened a back bedroom window, and closed it after him. Scaling a rain-pipe, he reached the roof and there remained until he heard his wife admit the visitors.

Now was his time. Sliding down the slates, he crept along the slate gutter until he reached another rain-pipe, by means of which he descended to the street. Luckily it was early, and the street was practically deserted. His antics were not, therefore, the object of a crowd's curiosity.

But there was a neighbour who lived on the opposite side of the road to Mrs. Peace, and he, while lazily taking the morning air in his shirt-sleeves on his doorstep, had seen everything. He had been attracted by the strangers knocking at the new neighbour's door, he had seen them enter with no indication of welcome on the lady's face, he had been astonished to see a third stranger appear on the tiles of the house opposite, and his interest being generally aroused he had waited to see the game through.

When Peace had descended to the street he darted across the road and half pushed, half led the coatless gentleman into his domicile.

"'Ello, guv'nor! what's the game?" asked that individual.

Peace measured his man in a moment. "They are bailiff's men after me for a County Court job," he said. "Stand at t' door as tha did afore, an' ef they speer (question) thee abaht me, bunk 'em (mislead them). They'll p'r'aps tell thee a rum tale abaht me. Tak' no notice, for it's nobbut (nothing but) part o' t' gam'."

And with these remarks Charles urged his companion to the door again. The man willingly complied with the fugitive's request, and would with equal readiness have stood between the hunted and the hunters, for sheriffs' officers and such-like find little sympathy with the working classes.

From the window of the little dwelling Peace watched the detectives in his wife's home and saw them finally depart. Then he recrossed the street and finished his breakfast!

For cool daring under exceptionally trying circumstances this performance of Charles Peace strikes me as one of the most entertaining in the history of crime. It is full of comedy, and so like the man, admittedly the greatest of all criminal comedians.

The hero of the following ingenious little comedy, which describes not at all an uncommon experience amongst the medical profession, is to be classed with the cleverest kind of pests. One evening, when a friend of mine, a doctor, had finished his calls and was about to sit down to dinner, he received a message to the effect that there was a gentleman in the waiting-room who wanted to see him at once. He walked through the surgery

"HE AT ONCE COMMENCED TO POUR OUT HIS TALE OF WOE."

and beckoned to the gentleman to enter. The visitor, a young man, came in, apparently in a state of great excitement, and at once commenced to pour out his tale of woe. His wife at home, he feared, was dying, and unless the doctor came at once nothing could save her. He said that my friend had attended her once years ago, and that now, in her illness and delirium, she did nothing but call upon him by name to come and save her. My doctor friend stopped his flow of eloquence by asking him to hasten for someone else, declaring that it was utterly impossible for him to go as he had an urgent case to visit in the opposite direction, so that even as it was he would not have time to finish his dinner. But the man only redoubled his entreaties,

"THE AVERAGE JURY SEEMS IMBUED WITH EVERY QUALITY BUT COMMON SENSE."

saying that he had a cab outside and would drive the doctor to his house in a few minutes, adding a heartrending inquiry as to the relative value of a short space of time spent and a precious human life saved.

This last appeal completely bowled my sympathetic friend over, and he consented to snatch a mouthful only and accompany the man. Without stopping to close the door of the surgery the doctor hurried in to have an apology for a meal, and soon after came out to the waiting-room, pulling on his overcoat ready to start.

The young man was not in the waiting-room, neither was he in the surgery; so the doctor went out, expecting to find him in the cab. As he approached it, the driver said:—

"All right, sir; the gentleman has given me the address. He said as 'ow he wouldn't wait, but took another cab, and said I had better bring you on after him as fast as I could."

Quite unsuspecting, my friend stepped in and the man drove off.

After some time, noticing that he seemed to be driven in a very in-and-out sort of direction, he asked the cabman if he knew where he was going, but, on receiving a reassuring reply, settled down again. Presently he noticed the same thing, and being convinced the man did not know his way he put the same question to him again, whereupon the driver admitted that he could not find the place.

"Ask that policeman!" said the doctor.

The cabman did so.

"No such street!" curtly responded the constable.

"Back again!" angrily cried the doctor, now thoroughly aroused to the conviction that he was being hoaxed.

Here the cabman began some rigmarole about his fare, and having been driving about all day.

"Police-station!" roared the doctor, with the result that the cabman drove him quickly home.

On his arrival at his residence the cabby demanded thirty shillings, stating that he had driven the young man about to different houses all day, and that the doctor must pay the fare.

Eventually my friend paid him fifteen shillings to get rid of him. On going indoors my victimized friend went straight to his surgery, to see if his suspicions were correct. Too true! A case of valuable instruments had been stolen.

But it is not the criminal alone who provides the comic side of crime. The comicality of jurymen, for example, would fill a volume. The average jury seems imbued with every quality but common sense, and naturally strong personalities such as the late Lord Brampton, both as an advocate and later as a judge, had little respect for them. He was accustomed to relate a curious and inexplicable case of stupidity on the part of a jury.

A man was tried on evidence irresistible "to anybody but a jury" for a most terrible

LORD BRAMPTON.

murder. He had slain his father and mother on testimony so clear that there could be no shadow of doubt as to his guilt.

The jury brought in a verdict of "Not guilty."

It was an example of the comic jury—yes, screamingly funny comedians—a troupe of twelve led by a comic foreman.

The judge was furious and asked the comedians what they meant by such an outrageous verdict, "when they knew the culprit was guilty and ought to be hanged."

"That's just it, my lord," said the foreman of this distinguished body. "I assure you we had no doubt about the prisoner's guilt, but we thought there had been deaths enough in the family lately!"

Lucky is the criminal who commits his or her crime on the north side of the Tweed. The Scottish Courts are notorious for letting off criminals. The "Not proven" verdict covers a multitude of crime and lets off many a rogue.

As a lecturer I have always found Scottish audiences bright, quick, and ready to see a joke. That old saying that it takes a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotsman's head is a libel. I never—from my own experience—could see any reason for it. I really think what was intended was—it takes a surgical operation to get a proper verdict into a Scotsman's head. They are witty, no doubt, and it is the natural wit of the Scot that makes him only see the comic side of crime, and his "Not proven" is his standing judicial joke.

One cannot, of course, refer to recent cases, those let off by the Scotch jokist being still alive. It will be sufficient for me to refer to the remarkable story of Madeline Smith, who without doubt poisoned her husband to marry a man she was in love with—one of the simplest cases ever brought into court.

"Not proven" was the Scottish joke.

But then, be it remembered, Madeline was beautiful. She was also dressed for the part, and played it magnificently. She looked more bewitching every day; while, on the other hand, her husband was a beast.

The Scots are a very susceptible nation.

Of course there was applause in court when the verdict was given, and of course the lady had any number of offers of marriage, and—of course—she was one of the most cold-blooded murderesses that ever lived.

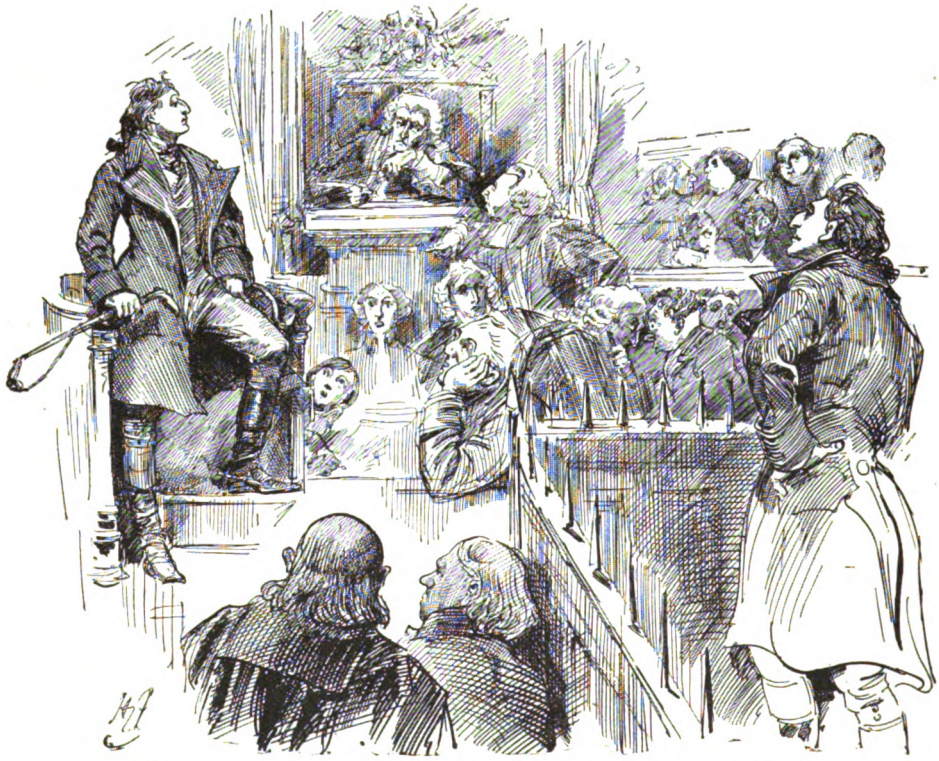
MADELINE SMITH.

It would be interesting, had I time to study the subject and space enough to add to these chapters, to endeavour to analyze the fascination which insignificant, cruel, unworthy men ofttimes have for pretty and attractive women. I think it will be seen, as in the case of Madeline Smith, that such unnatural infatuation tends to crime.

There are several well-known cases of the Courts being humbugged by the cleverness of confederates. Surely nothing could be more comic than the predicament in which Sir William Garrow, a judge on the Oxford circuit, found himself in the good old days of highwaymen. He had a highwayman before him, charged with robbery. The case was simple; the identity of the robber was sworn to by his victim.

The judge summed up, and just as the jury were retiring to consider their verdict a man on horseback galloped up to the court. He was covered with mud; his horse was all but dead with exhaustion, for it had galloped fifty good miles. Was he in time to save an innocent man's life? He pushed his way into the court, and, ignoring the officials and protests from the clerk of the court and the judge himself, he demanded to be seen and heard. He called loudly on the prosecutor to look at him. The prosecutor was startled; so were judge, counsel, and jury.

The new-comer was the very living image of the prisoner in the dock—in height, figure, face, dress, in every detail. The bewildered prosecutor could not swear if the second man was not the man after all. The one in the dock had sworn from the first that he was innocent. There was nothing to do but to acquit him.



"THE NEW-COMER WAS THE VERY LIVING IMAGE OF THE PRISONER IN THE DOCK."

Then the legal farce began. A fresh jury, a fresh prisoner—but the same prosecutor! Absurd! He swore to the identity of No. 1; now how could he swear with equal confidence to No. 2? So No. 2 got off. Of course, they were brothers, and the fierce gallop, "just in time," the careful arrangement of attire, and so forth, as it turned out afterwards, was all a clever ruse for one robber to get another off. The guilty one in this case was No. 1.

Mr. Justice Hawkins, as well as Griffiths and other writers on criminals, recalls the

following case, so clever and so comic that no record of criminal trials can be complete without it.

It appears that a highly respectable gentleman arrived at York one evening with luggage and dined well, went to bed early, rose in good time, and had a substantial breakfast. After this meal he casually asked the landlord if there was anything of special interest in York. "The Assizes are on, but I do not know if there is anything particularly interesting in the list," was the response.

"Thanks," drawled the stranger; "I'll look in if I happen to pass the court and see."

He did look in and heard a follower of Dick Turpin in the dock, charged with highway robbery, pleading his innocence vehemently to a stolid judge and jury, who, with firm faces, did not look as if they placed much credence in the prisoner's profession of innocence. Suddenly the prisoner caught sight of the stranger, who had strolled in from the hotel out of curiosity.

"Here, thank God, is someone who can prove my innocence!" cried the prisoner, pointing to the stranger, who was aghast at becoming the centre of interest so unexpectedly.

He seemed astonished and shook his head.

"Oh, yes," cried the accused; "just think. You were at Dover—a long way from here—you came out of the Ship Hotel, and I took your luggage in a wheelbarrow to the Calais packet at the pier. That was the day I am supposed to have committed the crime up here."

The stranger seemed bewildered. The judge, struck with the tragic earnestness of the prisoner, questioned the stranger, but the latter could not assist him much.

"Have you any note-books?" asked the judge—"any memorandum of your movements on that day?"

"I am a merchant," replied the stranger, "connected with an old-established firm of bankers in London. I travel a lot, and of course enter everything in my books. Here are my keys, if the Court cares to send to my hotel and bring here the books out of my case. I can easily settle the point."

The books were fetched. The gentleman had been in Dover that day and had left by the Calais packet. This was sufficient for the judge and jury. The prisoner was acquitted.

"'HERE, THANK GOD, IS SOMEONE WHO CAN PROVE MY INNOCENCE!' CRIED THE PRISONER."

Comic sequel: Both the "banker from London" and the highwayman were placed in the same dock shortly afterwards charged with daring burglaries in the neighbourhood!

(To be continued.)

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER X.

DEVELOPMENTS.

"COME on," said Edred, "you measure out the hypo and put the four pie-dishes ready. I'll get the water."

He got it, with Mrs. Honeysett's help—two brimming pails full.

"You mustn't come in for anything, will you, Mrs. Honeysett?" he earnestly urged. "You see, if the door's open ever so little, all the photographs will be done for."

"Law-love-a-duck!" said Mrs. Honeysett, holding her fat waist with her fat hands. "*I* sha'n't come in; I ain't got nothing to come in *for*."

"We'll bolt the door, all the same," said Edred, when she was gone, "in case she was to think of something."

Long dusty rays of light came through the cracks where the hinges of the shutters were. Newspapers were no good for them. The door had to be unbolted and Mrs. Honeysett found. She was sitting in a little low chair at the back door plucking a white chicken. The sight of the little white feathers floating fluffily about brought wonderful memories to Edred. But he only said:—

"I say, you haven't any old curtains, have you? Thick ones—or thin, if they are red."

Mrs. Honeysett laid the chicken down among its white feathers, and went to a chest of drawers that stood in the kitchen.

"Here you are," she said, handing out two old red velvet curtains, with which he disappeared.

Dear reader, you must try and imagine the rapture with which the two children saw the perfect development of the six little perfect pictures. For they *were* perfect. They were perfect pictures of Arden Castle at a time when it, too, was perfect. No broken arches, no crumbling wall, but every part neat and clear-cut as they had seen it when they went into the past that was three hundred years ago.

They were equally fortunate with the second film. It, too, had its six faultless pictures of Arden Castle three hundred years ago. And the last film developed just as finely. Only, just before the moment which was the right moment for taking the film out of the hypo-bath and beginning to wash it, a

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tiny white feather fell out of Edred's hair into the dish. It was so tiny that in that dim light he did not notice it. And it did not stick to the film or do any of those things which you might have feared if you had seen the little white thing flutter down. It may have been the feather's doing; I don't know. I just tell you the thing as it happened.

Of course, you know that films have to be pinned up to dry.

Well, the first film was pinned on the right-hand panel of the door and the second film was pinned on the left-hand panel of the door. And when it came to the third, the one that had had the little white feather dropped near it, there was nothing wooden left to pin it to — for the walls were of stone — nothing wooden except the shutters. So it was pinned across these.

"It doesn't matter," said Edred, "because we needn't open the shutters till it's dry."

And with that he stuck in four pins at its four corners, and turned to blow out the lamp and unbolt the door. He meant to do this, but the door, as a matter of fact, wasn't bolted at all, because Edred had forgotten to do it when he came back with the curtains, so he couldn't have unbolted it anyway.

But he could blow out the red-sided lamp; and he did.

And then the wonderful thing happened. Of course the room ought to have been quite dark. I'm sure enough trouble had been taken to make it so. But it wasn't. The window, the window where the shutters were —the shutters that the film was pinned on— the film on which the little white feather had fallen—the little white feather that had settled on Edred's hair when Mrs. Honeysett was plucking that chicken at the back door— that window now showed as a broad oblong of light. And in that broad oblong was a sort of shining, a faint sparkling movement, like the movement of the light on the sheet of a cinematograph before the pictures begin to show.

"Oh!" said Elfrida, catching at Edred's hand. What she did catch was his hair. She felt her way down his arm, and so caught what she had meant to catch, and held it fast.

"It's *more* magic," said Edred, ungratefully. "I do wish——"

"Oh, hush!" said Elfrida; "look—oh, look!"

The light -- broad, oblong — suddenly changed from mere light to figures, to movement. It was a living picture—rather like a cinematograph, but much more like something else. The something else that it was more like was *life*.

It seemed as though the window had been opened—as though they could see through it into the world of light and sunshine and blue sky—the world where things happen.

There was the castle, and there were people going across the drawbridge—men with sacks on their backs. And a man with a silver chain round his neck and a tall stick in his hand was standing under the great gateway telling them where to take the sacks. And a cart drove up, with casks, and they were rolled across the drawbridge and under the tall arch of the gate-tower. The men were dressed in clothes rather like those the children had seen worn by serving-men in Gunpowder Plot times, but rather plainer.

Then something blinked, and the scene changed. It was indoors now — a long room with many pictures on one side of it and many windows on the other; a lady in a large white collar and beautiful long curls, very like Aunt Edith, was laying fine dresses in a chest. A gentleman, also with long hair, and with a good deal of lace about his collar and cuffs, was putting jugs and plates of gold and silver into another chest; and servants kept bringing more golden grand things, and more and more.

Edred and Elfrida did not say a word. They couldn't. What they were looking at was far too thrilling. But in each heart the same words were uttered:—

"That's the treasure!" And each mind held the same thought.

"If it only goes on till the treasure's hidden, we shall see where they put it, and then we can go and find it."

I think myself that the white Mouldiwarp was anxious to help a little. I believe it had arranged the whole of this exhibition so that the children might get an idea of the whereabouts of the treasure, and so cease to call on it at all hours of the day and night with the sort of poetry which even a mole must see not to be so *very* good. However this may be, it was a wonderful show. One seemed to see things better somehow like that, through the window that looked into the past, than one did who was really *in* the past taking an active part in what was going on.

There appeared, at any rate, to be no doubt that this really *was* the treasure, and still less that it was a treasure both plentiful and picturesque. Quickly and more quickly the beautiful rich things were being packed into the chests. More and more pale looked

"A CHEST WAS BEING CARRIED BY FOUR MEN, WHO STRAINED AND STAGGERED UNDER ITS WEIGHT."

the lady; more and more anxious the gentleman.

The lady was taking from her waiting-woman little boxes and bundles with which the woman's apron was filled, and the chest before which she was kneeling was nearly full when the door at the end of the gallery opened suddenly, and Elfrida and Edred, in the dark in the still-room, were confronted with the spectacle of themselves coming down the long picture-gallery towards that group of chests and treasure and hurried human people. They saw themselves in blue silk and lace and black velvet, and they saw on their own faces fear and love, and the wonder what was to happen next. They saw themselves embraced by the grown-ups, who were quite plainly father and mother—they saw themselves speak, and the grown-ups reply.

"I'd give all my pocket-money for a year to hear what they're saying," Edred told himself.

"That daddy's just like *my* daddy," Elfrida was telling herself, "and just like the daddy in the Tower that was so like my own daddy."

Then the children in the picture kneeled down, and the daddy in the picture laid his hands on their heads, and the children out of the picture bent their own heads there in the dark still-room, for they knew what was happening in the picture. Elfrida even half held out her arms, but it was no good.

Again the scene changed. A chest was being carried by four men, who strained and staggered under its weight. They were carrying it along a vaulted passage by ropes that passed under the chest and over their shoulders. Every now and then they set it down and stretched, and wiped their faces. And the picture kept on changing so that the children seemed to be going with the men down a flight of stairs into a spacious hall full of men, all talking, and very busy with armour and big boots, and then across the courtyard, full of more men, very busy, too, polishing axes and things that looked like spears, cleaning muskets and fitting new flints to pistols and sharpening swords on a big grindstone. Edred would have loved to stay and watch them do these things, but they and their work were gone quite quickly, and the chest and the men who carried it were going under an archway. Here one of the men wanted to rest again, but the others said it was not worth while—they were almost there. It was quite plain that they said this, though no sound could be heard.

"Now we shall *really* know," said Edred

to himself. Elfrida squeezed his hand. That was just what she was thinking, too.

The men stopped at a door, knocked, knocked again, and yet once more. And, curiously enough, the children in the still-room could hear the sound of the knocking quite plainly, though they had heard nothing else.

The men looked at each other across the chest that they had set down. Then one man set his shoulder to the door. There was a scrunching sound and the picture disappeared—went out; and there were the shutters with the film pinned across them, and behind them the door, open, and Mrs. Honeysett telling them that dinner—which was roast rabbit and a boiled hand of pork—would be cold if they didn't make haste and come along.

"Oh, Mrs. Honeysett," said Elfrida, with deep feeling, "you are too bad—you really are!"

"I hope I've not spoiled the photos," said Mrs. Honeysett; "but I did knock three times, and you was that quiet I was afraid something had happened to you—poisoned yourselves without thinking, or something of that."

"It's too bad," said Edred, bitterly; "it's much too bad. I don't want any dinner; I don't want anything. Everything's spoiled."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Honeysett, patiently, "I might ha' gone on knocking longer, only I thought the door was bolted—you did so keep on a-bolting of it at the beginning, didn't you? So I just got hold of the handle to try, and it come open in my hand. Come along, lovey; don't bear malice now. I didn't go for to do it. An' I'll get you some more of whatever it is that's spoiled, and you can take some more photos to-morrow."

"You might have known we were all right," said Edred, still furious; but both thought it only fair to say, "It wasn't the *photographs* that were spoiled"—and they said it at the same moment.

"Then what was it?" said Mrs. Honeysett. "And do come along, for goodness' sake, and eat your dinner while it's hot."

"It was—it was a different sort of picture," said Elfrida, with a gulp, "and it *was* a pity."

"Never mind, love," said Mrs. Honeysett, who was as kind as a grandmother, and I can't say more than that; "there's a lovely surprise coming by and by for good little gells and boys, and the rabbit'll be stone-cold if you don't make haste—leastways, it would have been if I hadn't thought to pop it in the oven when I came to call you, knowing full well what your hands would be like after all that messing about with poison in dishes; and if I was your aunt I'd forbid it downright. And now come along and wash your hands, and don't let's have any more nonsense about it. Do you hear?"

I dare say you notice that Mrs. Honeysett was quite cross at the end of this speech and quite coaxing and kind at the beginning. She had just talked herself into being cross. It's quite easy. I dare say you have often done it.

It was at the end of dinner that Elfrida, as she got down from her chair, saw Mrs. Honeysett's face, and saw how different it looked from the kind face that she usually wore. She went over to her very slowly, and very quickly threw her arms round her and kissed her.

"I'm sorry we've been so piggy," she said. "It's not your fault that you're not clever enough to know about pictures and things, is it?"

If Mrs. Honeysett hadn't been a perfect dear, this apology would have been worse than none. But she *was* a perfect dear, so she laughed and hugged Elfrida, and somehow Edred got caught into the hug and the laugh, and the three were friends again. The sky was blue and the sun began to shine.

And then the two children went down to old Neale's.

There were roses in his garden now, and white English flags and lupins and tall foxgloves bordering the little brick path. Old Neale was sitting "on a brown Windsor chair," as Edred said, in the sun by his front door. Over his head was a jackdaw in a wicker-cage, and Elfrida did not approve of this till she saw the cage-door was open, and that the jackdaw was sitting in the cage because he liked it, and not because he must. She had been in prison in the Tower, you remember, and people who have been in prison never like to see live things in cages. There was a tabby and white cat of squarish shape sitting on the wooden threshold. (Why are cats who live in country cottages almost always tabby and white and squarish?) The feathery tail of a brown spaniel flogged the flags lazily in the patch of shade made by the water-butt. It was a picture of rural peace, and old Neale was asleep in the middle of it. I am glad to tell you that Lord Arden and his sister were polite enough to wait till he awoke of his own accord, instead of shouting "Hi!" or rattling the smooth brown iron latch of the gate, as some children would have done.

They just sat down on the dry grassy bank

opposite his gate, and looked at the blue and white butterflies and the flowers and the green potato-tops through the green-grey garden palings.

And while they sat there Elfrida had an idea—so sudden and so good that it made her jump. But she said nothing, and Edred said:—

"Pinch the place hard, and if it's still there you'll kill it perhaps"—for he thought his sister had jumped because she had been bitten by an ant.

When they had finished looking at the butterflies and the red roses and the green-growing things, they looked long and steadily at old Neale, and, of course, he awoke, as people always do if you look at them long enough and hard enough. And he got up, rather shaking, and put his hand to his forehead, and said: "Your lordship——"

"How are you?" said Elfrida. "We haven't found the treasure yet."

"But ye will, ye will," said old Neale. "Come into the house now; or will ye come round along to the arbour and have a drink of milk?"

"We'd as soon stay here," said Edred—they had come through the gate now, and Edred was patting the brown spaniel, while Elfrida stroked the squarish cat. "Mrs. Honeysett said you knew all the stories."

"Ah," said old Neale, "a fine girl, Mrs. Honeysett. Her father worked Sellinge Farm, where the fairies churn the butter for the bride so long as there's no cross words. They don't never get too much to do, them fairies." He chuckled, sighed, and said:—

"I know a power of tales. And I know, always I do, which it is that people want. What you're after's the story of the East House. Isn't it now? Is the old man a-failing of his wits, or isn't he?"

"We want to know," said Edred, companionably sharing the flagstone with the feather-tailed spaniel, "the story about why that part of the house in the castle is shut up and all cobwebby and dusty and rusty and musty, and whether there's any reason why it shouldn't be all cleaned up and made nice again, if we find the treasure so that we've got enough money to pay for new curtains and carpets and things?"

"It's a sad tale that," said old Neale, "a tale for old folks—or middle-aged folks, let's say—not for children. You'd never understand it if I was to tell it you, likely as not."

"We *like* grown-up stories," said Elfrida, with dignity, and Edred added:—

"We can understand *anything* that grown-ups understand if it's told us properly. I understand all about the laws of gravitation, and why the sun doesn't go round the earth but does the opposite; I understood *that* directly Aunt Edith explained it, and about fixed stars, and the spectroscope, and microbes, and the Equator not being real, and—and heaps of things."

"Ah," said old Neale, admiringly, "you'll be a-busting with book larnin' afore you come to your twenty-one, I lay. I only hope the half of it's true, and they're not deceiving of you, a trusting innocent. I never did hold myself with that about the sun not moving. Why, you can see it a-doin' of it with your own naked eyes any day of the week."

"*You* wouldn't

"'AH,' SAID OLD NEALE, ADMIRINGLY, 'YOU'LL BE A-BUSTING WITH BOOK LARNIN' AFORE YOU COME TO YOUR TWENTY-ONE, I LAY.'"

deceive anyone," said Elfrida, gently. "*Do* tell us the story."

So old Neale began, and he began like this:—

"It was a long time ago—before my time even, it was, but not so long afore, 'cause I can recomember my father talking about it. He was coachman at the castle when it all happened, so, of course, he knew everything there was to know, my mother having been the housekeeper and gone through it all with the family. There was a Miss Elfrida then, same as there is now, only she was older'n what you are, missy. And the gentlemen lads from far and near they come a-courting her, for she was a fine girl—a real beauty—with hair as black as a coal and eyes like the sea when it's beating up for a storm, before the white horses comes along. So I've heard my father say—not that I ever see her myself. And she kept her pretty head in the air, and wouldn't turn it this way or that for e'er a one of them all. And the old lord he loved her too dear to press her against her wish and will, and her so young. So she stayed single and watched the sea."

"What did she do that for?" Edred asked.

"To see if her sweetheart's ship wasn't a-coming home. For she'd got a sweetheart right enough, she had, unbeknown to all. It was her cousin Dick—a ne'er-do-weel, if ever there was one—and it turned out afterwards she'd broken the sixpence with him and swore to be ever true, and he'd gone overseas to find a fortune. And so she watched the sea every day regular, and every day regular he didn't come. But every day another young chap used to come a-riding—a fine young gentleman and well-to-do, but he was the same kidney as Master Dick, only he'd got a fine fortune, so his wild oats never got a chance to grow strong like Master Dick's."

"Poor Dick!" said Elfrida.

"Not so fast, missy," said the old man. "Well, her granfer and her granny—the old earl and his lady—they said:—

Have him that's here
And loves you dear,

as the saying is. Her own father and mother was dead, poor young thing. A Frewin he was, and his christened name Arnold. And she says 'No.' But they keeps on saying 'Yes,' and he keeps on saying 'Do!' So they wears her down, telling her Dick was drowned dead for sure, and I don't know what all. And at last she says: 'Very well, then, I'll marry you—if you can stand to marry a girl that's got all her heart in the sea along of a dead young chap as she was promised to.' And the wedding was set for Christmas. Miss Elfrida, she slep' in the room in the East House that looks out towards Arden Knoll, and the servants in the attics, and the old people in the other part of the house.

"And that night, when all was asleep, I think she heard a tap, tap at her window, and at first she'd think it was the ivy—but no. So presently she'd take heart to go to the window, and there was a face outside that had climbed up by the ivy, and it was her own true love that they'd told her was drowned."

"How splendid!" said Edred.

"How dreadful for Mr. Frewin!" said Elfrida.

"That's what she thought, miss; and she couldn't face it. So she puts on her riding-coat and she gets out of window and down the ivy with him, and off to London; and in the morning, when the bells begun to ring for her wedding, and the bridegroom come, there wasn't no bride for him. She left a letter to say she was very sorry, but it had to be. So then they shut up the East House."

"So that's the story?" said Elfrida.

"Half of it, miss," said old Neale, and he took out a black clay pipe and a screw of tobacco, and very slowly and carefully filled the pipe and lighted it, before he went on: "They shut up the East House, where she'd been used to sleep; but it was kep' swep' and dusted, and the old folks was broken-hearted, for never a word come from Miss Elfrida. An' if I know anything of the feelings of a grandparent, they kept on saying to each other: 'She might ha' trusted us. She might 'a' known we'd never 'a' denied her nothing.' And then one night there was a knock at the door, and there was Miss Elfrida that was—Mrs. Dick now—with her baby in her arms. Mr. Dick was dead, sudden in a accident, and she'd come home to her grandparents. They couldn't make enough of the poor young thing and her baby. She had her old rooms and there she lived, and she was getting a bit happier and worshipping of her baby and the old people worshipping it and her too. And then one night someone comes up the ivy, same as Master Dick did, and takes away—not her—but the baby."

"How dreadful!" breathed Elfrida. "Did they get it back?"

"Never. And never a word was ever found out about who took it, or why, or where they took it to. Only a week or two after Mr. Frewin was killed in the hunting-field, and as they picked him up he said: 'Elfrida; tell Elfrida——' and he was trying to say what they was to tell her, when

he died. Some folks hold as 'twas him stole the baby, to be even with her for jilting of him, or else to pretend to find it and get her to marry him out of gratitude. But no one'll ever know. And the baby's mother, she wore away bit by bit, to a shadow, and then she died, and after that the East House was shut up for good and all, to fall into rot and ruin like it is now. Don't you cry, missy. I know'd you wouldn't like the story, but you would have it; but don't you cry. It's all long ago, and she and her baby and her young husband's all been happy together in Heaven this long time now, I lay."

"I *do* like the story," said Elfrida, gulping, "but it *is* sad, isn't it?"

"Thank you for telling it," Edred said; "but I don't think it's any good, really, being unhappy about things that are so long ago, and all over and done with."

"I wish we could go back into the past and find the baby for her," Elfrida whispered —and Edred whispered back :—

"It's the treasure we've got to find. Excuse our whispering, Mr. Neale. Thank you for the story—oh, and I wanted to ask you who owns the land now—all the land about here, I mean, that used to belong to us Ardens?"

"That Jackson chap," said old Neale, "him that made a fortune in the soap boiling. The Tallow King, they call him. But he's got too rich for the house he's got. He's bought a bigger place in Yorkshire, that used to belong to the Duke of Sanderstead, and the Arden lands are to be sold next year, so I'm told."

"Oh," said Edred, clasping his hands, "if we could only find the treasure, and buy back the land! We haven't forgotten what we said the first time: if we found the treasure we'd make all the cottages comfortable, and new thatch everywhere."

"That's a good lad," said old Neale. "You make haste and find the treasure. And if you don't find it, never fret; there's ways of helping other folks without finding of trea-re, so there is. You come and see old Neale again, my lord, and I shouldn't wonder but what I'd have a white rabbit for you next time you come this way."

"He *is* an old dear," said Elfrida, as they went home, "and I do think the films will be dry by the time we get back; but perhaps we'd better not print them till to-morrow morning."

"There's plenty of light to-day," said Edred, and Elfrida said :—

"I say!"

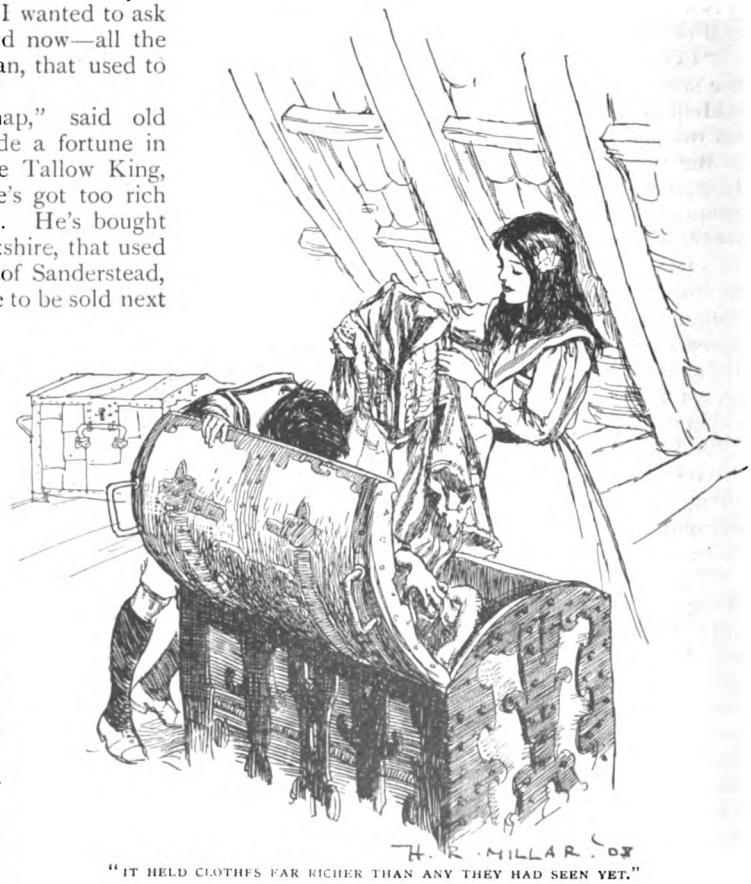
"Well?"

"Did you notice the kind of clothes we wore in those pictures—where they were stowing away the treasure?"

"*Oh!*" groaned Edred, recalled to a sense of his wrongs. "If only Mrs. Honeysett hadn't opened the door just when she did, we should know exactly where the treasure was. It was the West Tower they took it to, wasn't it?"

"I'm not sure," said Elfrida, "but——"

"And if it had gone on we *should* have been sure—we should have seen them come away again."



"IT HELD CLOTHES FAR RICHER THAN ANY THEY HAD SEEN YET."

"Yes," said Elfrida, and again she remarked, "I say!"

Edred again said, "Well?"

"Well—suppose we looked in the chests we should be sure to find clothes like *those*, and then we should be back there—living in those times, and we could *see* the treasure put away, and then we really *should* know."

"Ai, first-class, ripping," was Edred's enthusiastic rejoinder. "Come on—I'll race you to the gate."

He did race her, and won by about thirty white Mouldiwarps' lengths.

The attic was easily found, and once more the children stood among the chests, with the dusty roof and the dusty sunbeams.

"Come on," cried Elfrida, joyously. "I shall know the dress directly I see it. Mine was blue silk with sloping shoulders, and yours was black velvet and a Vandyke collar."

Together they flung back the lid of a chest they had not yet opened. It held clothes far richer than any they had seen yet. The doublets and cloaks and bodices were stiff with gold embroidery and jewels. But there was no blue silk dress with sloping shoulders and no black velvet suit and Vandyke collar.

"Oh, never mind," said Edred, bundling the splendid clothes back by double armfuls. "Help me to smooth these down so that the lid will shut, and we'll try the next chest."

But the lid would not shut at all till Elfrida had taken all the things out and folded them properly, and then it shut quite easily.

Then they went on to the next chest.

"I have a magic inside feeling that they're in *this* one," said Elfrida, gaily. And so they may have been. The children never knew—for the next chest was *locked*, and the utmost efforts of four small arms failed to move the lid a hair's breadth.

"Oh, bother!" said Edred, "we'll try the next."

But the next was locked, too—and the next, and the one after that, and the one beyond, and—— Well, the fact is, they were *all* locked.

The children looked at each other in something quite like despair. "I feel," said the boy, "like a baffled burglar."

"I feel," said the girl, "as if I was just going to understand something. Oh, wait a minute; it's coming. I think," she added, very slowly, "I think it means if we go anywhere we've got to go wherever it was they wore those glorious stiff gold clothes. That's what the chest's open for; that's what the others are locked for. See?"

"Then let's put them on and go," said Edred.

"I don't think I want any more Tower of Londons," said Elfrida, doubtfully.

"I don't mind what it is," said Edred. "I've found out one thing. We always come safe out of it, whatever it is. And besides," he added, remembering many talks with his good friend, Sir Walter Raleigh, "an English gentleman must be afraid of nothing save God and his conscience."

"All right," said Elfrida, laying hands on the chest-lid that hid the golden splendour. "You might help," she said.

But Edred couldn't. He laid hands on the chest, of course, and he pulled and Elfrida pulled, but the chest-lid was as fast now as any of the others.

"Done in the eye!" said Edred. It was a very vulgar expression, and I can't think where he picked it up.

> "He that will not when he may,
> He shall not when he would—a,"

said Elfrida—and I do know where she learned that. It was from an old song Mrs. Honeysett used to sing when she blackleaded the stoves.

"I suppose we must chuck it for to-day," said Edred, when he had quite hurt his fingers by trying all the chests once more, and had found that every single one was shut tight as wax. "Come on—we'll print the photographs."

But the films were not dry enough. They never are when you just expect them to be; so they locked the still-room door on the outside, and hung the key on a nail high up in the kitchen chimney. Mrs. Honeysett was not in the kitchen at that moment, but she came hurrying in the next.

"Here you are, my lambs," she said, cheerily, "and just in time for the surprise."

"Oh, I'd forgotten the surprise. That makes two of it, doesn't it?" said Elfrida. "Do tell us what it is. We need a nice surprise to make up for everything, if you only knew."

"Ah," said Mrs. Honeysett, "you mean because of me opening that there door. Well, there *is* two surprises. One's roast chicken. For *supper*," she added, impressively.

"Then I know the other," said Edred. "Aunt Edith's coming."

And she was—indeed, at that very moment, as they looked through the window, they saw her blue dress coming over the hill, and joyously tore out to meet her.

(To be continued.)

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

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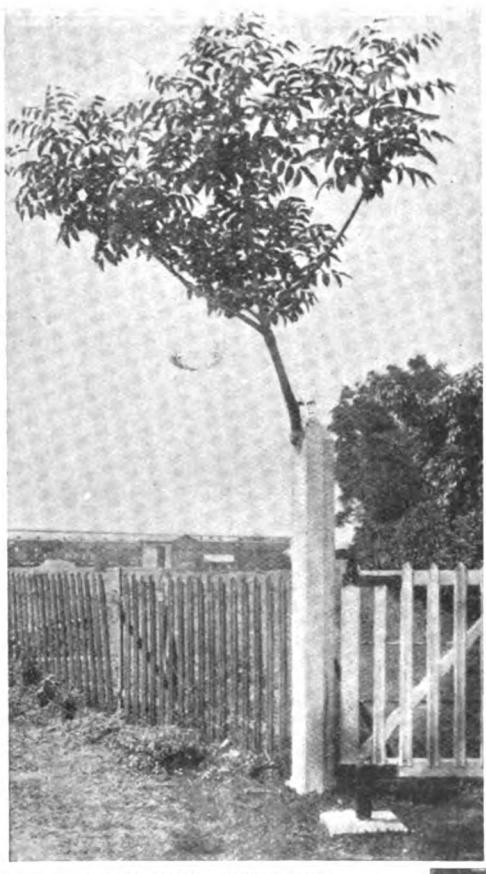
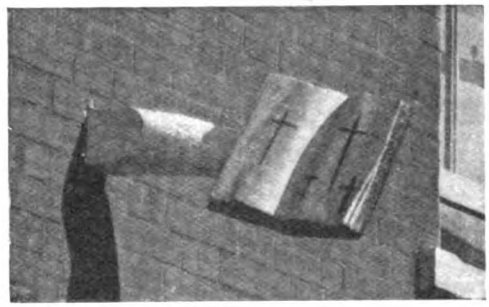


A GROWING GATE-POST.

I SEND you a photograph which shows a strong and healthy branch growing from the top of a squared and painted gate-post at the entrance to the railway yard of the Mymensing State Railway at Narainganj. It is common in Bengal for an unpainted rough timber fence to take root and break out into branches, but the example shown in the photograph is such a good one that I feel sure you will consider it worthy of a place in your interesting Curiosity columns.—Mr. J. W. Hall, Narainganj, E. Bengal and Assam, India.

WHAT IS THE MEANING?

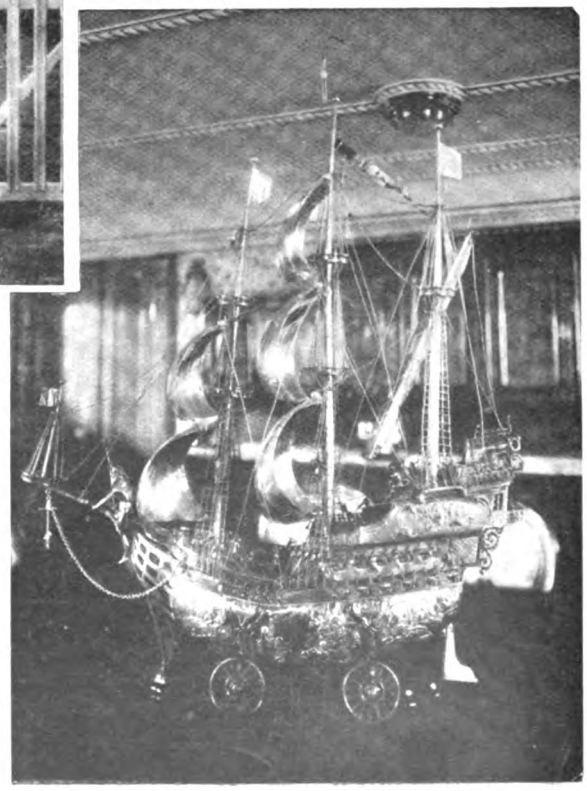
OF the many curious signs to be found in various parts of the country there are few more curious than that which adorns the front of the Book-in-Hand at Mablethorpe. The book, held by a hand which projects from the building, is the Bible, with



four crosses on the open pages. Nothing appears to be known as to its origin, but it has existed as a sign for many centuries. Some of your readers may be able to interpret its meaning.—Mr. Henry Walker, Public Library, Stamford.

THE KAISER'S MASCOT.

THIS splendid silver model of a ship is one of the German Emperor's most cherished possessions, and it is said that he takes it everywhere with him. It was on board His Majesty's yacht when I obtained this photograph.—Mr. Reginald Silk, Portsmouth.

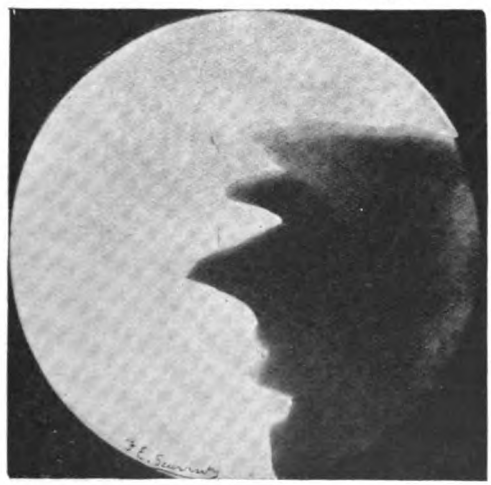


A GLUT OF WASPS.

THE committee of the Hayward's Heath Horticultural Society, of which I am a member, offered a penny each for all queen wasps brought to the summer show. The number received reached the enormous total of four thousand six hundred and thirty-three. These I mounted and photographed, and then exhibited on the day of the show.—Mr. A. Nobbs, The Gardens, Beech Hurst, Hayward's Heath.

WHAT IS IT?

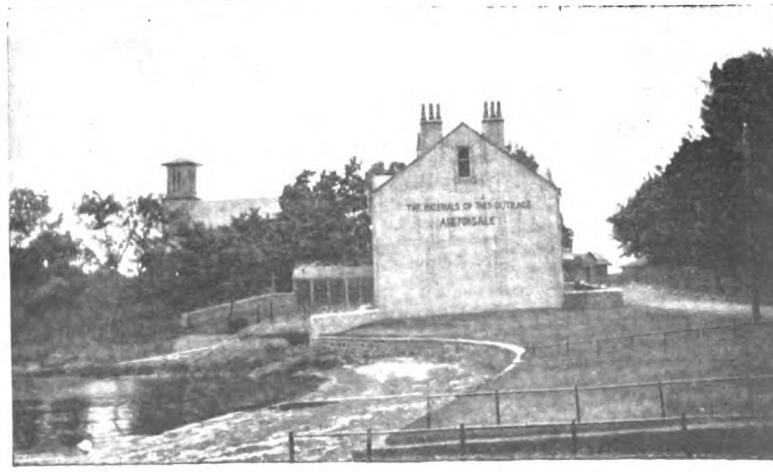
I WONDER how many of your readers can guess what is the original of this photograph? It



looks very much like a side view of a man's head with a motor-cap on. If you turn the photograph upside down it gives a fairly good picture of a pig with its mouth open. So much for what it appears to be. The question is, "What is it?" It is a photomicrograph of the saw-like edge of one of the "mandibles" or biting jaws of the common cockroach magnified one hundred diameters. The nose, chin, and peak of the motor-cap are the minute teeth with which it chips off pieces of wood, paper, leather from your boots, and anything else it can get hold of. It was after dissecting and mounting this for microscopical examination that I first noticed its extraordinary resemblance to a man's face. I may say that the photograph has not been "retouched" or "faked" in any way.—Mr. F. E. Scurrah, 23, Beaumont Road, North Ormesby, Middlesbrough.

A LONG-DELAYED REVENGE.

BOLDLY displayed in black letters on the white gable of an unpretentious house on the road to Mount Stuart, Bute, is the following inscription: "The Materials of this Outrage are for Sale." According to the local historians, the announcement as it stands is the last word in a duel between neighbours. It is said that the house was built to obstruct the view of a gentleman who had been successful in getting an interdict to prevent the owner from enclosing the foreshore. But after the death of the builder the house came into the market and was purchased by the other gentleman, who now seeks to express his wounded feelings in paint.—Mr. Thomas F. Armstrong, Clincart Pharmacy, Mount Florida, Glasgow.



ANOTHER HOME-MADE LANDSCAPE.

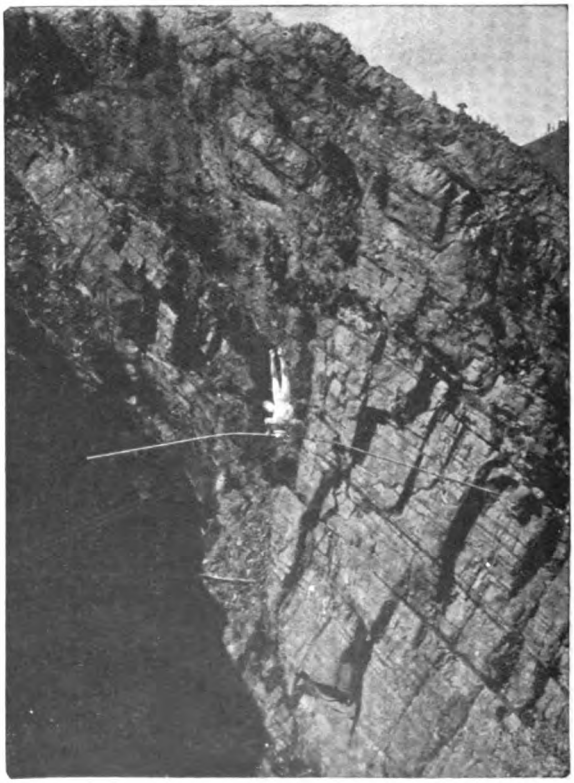
THIS realistic scene was made up on a board about four feet square, and photographed by gaslight. The hills are formed by cushions placed underneath a rug, the bush is composed of tiny scrub and moss, the rocks are stones, the road is covered with sand and clay, while the figures are cut from pictures and kept in an upright position with pins. — Miss S. E. Watkins, 78, Dowling Street, Dunedin, New Zealand.

CHINESE BABY-CARRIAGE.

IT is a common sight in Western China to see babies of two or three years old being carried by their fathers in a basket, but, so far as I know, we were the first foreigners to adopt the plan. The district of Chungking, W. China, being very hilly, it is impossible to use a perambulator, so my wife made use of this method of carrying our four-months' old baby. A stone is put into the other basket to balance the load.— Mr. John Stenhouse, c/o Messrs. Mackenzie and Co., Limited, Shanghai, China.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT OF BALANCING.

I AM sending you a photograph of what is surely one of the most daring, reckless, and hazardous acts ever attempted by man. It shows Professor Baldwin crossing, on his head, a gulf at Eldorado Springs, Colorado, by means of a wire stretched five hundred and sixty-five feet above the ground. The wire itself is not very distinctly shown in the photograph, but the long balancing-pole is clearly seen. — Mr. Ed. Tangen, Boulder, Colorado.



Copyright, 1908, by Ed. Tangen.

WHAT AN ELEPHANT DID.

THE wild elephants in Siam occasionally do a considerable amount of damage, but rarely do they go to the length of stopping trains. Still, this has happened, as this photograph shows. A goods train, heavily loaded and drawn by two engines, was coming down to Bangkok just after dark a few months ago when it suddenly ran into an elephant. The first engine was knocked off into the adjacent rice-fields, the second was thrown on its side across the line, and some thirteen of the trucks were telescoped behind it. Three Siamese members of the train staff were killed, but both the drivers (Britishers) escaped unhurt. The elephant—a small one, weighing perhaps from four to five tons—was smashed to pieces, its bulk being driven some yards ahead of the front of the leading engine. Owing to the temperature being about ninety-eight degrees in the shade, it was found necessary to bury the remains before they could be photographed, but even had a picture been obtained it would have been difficult to recognise the remains as those of an elephant. The damage done to line and rolling-stock is estimated at about sixty thousand pounds, and traffic was seriously hindered for the best part of a week.—Mr. Wm. Whitfeld Fegen, Bangkok, Siam.

POLLY'S WARM PERCH.

MY parrot chooses its own perches, spending most of its time out of its cage. One day, when the kettle was on the fire, Polly climbed up from the fender on to the projecting bar of the kitchen grate, thence on to the spout of the kettle, and thence on to the handle, where she sat heedless of the fire and of the smoke. It was evident that the warmth was quite agreeable to her.—Mr. R. Brewin, 2, Banks Terrace, Appleby.

A FREEHOLD "ORCHID."

CYCLING along a country lane near Woking, my attention was arrested by the writing on the board shown in the accompanying photograph. Having a friend who is interested in orchids, I thought it might be a good thing if I could put him on to a "freehold" one, so I questioned a farm-hand who was looking at some cows. He was amused at my ignorance, and said, "Why, that doan't mean that there old stump what the boord is nailed to—it means all they apple and pear trees what ye sees!" Then it dawned on me it was an "orchard" for sale.—Mr. T. Oliver, Lauriston, York Road, Woking.

A WARSHIP'S TRIBUTE.

I AM sending you a photograph of a wreath made by the armourers of H.M.S. *Vernon*. It was formed entirely of sword-bayonets, cutlasses, and the ramrods of rifles. The flowers were made from the handles of the cutlasses, and the thistles from the tips of bayonets and pieces of ramrods.—Mr. H. Varley, 89, Hartington Road, Station Road, Walthamstow.

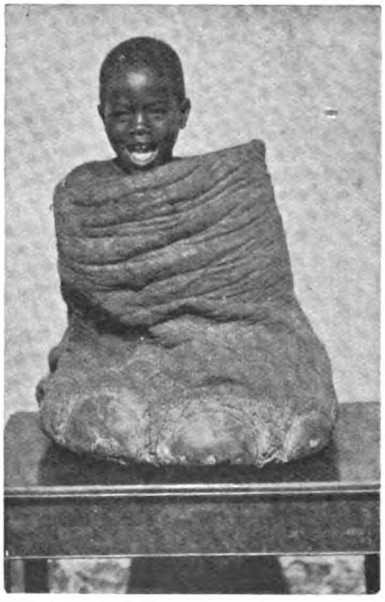
SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S CHESS PROBLEM.

TO make a tour of the board by alternate moves of a knight and a rook, and to obtain so symmetrical an arrangement that the numbers of the moves, when added by columns, lines, or diagonals, give the same sum, was the problem set last month. In other words, a chess tour was to be combined with a magic square. The solution, by Mr. J. Wallis, is given in the diagram below. The numbers form forty magic squares, the largest being true, the columns, lines, and diagonals totalling the same when added. The other thirty-nine minor squares are less perfect, but are still "magic." There are also thirty-two pairs of equal totals and two other series of sixteen pairs.

12	55	54	9	8	59	58	5
53	10	11	56	57	6	7	60
13	50	51	16	1	62	63	4
52	15	14	49	64	3	2	61
20	47	46	17	32	35	34	29
45	18	19	48	33	30	31	36
21	42	43	24	25	38	39	28
44	23	22	41	40	27	26	37

PHOTOGRAPHED IN A FOOT.

THIS merry little five-year-old nigger boy is comfortably stowed inside



an elephant's foot, and, judging from the size of his smile, seems delighted at being photographed in such a strange position. The elephant was shot by us some months ago, and the foot is large enough to hide the boy completely. The photograph was taken by A. Lobo, Entebbe, Uganda.—Mr. Francis K. Rowe, Entebbe, Uganda.

"'MADAM,' HE SAID, 'YOU MUST NOT RING THAT BELL.'"

(*See page* 484.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxxvi. NOVEMBER, 1908. No. 215.

The Money-Spider.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

THE man who was lurking in the shadows, close to the heavy curtains which shielded the window, glanced impatiently at the clock for the third time. It seemed impossible that time could move so slowly. It was barely five minutes since he had clambered in through the window and hidden himself in the silent room. Five minutes! Surely an eternity!

He had none of the coolness of the practised criminal. He was forty-seven years old, and for the first time in his life he was prepared to lift his hand against his country's laws. No wonder that his lips were dry and his breath came a little short. It was no small thing, this, which he had in his mind. A man's life lay at the end of it.

The room was large, and handsomely furnished. Save for the somewhat conspicuous absence of books, it was the typical library of an English suburban residence. There were handsome prints upon the wall, little statuettes—not ill-chosen—upon the mantelpiece, a soft, rich carpet, and several pieces of heavy, solid furniture. In a corner of the room stood a writing-table of dark walnut-wood. There were papers there—laid out as though in readiness, a green-shaded lamp, the photograph of a woman, a bowl of roses.

The man who waited felt himself grow harder and colder as the moments went by. So this was where he sat, then, this enemy of his! It was in this room that he laid his plots. In this room, probably, that his own ruin had been worked. John Wilkinson felt in his pocket, and his fingers closed upon the butt of his revolver. There was no pity in his heart for the man whom he had come to kill. There was nothing but an intense desire to get the thing over—to meet him face to face, to say those few words, and to shoot! Others might call it murder. He knew very well that it was but an act of common justice.

The clock ticked, and a corner of the burning log fell on to the open fireplace. Then at last came a sound from beyond. A door somewhere in the house was opened and closed. Footsteps were coming along the passage. The man's whole frame stiffened. He stole out from his hiding-place and stood waiting.

It was a woman who entered, a woman tall and fair, dressed for the evening, with jewels upon her throat and bosom, only partially concealed by the opera cloak of white lace which she wore. The man would have stolen back to his hiding-place, but it was

too late. The woman saw him, and stopped short. She looked at him in amazement.

"Who are you?" she asked. "What do you want?"

"A few words with your husband," the man answered.

"With my husband?" the woman repeated. "But he told me that he was expecting no one except his secretary to-night. Does he know that you are here?"

"No!" the man answered.

She turned up the lamp and looked at him more closely. He was tall and thin, and, although his face was not the face of a criminal, there was something in his expression and the nervous tenseness of his answers which alarmed her. She moved swiftly towards the bell, only to find her arm grasped by his fingers.

"Madam," he said, "you must not ring that bell. I have a few words to say to your husband. If he knew that I were here he would not see me. I cannot allow you to interfere."

The woman stood for a moment looking at him, and the fear in her heart grew.

"How did you get in?" she asked.

"Through the window," he answered, grimly.

She opened her lips, but his hand swiftly closed them.

"Madam," he said, "I am not going to allow you to ring the bell. If you call out, you know very well what will happen. Your husband is in the adjoining room, and he will be the first to rush in. The moment he crosses the threshold I shall shoot him through the heart. Understand that. If you call out, you bring him to his death."

He released her. She stood looking at him with white, scared face, but his words had had their effect. She made no further attempt to raise an alarm.

"Sit down in that chair," he said, "and be quiet. I am sorry you came, but since you are here I cannot afford to let you go."

She recovered a little of her courage. After all, the man's face was not an evil one.

"What do you want with my husband?" she asked. "What are you going to do?"

The man laughed—a little nervous, dry laugh.

"An act of justice," he answered. "It's rough luck on you that you should be here, especially as he is your husband. You'd better go over to the window when you hear him coming."

Once more the horror seized her. She read the purpose in his face.

"You have come here to commit murder?" she cried.

The man smiled bitterly.

"I have come to kill your husband, madam," he said, "if that can be counted murder."

She shrank away from him.

"You are mad," she faltered. "You know what happens to murderers. You will be hung!"

"I think not," he answered, indifferently. "I have friends below waiting to help me, and I shall try to escape. If I fail, I shall shoot myself. As well that as a beggar! Listen!"

He leaned forward towards the door. The woman, too, strained her ears. At that moment she would have screamed, but her voice seemed paralyzed. The man's eyes were upon her. She opened her lips, but no sound came.

"A false alarm!" he remarked, coolly. "Never mind. He cannot be much longer."

"Tell me why you want to kill him?" she faltered.

"Because he is Philip Angus, millionaire, and I am John Wilkinson, beggar," the man answered, bitterly.

The woman's courage seemed to be returning. Her eyes flashed; she drew herself a little more erect.

"You coward!" she exclaimed. "Because my husband has been fortunate, where you have been unfortunate, you would steal in here like a thief, and kill him without a moment's warning! You shall not do it. I will throw myself in the way. You shall kill me, if you want a victim."

The man listened as one might listen to a child.

"If you have a life to throw away, madam," he said, "pray risk it if you will, but you will not save your husband. My revolver has six chambers, and it is very carefully loaded."

Once more the courage left her. She listened frantically for the footfall outside that she knew so well. He could not be more than a few minutes now! There seemed to be no sound whatever in the house, no sound to break the stillness but the ticking of the little clock which stood upon the table. A wild thought came to her.

"You want money!" she exclaimed. "Of course it is money that you want! You shall have it. Take my jewels. They are very valuable—very valuable indeed. They will make you rich."

"'I HAVE COME TO KILL YOUR HUSBAND, MADAM,' HE SAID."

Her hands were at her throat, but he stopped her with a gesture of contempt.

"You do me an injustice," he declared, coldly. "It is not money that I want, or your jewels. I want your husband's life. Let me tell you this—it is a terrible thing to say, it is a shameful thing for you to hear, but it is the truth. There are hundreds of men and women who, when they read to-morrow morning that Philip Angus is dead, will breathe the more freely."

"It is not true!" she muttered.

His face darkened.

"Madam, it is God's truth!" he said, with a sudden note of fierceness in his tone. "Your husband is one of those who have made the name of a millionaire infamous. He has made a great fortune. Do you know how? I will tell you. He has built it up by lies, by deceit, by treachery. He hasn't even been faithful to his friends. He has filled his pockets with the savings of the working people whom he has ruined."

A shadow of indignation passed across the white, terrified face of the woman to whom he spoke.

"It is not true!" she declared. "It is not true!"

The long, lean figure of the man seemed suddenly to expand. His eyes blazed. He reminded her for the moment of some Biblical character — some prophet, whose words were charged with woe.

"Madam," he cried, softly, "it is God's truth! Do you need to be told what your husband's reputation is? Are there no newspapers? Isn't it in the air wherever you go? Can you look me in the eyes and pretend to be ignorant of it? There isn't a jewel on your body that's honestly earned. Oh, I daren't think of it, or I know that I should kill you, too, where you stand, for the things you represent!"

Once more the woman looked towards the door. His coming was long delayed. Was it a good or evil omen, this?

"Shoot me, then!" she muttered. "I am not afraid!"

The man shook his head.

"No!" he said. "I have no quarrel with you. It is your husband whom I am going to save from one last sin. I am going to kill him before he can sign those papers."

"What papers?" she demanded, eagerly.

"Nothing that you would understand," he answered. "They simply represent just one more of those wonderful deals which go to the loading of your body with jewels, and bring honest men to this."

He dropped his hands for a moment. Her eyes were fixed upon his face almost hungrily. All the time she sought for some sign of weakness.

"You mean the Bridgport Mills amalgamation?" she asked.

"Yes!" he answered. "You know something of his affairs, after all, then?"

"Yes—yes, I know something!" she admitted. "What have you to do with the Bridgport Mills?"

The man's whole frame stiffened. His eyes flashed. He spoke rapidly—almost fiercely.

"What have I to do with them? God in heaven! Why, they're my mills. I am John Wilkinson, who went to Bridgport with two hundred pounds, saved from my wages, and started business twenty-five years ago in a shed. I made money honestly. I found employment for hundreds of poor people, who earned wages which they had never dreamed of earning before. Bridgport was a poor place when I went to it. I have made it a prosperous city. My works are the finest in the country. My workpeople are the best paid. I was prosperous, honest, and respected. Then your husband comes upon the scene! He knows nothing of manufacturing, nothing of those honest and legitimate means by which a man can earn wealth for himself, and at the same time add to his country's prosperity. Your husband came like a great spider, hungry for blood, for money with him is the blood of all things. One by one he bought up my competitors. Before I had time to realize what was happening, there was a great trust formed against me. I had money and I had credit, the money and credit of an honest man. But what are these against the weapons with which your husband fights? They are gone, both of them. My mills will close down this week until he chooses to open them. Even my name will be his, to wheedle money out of poor investors, to make a great gambling scheme of an honest business. You were right, madam. It is your husband who has been fortunate, and I unfortunate. But there is a price that he must pay."

The man paused, breathless. She leaned towards him.

"Supposing he doesn't sign those papers?" she asked, eagerly.

"He never will," the man answered.

She listened once more, and wrung her hands.

"Oh, you can't mean this!" she exclaimed. "It is too horrible! Besides, what do you gain? If you kill him, this deal will go through all the same. It will make no difference to you; someone else will take his place. The papers will surely be signed—if not by him, by another. Give me a few minutes. Let me talk to him. I have influence. Often he does as I wish. I will plead with him."

The man shook his head.

"Many have tried to plead with Philip Angus," he said. "What have they gained by it?"

"But I am his wife!" she cried. "I can do more than anyone else in the world with him. Give me ten, five, even three minutes!"

The man laughed—a hoarse, unpleasant sound.

"Three minutes," he exclaimed, "to melt Philip Angus!"

The woman clutched at his arm.

"Remember that I am his wife," she cried. "Let me try. Oh, let me try! A few minutes can make no difference to you. If you stand over there by the curtains, he will never see you. He is almost blind."

She stopped suddenly and turned her head towards the door. A little moan broke from her lips.

"He is coming," she whispered, hoarsely. "You will give me those five minutes! You must—you must!"

The man hesitated—hesitated gravely and deliberately. One gathered from his appearance that it was not a matter of weakness—only of calculation. In the end he pointed towards the clock.

"You see the time? When the clock strikes, your husband dies. Until then, I will hear what you and he have to say together. Hush!"

He stole softly away towards the curtains. The advancing footsteps were now clearly audible. The woman turned towards the door with a little sob.

"So few minutes," she said to herself,

"and Philip sometimes is so difficult. God help me! God give me words—show me how to move him. Ah, Philip!"

The door was opened at last. A tall, thin man, in dinner-clothes and smoking-jacket, entered and paused for a moment on the threshold. He wore heavy spectacles and carried a stick, with which he seemed to feel his way.

"Margaret!" he exclaimed. "Where on earth are you? They told me that you were here."

She moved towards him impulsively.

"I have been waiting for you, Philip," she said. "I came in to say good-bye. How long you have been! Let me take you to your chair."

He suffered her arm to rest upon his shoulder, but he frowned a little at the inference of her speech.

"Thank you," he said. "But I am not quite blind yet. You are alone, then? I thought I heard voices."

He seated himself before the table and took up the topmost of the papers that lay there in readiness. She lingered by his side.

"Quite alone, dear," she said. "I was reading. I have been reading those documents."

"Dry work for you, my dear," he answered, calmly.

"I have been reading," she continued, a little tremulously, "of the Bridgport Mills amalgamation. You are not angry, are you?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Angry? Of course not! But why do you bother your pretty head about business? Where are you going to-night?"

"I was going," she began, "to Lady Purcell's box at the Opera, but—but——"

"Ah, to the Opera!" he interrupted. "I see you have your jewels on. Good girl! They look well on you, Margaret."

"Do they, Philip?" she murmured.

"No one in the world, mind," he continued, impressively, "can have finer stones than you have in that necklace. In a few days' time, perhaps," he added, glancing fixedly at the paper upon which his hand was still resting, "I may be able to make you a little Christmas present which you will find worth accepting."

She shuddered a little.

"Philip," she said, "I want no more presents. I told you that I was going to the Opera. I have changed my mind. I have a headache. I don't want to go. I want to talk to you instead."

He accepted her decision with the equanimity of a man of placid temperament married to a woman of many caprices.

"Capital!" he said. "Well, I'll just sign these things, and then we'll have a cosy chat."

He took up his pen, but her hand suddenly covered the place where he would have set his signature.

"Philip," she said, "it's about those papers I want to talk to you. Don't sign them."

He turned round in his chair, looking at her in amazement.

"Don't sign them!" he exclaimed. "Why, my dear girl, what do you mean?"

She kept her hand firmly pressed upon that blank space.

"Philip," she said, "you know that I read these over to you when they came up from the office. I have been thinking it all over. You are to buy the mills and machinery and everything, aren't you, for a trifle—seven thousand pounds, or something like that—just as much as the people owe?"

He nodded.

"Well?"

"And they are worth?" she asked.

"To us," he answered, "to the corporation, that is, anything up to a hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

She drew a little breath, and glanced behind her uneasily. That sombre-looking figure had drawn a little closer, or was it only her fancy?

"I suppose, then, Philip," she went on, feverishly, "that you have these people—these Bridgport Mills people, I mean—cornered? They can't keep on in business against you? They must either sell or fail?"

Her husband nodded.

"Precisely!" he remarked. "The thing has been engineered in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. They never really had the ghost of a chance."

She drew a little closer to him. Her right arm had stolen around his neck.

"But, Philip," she protested, "I do not understand. These are honest men, are they not, who built up this concern? They had a right to refuse to join you if your terms did not suit them."

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"A right? They had a right, of course. The only trouble was that they ran up against a stronger corporation."

She looked earnestly into his face.

"Tell me, Philip, is this quite honest?" she asked, fearfully.

The slight frown upon his forehead deepened. His voice became almost harsh.

"HE TOOK UP HIS PEN, BUT HER HAND SUDDENLY COVERED THE PLACE WHERE HE WOULD HAVE SET HIS SIGNATURE."

"Honest? What on earth do you mean, Margaret? Honest? I don't recognise your use of the word."

She took up the papers for a moment and replaced them.

"I am thinking of the man whose name appears here—John Wilkinson," she said. "You are ruining him to make another fortune for yourself. I am thinking of his wife and family, Philip. Is it worth while? We don't need the money."

He looked at her as one might look at a child.

"My dear Margaret," he said, "everyone needs money. Very often the more you have the more you need. We'll talk about this presently. Harrison wants these papers down to-night."

He turned a little round in his chair, took up his pen, and dipped it in the ink. Her hand closed upon his feverishly. She glanced around into the shadows of the room. Slowly creeping nearer, she saw the figure she dreaded.

"Philip, you shall not—you shall not!" she exclaimed. "I don't want you to sign those papers."

For the first time he showed signs of distinct annoyance.

"You are hysterical!" he exclaimed, shortly. "The papers must be signed—and in a very few minutes."

"Philip, don't do it," she begged. "Call it a whim of mine. We have enough money. Send for this man Wilkinson, and let him run his mills for himself; or give him a fair price for them."

A fair price! He stroked his wife's hair indulgently. How could one reason with a person so ignorant of every law of finance?

"My dear heart," he said, soothingly, "this comes of a woman trying to understand business. You don't even understand the first axioms of barter. A fair price is the very least you can get the other man to take. It has no relation whatever to value. That is another matter."

She glanced at the clock, and back into the room. The ineffectiveness of her words made her almost hysterical.

"Philip, you are wrong, dear!" she exclaimed. "I do not often ask you for anything," she continued, a little wildly. "I beg you to listen to me now. See, I am on my knees. I have been thinking of the wives and children of these men. The jewels you gave me would seem always like their tears. I could not wear them. I should hate them. Think, Philip, if you were this man John Wilkinson, and I your wife. Think what it would mean if we had to go out into the world again, penniless."

He laughed dryly.

"My dear girl," he said, "you do not flatter me. I can assure you that I should never have placed myself in such a position."

"Dear, you cannot tell!" she exclaimed. "Don't you think that sometimes we—you and I—take life a little too easily? It is all so engrossing. It runs away with us. If we were to die to-night," she continued, nervously, and with a quick glance behind; "if we were to die to-night, Philip, you or I, would you feel that your hands were quite clean if you had signed those papers?"

"Why not?" he answered, sharply. "We are all here to do the best we can for ourselves."

"And for others, Philip!" she cried.

He drew a little sigh, as of one anxious to be tolerant, and yet tried beyond his powers of endurance.

"The man who was in business with those Utopian ideas, my dear Margaret," he said, "would very soon go under. You are talking about matters which you do not understand. Business is a great duel, in which the weapons are brains and opportunity. The man who fails to make use of both goes down. The rules of the game are thoroughly understood. Both sides go in with their eyes open. There is no quarter to be given or expected. The man who allowed sentiment to even creep into his calculations, to weaken for one moment his arm when the time came to strike, would be crushed to death on the spot. The fittest survive, the weakest go under. I didn't make the rules, but there they are. If you play the game you must abide by them."

Once more he took up the pen. Despair held her nerveless for a moment. The clock had begun to strike! She dared not look round. Already she fancied she could hear stealthy footsteps.

She waved her hand frantically towards the unseen intruder. Then she wound her arms around her husband's neck and breathed for a moment more freely.

"Philip," she cried, "listen to me. I have been a good wife to you. I have begged for nothing as I am begging now. I may know nothing about business, but sometimes we women see the truth, even when it is hidden away in the darkest corner. I see the truth now, Philip," she continued, straining his face towards her. "I see it as though heaven itself were open. What are all these things worth—gold and jewels, the pride of great possessions, the power of wealth? Even if you stand to-day with your hand upon the levers that guide the world, death may come to-morrow; death may come at this moment to you, to me, to either of us. What about your rules then? What advantage has the strong man over the weak? Whose tale will reach God's ears the sooner—the cry of the beggared victim or the triumph of the conqueror? Philip, my husband, my love! You are so wonderful, so clever. I am very ignorant, but I have seen the truth. Tear up those papers, dear. For God's sake, tear them up! Let us have done for ever with this accursed money-making, with these bargains which leave behind the trail of misery and broken hearts. Give them to me, Philip. Only an hour ago you asked me what I would have for my Christmas present. I will have those papers. I will have you promise me that this man John Wilkinson shall come into your trust on fair terms, or that he shall be allowed to run his mills in his own way and for his own good."

Angus hesitated. For her it was a moment of agony. Already, in imagination, she could see close behind her the shining muzzle of that levelled revolver. He was signing his own death-warrant! If only she could make him understand!

"HE STOOPED DOWN AND KISSED HER LIPS."

The seconds ticked on. With a little shrug of the shoulders he handed over the papers.

"You are trying me pretty high, my dear Margaret," he said.

"You consent?" she cried. "You must consent!"

He smiled.

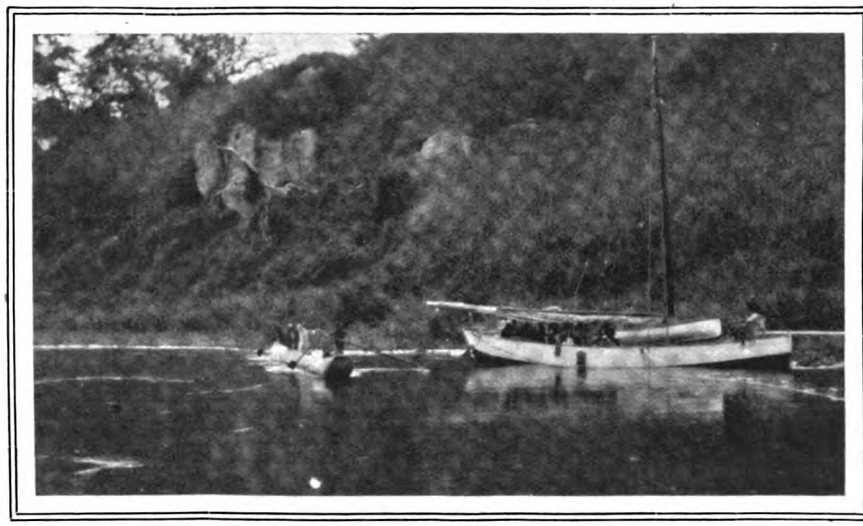
"You have always chosen your Christmas gift," he said. "We cannot break precedent."

The pieces of torn paper fluttered down on to the carpet. She fell on her knees with a little sob of relief. He stooped down and kissed her lips.

"I wonder if you have any idea," he said, "how much that little Christmas present of yours has cost me?"

She shook her head. Already her nervously-strained ears had detected the closing of the window.

"There is another price," she murmured. "Thank God!"



From a] EARLY MORNING ON THE NILE AT FAJAO. *[Photograph*

"MY AFRICAN JOURNEY."

BY THE RT. HON. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, M.P.

IX.—HIPPO CAMP.

IT took no little time to stow all our baggage, food, and tents upon the launch and its steel boats, and though our camp was astir at half-past three, the dawn was just breaking when we were able to embark. And then the *James Martin* wedged herself upon a rock a few yards from the shore of the sheltering inlet, and seemed to have got herself hard and fast; for pull as we might with all the force of the launch at full steam, and the added weight of the current to help us, not an inch would she budge. Everything had, therefore, to be unloaded again from the straggler, and when she had thus been lightened and her freight transferred to the attendant canoes, James Kago ordered his tribesmen to leap into the water, which was not more than five feet deep, and push and lift the little vessel whilst the steamer tugged. But this task the natives were most reluctant to perform out of fear of the crocodiles, who might at any moment make a pounce, notwithstanding all the noise and clatter. Thereupon the energetic chief seized hold of them one after another round the waist, and threw them full-splash into the stream, till at least twenty were accumulated round the boat, and then, what with their impatience to finish their uncomfortable job and our straining tow-rope, the *James Martin* floated free, was reloaded, and we were off.

As we drifted out into mid-stream the most beautiful view of the falls broke upon us. It was already almost daylight, but the sun had not yet actually topped the great escarpment over which the Nile descends. The banks on both sides of the river, clad with dense and lofty forest and rising about twice as high as Cliveden Woods from the water's edge, were dark in shadow. The river was a broad sheet of steel grey veined with paler streaks of foam. The rock portals of the falls were jetty black, and between them, illumined by a single shaft of sunlight, gleamed the tremendous cataract—a thing of wonder and glory, well worth travelling all the way to see.

We were soon among the hippopotami. Every two or three hundred yards, and at

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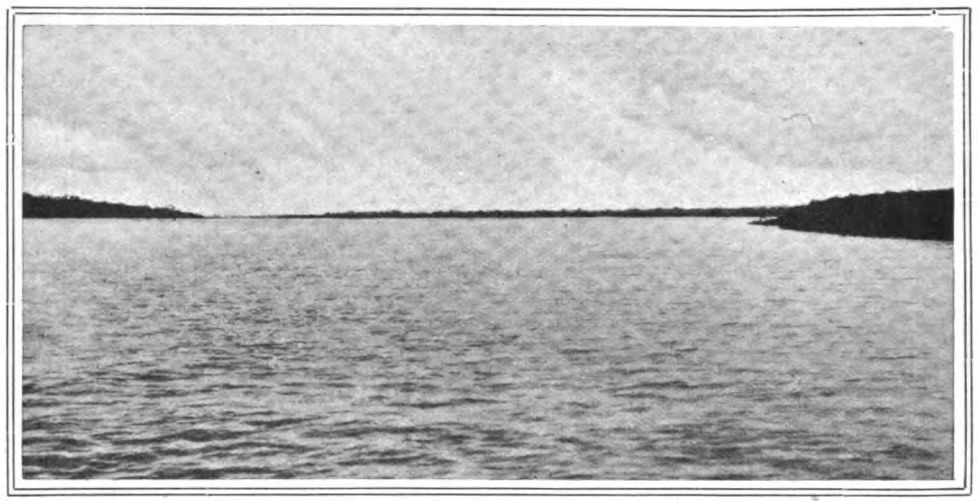
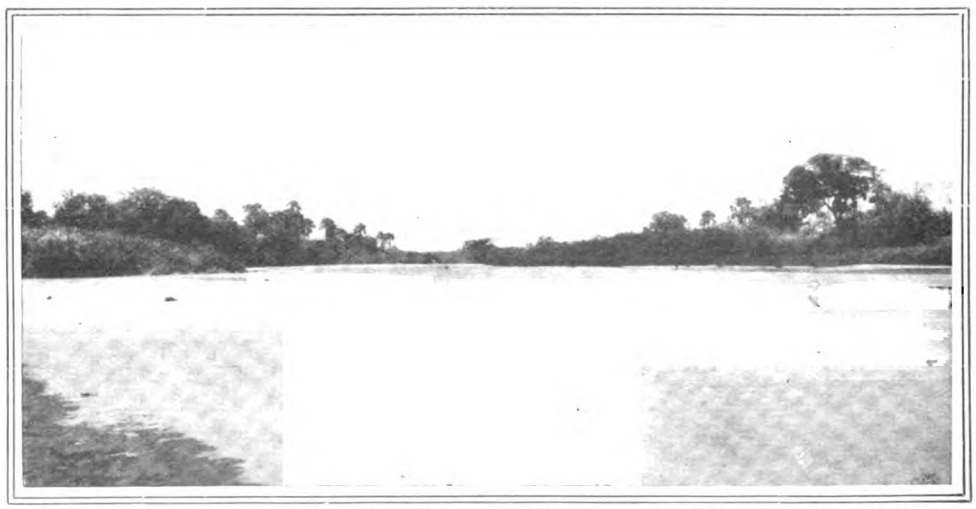


From a] THE NILE BETWEEN FAJAO AND LAKE ALBERT. *[Photograph.*

every bend of the river, we came upon a herd of from five to twenty. To us in a steam launch they threatened no resistance or danger. But their inveterate hostility to canoes leads to repeated loss of life among the native fishermen, whose frail craft are crumpled like eggshells in the snap of enormous jaws. Indeed, all the way from here to Nimule they are declared to be the scourge and terror of the Nile. Fancy mistaking a hippopotamus—almost the largest surviving mammal in the world—for a water-lily! Yet nothing is more easy. The whole river is dotted with floating lilies detached from any root and drifting along contentedly with the current. It is the habit of the hippo to loll in the water showing only his eyes and the tips of his ears, and perhaps now and again a glimpse of his nose, and thus concealed his silhouette is, at three hundred yards, almost indistinguishable from the floating vegetation. I thought they also looked like giant cats peeping. So soon, however, as they saw us coming round a corner and heard the throbbing of the propeller, they would raise their whole heads out of the water to have a look, and then immediately dive to the bottom in disgust. Our practice was then to shut off steam and drift silently down upon them. In this way one arrives in the middle of the herd, and when curiosity or want of air compels them to come up again there is a chance of a shot. One great fellow came up to breathe within five yards of the boat, and

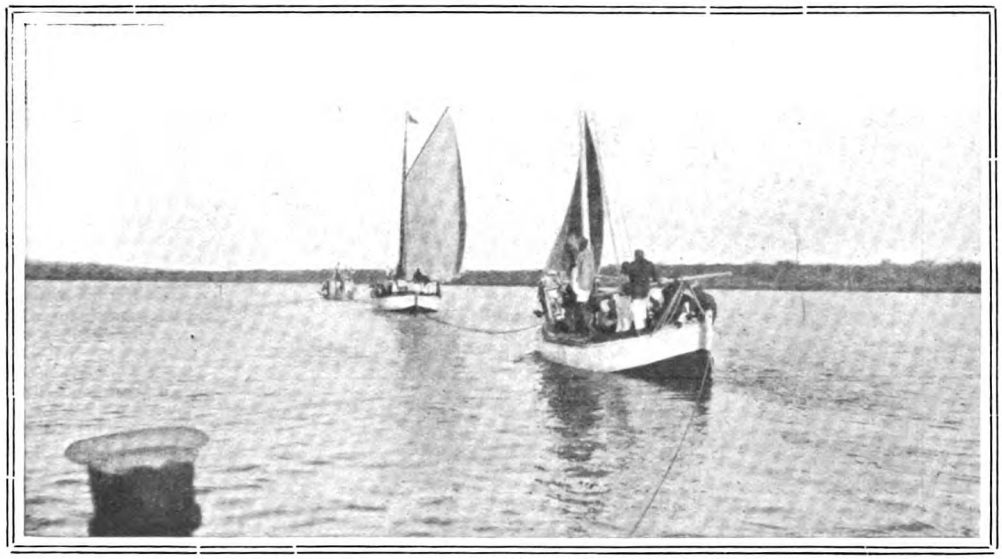


From a] APPROACH TO LAKE ALBERT, WITH THE CONGO HILLS IN THE DISTANCE. *[Photograph.*

the look of astonishment, of alarm, of indignation, in his large, expressive eyes—as with one vast snort he plunged below—was comical to see. These creatures are not easy to kill. They bob up in the most unexpected quarters, and are down again in a second. One does not like to run the risk of merely wounding them, and the target presented is small and vanishing. I shot one who sunk with a harsh sort of scream and thud of striking bullet. We waited about a long time for him to float up to the surface, but in vain, for he must have been carried into or under a bed of reeds and could not be retrieved.

The Murchison, or Karuma, Falls, as the natives call them, are about thirty miles distance from the Albert Lake, and as with the current we made six or seven miles an hour, this part of our journey was short. Here the Nile offers a splendid waterway. The main channel is at least ten feet deep, and navigation, in spite of shifting sandbanks, islands, and entanglements of reeds and other vegetation, is not difficult. The river itself is of delicious, sweet water, and flows along in many places half a mile broad. Its banks for the first twenty miles were shaded by beautiful trees, and here and there dominated by bold headlands deeply scarped by the current. The serrated outline of the high mountains on the far side of the Albert Nyanza could soon be seen painted in shadow on the western sky. As the lake is approached the riparian scenery degenerates; the sandbanks become more intricate; the banks are low and flat, and huge marshes encroach upon the river on either hand. Yet even here the traveller moves through an entrancing world.

At length, after five or six hours' steaming, we cleared the mouth of the Victoria Nile and swam out on to the broad expanse of the lake. Happily, on this occasion it was quite calm. How I wished then that I had not allowed myself to be deterred by time and croakers from a longer voyage, and that we could have turned to the south and, circumnavigating the Albert, ascended the Semliki river with all its mysterious attractions, have visited the forests on the south-western shores, and caught, perhaps, a gleam of the snows of Ruenzori! But we were in the fell grip of carefully-considered arrangements, and, like children in a Christmas toy-shop always looking back, were always hurried on.



From a] THE FLOTILLA OF BOATS. *[Photograph.*

Yet progress offered its prizes as well as delay. Some of my party had won the confidence of the engineer of the launch, who had revealed to them a valuable secret. It appeared that "somewhere between Lake Albert and Nimule"—not to be too precise—there was a place known only to the elect, and not to more than one or two of them, where elephants abounded and rhinoceros swarmed. And these rhinoceros, be it observed, were none of your common black variety with two stumpy horns almost equal in size, and a prehensile tip to their noses.

Not at all ; they were what are called "white" rhino — Burchell's white rhinoceros, that is their full style—with one long, thin, enormous horn, perhaps a yard long—on their noses, and with broad, square upper lips. Naturally we were all very much excited, and in order to gain a day on our itinerary to study these very rare and remarkable animals more closely, we decided not to land and pitch a camp, but to steam on all through the night. Meanwhile our friend the engineer undertook to accomplish the difficult feat of finding the channel, with all its windings, in the dark.

The scene as we left the Albert Lake and entered the White Nile was of surpassing beauty. The sun was just setting behind the high, jagged peaks of the Congo Mountains to the westward. One after another, and range behind range, these magnificent heights—rising perhaps to eight or nine thousand feet—unfolded themselves in waves of dark plum-coloured rock, crested with golden fire. The lake stretched away apparently without limit like the sea, towards the southward in an ever-broadening swell of waters—flushed outside the shadow of the mountains into a delicious pink. Across its surface our tiny flotilla—four on a string—paddled its way towards the narrowing northern shores and the channel of the Nile.

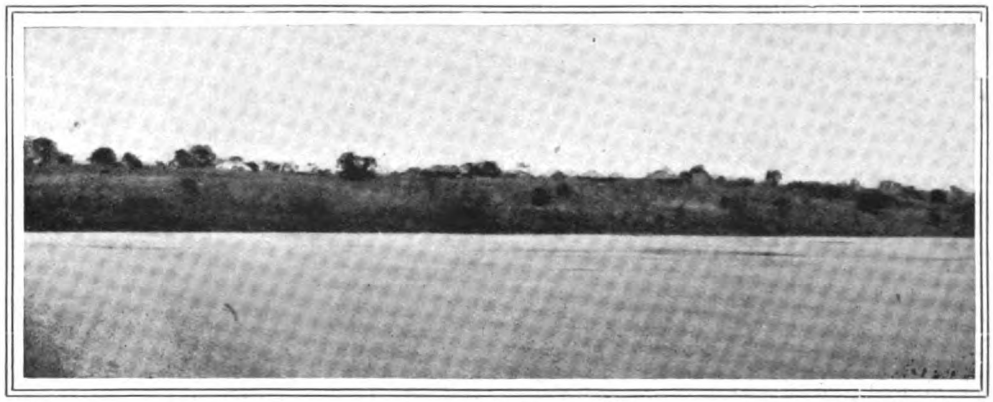
The White Nile leaves the Albert Lake in majesty. All the way to Nimule it is often more like a lake than a river. For the first twenty miles of its course it seemed to me to be at least two miles across. The current is gentle, and sometimes in the broad lagoons and bays into which the placid waters spread themselves it is scarcely perceptible. I slept under an awning in the *Kisingiri*, the last and smallest boat of the string, and, except for the native steersman and piles of baggage, had it all to myself. It was, indeed, delightful to lie fanned by cool breezes and lulled by the soothing lappings of the ripples, and to watch, as it were, from dreamland the dark outlines of the banks gliding swiftly past and the long moonlit levels of the water.

At daybreak we were at Wadelai. In twenty-four hours from leaving Fajao we had made nearly a hundred miles of our voyage. Without the sigh of a single porter, these small boats and launch had transported the whole of our "safari" over a distance which would on land have required the labours and sufferings of three hundred men during at least a week of unbroken effort. Such are the contrasts which impress upon one the importance of utilizing the waterways of Central Africa, of establishing a complete circulation along them, and of using railways in the first instance merely to link them together.

Wadelai was deserted. Upon a high bank of the river stood a long row of tall, peaked, thatched houses, the walls of a fort, and buildings of European construction. All was

From a] MR. CHURCHILL ON BOARD THE "KISINGIRI." [*Photograph.*

newly abandoned to ruin. The Belgians are evacuating all their posts in the Lado enclave except Lado itself, and these stations, so laboriously constructed, so long maintained, will soon be swallowed by the jungle. The Uganda Government also is reducing its garrisons and administration in the Nile province, and the traveller sees, not without melancholy, the spectacle of civilization definitely in retreat after more than half a century of effort and experiment.



From a] WADELAI. *[Photograph.*

We disembarked and climbed the slopes through high rank grass and scattered boulders till we stood amidst the rotting bungalows and shanties of what had been a bold bid for the existence of a town. Wadelai has been occupied by white men perhaps for fifty years. For half a century that dim light of modernity, of cigarettes, of newspapers, of whisky and pickles, had burned on the lonely banks of the White Nile to encourage and beckon the pioneer and settler. None had followed. Now it was extinguished; and yet when I surveyed the spacious landscape with its green expanses, its lofty peaks, its trees, its verdure, rising from the brink of the mighty and majestic river, I could not bring myself for a moment to believe that civilization has done with the Nile Province or the Lado enclave, or that there is no future for regions which promise so much.

All through the day we paddled prosperously with the stream. At times the Nile lost itself in labyrinths of papyrus, which reproduced the approaches to Lake Chioga, and through which we threaded a tortuous course, with many bumps and brushings at the bends. But more often the banks were good, firm earth, with here and there beautiful cliffs of red sandstone, hollowed by the water, and rising abruptly from its brim, crowned with luxuriant foliage. In places these cliffs were pierced by narrow roadways, almost tunnels, winding up to the high ground, and perfectly smooth and regular in their construction. They looked as if they were made on purpose to give access to and from the river; and so they had been—by the elephants. Legions of water-fowl inhabited the reeds, and troops of cranes rose at the approach of the flotilla. Sometimes we saw great, big pelican kind of birds, almost as big as a man, standing contemplative on a single leg, and often on the tree-tops a fish-eagle, glorious in bronze and cream, sat sunning himself and watching for a prey.

I stopped once in the hope of catching butterflies, but found none of distinction—only a profuse variety of common types, a high level of mediocrity without beauties or commanders, and swarms of ferocious mosquitoes prepared to dispute the ground against all comers; and it was nearly four in the afternoon when the launch suddenly jinked to the left out of the main stream into a small semicircular bay, five hundred yards across, and we came to land at "Hippo Camp."

We thought it was much too late to attempt any serious shooting that day. There were scarcely three and a half hours of daylight. But after thirty-six hours cramped on these little boats a walk through jungle was very attractive; and, accordingly, dividing ourselves into three parties, we started in three different directions—like the spokes of a wheel. Captain Dickinson, who commanded the escort, went to the right with the doctor; Colonel Wilson and another officer set out at right angles to the river bank; and I went to the left under the guidance of our friend the

engineer. I shall relate very briefly what happened to each of us. The right-hand party got, after an hour's walking, into a great herd of elephants, which they numbered at over sixty. They saw no very fine bulls; they found themselves surrounded on every side by these formidable animals; and, the wind being shifty, the hour late, and the morrow free, they judged it wise to return to camp without shooting. The centre party, consisting of Colonel Wilson and his companion, came suddenly, after about a mile and a half's walk, upon a fine solitary bull elephant. They stalked him for some time, but he moved off, and, on perceiving himself followed, suddenly, without the slightest warning on his part and no great provocation on theirs, he threw up his trunk, trumpeted, and charged furiously down upon them; whereupon they just had time to fire their rifles in his face and spring out of his path. This elephant was followed for some miles, but it was not for three months afterwards that we learned that he had died of his wounds and that the natives had recovered his tusks.

MR. CHURCHILL AND MR. MARSH AT HIPPO CAMP.
From a Photograph.

So much for my friends. Our third left party prowled off, slanting gradually away inland from the river's bank. It was a regular wild scrub country, with high grass and boulders and many moderate-sized trees and bushes, interspersed every hundred yards or so by much bigger ones. Near the Nile extensive swamps, with reeds fifteen feet high, ran inland in long bays and fingers, and these, we were told, were the haunts of the white rhino. We must have walked along warily and laboriously for nearly three-quarters of an hour, when I saw through a glade at about two hundred yards' distance a great dark animal. Judging from what I had seen in East Africa, I was quite sure it was a rhinoceros. We paused, and were examining it carefully with our glasses, when all of a sudden it seemed to treble in size, and the spreading of two gigantic ears—as big, they seemed, as the flaps of French windows—proclaimed the presence of the African elephant. The next moment another and another and another came into view, swinging leisurely along straight towards us—and the wind was almost dead wrong.

We changed our position by a flank march of admirable celerity, and from the top of a neighbouring ant-bear hill watched, at the distance of about one hundred and fifty yards, the stately and awe-inspiring procession of eleven elephants. On they came, loafing along from foot to foot—two or three tuskers of no great merit, several large tuskless females, and two or three calves. On the back of every elephant sat at least one beautiful white egret, and sometimes three or four, about two feet high, who pecked at the tough hide—I presume for very small game—or surveyed the scene with the consciousness of pomp. These sights are not unusual to the African hunter. Those who dwell in the wilderness are the heirs of its wonders. But to me I confess it seemed a truly marvellous and thrilling experience to wander through a forest peopled by these noble Titans, to watch their mysterious, almost ghostly, march, to see around on every side, in large trees snapped off a few feet from the ground, in enormous branches torn down for sport,

the evidences of their giant strength. And then, while we watched them roam down towards the water, I heard a soft swishing sound immediately behind us, and turning saw, not forty yards away, a splendid full-grown rhinoceros, with the long, thin horn of his rare tribe upon him—the famous white rhinoceros—Burchell himself strolling placidly after his evening drink and utterly unconscious of the presence of stranger or foe!

We had very carefully judged our wind in relation to the elephants. It was in consequence absolutely wrong in relation to the rhinoceros. I saw that in another fifty yards he would walk right across it. For my own part, perched upon the apex of a ten-foot ant-bear cone, I need have no misgivings. I was perfectly safe. But my companions, and the native orderlies and sailors who were with us, enjoyed no such security. The consequences of not killing the brute at that range and with that wind would have been a mad charge directly through our party. A sense of responsibility no doubt restrained me; but I must also confess to the most complete astonishment at the unexpected apparition. While I was trying to hustle the others by signals and whispers into safer places the rhino moved steadily, crossed the line of wind, stopped behind a little bush for a moment, and then, warned of his danger, rushed off into the deepest recesses of the jungle. I had thrown away the easiest shot I ever had in Africa. Meanwhile the elephants had disappeared.

We returned with empty hands and beating hearts to camp, not without chagrin at the opportunity which had vanished, but with the keenest appetite and the highest hopes for the morrow. Thus in three hours and within four miles of our landing-place our three separate parties had seen as many of the greatest wild animals as would reward the whole exertion of an ordinary big-game hunt. As I dropped off to sleep that night in the little *Kisingiri*, moored in the bay, and heard the grunting barks of the hippo floating and playing all around, mingling with the cries of the birds and the soft sounds of wind and water, the African forest for the first time made an appeal to my heart, enthralling, irresistible, never to be forgotten.

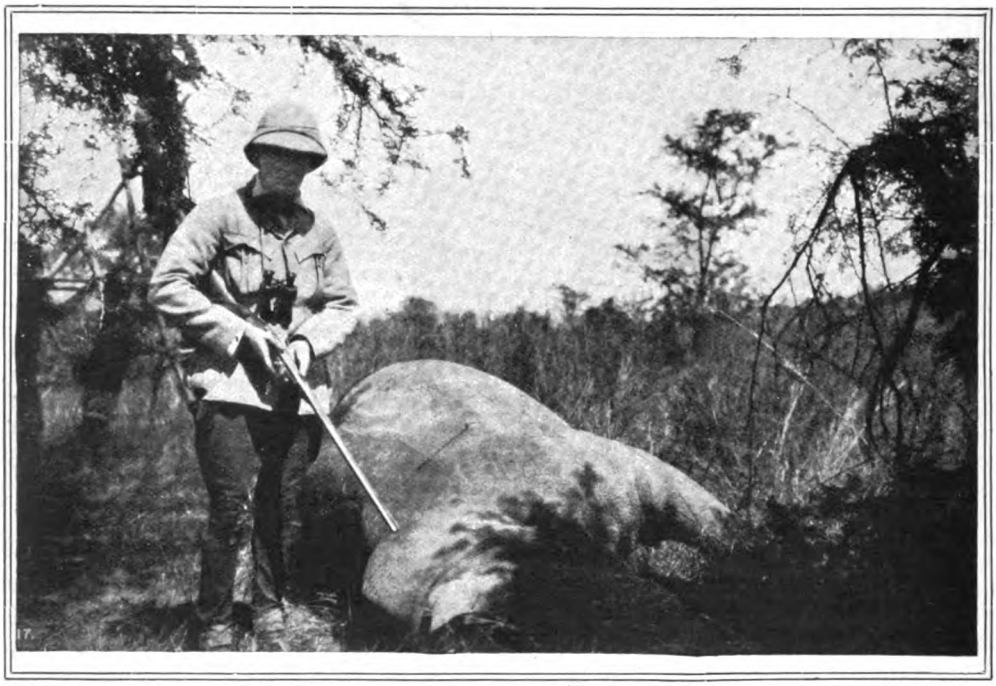
At the earliest break of day we all started in the same order, and with the sternest resolves. During the night the sailors had constructed out of long bamboo poles a sort of light tripod, which, serving as a tower of observation, enabled us to see over the top of the high grass and reeds, and this proved of the greatest convenience and advantage, troublesome though it was to drag along. We spent the whole morning prowling about, but the jungle which twelve hours before had seemed so crowded with game of all kinds seemed now utterly denuded. At last, through a telescope from a tree-top, we saw, or thought we saw, four or five elephants, or big animals of some kind, grazing about two miles away. They were the other side of an enormous swamp, and to approach them required not only traversing this, but circling through it for the sake of the wind.

We plunged accordingly into this vast maze of reeds, following the twisting paths made through them by the game, and not knowing what we might come upon at every step. The ground under foot was quite firm between the channels and pools of mud and water. The air was stifling. The tall reeds and grasses seemed to smother one; and above, through their interlacement, shone the full blaze of the noonday sun. To wade and waddle through such country carrying a double-barrelled ·577 rifle, not on your shoulder, but in your hands for instant service, peering round every corner, suspecting every thorn-bush, for at least two hours, is not so pleasant as it sounds. We emerged at last on the farther side under a glorious tree, whose height had made it our beacon in the depths of the swamp, and whose far-spreading branches offered a delicious repose.

It was three o'clock. We had been toiling for nine hours and had seen nothing—literally nothing. But from this moment our luck was brilliant. First we watched two wild boars playing at fighting in a little glade, a most delightful spectacle, which I enjoyed for two or three minutes before they discovered us and fled.

Next a dozen splendid water-buck were seen browsing on the crest of a little ridge within easy shot, and would have formed the quarry of any day but this; but our ambition soared above them, and we would not risk disturbing the jungle for all their beautiful horns. Then, thirdly, we came slap up against the rhinoceros. How many I am not certain—four, at least. We had actually walked past them as they stood sheltering under the trees. Now, here they were, sixty yards away to the left rear—dark, dim.. sinister bodies, just visible through the waving grass.

When you fire a heavy rifle in cold blood it makes your teeth clatter and your head ache. At such a moment as this one is almost unconscious alike of report and recoil. It might be a shot-gun. The nearest rhino



From a] MR. CHURCHILL AND A DEAD BURCHELL'S WHITE RHINOCEROS. *[Photograph.*

was broadside on. I hit him hard with both barrels, and down he went, to rise again in hideous struggles — head, ears, horn flourished agonizingly above the grass, as if he strove to advance, while I loaded and fired twice more. That was all I saw. Two other rhinos escaped over the hill, and a fourth, running the other way, charged the native sailors who were carrying our observation tower, who were very glad to drop it and scatter in all directions.

To shoot a good specimen of the white rhinoceros is an event sufficiently important in the life of a sportsman to make the day on which it happens bright and memorable in his calendar. But more excitement was in store for us before the night. About a mile from the spot where our victim lay we stopped to rest and rejoice, and, not least, refresh. The tower of observation—which had been dragged so painfully along all day—was set up, and, climbing it, I saw at once on the edge of the swamp no fewer than four more full-grown rhinoceros, scarcely four hundred yards away. A tall ant-hill, three hundred yards, gave us cover to stalk them, and the wind was exactly right. But the reader has dallied long enough in this hunter's paradise. It is enough to say that we killed two more of these monsters, while one escaped into the swamp, and the fourth charged wildly down upon us and galloped through our party without apparently being touched himself or injuring us. Then, marking the places where the carcasses lay, we returned homeward through the swamp, too triumphant and too tired to worry about the couple of enraged fugitives who lurked in its recesses. It was very late when we reached home, and our friends had already hewn the tusks out of a good elephant which Colonel Wilson had shot, and were roasting a buck which had conveniently replenished our larder. Such was our day at Hippo Camp, to which the ardent sportsman is recommended to repair when he can get someone to show him the way.

The rest of our journey was prosperous, interesting, but uneventful. In two days we were at Nimule, and left with many regrets our flotilla for good and all. In seven marches we reached Gondokoro, and eight days' steaming from there in a Soudan Government steamer brought us to Khartoum, the railway, Cairo, and the rest.

Winston S. Churchill.

A SURPRISE VISIT.

By F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

WHEN Letty Lawson received by the early post a mysterious scrawl, the calligraphy of which suggested a charwoman who had had few opportunities of education and who had neglected such as came in her way, she did a very wise thing: she took it to her aunt, Mrs. Appleby, with whom she was living. The wisest thing to do when one gets an anonymous letter is to fling it into a seven times heated furnace; or, in case a furnace is not handy, to stuff it between the bars of a slow combustion grate—such a grate is slow but sure. But lacking the promptness necessary for dealing with it in this way, the next wisest thing one can do is to take it to one's aunt, even though it may contain an anonymous reference to that relation.

Mrs. Appleby read the scrawl.

"If yew cum a loan to Grayling seat at one o'clock yew wil find sum one to chear your loneliness. Do come, dear."

"What do you make of it?" asked Letty, when her aunt (by marriage) had relaxed the screwing up of her eyes, forced upon her by reading this precious missive.

"How did it come to you?" inquired Mrs. Appleby, seating herself on the nearest chair in her husband's dressing-room and resuming her scrutiny of the scrawl.

"By post—Emma brought it up with my other letters with my cup of tea," replied Letty. "It's rather mysterious, and most things that are mysterious are idiotic, I think. It looks as if it had been written by a schoolboy with no dictionary handy. Can it be one of Dr. Denham's pupils who has seen me in church and—and—well, you've heard of that sort of thing—calf-love, only it is usually attracted by someone a good deal older—like Calverley's Tommy—'She was approaching thirty-two and I was then eleven, nearly'—that sort of thing. What do you say?"

Once more Mrs. Appleby was screwing up her eyes with the writing in front of them. She turned the paper round as one sometimes does an Old Master, about the top and bottom of which one is doubtful. Perhaps they were looking at the document upside down. No, that theory was untenable, she saw. Then she held it up to the light as if she were searching for a watermark in the paper; she had read in detective stories of great mysteries being cleared up by an examination of the watermark in the paper on which the forged will, or something else, has been written.

"Can you see through it?" inquired Letty, smiling when the double meaning of her question flashed upon her.

"I believe I can," said her aunt. "It is a forgery."

"A forgery! How? A hoax, do you mean? A thing can't be a forgery unless there's a name on it, can it?"

"Why, of course it can. The name has nothing to do with it. This illiteracy is only put on."

Letty put out her hand for the letter as though she thought that the illiteracy was something palpable, but her aunt would not relinquish it.

"The bad spelling is assumed, and so, I believe, is the bad writing."

Letty looked puzzled. Her experience was that bad spelling and writing came to one so easily as to make any special painstaking in that way superfluous.

"Why should anyone——" she began, but her aunt broke in.

"Yes; you see the first 'come' is spelt 'c-u-m,' but the second is all right; and while 'you' is spelt 'y-e-w,' 'your' is all right, and so is the long word 'loneliness,'" said Mrs. Appleby, laying her finger on these curiosities of orthography with an air of triumph.

Letty gave an exclamation, and, of course, she made some remark about the wisdom of Sherlock Holmes.

"But supposing it is put on, what comes of it?" she inquired. "Does the idiot who wrote it fancy that I should be more likely to accept the invitation to meet an illiterate person than a literary or literate, or whatever you call the others?"

Mrs. Appleby smiled.

"I read the other day that you never know how illiterate a man is until he tries to be literary," she said.

"So that you think I should draw the conclusion that—that—I don't see that all that is very helpful to us just at this moment," said Letty. "Of course, I am not likely to

"SHE HELD IT UP TO THE LIGHT AS IF SHE WERE SEARCHING FOR A WATERMARK IN THE PAPER."

be such a fool as to go to meet him—whoever he may be—at Grayling Seat at one o'clock, or any other time."

"Of course not," said Mrs. Appleby. "The thing is a foolish hoax—an attempted practical joke, such as actors and that sort of people used to play upon their friends all day long. It's a wonder that any of them ever died in their beds."

"I had no intention of going to meet him. Why, he might be one of Dr. Newsome's patients," said Letty. "Tear the thing up."

(Dr. Newsome was the name of a gentleman who lived at Oakley House, two miles away, and took in persons afflicted with mental disorders.)

"Nothing more likely," acquiesced Mrs. Appleby, with promptness.

Letty did not care about her readiness. It seemed to suggest that her aunt believed that no one but a lunatic could want to meet her. But she said:—

"Exactly. Yes—only—should I talk to Uncle Phinny about it?"

"For goodness' sake, don't think of such a thing, my dear Letty," cried her aunt. "You know what your uncle is. He is so fussy — so suspicious! If you told him anything of this nonsense, he would certainly go post haste to the police, and a ridiculous fuss would be made out of it. It would get into the papers before you could turn round—there's a dreadfully energetic young pressman who comes down here on the chance of picking up something that people do not want published. And he has a kodak that he always keeps loaded, so that—there's the breakfast-bell, and I have still to get my handkerchief. Hurry down, dear, and keep him amused for two minutes; but, mind, not a word!"

She rushed into her room, and the sound of her pulling open her handkerchief-drawer synchronized with the sound of her husband's voice calling up the stairs to know if anyone was coming down to breakfast.

Letty, already on the stairs, reassured him on this point, and before he had seated himself at the breakfast-table his wife, shaking her handkerchief out of its folds, appeared at the door. "Only a minute this morning," she said. "I hope no remark was made."

"A minute is sometimes long enough to chill the bacon," said her husband.

There could be no doubt about it, Mr. Appleby was a fussy man. In his City days he had had the name of being fussy, and then he was a bachelor. It may be taken for granted that if a man who has been fussy for fifty years suddenly gets married to a lady who has been rather casual for thirty, he is likely to be fussier than ever. Mr. Appleby's temperament had something of the microscope about it—a microscope that magnified trifles a hundred diameters. But with this exception he made quite an estimable husband. He was liberal in his allowances to his wife, and in the matter of making allowance for the difference in their ages he was only just too liberal, his wife thought. That is to say, he was always saying, in a tone of regret:—

"Of course, I can't expect you to see with my eyes, my dear. I am not so foolish as to try to put an old head on young shoulders."

His good-natured assumption that she could never be so wise as himself occasionally irritated her; but far more irritating was his assumption that he had done rather a risky thing in marrying a young wife—or, for that matter, any wife. More than once he had shown her that he could be jealous of her. He certainly became fidgety when she remained for longer than five minutes in conversation with any man, and now and again he had taken exception to her remembering that certain men whom she was entertaining to afternoon tea took two lumps of sugar. He suggested to her the likelihood of their misconstruing her exercise of her excellent memory in their favour. It was possible that they might presume to think, he said, that they had made such an impression on her as caused her to treasure up in her mind even so trivial an incident as the second lump of sugar.

She was, however, a wise woman, and she tried to accommodate herself to his peculiarities, and she succeeded far better than her friends imagined she would—far better certainly than her husband's niece, Miss Letty Lawson, admitted that she herself would have done had she been in Mrs. Appleby's place. Letty was a pretty young woman of twenty-four years, three of which she had been engaged to marry a certain Captain Dalton, of the Madras Staff Corps, and she was staying with her uncle and his wife until her *fiancé* should arrive from India for the wedding. This happy incident was to take place within six or seven weeks. The last letter that she had got from him told her that he might be able to catch the next steamer; and she had been disappointed at not receiving a line from him—the mail was due the previous day—to tell her when she might expect him. Instead of this expected letter she had received that anonymous scrawl which had mystified her and Mrs. Appleby.

At the breakfast-table the remissness of Fred Dalton had been commented on by Mr. Appleby, who, having been a business-man, attached a proper amount of importance to so gross an act as missing a mail. He gave his niece to understand, however, that he still hoped, in spite of this evidence to the contrary, that Captain Dalton meant to keep his promise. Of course, this display of optimism caused the girl to flare up, and to assure her uncle that if Fred was to miss half-a-dozen mails her confidence in him would still remain unshaken.

Mrs. Appleby said, "To be sure it would, dear Letty. A man may miss a dozen mails and still be a faithful lover."

But Mr. Appleby shook his head, saying: "True, quite true, my dear, only——"

"Oh, uncle has never seen Fred, or he wouldn't make such horrid suggestions!" cried Letty.

"He has not, neither have I, you must remember; that is why we are both so impatient for his arrival," said the elder lady. Then, for the twentieth time, she remarked that it would be quite interesting for Captain Dalton to return to the neighbourhood where he had spent several years of his life—he had been one of Denham's boys for some time previous to his going to the coach, whose tips had enabled him to satisfy the examiners for the Indian Staff. For the twentieth time Letty had remarked that she was doubtful if Fred would see much that was romantic in the matter.

So the conversation at the breakfast-table dwindled away, and Mr. Appleby bustled off to give some instructions of extraordinary triviality to a builder who was doing something to the stables. He was one of those people who fancy that they can divest a trifle of its triviality by making a fuss over it; and his wife and Letty were left to resume their council on the subject of the anonymous letter. It only took them half an hour to arrive at the conclusion to which they had come before breakfast, which was that it would be absurd to say anything of that letter to Mr. Appleby, and, of course, equally absurd to pay any attention to the request, so illiterately formulated in the scrawl, that

"'OH, UNCLE HAS NEVER SEEN FRED, OR HE WOULDN'T MAKE SUCH HORRID SUGGESTIONS!' CRIED LETTY."

Letty should meet an unknown person at Grayling Seat at the hour of one. Grayling Seat was a charming and secluded spot on the edge of a plantation on the hill-side, about a mile from Sallee Grange, Mr. Appleby's house.

"Oh, of course, such a thing as going to Grayling Seat would be out of the question," said Mrs. Appleby.

"Good gracious! Surely, you never thought for a moment that I had the least idea of such a thing?" cried Letty.

"What do you take me for, Letty?" said the other, gravely. "If I thought for a moment that you——"

"How could you ever imagine that I should think that you—— Upon my word, you are getting as suspicious as Uncle Phinny," said Letty; and after all this affirmation of a negation of thought, it is unnecessary to record the fact that Mrs. Appleby and her niece were able to bring forward, each out of her own store of experience, several instances of girls who had made idiots of themselves by showing a certain amount of giddiness in making assignations with men whom their people would not tolerate as suitors for five minutes—"and all quite nice girls, mind; not the flighty creatures one sometimes meets, from whom you don't expect anything."

Then there was a good deal of very pretty uplifting of the hands, and notes of astonishment as incident followed incident, each bearing upon the folly of girls allowing themselves to be too easily carried away by the admiration of men. It was a prolific theme, and one which has now and again been known to enter into the fundamental scheme of a drama on the stage, as well as of a romance of the "slightly soiled" list of a lending library. Before the pair had more than touched lightly upon the foolishness of girls in general, it was time for the elder to interview her cook and for the younger to interview the gardener.

And before these interviews had come to an end Mr. Appleby had seated himself on a rough stone bench two miles on the Grayling side of the highway, and had taken once again from his pocket a sheet of paper containing the words:—

If you cum a loan to Grayling seat at one o'clock yew wil find sum one to chear your loneliness. Do come, dear.

He gazed at this missive which he had found on the floor of his dressing-room shortly after breakfast, and then he sighed, removed his hat, and wiped his forehead. He had walked fast — almost wildly — along the road, and the morning was rather a warm one; but when the Demon of Jealousy is behind a man, he drives that man onward at a pretty good pace regardless of Fahrenheit or centigrade.

"I wouldn't have believed it of her!" he muttered. "No; not if an angel had—but I satisfied myself—none of the servants had so much as crossed the threshold of the dressing-room." It had been on his mind when he picked up that letter on the floor of the dressing-room that it had been dropped from the bosom of the housemaid's dress—it was just the sort of letter, orthographically and calligraphically, that he had once found in a cracked sauce-boat on the kitchen-dresser. "No; none of them had been in the room," he went on, soliloquizing like a man in an old play, only less coherently; he had no audience panting to hear his remarks. "None—it was her letter—that's what kept her late for breakfast, ha!" He then recollected how his wife had been quite flurried when she had entered the breakfast-room so late—his microscopic temperament increased the half-minute that she was late into a good five minutes, and her hurry into a flurry.

He looked at the letter again. It was surely illiterate if he knew anything of illiteracy, and, being a well-informed man, he rather thought that he did. It was grossly illiterate; and yet his wife had deigned to be the recipient of such a missive! Good heavens! It might only be one of a dozen such, of which she had been the recipient—and in his own house—under the roof which sheltered her and her lawful husband!

He crushed the scrawl into his pocket and sprang to his feet. He had not merely read in some horrid Divorce Court report of a lady who had run away from a happy home with a groom; such an incident had actually come under his own notice. The husband had been in the wine business, and they had had a beautiful house in the most select part of Denmark Hill—only the man was the coachman. And to think that something of the same sort had entered into his own life!

"No, no; I can't think it of her—I can't! She would never—no, no; I am a fool to suspect her—a fool!—a wretch! She would never make an assignation with an illiterate scoundrel!" (He seemed to feel that, somehow, half of the crime lay in the illiteracy of the writer of the letter.) "No, no; she would never agree to an assignation with such a person!"

He had begun to walk briskly along the road once more, but, having gone a hundred yards or so, he stopped dead. The thought that acted upon him with the force of a pneumatic brake was this: "Why should you not go to the place named in the letter at the hour suggested, and wait to see if she comes?"

He was not at that moment the man to be above spying upon his wife. He had not a single qualm about it. He did not say to himself that he would do so because he was convinced of her innocence. He had more than once laid a trap for an *employé* whose probity he suspected, and surely what was allowable in regard to an *employé* was justifiable in repect of a wife.

"I'll do it! I'll do it!" he muttered, decisively.

He pulled out his watch, and found that the hour was just noon. He would have a full hour to wait—assuming that she would be more punctual in this case than she usually was in domestic appointments—breakfast, for instance; he had come to believe that she had been ten minutes late that morning owing to the flurry which had caused her to drop the letter.

Now it so happened that Mrs. Appleby was a woman, and that is only another way of saying that she had an inquiring mind. She was never overpowered by a spirit of curiosity, but she had undoubtedly an inquiring mind. *She always wanted to see what would happen.* Let theologians, new as well as old, say what they will, this was why the first woman partook of the apple: she wanted to see what would happen. And it was this same irresistible instinct that compelled Mrs. Appleby, a couple of hours after agreeing with Letty that nothing could be more preposterous than to accept the invitation suggested by the writer of that ridiculous letter, to turn her steps, after doing some trifle of shopping at the village, in the direction of Grayling Seat. She had really not made up her mind to go in that direction; as a matter of fact, she had already made up her mind that the notion of any one of her household going in that direction was preposterous, but all the same she went. She had brought herself to believe that she had no notion of going, and to fancy that she was surprised when she found herself at ten minutes to one o'clock at the bend of the road, the most secluded branch of which led to Grayling Seat and the tiny waterfall that

trickled over the rocks, and might be seen to great advantage from the little rustic bridge.

"Gracious! Why should I have chosen this place of all others for my walk?" was the interpretation of the little laugh that she gave when she found herself at the bend of the road. She stopped for a few moments and then gave another laugh, the interpretation of which anyone who might have heard it would have known to be:—

"Having inadvertently come to this place, it would be quite ridiculous if I were to walk back without seeing who is the love-lorn idiot who expected a girl like Letty Lawson to accept his suggestion for an assignation."

She gave several additional little laughs while she stood irresolute (as she fancied) for a minute or two. The first laugh was when she thought of the possibility of his being the curate of Little Giddling; the second was when she thought of a certain long-legged pupil of Dr. Denham's whom she had detected gazing earnestly at Letty during the reading of both lessons the previous Sunday in church; the third was when she thought of the twelve-year-old son of Dr. Newsome, whose "Home" she could just see through the trees—a rather imposing Georgian mansion, where the mentally afflicted were supposed to develop into Solons, if they did not hang themselves to one of the Georgian beams of the spacious attics in the meantime, or take a header into one of the geranium-beds from a window. She had heard that young Master Newsome was going into the Navy, so that he might possibly be the writer of that letter, and it would be great fun to pounce upon him at his suggested rendezvous.

But for that matter it would be great fun to pounce upon either of the others—the curate or the long-legged devotee. But before she had reached the wooden seats among the plantation, walking slowly and cautiously in case the foolish fellow might have arrived before his time, she was herself pounced upon by a man who sprang from among the trees. She had given her little shriek before she saw that it was her husband.

"Phineas, you really shouldn't; you quite frightened me," she said.

And then she saw the look that was in his face.

"Gracious! What is the matter, dear?" she cried.

"Louisa," he said, solemnly, "I would not have believed it of you. No; not if an angel——"

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean that I know all—all," he replied.

"All what?" she inquired.

"This—this—this!" he cried, pulling out the letter and straightening out its crumples and puckers with a slap—he felt that it did him so much good to slap it that he did it again, his voice rising to a crescendo of "thises."

"Where did you get that?" she cried. "I must have let it fall leaving the dressing-room in my hurry."

"You admit that this vile thing came to you, and that you came here in accordance with its vile invitation?"

"Nothing of the sort. It came to Letty—that idiotic thing; and she brought it to me, and I, of course, advised her to pay no attention to it, so——"

"So you paid the attention to it to make up for her neglect? Louisa, if anyone had told me that you—you—my wife—if an angel from Heaven——"

"Really, Phineas, you are becoming insufferable with your suspicions. I tell you that ridiculous thing came to Letty, and——"

"The question is not what came to Letty; the question is why you came here—answer me that, if you can. Why did you come here? Why did you come here?"

"I came quite inadvertently, I assure you."

"Ah! Quite inadvertently."

And then Mrs. Appleby, perceiving the feebleness of this explanation, turned round indignantly.

"If I came inadvertently, I go away because I feel that you have insulted me grossly—grossly, and when I go away you may be sure that I shall never return," she cried, and before he could recover from his surprise at the ease with which she had put him in the wrong, she had walked away.

He dropped into one of the seats towards which they had both been moving during their rather vehement conversation, and once again he tried to soothe his nerves by removing his hat and wiping his forehead. Then he got upon his feet and took out the letter—it was looking rather the worse for wear by now—and read it carefully. Down he flung it upon the ground and trampled on it; and feeling somewhat relieved by the exercise, he walked to and fro with his hands clasped in front of him, crying, not *sotto voce*, but quite loud:—

"Oh, Louisa! Louisa! I would not have believed it of you. Not if an angel——"

But the turn that he made at the third exclamation brought him face to face with a tall and good-looking young man who had just come through the shrubbery. The young

man stared at him, and he stared at the young man, for some moments, then Mr. Appleby picked up the remains of the ill-treated letter, still keeping his eyes on the new-comer. It was on his mind to hold out the letter, saying, in commanding tones :—

"Do you know this, sir—this letter?"

But on second consideration he perceived that, even if the young man were the writer of the letter, he could scarcely be expected to recognise it after the many vicissitudes which it had recently undergone. Besides—well, the young man was tall and well set up, and he knew that when scoundrels are built in that way it is much wiser to leave them to the gnawings of their own remorse. Mr. Appleby could not refrain from shaking his fist at a safe distance from the young man, before turning and walking away with such an expression of indignation as was consistent with his personal security. When he reached the bend of one of the paths he stopped, and once again shook his fist in the direction of the stranger—more menacingly now, for they were farther apart by a good hundred feet.

"My Aunt Dorcas!" muttered the young man. "Was there ever such an old dodderer? He looked like a low comedian studying the part of a heavy father. But, thank goodness, he has gone. He would have been something of an encumbrance later on—that is, if she——"

He took out his watch, and said: "Past one already! She isn't coming, after all."

He had scarcely seated himself on the seat vacated by Mr. Appleby when there was a sound of someone hurrying through the shrubbery behind him. He sprang up, crying, "Letty! confound it all!"

It was not the young lady but a young man of about his own age, very athletic and alert, but quite respectable, with a bowler hat.

"Halloa! What's this?" cried the first man, for the other had actually rushed towards him before he had turned round.

The man took off his bowler.

"I'm very sorry if I startled you, sir," he said. "But I was sure that you were the chap we are all looking for."

"I hope I'm not. Who is the chap?"

"Mental, sir—one of Dr. Newsome's mentals—detrimentals, we call his class—homicidal mania, sir. Got out of bounds an hour ago. I'm one of the nurses—we're all after him. You didn't by any chance come across him, sir?"

"My aunt, he must have been the old chap who shook his fist at me! Oh, there can be no doubt about it. Yes, he was here not five minutes ago. A regular raging lunatic, but discreet; he shook his fist and cleared off."

"In what direction, sir?"

"By the end of the road!"

"Much obliged, sir. We'll grab him, never fear!"

Off he went with a rush, and the other gave a laugh. He felt in his pocket for his cigar-case, and when he had a cigar between his teeth and was feeling for his matches he grinned. The comic situation that was in his mind was one which he thought would occur a second or two after he should be attacked by the escaped lunatic. He felt certain that he could double up anyone of the calibre of Mr. Appleby in the course of a few seconds.

When he had lighted his cigar he looked at his watch again and sauntered off in the opposite direction to that taken by the athlete in the bowler. He did not go very far; it seemed as if he was expecting someone to keep an appointment with him in the neighbourhood of the seats. He only left the path for a minute or two to examine with a restless interest the trickling of the stream that went by the name of the Cascade in that part of the country. Here he took out his watch once more, and muttered :—

"Confound it all! I have made a pretty ass of myself!"

He strolled back to the path and seated himself again. In less than a minute he heard the sound of hurrying footsteps; he saw the shimmer of a dress beyond the hedge.

"At last! At last!" he whispered; and, quickly rising, he slipped behind the nearest of the group of laurels of the shrubbery at the back of his seat. He meant to have some fun, springing out on her.

It so happened, however, that when the wearer of the dress came abreast of his hiding-place and he sprang out, she gave a shriek and staggered back as though she were about to faint. She was a stranger to him, and he had certainly given her a terrible start; and, as she was quite good-looking, he felt some remorse.

"A thousand pardons!" he said, advancing quickly to her aid. "I am afraid that you will think me a lunatic, but the truth is that——"

"Oh, dear, no, n[illegible] ——" she faltered, with an attempt to smile [illegible]t was scarcely successful. "I was only look[illegible]ng for—for—a gentleman."

"And I trust, madam, that you have found one," said he, trying to place her at her ease. "I am afraid that you are still frightened. Let me offer you my arm; it is the least that I can do."

"'A THOUSAND PARDONS!' HE SAID, ADVANCING QUICKLY TO HER AID."

The lady was Mrs. Appleby. She had not left her husband many minutes when she met one of the attendants at Dr. Newsome's establishment, and on hearing from him of the escape of his "case" she had hurried back to where she had left her husband. He had treated her very basely, but it occurred to her that being slain by a homicidal lunatic would be a punishment rather in excess of what his conduct merited. She had hurried back to the seat only to find herself confronted by a stranger whose demeanour seemed to her quite consistent with that of a patient of Dr. Newsome's. But she had had experience. She had often heard that the best way to treat such persons was to humour them, not to cross them in any way, and it was in pursuance of such a scheme that she made another attempt to smile, giving him her hand, and saying with mollifying sweetness:—

"How kind you are! I do feel a little weak."

He took her hand and found that she was trembling so greatly that he feared she was about to fall. She certainly needed some support. In a purely helpful spirit and quite respectfully, he put an arm about her.

But before he had assisted her to the nearest of the seats there was a shout from the little mound opposite the shrubbery, and down came Mr. Appleby like a whirlwind. After leaving the young man five minutes before, he had not gone home; he had merely strolled round the path at the other side of the mound, and had secreted himself in order to find out if Letty would really keep the appointment. His wife had assured him that it was Letty and not she who had received the letter; and he was determined to find out the truth by playing the spy.

And the moment he had reached the top of the mound he saw his wife with that strange man's arm about her! He just managed to save himself from alighting on his head at the feet of the others; but he had still breath enough remaining to enable him to denounce her with adequate fervour.

"Wretched woman!" he cried. "Can you deny your guilt in the face of such evidence? Oh, to think of it—you—you——"

The stranger got between her and the angry man.

"Don't be afraid! I'll tackle him!" he said, reassuringly, to her. "Now, my good fellow," he was facing Mr. Appleby, "don't you attempt any violence here or I'll double you up in a jiffy." Mr. Appleby thought it better not to attempt any violence, and the young man whispered to the lady:—

"You had best get away. One of the attendants is bound to be at hand."

She had been making signs to her husband at the man's back, doing her best to signify to him the necessity to be calm at this crisis, but as the stranger was playing the part of her protector with such adroitness as kept her dodging from side to side behind him to make those signals to her husband, it was not surprising that they conveyed nothing to him.

"Stand aside, sir! Stand aside, I command you!" cried Mr. Appleby.

"Not likely! Come now, old cock, calm yourself!" was the stranger's reply; and again he turned to the lady, saying, "Now's your time! Get away now that he has an interval of calm."

She made a despairing attempt to signal to her husband that she would return with reinforcements, and then made a dash for the path to the right. Her husband was in the act of hurrying after her when the young man caught him by the collar and swung him round.

"No, you don't!" he said. And Mr. Appleby didn't.

"What do you mean, you scoundrel!" he cried. "Do you dare to add insult to injury by trying to prevent me from following my own wife?"

The young man was plainly diverted. He roared with laughter.

"My aunt! What notions these chaps do get into their poor pates!" he muttered. Then, with a firm hand on the other's arm, he said:—

"Don't you think that if you had said your daughter you would run a better chance of being believed?"

"How dare you, sir! I tell you that lady is my wife, and until you appeared upon the scene a happier couple——"

"Quite so—quite so. But now, you see, you drove her away from you by your bad conduct. I'm afraid that you are a very wicked old boy. No, no; you needn't try to shake me off. Be quiet, can't you? Don't wriggle so, or I'll have to be stern with you. Come and sit down beside me and tell me all about your daughter—I beg your pardon, your wife, I meant. I wonder how long she will be bringing the attendant."

His last exclamation was muttered as he forced Mr. Appleby into the nearest seat and sat down beside him. Twice Mr. Appleby tried to rise, and each time the stranger pulled him down, saying:—

"Now, why should you be so restless? Look at me. Can't you take things easy? Tell me the story of your life, and how often you had the measles. Is it true that you are a dipsomaniac, and if so, what does it feel like?"

"Sir, you insult me! I have never been so insulted before. Let me tell you that I am a magistrate for two counties," said Mr. Appleby, when he had sprung to his feet and was again pulled back. "I promise you, sir, that you shall suffer for this. You shall pay the full penalty, I swear to you!"

"Forty shillings, or a month! Good old beak!" laughed the young man, lying well back in the seat. But that was just where he made a mistake, for before his laugh had ended he found himself encircled by a swiftly-running noose of a stout Alpine rope—it had been adroitly thrown over him from behind, and when the knot had run home he was bound to the arm and the back of the seat. Before he had recovered from his surprise, half-a-dozen coils were about his arms, binding them down to the stout woodwork. Of course he yelled and kicked and struck out; but he had been taken by surprise, and he was clearly overpowered by the three men and a long-legged boy, who were now standing panting behind him with Mrs. Appleby.

"What is the meaning of this?" he cried, indignantly. "Are you all mad? Is it a joke or what? By the Lord Harry, the whole asylum must have broken loose! What does it mean?"

What it meant was that Mrs. Appleby had been able to guide a search party, consisting of the curate, a groom, an under-gardener, and the long-legged pupil of Dr. Denham, to where the man whom she assured them was the escaped lunatic was seated with her husband, and the curate, being an Alpine climber, had brought his rope with him, and had shown the skill of a professed lariat-thrower in noosing the man.

And there they stood panting, having done their work very thoroughly.

"Oh, Phineas, now I hope you see the

"I PROMISE YOU, SIR, THAT YOU SHALL SUFFER FOR THIS."

truth," cried Mrs. Appleby, when her husband had risen—he felt it quite a relief to be able to rise without being immediately pulled down again by his coat-tails.

He took off his hat and wiped his forehead.

"Give me time—give me time, Louisa," he said, in a subdued voice.

"Surely you must see the whole truth," she cried.

He looked at her and then at the young man roped to the seat.

"It begins to dawn upon me," he said, quietly. "But I've had enough for to-day, thanks. I'm going home to lunch."

"We will all go in different directions in search of the attendants," said the curate. He had never organized any scheme more complex than a mothers' meeting, but now he felt that he had a genius in that line. He withdrew his forces, paying no attention to the threats and protests of the young man within the coils of the rope; but Mr. and Mrs. Appleby walked home together. They thought that they had had enough excitement to carry them over lunch-time.

"My aunt! I seem to have arrived when all the lunatics in the county are having a day out," muttered the man in the rope. "I wonder how long it will be before a sane person comes near enough to cut this confounded rope. Oh, by the Lord Harry! this is not what I expected when I—heavens! can it be possible that Letty put them up to all this when she got that rather idiotic letter of mine? No, no; they played their parts only too well. It is perfectly plain that they took me for the escaped lunatic. Oh, the idiots!"

It did not occur to him just then that he had been a bit hasty himself in attributing some form of dementia to a highly respectable gentleman, but his reflections on the situation might eventually have reached this point, had not Miss Letty Lawson appeared in the middle distance, looking to right and left as if she expected to meet someone at this place.

It is unnecessary to say that Miss Letty, after agreeing with her aunt that it would be ridiculous to go to Grayling Seat, had somehow found herself close to the place at twenty

minutes past one. She knew she was late, but still—— She gave a cry when she came upon the object on the seat—a cry of surprise, and then one of delight. "Fred! My Fred! But what—what—oh, Fred! Why did you tie yourself up like that?"

"Oh, my aunt! she takes me for a lunatic too," murmured Fred. "Letty," he added, "you will find a knife in my waistcoat pocket—if you can get at it—I can feel it just under the sixth coil from the top. If you wouldn't mind cutting the rope you will be acting the part of a kindly Fate."

She had some difficulty in getting out the knife, but by dint of taking a long breath, he managed to make a space large enough for her hand between the coils, and when he did it again she was able to withdraw her hand with the knife.

It might have been expected that the constriction would make his arms stiff and useless. But if Letty had such a notion, he quickly proved to her that it was erroneous. He was able, without saying a word, to give her a very good idea of how tightly he had been bound.

When at last he released her—had she not done as much for him?—she demanded an explanation, and he was able to give her some sort of one.

"The fact is, darling, that I caught the homeward mail before I had time to write to you, and I meant to make you a surprise visit. That was why I wrote that absurd letter, disguising my hand and spelling so that your surprise might be all the greater."

"It could not have been greater," said she. "It certainly was a surprise visit. But I wouldn't do it again, if I were you, Freddy, darling."

"No fear!" said he.

Then they both lay back and had a hearty laugh. They were still laughing when the curate and his expedition arrived with the attendant, who had just told them that the "case" had not escaped after all. When they had searched the doctor's house they had omitted to look up the chimney of the box-room, and there he had been all the time.

Letty and her Fred laughed all the more heartily at hearing this, and the curate gathered up the fragments of his Alpine rope.

"BUT WHAT—WHAT—OH, FRED! WHY DID YOU TIE YOURSELF UP LIKE THAT?"

Tolstoi's Jubilee.

"BUT, your Majesty——"

"I have heard sufficient," interposed the Czar, curtly. "We must leave Tolstoi alone. If we make a martyr of him, there will be such an outcry, not only in Russia but all through the civilized world, that we shall never hear the end of it."

Such was the attitude of Alexander III. when his Minister, egged on by the redoubtable Procurator of the Holy Synod, Pobiedonostzov, insisted upon the necessity of confining Tolstoi in a monastery and preventing him from publishing anything more.

Since that day Tolstoi has been permitted by Russian autocracy to give free expression to what are, perhaps, the most subversive doctrines ever enunciated in any age or in any country. He has, it is true, been officially excommunicated by the Greek Church — such a measure was inevitable; but, notwithstanding this, a very large section of the Russian public consider his genius the principal intellectual asset of their nation. If there have been great writers in Russia before Tolstoi, there has been none with talents so universal. To quote from the appeal issued by the St. Petersburg committee formed to celebrate his jubilee:—

"The fame of Tolstoi has long ago passed the frontiers of his own country; the travail of his mighty brain is followed with rapt interest by men of every nation. Better than anybody, he has given concrete form to the idea that we are all members of the same family, one and indivisible, groping in every latitude after the eternally-elusive solutions of the same eternal problems."

In the course of his long career Tolstoi has drunk deep of the cup of human experience; life has not always flowed for him with the calm, even tenor it does to-day. Yet, through all the vicissitudes of the headstrong, passionate youth, the dissipated early manhood, the period of moral doubts and torments, Tolstoi's disciples are persuaded they can detect, lurking in the background, the shade of the same spirit that now animates the philosopher, ripe in years and knowledge.

How characteristic, they say, is the first conscious sensation of which Tolstoi has any distinct recollection! He was an infant, lying in his cradle, arms and legs closely pinioned—as is the custom in Russia. The position became irksome and the child attempted, but all in vain, to free its arms. "Then, in my rage" (it is Tolstoi himself who recounts the incident), "I began to cry, and though my own crying irritated me beyond expression, I could not stop myself. I felt the injustice and cruelty of Fate, and my heart overflowed with self-pity. This my first impression of life has remained my strongest impression." Is not this, we are asked, symbolical of the man's whole subsequent existence, ceaselessly in revolt against the shackles prejudice imposes upon us?

On that day was born the philosopher.

Another early memory proclaims the presence of the artist who is henceforth, in Tolstoi's soul, to wage eternal warfare with the philosopher. The child had been put into a bath of bran and water, "and, for the first time, I took notice of and admired my little body, the polished tub, the bare arms of my old nurse, but what gave me more pleasure than all else was the sensation of passing my hand over the smooth, wet edge of the tub."

His sister Marie relates that one day, at the hour of luncheon, he succeeded in eluding the vigilance of his tutor in order to carry into execution a project he had long had in view. This was to jump out of the window into the courtyard, a distance of fifteen feet below! The boy did it and, providentially, did not break any bones, but the shock was so great that he slept afterwards for eighteen hours.

Nothing caused Tolstoi, the boy, more annoyance about this time than the knowledge that he was very plain-featured. To be revenged on Nature he determined to make himself still uglier, and, with this end in view, cut off his eyebrows. What his family thought of this escapade we are not told.

Another time his tutor found him thrashing an old horse in the most savage manner

because the poor creature, no longer so nimble on its legs as it had once been, did not gallop fast enough to suit its young master. The tutor reproached the lad indignantly for his cruelty, pointing out that a faithful old servant such as Voronok—the name of the horse—deserved to be treated as well as a human servant who has grown grey in her master's service. Immediately the boy's fury gave place to an agony of shame. His eyes over-brimming with tears, he flung his arms round the poor, exhausted animal's neck and, in a torrent of endearing expressions, entreated its pardon.

Slight as these incidents may be, Tolstoi's admirers maintain that they must be considered as the earliest manifestations of the perpetual future struggle between an impulsive will and a scrupulous conscience.

Of his youth, his studies at Kazan University, his attempts at farming, his military experiences in the Caucasus and at Sebastopol, Tolstoi has himself given the world many details. With admirable frankness he has made full confession of the debaucheries of early manhood. He has laid bare all his errors, his outbursts of violent temper, his inordinate passion for gambling, his alternations of moral suffering and familiar joys, his artistic pleasure when success came, his doubts, his moral crises; finally, he has told how his whole soul was illumined when he suddenly discovered what with every fibre of his being he believes to be the truth, the exact perception of what life really means.

PORTRAITS OF TOLSTOI AT DIFFERENT AGES.

When all is said and done, however, Tolstoi is, before everything else, an artist. To-day he may speak with contumely about the two superb works which laid the foundation of his fame, "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina"; he may deny the value of art and profess to attach importance alone to a natural mode of life, manual labour, the humanitarian ideal, and the confraternity of the human race.

Let him, however, write "Resurrection," for instance. Notwithstanding the designed negligences of style, we find him—in spite of himself, as it were—turning to account all his gifts of observation, of precision, like the true artist he is. "Why should anybody wish to celebrate such useless works as 'Peace and War' and 'Anna Karenina'?" he asked the men who were at the head of the movement to commemorate his jubilee. "In my opinion such commemorations are insupportable. Their only effect is to make the subjects of them inordinately vain, and everyone else proportionately jealous. It is the latter part of my life's work which I believe to be the most useful, but it is not by feasting you will do it honour. If you would show your belief in its value, practise in your everyday existence those almost-forgotten Christian rules of conduct which for the past twenty-five years I have been ceaselessly recalling to the world's memory."

Exactly twenty-five years have, in fact, elapsed since the terrible crisis which nearly wrecked Tolstoi's life. In exchange for the simple, trusting faith of youth he had adopted a form of atheistic belief which left no loophole for a glimpse of the ideal, without which existence seems but a weary, arid desert. Suddenly he realized the emptiness of living in such conditions. He determined to die, and had actually already attached the rope to the bolt of the library door. Everything had been prepared most methodically. The slip-knot was in place ready to do its fatal work. All that remained was to——

At that supreme instant, as in a lightning flash, the man, who already saw death eye to eye, realized all the moral beauty of the pure evangelical doctrines practised by the early Christians. He was saved!

Ever since that moment Tolstoi has consistently endeavoured to put into actual daily practice the teachings of Christ; this preoccupation underlies all his recent writings. He tries to carry out the teaching literally by working with his own hands, now at the cobbler's bench, now in the fields, now assisting the peasants of Tasnaia Poliana to build their huts, reducing his own personal requirements to the strictest minimum, and taking advantage of the services of others only when this is unavoidable.

Notwithstanding all his efforts, however, Tolstoi has by no means succeeded in convincing the members of his own family of the truth of his doctrines. This, as may be imagined, is a source of great affliction for him, but he never openly complains. "I am myself," he says, "but a feeble, erring man, unable to get rid of many of my perverse habits, but, with all my heart and soul, I aspire to become better."

What this modern apostle understands by becoming better may best be gathered by summing up briefly the principal heads of his teaching. Though he professes himself a Christian, Tolstoi is not a Christian in the signification given to the term by the Orthodox Russian Church. He believes that all that is necessary for a man to do is to follow out some of the principal precepts set forth in the Sermon on the Mount.

In the future existence of the individual Tolstoi does not believe. Salvation, according to him, must be won in this world by a well-spent life. Here are some of the rules he lays down for this end:—

Anger can never be legitimate.
Marriage must be considered as indissoluble.
Never take an oath.
Never oppose evil or wicked men, but endure every injury, be its source what it may. (This he looks upon as the fundamental rule of his system.)
Love your enemies, whether they be your own countrymen or foreigners.
Abandon every form of luxury and limit your requirements.
Love Nature and manual labour.
Be your own servitor.
Believe blindly in God, who in Himself comprises all Beauty, all Truth, all Goodness, and all Love.
All men are equal.

Of his own death Tolstoi declares he is constantly thinking. "I am quite happy," he declares, "but I now await another form of happiness which I feel is drawing near."

Long ago he indicated the spot where he desires to be laid to rest, "since I suppose my body must be buried somewhere." It is at the side of a small ravine, Stari-Zakaz, a spot where, when quite a child, he used to play with his little brother Nikolenka. On one occasion he hid in the ground from his brother a small piece of wood on which, with juvenile conceit, the future philosopher had written, "Here lies the means of rendering men happy." There, some day, will lie all that is mortal of this great man—it would be more accurate to say of this great and honest man, "the noblest work of God."

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

By W. PETT RIDGE.

I.—THE VETERAN.

COMING at a hurry by the wall of the goods station, he checked at the corner of Purchese Street, assuming a more leisurely gait; as he nearly reached the schools, took from his overcoat a packet of cigarettes and one he lighted after giving it three taps on the back of his hand. Blew a good cloud as he went by the open gate of the playground; the hour was just past five, but a few lads were still there engaged in the sport of More Sacks on the Mill. The line of bending youngsters representing the mill collapsed, sacks fell to the ground, all made a rush to greet him.

"'Ullo, Ginger!" they exclaimed.

"I'll ginger you," he said, looking down at them threateningly, "if you can't keep civil tongues in your head."

"How you getting on?" they asked.

"A treat!" he answered, more amiably. "And from all I hear, they're very well pleased with me."

"Some people ain't difficult to satisfy."

He looked in at the gate and surveyed with a reminiscent air the asphalted space. "Queer to come back and have a look at the old place," he remarked, musingly. "Had a good many games in there of one shape or another in my young days. Wish I'd got as many sovereigns. The time will come when you boys glance back as I'm doing now, and very likely you'll be sorry then that you didn't pay more attention to your studies. Oh, yes, you will!"—answering their chorus of protest. "You don't think of it now, but it'll come later on. It isn't until you get out in the world——"

"'QUEER TO COME BACK AND HAVE A LOOK AT THE OLD PLACE,' HE REMARKED, MUSINGLY."

They interrupted with a request.

"My lads," he said, paternally, "I have a fag in my pocket—several, to tell you the truth — but I don't propose to give any of you so much as half a one. By rights, no man ought to start smoking until he's left school. Undermines the brain, affects the intellect, and altogether it's bad for you. If I ever caught a boy of mine smoking before he'd done with school, I'd make him remember it. What you all want is a firm hand. In my place of business nothing could be done, the work wouldn't go on from one year to another unless there was something like discipline. How's everybody getting along?" he asked, taking a more conversational style. "How's the head master

—what's his name again? I have so much to think of; can't keep everything in my mind."

They prompted.

"Give him my best regards," he commended, "if any of you get a chance, and say I asked after him. And how's the chap that used to take Standard Five? Is he keeping pretty well? That's good. I find myself a lot improved in health and appetite. For instance, I went out to-day in my dinner-hour and I didn't know what to have. Looked at the bill of fare and saw steak and kidney pie, saw calf's liver and bacon, saw rump steak, and saw——"

"Which did you have?" they asked, eagerly. "Tell us!"

"And saw stewed steak, and saw roast mutton and onion sauce, and saw boiled beef and carrots——"

"Tell us!" they insisted, with a shriek.

"So I said to the young party who was waiting on me, I said, 'Miss,' I said, 'I don't feel particularly peckish; what would you recommend?' So she says, 'Oh,' she says, 'why not try something light? Why not tackle the beef-steak pudding?' And she brought me a very good helping, with some potatoes and Brussels sprouts and a lot of gravy, and"—stretching his arms luxuriously—"I did well. Did myself very well indeed. If I never make a worse meal than the one I had to-day I sha'n't grumble."

"What did it run you into?"

"Cost me ninepence before I got out of the place."

"They do know how to charge!" remarked the impressed boys to each other.

"Had a little conversation with the young party," he went on, chuckling. "Don't remember exactly all I said to her, but she took up every remark of mine and answered me back rather smartly. Women are peculiar creatures, when you come to think of 'em; what I mean to say is, they are always pleased if you show you've singled 'em out for special notice. One or two of the chaps at our place have gone and got engaged, but that, so far as I can see, is a mug's game, nothing more nor less. Because, what does it mean? What does it amount to? Simply amounts to this—double tram fares, double railway fares, and so forth and so on. I'm not going to be rushed," he concluded, determinedly.

They had many inquiries to put concerning his work and the amount of wages—information he gave in regard to the second question was guarded and cautious; but he kept nothing back concerning his work, and to make the description clearer he, ordering them to stand aside, acted a brief sketch, intended to enable them to form an idea of the importance of his duties. When he had finished he threw open his overcoat in a careless way, and they crowded around to examine the brass buttons of his uniform, entreating him to spare one—a request he declined to treat as serious, but he did consent to stand in a good light near the lamp-post where they could feast their eyes. He explained that only the privileged few at his place of business were permitted to wear the uniform; a cap went with the suit, but it was not considered good form to wear this in the public streets, apart from which there was always the risk of being stopped by old ladies who, assuming you belonged to a railway, demanded to know at what times the trains ran on Sundays to Harringay. Yes, he had, to tell the truth, felt slightly nervous on first going out into the world, but this soon wore off, and one looked back with amusement to early tremors. The great thing was to remember that orders had to be obeyed, and this proved easier when it was recognised that in course of time yours would be the privilege of issuing them. Congratulating himself on the circumstance that ever since he left school and took to business he had never had so much as a mis-word with his superiors, he was able to say further that all had gone as clockwork goes.

"But I must be off," he said, interrupting himself. "Got a lot of things to do this evening. No business to be hanging about here, talking to you. Don't suppose I shall be in bed a stroke before eleven to-night."

They regarded him enviously.

"Work accumulates unless you keep it well in hand. One of our foremen was saying to me only this evening, 'Make each day clear off each day's task!' That's the motto that you want always to bear in mind; if you don't, you soon find yourself overwhelmed—simply and absolutely overwhelmed. Good night, all. Glad to have seen you again. Hope we shall run up against each other some time or other. Tell the caretaker I called, will you, and hoped his cold was better? So long!"

One cried suddenly, "Why, here he comes!"

There was no alternative but to wait and speak—this in spite of the extreme pressure of engagements. The caretaker, jingling a bunch of keys, sent a few strips of banana-peel from the pavement and, looking up,

"'WELL, MY LAD,' SAID THE CARETAKER, CHEERFULLY, 'AND HOW HAVE YOU GOT ON WITH YOUR FIRST DAY AFTER LEAVING SCHOOL?'"

accepted the salute, told the youngsters it was time to cut off home, and as they went turned to the visitor.

"Well, my lad," said the caretaker, cheerfully, "and how have you got on with your first day after leaving school?"

II.—AN EXCELLENT TIP.

"I BEG your pardon, sir." The man spoke respectfully, lifting his tweed cap, and Witherton stopped. "You will excuse me speaking."

"Haven't a match on me," said Witherton. "Sorry!"

"The butler, sir, up at the Castle. You don't know me, but I recognised the back of your head. First time you've visited us, I think, sir."

"And the last!"

The other, shifting his brown-paper parcel to the left hand, bowed as one who knew his position too well to contradict even a snappish remark.

"You're leaving, I believe, to-morrow morning?"

"I was just wondering," admitted the perturbed visitor, "whether I couldn't slip away quietly to London this evening."

"A mistake!" remarked the butler, with a touch of severity. "A blunder, sir, if you don't mind me saying so. It has happened more than once before, but I never knew any excuse, in such a case, to be accepted by her Grace. Her Grace is very keen in such matters. You have to get up very early in the morning, sir, to take her Grace in. She knows as well as anyone that it's only done to dodge the servants."

"Nothing," asserted Witherton, heatedly, "nothing, I assure you, was further from my mind."

The butler gave an outward gesture with open hands that might have meant anything of a non-committal nature. With deference, he asked whether Witherton was strolling in the direction of the station; he himself was going that way, and if it was not too much of a liberty——

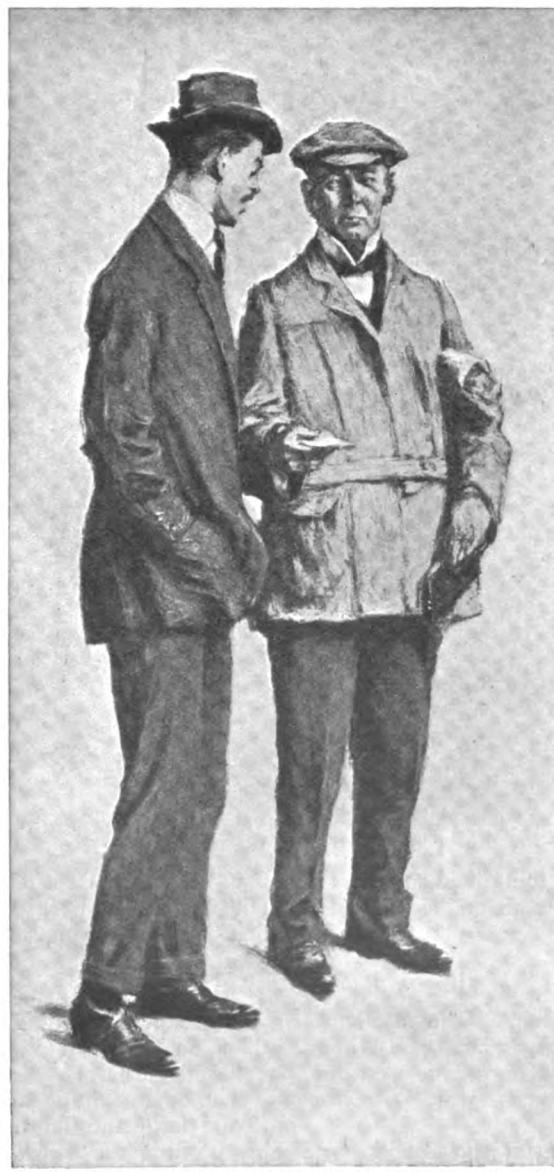
"I find I must have exercise, sir. Being a man of somewhat full habit the walking I get inside a house is not sufficient. A certain fullness of figure, if I may venture to say so, is appropriate to one like myself, but I have to see that it does not develop into extravagance. Fourteen stone seven, sir, is my limit."

"I say," remarked Witherton, suddenly, "if I ask you a simple, straightforward question, will you give me a straightforward, simple answer?"

The butler took from an inside pocket of his Norfolk jacket a flat book and tore out a page.

"You'll find all the particulars you want there," he said.

"How in the world did you know what I wanted to know?"



"'YOU'LL FIND ALL THE PARTICULARS YOU WANT THERE,' HE SAID."

"Her Grace having adopted for years past the habit of asking somewhat unusual people from town, certain facts, sir, have been, as one may say, borne in on my knowledge. On the evening before leaving they become to a certain extent abstracted and thoughtful, and as I am a man gifted with considerable powers of observation I can scarcely fail to detect that it is one subject, and one subject alone, which engages their thoughts."

Witherton, gazing at the slip, said he did not want to haggle on such a delicate subject, but were not the figures rather stiff?

"To those not in the habit of visiting superior 'ouses——"

"Of course, I knew the amounts would be large. Who is this at the head of the list? Redwell, two guineas."

"Redwell, sir,

is myself. I have the responsibility of the plate, you see. The two footmen, you will remark, are down for lesser amounts."

"Just as well," remarked the visitor, ruefully, still inspecting the items. "Why, the total takes nearly every penny I've got with me."

"That, sir, is the idea. Some of the items should, strictly speaking, be larger, but the valet who brushes your clothes assured me it would be useless to expect anything like full prices."

Witherton faced the butler determinedly.

"Look here," he cried, with violence. "This, you know, is nothing more or less than a gross imposition. I shall keep this piece of paper, and I shall go to the Duchess, and I shall tell her all about it. Every word, from start to finish. If she knew that her guests were expected to pay these infamous tips, why she'd go out of her mind."

"I think not."

"That's the view you take, is it?"

"That's the view I take," said the other, equably. "You've had very little experience of the country, I think, judging from the way you handled your gun, and the words 'Agricultural Depression' are to you merely headlines in a newspaper. You make it my painful duty, I may say my very painful duty, to acquaint you with the fact that many a country establishment like ours is only kept going by the sums that visitors give to the staff. Without these the entire thing would go into the hands of the lawyers."

"Can that be a fact?"

"I am sorry," with real feeling in his voice, "that you have wrung the truth from me. Having said so much, I may as well tell you more. The principal members of the staff—this I beg of you to regard as strictly confidential—the principal members of the staff are members of the family on one side or the other. I myself"—here a touch of conscious pride—"have the honour to be a second cousin."

He covered his eyes with his hand and remained silent for a time. Witherton, sincerely touched, offered to carry the brown-paper parcel, but this the other would not permit. True, it was heavy, but that only made a good reason why he could not allow Witherton to take it.

"You no doubt thought," he went on, recovering and now chatting freely, "when you received a letter from poor Emily asking you to come down for a week, that you were invited because your name had appeared rather frequently of late in the newspapers. I wish I could pretend, after all I have told you, that this fact had any influence whatever. I wish—and I've often said it to her myself when there's been no one else about—I do wish she would pick and choose. But Em. is an obstinate old girl, as you, no doubt, have discovered in course of conversation, and to give her advice is like pouring water on a duck's back. By the by, just hand me that slip. Thank you."

He inscribed one more item. "Bath-room attendant, half a guinea."

"If you don't mind," said Witherton, taking it back hastily, "I'll turn here, before you think of any more. It'll take me a couple of hours to-morrow morning to go round and find all these blessèd people."

"That," remarked the butler, "would be a *faux pas* which I am sure you are incapable of committing. Our lives have their trials. I can assure you the trick of dropping one's aitches is most difficult to acquire, but the individual donation is one that can be avoided. The usual thing is to hand the total sum to me, the butler, and I see that the amounts are distributed in the proper manner. But, of course, if you'd rather——"

"This has been a terrible eye-opener for me," interrupted Witherton, finding the gold. "One that I shall never in the whole course of my existence forget. It must be awful for you."

"We all have our cross to bear," said the other, taking the money.

Witherton came down to breakfast the next morning, prepared to take a new view of the household. He had but just recovered from first impressions; these had to be sent away now into the lumber-room of forgotten things to make room for new. A burst of laughter came as the hostess put a question.

"No," he answered, shortly, "I do not take sugar."

"Good thing!" declared the hostess, amusedly. "Do you know, that naughty, naughty butler of mine has run off with every spoon in the place!"

III.—RULES OF THE GAME.

SHE was the first to go, two steps at a time, down the narrow wooden staircase; if the shop had been on fire with flames pursuing, she could scarcely have exhibited greater hurry. At the open doorway some men were arguing leisurely, saying, "Yes, but pardon me, I think that what you omit to bear in mind——" She gave an imperative cough,

and they fell back to allow her to go by. In the upper part of Regent Street a young policeman was about to allow the wheeled traffic to go on after delayed pedestrians had crossed, but she caught his eye and he wavered; going back he repeated once more "Full up, I keep on telling you!" And rang three times.

"There'll be someone getting down directly," she remarked, entering with calm.

Inside the motor-omnibus the girl surveyed passengers individually; men became inter-

"'RIGHT FOR HAMMERSMITH?' SHE ASKED, JUMPING EASILY TO THE STEP."

the white-gloved gesture, taking no notice of the affrighted scream of a lady in a taxicab who saw the hand of the dial give another jerk.

"Full up, miss!" cried the conductor.

"Right for Hammersmith?" she asked, jumping easily to the step.

ested in their evening papers. Selecting a tall youth of seventeen the girl said, sharply, "May I trouble you?" and, blushing, the young man rose with a regretful "By all means!" making his way by a series of disasters to the far end, where, crouching, he

endeavoured to assume an attitude of perfect comfort. The conductor, coming in for her fare, told the young man he could not remain there; the other contradicted, asserting that he could just manage to do so; the conductor, sounding the bell, at once ordered the superfluous passenger to alight.

"Getting me into trouble," grumbled the conductor, "and making me lose a day's work. Some people ought to be ashamed of 'emselves; got no consideration for the working classes, that's what they haven't got. No consideration whatsoever."

"They don't think," agreed the girl, as the young man stepped off and went into the Tube Station. "I'd rather not have all coppers, please."

"But I've got nothing else, missy."

"I suppose," she said, coldly, "that if you like to take the trouble you can find a sixpenny-piece?"

One of the passengers opposite set down his journal, and rose in order to find the coin required and to accept the burden of half-a-dozen pennies. She said, "May I look at your newspaper, if you're not using it?" and he gave a nod of reluctant consent. At the Marble Arch she had finished reading, and gave it, folded precisely, as a present to the conductor.

The omnibus stopped again in Bayswater Road, and folk who could see the driver reported that there seemed to be a breakdown. The nervous alighted immediately, but the girl counselled others to remain, pointing out the risk of not finding places at this hour in another conveyance belonging to the same line, organizing such a spirited protest that the conductor went along to urge the driver to put some of his wisest efforts into the task. The omnibus re-started; the passengers gave looks of sincere gratitude. One recited an account of a dispute with a railway company, in which he had apparently come off second-best; she declared he ought to have taken the matter into the County Court, seeing it involved a matter of principle likely to affect others beside himself. Offered an incident within her own knowledge where a picture hat had become slightly damaged by the rain coming through the roof; by calling two or three times at the chief office, and by the use of threats, she had compelled them to replace the headgear, providing an article of later date and enabling her to make quite a sensation at Littlehampton during a week's holiday.

"You seem to know how to take care of yourself," remarked a matronly lady, in tones of compliment.

"If I don't, no one else will."

"Like that, is it?"

"No!" she retorted, sharply. "I don't mean what you mean. As a matter of fact, I'm as good as engaged to a gentleman I met last year at the place I was speaking about."

"There's nothing like the seaside," said the matron, reminiscently. "I've known girls in London who've been on the look-out, as you may say, for years—given it all up as hopeless—and the second day of their holidays——"

At the Broadway a storm had just come on, and the girl ran with others into the entrance of a chemist's shop. An assistant came, ordering them to clear away and make room for possible customers; she alone remained, and, with a look, dared the masterful assistant to remove her. He had to content himself by muttering under his breath, "Suffragist!" An old gentleman going by, engaged on the task of keeping a silk hat on, carrying a brown bag and a fish-basket, and at the same time protecting himself from the rain, the girl very politely offered to assist, and conducted him, despite his protests, across to the station of the Metropolitan Railway, where, returning the umbrella, she expressed a hope that he could now manage by himself.

"Nasty night," she remarked to the ticket collector.

"Some nasty tempers about too," mentioned the official. "I've had six rows within the last five minutes."

"Perhaps you have a quarrelsome disposition."

"Don't you begin, miss," he urged, plaintively.

"You should try to go through life quietly, and without making a fuss over everything. Show a nice spirit with the world, and the world will show a nice spirit with you."

"Look here!" said the goaded ticket collector. "Did I ask you for advice?"

"No," she admitted. "But you ought to have done."

"I'm not so very old," he declared, "but I can recollect the time when no lady passenger would have dreamt of speaking to me in the tone of voice that you're using at the present moment. I don't know what's come over women. I tell you one thing; it's no advantage to the railway staff. In my young days they never asked a question without

giving you threepence; at the present time they seem to expect you to hand over a Waterbury watch every time you answer any of their inquiries. There's another thing about it."

He waited for an appeal for further information.

"Which is," he went on, "that you females can't expect to get the same amount of polite regard from the young chaps that your mothers and your aunts used to receive." The girl smiled; he continued more strenuously. "It stands to reason. In the days I'm talking about, why it was a pleasure to look after the young ladies, because they was such a helpless lot; there's nothing in it now."

The girl bunched her handkerchief and put it to her lips.

"You may laugh," said the ticket collector, grimly. "Believe me or believe me not, you're travelling on the wrong line. The way you're all going there's no possible chance that you can ever reach your destination. Old maids, that's what you'll become, and all I ask is, don't blame me!"

She skipped cheerfully from the train at Turnham Green, in no wise depressed by this prophecy, making her way manfully through the departing crowd, complaining rather sharply on the staircase because she stepped on a passenger's foot.

"'DO LET ME TAKE YOUR ARM, DEAR,' SHE SAID, PATHETICALLY."

In the booking office a youth waited, armed with two umbrellas, although the rain had ceased.

"Do let me take your arm, dear," she said, pathetically. "You've no idea how foolishly nervous I am in crossing roads."

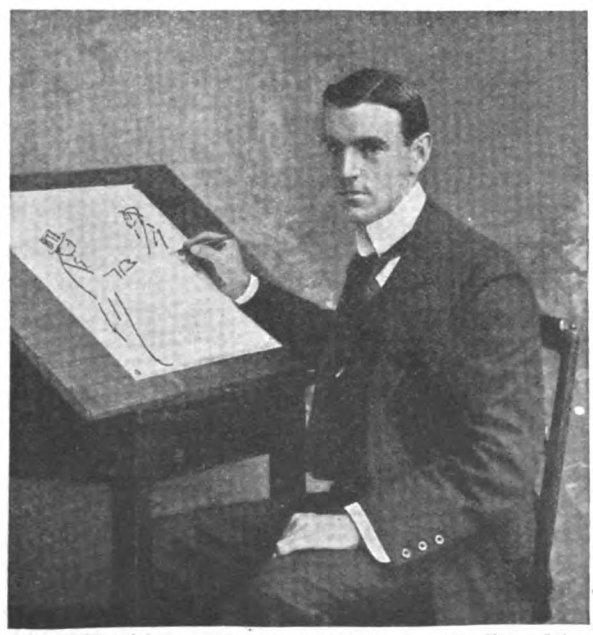
He escorted her with an air to the other side of the empty street, took up the outside position, and pressed her elbow reassuringly. "Timid little snowdrop!" he whispered.

THE SATIRE OF W. K. HASELDEN.

IT is only once or twice in a generation that a really clever social caricaturist makes his appearance.

Political draughtsmen there are in plenty—artists who hit off the politics of the hour, whose stock-in-trade consists of the peculiarities and weakness of persons in public life. But, indeed, theirs is an easy task compared with that of the social caricaturist—he who is a disciple of Bunbury rather than of Gillray, a follower in the paths of Cruikshank and Richard Doyle.

Such a caricaturist or satirist is Mr. W. K. Haselden, who every morning sits down to lash humorously the faults and foibles of the previous day with his pencil. Yet there is nothing vicious or vindictive about Mr. Haselden's genius. He does not pretend to great draughtsmanship, but he is a better draughtsman than Bunbury. A tall, somewhat swarthy, melancholy-looking man, he does not smile easily himself. The social absurdities he sees around him on every side seem to sadden him; but this is only an impression, not a reality. No eye so quick as his to note the humour of a fad or folly, fashion or movement, and his ingenuity is positively amazing.



From a Photo. by] MR. W. K. HASELDEN. *[Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

Suppose his pen is tilting against the prevalent monstrous feminine headgear. He shows us at once the inconsistency of the dear creatures confining this monstrosity to hats alone. If women wear giant hats, why not large gloves, huge parasols, tremendous boots, and so forth?

There is hardly a comic artist of any note who has not attempted to get fun out of the picture gallery. The travesties of Messrs. Furniss, Reed, Morrow, and others are familiar to all, but it is doubtful whether any more intrinsically funny attempts have been made than some of Mr. Haselden's. "The picture season is upon us," he says, "but we have followed carefully the prevailing spirit of modern art; we know as well what to expect as if we had already toured the galleries. The chances are a hundred to one that the accompanying will be amongst the exhibited subjects." And then, having written thus much, he seats himself at his desk, seizes a pen, and with astonishing rapidity produces the satire illustrated by us.

Now, it must not be confused with the burlesques of other humorists, because these are all wholly imaginary pictures, and yet giving an impression of pictures we all have seen and fled from. Do we not know "Lady Violet Spoofkins at Home"—a masterly portrait, absolutely without interest to anybody but Lady Violet Spoofkins herself? Was there ever a picture exhibition without the inevitable provincial mayor or town clerk, weighted down literally by his chains of office and doing his best to look like a person of consequence? The genre picture of the old veteran and little boy kind—is it ever missing? Then there is the marine picture, which must give stupendous satisfaction to marine visitors; and, of course, the ubiquitous Eve, in marble or plaster of Paris.

Mr. Haselden, who is undoubtedly one of the most popular humorists of the day, was born in Seville of English parents.

Of himself he says:—

"There are no artistic traditions in the family. My father was a civil engineer; his father (also a civil engineer) was fond of pictures, bought a few, and did a little in the way of pencil sketches, but had no great leaning towards art. I am afraid my critics will say, 'Wonderful thing, heredity!'

THE FEMININE CRAZE FOR THE GIGANTIC.

"I have not had any art training—wish I had. People say it spoils humour and spontaneity, but I don't think you can have too much knowledge, so long as you don't make yourself a slave to technicality. I cannot draw from models; my drawing, such as it is, is achieved partly through thought and partly through making a dash for it.

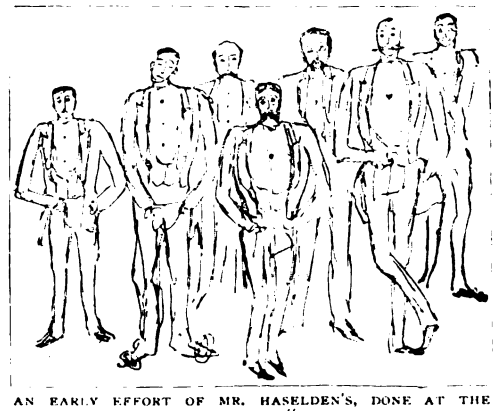
"But, of course, my only claims to any excellence are an aptitude for caricature or

GROSS FAVOURITISM AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

delineation of character in individuals, and ideas, comments, satires, or whatever you like to call them, on people and things.

"The first drawing I ever remember doing was, strangely enough, in *Punch*—not published therein, but drawn in pencil on the fly-leaf of a bound volume. It was done at the age of five years—a weird and extraordinary attempt to depict an elephant with children on its back—the result of a visit to the Zoo.

"The next effort I remember, done at the mature age of eight, was a sketch of a musical party rendering 'Iolanthe.'



AN EARLY EFFORT OF MR. HASELDEN'S, DONE AT THE AGE OF EIGHT, AND ENTITLED "SOME FRIENDS SINGING 'IOLANTHE.'"

"I get a good many offers for originals, and I find editors very pleasant people to deal with. Have an intense admiration for grace and beauty in men and women, and try to express it in my drawing. I get chaffed considerably because my face in repose is rather serious.

"Caricatures have more thought in them than people usually imagine or give credit for. You may do the actual drawing quickly, but, unless a mere superficial likeness is aimed at, I fancy there must be a certain amount of consideration leading up to the actual sketch.

"Strangers who send albums to be sketched in are a

MONSIEUR BONHOMME'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE ENGLISH.

great nuisance to the poor cartoonist. You would be surprised at the number of these books sent to me in the year."

Mr. Haselden's theatrical caricatures in *Punch* form a distinct feature of that great national institution.

One of the artist's most amusing skits relates to the Entente Cordiale and some of the impressions which our French visitors carry away with them after a visit to our shores.

We are told that "Monsieur Bonhomme is very pleased with types of English people he has snapshotted in London during the month of August," and we are shown Monsieur Bonhomme pasting his collection of English types in his album. But the good fellow has overlooked the cosmopolitan character of our great Metropolis, as we see when a more intimate glimpse into the album is afforded us.

MR. G. ALEXANDER AND MISS M. HACKNEY.
Reproduced by the special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

August is a bad month for English types in London. But one would not hurt Monsieur Bonhomme's feelings by telling him that he has snapshotted a German, a Jap, a couple of Americans, an Italian, a Turk, and a Hindu; although they are, perhaps, very representative of London in the "empty" season.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS MARK ANTONY FALLING ON HIS SWORD.
Reproduced by the special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

Without being perfect in technique, yet no one has ever better succeeded in seizing in a few strokes the salient oddities of the histrionic celebrities of the day. Take the skit on Mr. George Alexander and Miss Mabel Hackney. Is it not irresistible?

Then there is Mr. Beerbohm Tree as Mark Antony falling on his sword. No wonder the company forming the tragedy, including Mr. Tree himself, were convulsed with laughter when they beheld it.

The distinction of being the tallest actor on the stage belongs to Mr. Dawson Millward, and this impressive fact is made abundantly clear in Mr. Haselden's caricature showing Miss Marie Tempest at the piano.

The artist accompanies the editor of *Punch* to the play, carefully studying the appearance and attitudes of the actors, usually without taking any notes, but when notes are taken surreptitiously on the back of the theatre programme or a chance envelope they are quite comical themselves; as, for instance, the pencil note of Mr. Arthur Bourchier on the next page. It does not, however, follow that these notes are used in the subsequent drawing, as the additional one of Mr. Bourchier shows.

The almost ophidian grace of the Divine Sarah is more than suggested by the design following the above.

We have referred to Mr. Haselden as a daily satirist. In his capacity of cartoonist to the *Daily Mirror* it is his custom to read all the principal papers each morning in order to provide himself with a proper amount of ammunition wherewith to shoot "Folly as it flies." The variety of topics his pen touches upon in the course of a single month is amazing. It ranges from a *cause célèbre* at the Law Courts to the Maud Allan craze, which, it is asserted, has spread to the domestic servant.

"People themselves know their passing weaknesses," says Mr. Haselden. "Everybody is talking about some prevailing absurdity,

A CARICATURE OF MR. DAWSON MILLWARD AND MISS MARIE TEMPEST.
Reproduced by the special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

A PENCIL NOTE OF MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

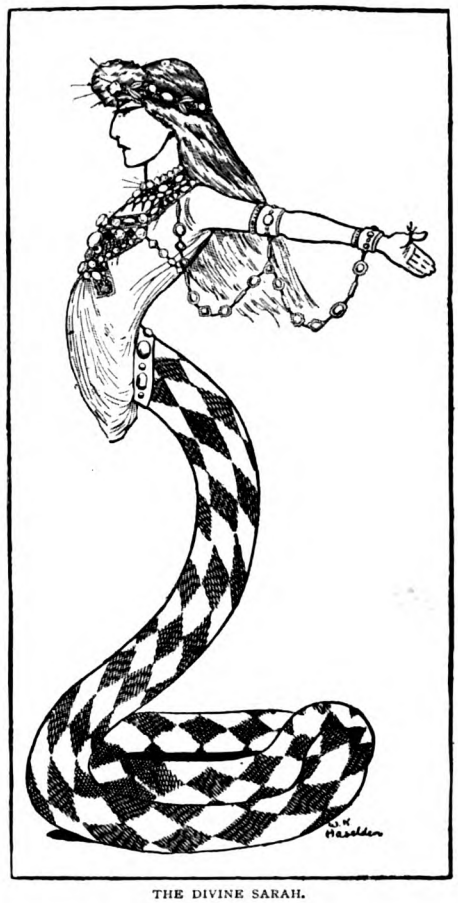
some new phase or feature of the life around us. My aim is to seize hold of it as quickly as possible, before it has been thrashed to death in the drawing-rooms of Suburbia."

Some of Mr. Haselden's funniest cartoons

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

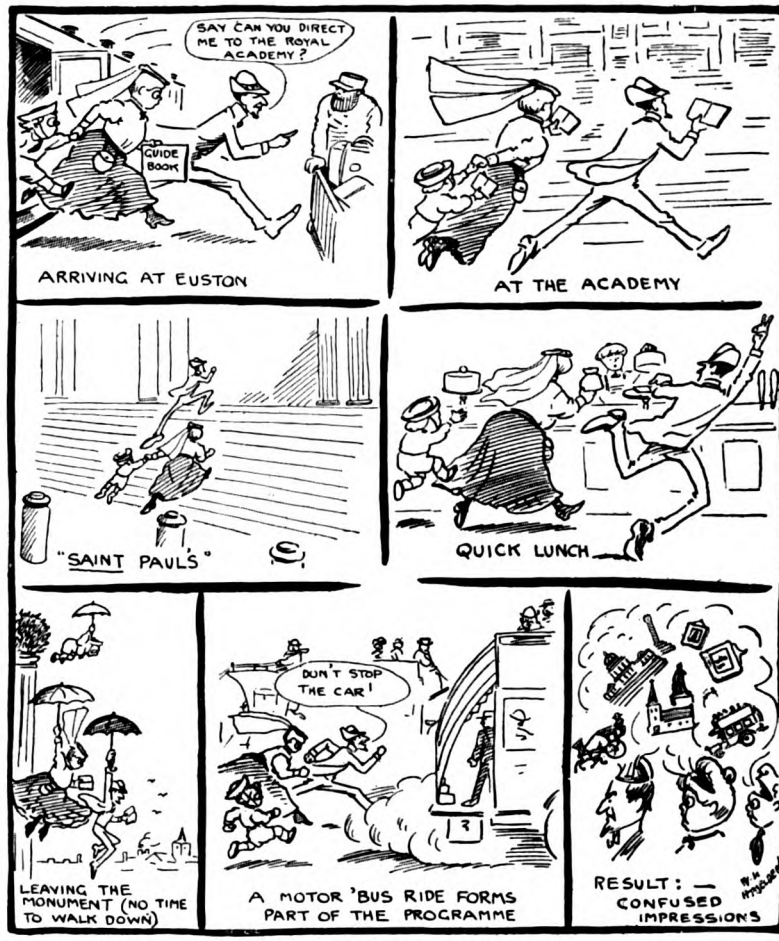
Reproduced by the special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

related to the Druce case, and the alleged disguises of a Duke who shall here be nameless. But the Druce case has already passed into the limbo of things mankind would willingly forget. Some topics there are, of course, perennial, as, for instance, the American invasion. Everyone knows the speed at which our American cousins attempt to "do" London. Every time-saving device is put into requisition. It was once shown how most of



THE DIVINE SARAH.

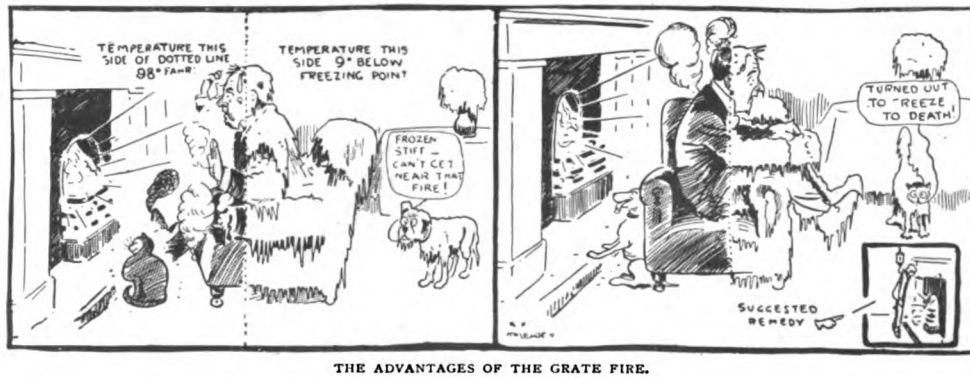
the chief lions of London were visited within a space of twenty-four hours, or to be more exact, between 6 a.m. and 12 p.m. Some of our Transatlantic visitors attempt to break this record. Their train arrives at 10 a.m.; their departure from Charing Cross to the Continent at 2.30. In these four hours and a half they manage to visit the Royal Academy, Hyde Park, the Albert Memorial, South Kensington Museum, Tower of London, Tower Bridge, Madame Tussaud's, the Monument and St. Paul's, and Westminster Abbey, finally jumping into



AMERICAN VISITORS IN LONDON.

the train as it is pulling out of Charing Cross Station with the proud consciousness that London holds no mysteries for them. On their return to America, as one of their own writers points out, they invariably speak of "Dear Old London."

Everyone is aware of the shortcomings of our domiciliary heating arrangements, and many will sympathize with the victim in Mr. Haselden's cartoon. Whether, however, the species of turnspit is a practical solution of the problem is doubtful.



THE ADVANTAGES OF THE GRATE FIRE.

GOBEL'S LAST FIGHT.

By EDWARD PRICE BELL.

TIP-TOEING into Tricey's room just before midnight, Gobel Bruff was startled to find the girl awake. She was sitting in bed, her black hair massed about her white-clad shoulders. The light was low. Turning it up, Gobel saw that Tricey had been crying.

"My child, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, dad," her glance raised steadily to his.

Slightly pressing back her head, he looked at her. Her eyeballs and eyelids were red, her cheeks wet and hot, her slim body at times sob-shaken.

"What's the matter, Tricey? Tell old dad."

"Now, papa," lips twitching as she smiled, "go on to your work. It's nothing. I'm crying over a story I read, that's all. Go now. I'm just as happy as I can be. Go!"

Drawing his face to hers, twice or thrice she kissed him, then lightly pushed him away and cuddled between the cool, white sheets, leaving only a dusky crown visible. Returning her kisses on the forehead and on the mouth, Gobel tucked her up and went out. Beyond the door Tricey heard a sigh, followed by a heavy tread on the stair.

"Dear old papa! Will he keep on for ever stealing in to look at me before he goes to work—just as he did through all the years I was a child? He doesn't seem to realize a bit that I'm almost a woman." Then, contemplatively, "I wouldn't pain dad for this whole world!"

Belonging to the after-midnight shift of puddlers at the Red Hill blast furnace, Gobel Bruff trudged off to his work, deeply perturbed. Tricey's feigned gaiety did not in the least mislead him. He had not studied her all her life for nothing. He knew that, for the first time for many a day, she was thoroughly unhappy; and with her unhappy there was no peace for him. Since her mother died—an event that went with a series of other misfortunes to make a turning-point, and to fix a great sadness in his history—since that time Tricey had been his heart's one great treasure.

Plodding on, ahead of him a pale flare in the night, in his mind's eye Gobel saw the old hill-farm and the unpainted wooden shanty where Tricey was born. How sweet were those days! How he loved to wander with his wife and child through the peaceful, voiceful, multi-toned tree-world! Like a deep shadow, then, came that hapless venture in the saloon business, when Gobel took over the trade of his ailing brother, fell to making prize-fights for money, and drifted out of sight—almost out of memory—of the idyllic life on his wood-girt farm.

Gobel's pace quickened.

His retrospect had reached the point where he was battling with that unprecedentedly stalwart and stubborn rival for a big purse and the total proceeds of the "gate." He shut his eyes and tried to forget, hurrying forward, stumbling through the dark. For that battle had been the start of all the mischief—had resulted in his opponent's death; in the loss of the hill-farm and all his little fortune; in his wife's passing away from shock and grief; and, finally, in his being torn from Tricey, to eke out in prison a sore expiation for the sad mischance.

All his fellow-workmen noticed the change in Gobel that night. His genial wit and ringing laugh were wanting, and there was an anxious abstraction in his eyes. At the rests he did not chat, as was his habit, of his girl Tricey, who was making a brilliant record in the public schools, and who always was to be seen strolling with her big father in the country lanes on Sunday. The other men were quick to respect Gobel's mood, for they knew all about his troubles, and knew how he and Tricey went regularly to the little hillside cemetery in the woods to put violets and wild roses on the grave of the girl the farmer-lad had so much loved.

His work Gobel did with great effort on this night. The red rivulets of iron, gliding out from the base of the smelter, somehow took on the look of serpents' tongues. Gobel knew he probably was foolish, but his nerves were not so good as they used to be. All the time he was thinking of home—Aunt Rhody's small house in the suburbs, where he had found Tricey living when he got back from prison, and where she and he had been measurably happy ever since.

"Rhody," said he, stalking into the kitchen

Copyright, 1908, by Edward Price Bell.

"WHAT'S THE MATTER, TRICEY? TELL OLD DAD."

at dawn, his skin showing pale through the grime of the furnace, "have you any idea what's the matter with Tricey? I found her sobbin' in the middle of the night as if her heart would break."

He sank into a chair, and Aunt Rhody fixed widening eyes on his haggard face.

"Now, Gobel, for goodness' sake don't look like that!"

"What's the matter with the girl, Rhody?"

Stammering, Aunt Rhody was unintelligible.

"What is it, Rhody?"

Gobel had risen and drawn a step nearer, his eyes boring brand-like into the woman's.

"Gobel! Gobel! Don't! It's nothing grave—Heaven forbid!"

Drawing a deep breath he waited.

"She's grieved over a trifle. It seems a great matter to her—*is* a great matter to her. But, after all, it's a little thing, and Tricey doesn't want me to tell *you*."

Still Gobel waited.

"But I suppose I must," hurried on Aunt Rhody. "Yesterday, Tricey was accorded the graduating honours of her class—first place, with the right to read in the Main Assembly Hall before the people. Coming out of school, after this was announced, she heard one of the graduating class, in the presence of all, say that Tricey Bruff was a common girl, the daughter of a liquor-selling prize-fighter, who broke his wife's heart, and killed a man, and served his time in stripes. These words cut Tricey through like a sickle, and she sank down crying. Then another girl, with good intention, took Tricey into a carriage and drove home with her, to show her an array of new hats and gowns and gloves for the exercises, receptions, and balls of the graduating season.

"'Will all our class be dressed like this?' asked Tricey.

"'Why, yes,' was the reply, 'and the girls will go in carriages, and have heaps of flowers.'"

Gobel's back was to Aunt Rhody now. He fronted the window, his glance raised to the slow, golden flood breaking over the grey. That upturned face was lengthy, deep-lined, strangely touching. That tall, sinewy figure,

thin at the waist, broad and thick about the shoulders and chest, long-armed, callous-handed—for some reason it looked much too splendid for the threadbare, iron-dusty suit in which it was skimpily clad.

His mouth hard, his look a singular blend of defiance and tenderness, Gobel was thinking—thinking, for one thing, of the night he heard his baby daughter "recite" in the little school-house in the woods, when the room got too small for him, and he went out and sat on the creek-bank, with the water-music in his ears and the star-beauty in his eyes, and Tricey's genius-lit loveliness overpowering his soul. Finally, without turning round, he asked, quietly:—

"Rhody, when does this public readin' take place?"

"About a fortnight hence, I think."

"Ah!" meditatively.

The lights of the city were just well a-twinkle that evening when there was a mild sensation in the palatial bar-room of The Hub, head-quarters of the sports. The sensation was caused by Gobel Bruff walking into the place. Years before his great figure was familiar enough there, known and admired of every man. But since that tragic incident in the roped square behind Gobel's own saloon in the suburbs—the roped square, ringed by tiered seats and lit by a big flambeau—since then Gobel Bruff had not been seen at The Hub, nor elsewhere in the sporting world.

Everybody knew why. The story was common property among those with whom Gobel previously had associated, and whose idol as a fighter he was, that when he came back from prison his girl Tricey put her arms round his neck and made him promise that he would never sell another glass of liquor nor fight another fight. Once or twice afterward the sports sent an emissary to ask Gobel to quit his hard work and poor pay at the blast-furnace and return to the more exciting and more lucrative life of the ring. But Gobel flatly—indeed, rather fiercely—refused, vouchsafing small comment on the matter, simply saying he was "busy" and had "done with the fightin' game."

"This isn't Gobel Bruff, I reckon!" exclaimed Colonel Biff Mills, a noted sporting character, turning from the long, polished bar, and extending his hand to the ex-champion.

Colonel Mills had been a life-long friend of Gobel's; had won large sums on Gobel's prowess with the padded gloves. His friendship for the ex-fighter had not ceased with the latter's adversities. He had sat beside Gobel at the latter's trial for his life; had spent much of his own money on the defence; had been kind to Tricey while Gobel was away; and now was a regular visitor to Aunt Rhody's faded sitting-room, to smoke and chat with his old friend. Yet, seeing Gobel loom up among the mirrors and mahogany of The Hub, the Colonel greeted him as one who had been a great while in some distant land.

"Colonel," said Gobel, "let's git away from this crowd a minute; I've somethin' to say to you."

Through a storm of greetings and of buzzing gossip, Gobel and the Colonel passed into an adjoining card-room, and sat down on opposite sides of a strip of green baize.

"Colonel," began Gobel, fingering, unlit, the cigar handed him by the other, "there's somethin' doin' to-night at my old place?"

"There is, Gobel—a lot. I reckon we'll see the best fight we've seen in this town in ten years. That chap, Jack Wimmer, who gets my money, is young, but I can see him at the top of the heap already. He'll finish the Giraffe inside of ten rounds."

"Colonel, I hear there's to be a bout before the main fight comes off, and I'm told Tommy Shugrue, countin' it a cinch for himself, is willin' afterward to take on any boxer for points, layin' a thousand dollars on the result. Will you back *me* against him?"

The Colonel gasped.

"Will you?"

"W'y—I'll do anything you say, Gobel. But—how—what——?"

"Well, it's for *her* that I want to do it."

The Colonel was too amazed to get on with the conversation. So Gobel said:—

"Tricey's beat 'em all at school, and has to read a paper on commencement day. Do you understand, Colonel? She needs a lot of things. I ought've had the sense to foresee this; but I didn't. Somethin' has got to be done."

Instantly the Colonel brightened up.

"Is *that* all?" said he. "That's easy. I'll write you a cheque for what you need."

"No. I couldn't pay you back. I'd have to do somethin' out of the ordinary, sooner or later, anyway—burglary, or prize-fightin', or somethin'. I'm bent on tacklin' Shugrue. If I'm beat, I'll train up a bit, and win back what you lose. Is it a go?"

Five minutes later, in a closed cab, the Colonel and Gobel were on their way to the Broad Ripple Boxing Club, the modern

name of Gobel's former establishment. The Colonel sat bolt upright, a soldier-like little figure in a frock suit, and with a thin, seamed face, white hair, and a white "imperial." Gobel's great bulk lay back in a corner of the cab, the glimpsing lights revealing the curious thoughtfulness of his face.

"To be sure," said the Colonel, "Tommy Shugrue's a shifty scrapper, but when he sees you he won't be able to box for crab-apples. In fact, I think he'll have a fit."

Gobel was not so sure of this; he remembered Shugrue as a youngster under the big flambeau, and did not forget that then he fulfilled the title of the "Juvenile Cyclone." However, the ex-champion was thinking less of Tommy than of the place to which he was going, and which he had not seen since the night he came out of the front door with his hands in irons, and with a big policeman holding either arm. Heartily he wished the impending proceedings were to be elsewhere; he feared some sort of foolish panic might seize him when he entered the old ring.

Every window of the club was a blaze of light, and wavering red lines lay athwart the broad stream that circled and gurgled a stone's-throw away. Already carriages were setting down men at the entrance, and large numbers of persons were arriving on foot. The hoardings that flanked the approach told that the great event of the night was to be a match between Jack Wimmer, champion of the West, and the Giraffe, "unbeaten marvel of the East."

The Colonel and Gobel alighted, and pushed with the gathering throng into the long bar-room adjoining the arena. They found themselves in a tremendous crowd, with glittering lights on every hand, the whole scene shadowy in spiralled waves of tobacco-smoke. The talk of the coming events made a murmur like that of many waters. The Colonel and Gobel were pressing through the crowd when suddenly they came face to face with an old habitué of the place.

"By Heaven!" roared this man, waving a clenched hand in the air. "It's Colonel Biff Mills—and Gobel Bruff!"

For a moment there was a deep lull, the crowd astonished, incredulous. Then men rushed forward, making a great swirl in the room.

"Sure as fate it's Gobel Bruff!" went up the cry, and a great cheer crashed into the ceiling, rebounded, reverberated through the packed room, ran far out along the incoming flood of people, causing a great surge forward to discover the cause of the uproar. The picture of embarrassment, Gobel tried to shrink to the dimensions of the Colonel, and glanced anxiously about for a means of escape. But the crowd, remembering his misfortunes, remembering when he had been the unrivalled hero of the place — the hardest, cleanest, cleverest fighter ever seen in that ring — massed about him until he could not move, shouting and singing in an overwhelming chorus.

Suddenly, in the midst of this demonstration, the secretary of the club, mounting the bar, stood above the heads of the people. Holding in one hand a piece of paper, with the other he motioned for silence.

"I regret to announce," cried the official, when he could make himself heard, "that the Giraffe, whom we long have been expecting to arrive at any moment, wires forfeiting his guaranty, and declining to meet Jack Wimmer to-night."

There fell a deep, puzzled silence.

"Does he simply back away from it?" shouted a frowning sportsman, his eyes bent on the secretary.

"Apparently," was the reply. "The management, greatly disappointed, is helpless. It has provided some minor events for this evening, but the main match is off, and all seat-money will be returned."

Colonel Mills was staring at the speaker, luminous-eyed. All at once, in the continuing silence, his voice rang out bitingly:—

"I propose to meet this situation. I propose to put against Jack Wimmer a foeman worthy of his prowess—Gobel Bruff!"

A brief, confused murmur, then a deafening volley of cheers.

"Colonel!"—Gobel had seized the old man roughly by the shoulders—"this is madness! The risk is too great! You'd be ruined! Let's go!"

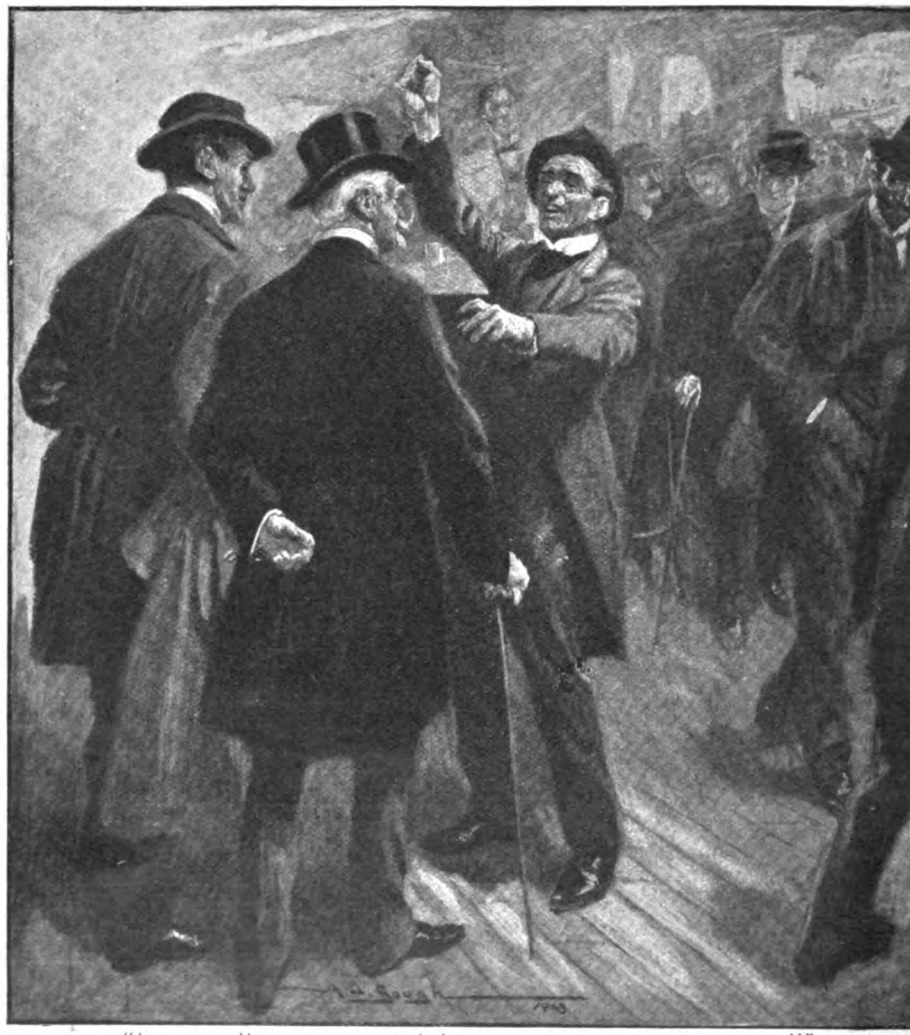
"Gobel," cried the Colonel, "it's the chance of your life. You can break the shackles to-night. It means liberty for you, everything for Tricey, and she'll never know. As for me, don't stop a second. I'm a gambler, anyhow; I can afford it. It'll be among the last decent acts of my life."

Gobel's eyes were wet, the muscles of his face in strange contortion.

"I can't beat Wimmer, Colonel. I'm not in training, not fit, and—I'm—rather—old."

"All the same, untrained, not so young as you once were, you can win. You're hard as nails, and the greatest ring general of our time."

Shaking off Gobel's grip, the Colonel shouted up to the secretary:—



"'BY HEAVEN!' ROARED THIS MAN, 'IT'S COLONEL BIFF MILLS—AND GOBEL BRUFF!'"

"I challenge Jack Wimmer, in the name of Gobel Bruff, for to-night's purse and the gate receipts, to the last dollar!"

Stripped there under the white blaze of the arc-lamps—arc-lamps long since had replaced the big flambeau—those two men looked very nearly the last word in muscular magnificence. Still, between them there was a great and impressive difference. Jack Wimmer was young, supple, buoyant—a pink Hercules, with lustrous brown eyes, a bold forehead, and short, dark, virile hair. Keenly he studied his antagonist, again and again running his eyes over the tall frame, with its protrusive groups of whip-cord muscles. At intervals he drew himself up, tensed his proud limbs, and fidgeted in his corner—plainly afire for the ironic hand-shake in the centre of the ring and the call of "Time!"

Out of the spirit, as out of the body, of Gobel Bruff had gone the fresh vigour and aggressiveness of youth. Perceptibly his legs, arms, and body—like his face—were drawn, and there were glints of silver in his close-cut hair. Quite self-possessed now, he stood in his corner calmly noting the wonderful young champion he was to fight. Continually his seconds beset him with whispered counsel, but he answered shortly and did not look round—a mature and silent giant, with no fierce fight-passion in his heart, even with a detached, admiring sense of the bodily splendour of his foe. And yet, if one but saw, deep in the melancholy eyes of this man slept a kind of resolution that never drew its flint

and fire from mere greed of gore or glory in the ring.

Larger and more brilliant, still it was very much the same old, historic place. The familiar tiers of seats were there—built up a little higher, extended a little farther, but with the same sweep to the doors, and packed with the same vast, buzzing, tingling crowd. Little heed gave Wimmer to the spectators; his look was glued to the veteran in the opposite corner. Likewise, Gobel kept his mind mainly on the arena; but now and then, a familiar voice ringing out to him from the circling benches, he lifted his eyes and smiled. Usually, at such times, his glance lingered a moment, half-abstractedly wandering over the close-ranked, eager faces, as if he saw beyond to other days, when his blood coursed like a hill-torrent, and he had no peer in the fistic world.

Like the buzz of bees a-swarm rose the sound of the betting. Bareheaded, tousle-haired men, hands full of money, came and went, arranging wagers. Through his seconds and supporters, knowledge of the drift of the gambling flowed down regularly to Wimmer, and as time passed and sporting opinion matured, the movement of the odds threw an ever-brightening look into his fresh face. Although Gobel's seconds were silent as to the betting, he knew it all—knew that men who once would have hung their lives on his right arm now jumped with their fawn-faint money away from his over-taut muscles and the sprinkled silver in his hair.

"Gentlemen!"

Hatless the referee had advanced into the ring, and his appearance precipitated a noisy scrambling and settling into seats.

"Gentlemen!"—the referee now spoke in a deep hush—"this is to be a finish fight, under Queensberry rules, and according to the traditions of this place. The less talk from the benches, the fairer every man's run for his money. I do not need to introduce the fighters. The contest begins at once."

Like a figure in a quadrille appeared that hand-shaking formality in the centre of the ring. Then, the seconds falling back, the principals stood out sharp before the people. But for cloth-booted feet, muslin-clad hips, and thinly-gloved hands, they were nude. The older man, considerably the taller, distinctly was thinner than his sturdy, rose-tinted, razor-fit opponent. One moment only, guards up, they eyed each other. Lion-like, then, the young man leaped in, with a straight blow at the jaw, followed by a lightning rain of rights and lefts. All these, rapidly giving way, with precision the veteran picked off with his elbows, or blocked with his great forearms.

"Whew!"—like a bellows-blast from the benches.

Nothing of dismay—only a quick dart of surprise—crossed Wimmer's face. By this first savage onslaught he set much store; often it had been rather more than enough to win the fight. But this time deftly it was shed into the air—a hailstorm cleft by an iron gable. Still, Wimmer had met only an unexpectedly stout and brilliant piece of defence, and Gobel showed no keenness to come on. Again the young man sprang in, feinting with his left for the chin, and driving hard with his right for the heart. Ignoring the feint, Gobel stopped the blow and sharply countered, but went prone into the ropes under the shock.

"He's a bit tougher'n I thought," murmured Wimmer, as he took the sponge, "but I'll beat him—easy."

Went the second round, the third, fourth, sixth, tenth, and no issue. The night wore on, and scene succeeded scene, and crisis crowded crisis, in this intense and terrible drama of human strength and skill and will.

The twentieth round?

Only the official score told.

Long since the glasses had ceased to clink in the bar-room, every eye on the battle—perchance so overtaxed as to see the arc-lamps burn dim as tallow candles. Only a little more laboured the breathing in the ring than the breathing on the benches. No advice from the seconds now; pale, tight-lipped, silently they worked the sponges, tilted the water-bottles, gripped and pummelled drowsing muscles. In the twelfth round the odds halted, wavered, hurtled to "even" money. Another burst of Wimmer's power, and once more they rose, only again to fall, and now jerkily they leaped from point to point, like a storm-shocked mariner's needle.

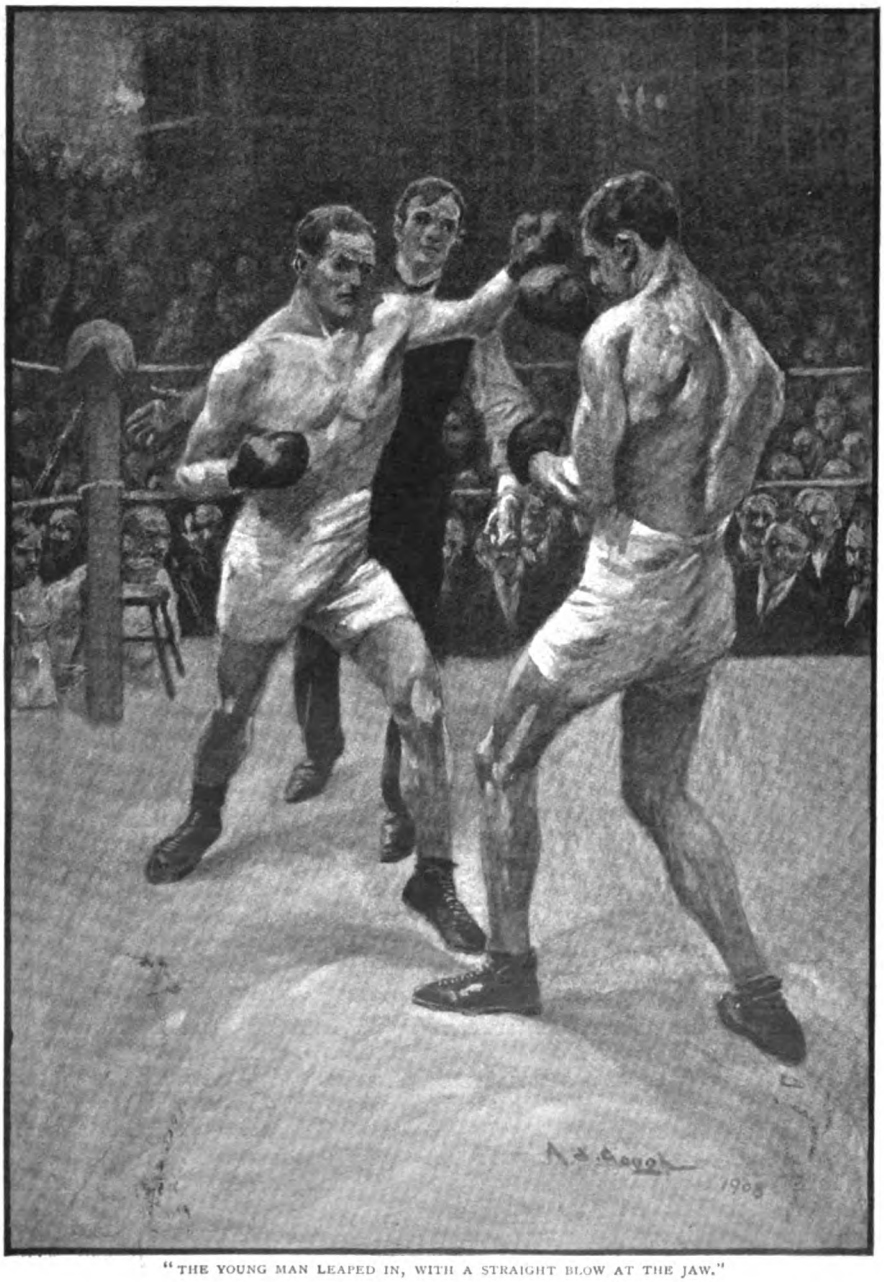
Thirty-odd rounds.

The supremely crucial moment of the fight.

"Five thousand dollars on Gobel Bruff!"

Erect, close by the ring-side, stood the lean figure of the Colonel, his thin, seamed face elevated and defiant. In his uplifted hand was a great clutch of bank-notes. Incessantly, from the start, he had been betting—betting when the odds were in his favour, when they were against him, when the money went unit for unit—always betting on the changeless look in Gobel's memory-haunting eyes.

"Five thousand dollars on Gobel Bruff!"



"THE YOUNG MAN LEAPED IN, WITH A STRAIGHT BLOW AT THE JAW."

"Covered!" metallically, from across the arena.

"Five thousand more!"

A brief hush.

"Covered," in halting tones.

"Another still, and an equal bonus to this club, if you'll double it!"

Breathless silence.

"Time!"

Reopened the struggle, with a proud curl on Jack Wimmer's lip, but with an unwonted whiteness about his features. There before him, as always—always—rose the old warrior, the man with the silver in his hair and the sadness in his face. As all through, Wimmer sprang to the offensive, throwing into his rushes an astounding residual fierceness and force. Hitherto he had grappled with no

very sustained or damaging aggression—only a consummate and unflagging ring-generalship that baffled all his impetuosity and power. Shortly, however, he found there had been a stupendous change; Gobel Bruff's caution was gone; his taut, far-reaching arms now were coming in, with terrific upward jabs, alternating with long, deadly, lateral swings; and his tall figure was running to punishment as if it were a baby's caress.

"Foul!"

Hard driven—dodging, backing, clinching, stalling, striking only for the stomach, kidneys, and heart—unwittingly Wimmer had dealt Gobel a deadening blow, dangerously low.

"Foul!" from the benches.

"Foul! foul!" cried the Colonel, springing passionately to the ropes.

Forward and down lurched the crowd, a wild outcry bursting from those imperilled below. The referee's eyes flew to Gobel's face. Lips marble-like, Gobel was waving back the throng and sternly shaking his head.

"Fair blow," said he, in a hoarse whisper.

"Fair blow!" ruled the referee.

Again broke the battle, Gobel showing sad signs of punishment. Yet the Colonel's confidence, like his gaze, stood unwaveringly to his hero. The old gambler's thin hands were tight-gripped, his muscles twitching, his lips busy with inaudible comment. Presently a great light flared up in his eyes, and an odd, strained smile broke over his anguish-ridden face. Supremely driven, Gobel Bruff not only had mastered the shock of Wimmer's low body-blow, but had turned back the clock—was fighting like he used to fight!

Motionless, flushed, glistening-eyed, the crowd fell under a strange sense of awe. It seemed to see more than a great strategist, tactician, and hitter winning a hard-fought combat—seemed to catch the larger vision of the life-climax of an intrepid human spirit!

The fortieth round was the last. It opened and closed with Gobel Bruff resistlessly forcing the battle. First, smacking fiercely at his opponent's face and head, circling as he struck, he compelled Wimmer to rotate and block, and to fix his guard ever more firmly on a level with his chin. All at once, then, there was a low flash, a muffled impact, and a sharp groan. Gobel's long left arm, crooked and rigid, had crashed heavily into Wimmer's ribs. Gasping, staggering, the young giant bent almost double. Quickly, however, he straightened, and dropped his guard. But his guard was weak, and through it, again and again, broke that cast-iron hook, now straight into the stomach, now up and down the quivering rib-lines.

Reeling into his corner, half beaten, thoroughly puzzled, Wimmer sank his guard lower and lower to stop that torturing body-punch. One moment Gobel fiddled and feinted, then hard-retracted his left, his eye on Wimmer's abrased and swelling waist. At once the young man's defence set sharply off his centre, and at the same instant, quick as lightning, and almost with the force of lightning, Gobel rounded crushingly with his right full on Wimmer's unprotected jaw.

Through it all the crowd's awe had deepened, the bets forgot, self-stilled. And that final right swing not only laid Wimmer at full length on the canvas, but struck the spectators into a tomb-like hush. With just the hint of a quaver, the referee's voice tolled off the decisive ten seconds, Gobel standing by limp-armed, more pain in his face than in the face of his foe. Not until Wimmer stirred, until it was seen that he lived, did the spell break. Then, the crowd leaping free from a half-formed, nameless terror, those who had lost joined those who had won in the rolling thunder-peals of applause that crashed and throbbed about Gobel's head.

To Tricey the great change that came to her seemed, not like hard fact, but like a leaf that had slipped out of a fairy-book to be bound in the book of her own life. In the resplendent Main Assembly Hall she stood up and read her paper—beautifully, with inspiration, as she read everything. But from first to last she felt that at any moment the wonderful vision might go, as she had seen so many rainbows go out of the sky. Sitting down, suddenly she realized that bending to her ear was the stately wife of the principal.

"Delightful paper, Tricey," whispered this lady; "and how lovely you look—dressed like a princess, and beautiful as any princess, too!"

Flowers!

The stage blazed with them.

And who had more than Tricey Bruff?

Nor were all hers languorous with the rich colour and scent of the hot indoors. Close to her heart—involuntarily, one would have said—she pressed the rarest mass of wild bloom that even she had ever seen. Well she knew where and by whom it was gathered; up to her it seemed to have come out of the very hands of her own babyhood. Besides, in among the stems was tied, not an engraved card, but a slip of white paper, on which,

"DID THE COLONEL SAY ANYTHING AS TO HOW PAPA HAD MADE ALL HIS MONEY?"

painfully in lead pencil, was written something about a cherished memory, a holy place in the woods, and "old dad's love."

"Aunt Rhody"—rosy from the great scene at the school-house, Tricey had entered the faded sitting-room—"any word yet as to when papa is coming home?"

"He's coming very shortly, my child. The Colonel called this evening to say so."

"He's been so long away! Did the Colonel say anything as to how papa had made all his money?"

"No; only that Gobel, he believed, had traded uncommonly well in the timber. The Colonel says Gobel not only has bought back the hill place, but has secured many fertile acres in the adjacent lowlands. And Tricey! The Colonel says your papa intends, this fall, to send you to the famous school where your mother was a student when her father's fortunes failed!"

Tricey scarce seemed to hear.

"And when he comes," said she, her eyes kindling, "I'll tell him all about the graduating scenes—particularly about to-night, when I was on the stage and could see everybody perfectly. I'll tell him, and tell him honestly, that I looked at all those men in their fine clothes, in their glistening boots, and glistening linen—and didn't see a single one that looked half so kind or noble or handsome as my old dad. I'll tell him, too, that I didn't mind a bit—indeed, was proud as I could be—when I saw people pointing at me, and heard them whispering, 'That's the daughter of Gobel Bruff!'"

Evergreens.

By the HON. MRS. FITZROY STEWART.

DIANE DE POITIERS. MME. DE MAINTENON. NINON DE L'ENCLOS.

KING EDWARD'S reign has brought us many things—among others, the cult of youth and the disappearance of the middle-aged woman. Here in London we go in strong for mature enchantresses. And nowadays our social world seems to be divided into girls, young wives, and old ladies who are great-grandmothers. In fact, several well-known types have vanished—perhaps for ever—from the scene of smart society. No more do we meet the mature matron, with her placid grace and bountiful beauty; or the handsome mother of forty, with her proud mien and numerous family of daughters. In these days we never come across the sweet-faced, smooth-haired single woman, so well known to our mothers — the typical maiden aunt of the mid-Victorian era; and —sad to say—the ideal old lady has gone for ever, with her silver hair, neat cap, black dress, and soft, dignified manners. The old lady depicted in Whistler's famous portrait of his mother has ceased to exist in the social world of 1908. In these days we have arrived at a type which is charming but most monotonous. Everyone has bright eyes, a flower face, and a slender form, and everyone is dressed alike and dressed to perfection.

MME. DU DEFFAND.

But, after all, eternal youth is by no means a growth of modern times. Every age has had its antique charmers, and well-kept beauty has wrought havoc throughout the cer

turies. Cleopatra was forty when she enslaved Anthony. Diane de Poitiers had reached middle life before she made her Royal conquest; and the same may be said of Mme. de Maintenon, later on, in the reign of Louis XIV. Then Mme. du Deffand, noted as a wit and social leader, retained her charms until late in life, and, when seventy, is said to have received an offer of marriage from her friend, M. de Chateaubriand. Yet another fair and famous Frenchwoman, Mme. Récamier, also kept her good looks into her seventh decade, and at the same advanced age reckoned Horace Walpole among her firmest friends and most ardent admirers. She, by the way, always wore white, pearls were her only ornaments, and her "velvetiness of manner" has passed into a proverb. The eighteenth century was well blessed with mature enchantresses. Then, in more recent years, the French actress, Déjazet, is said to have been gay and graceful at seventy, and remained on the stage until that age. But the best instance of all dates from the seventeenth century, and is afforded by Ninon de l'Enclos, who kept her radiant beauty and fatal charm even when she reached the great age of ninety.

MME. RÉCAMIER.

MLLE. DÉJAZET.

Our English social records afford some similar examples. For example, at the coronation of George III. the two most charming peeresses present were said to have been the white-haired Duchess of Queensberry and the quite old Lady Westmorland. One of the stateliest Countesses of Pembroke took, as her second husband, when well over forty, a young and handsome Guardsman, who was some twenty years her junior; and up-to-date social life can give several instances of such uneven marriages. The case of Lady Castlewood and Harry Esmond is by no means unknown in the London of to-day.

Youth and beauty are among the things that matter, and their upkeep has become one of the sternest creeds of modern womanhood. But if we work hard we

THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

score a success and know the joys of attainment.

Modern mothers are as frisky as their daughters, and we have at last arrived at a race of juvenile grandmothers—this not only in looks and manner, but also in ways of life and in interests and amusements. Women of sixty, or even seventy, yacht, hunt, shoot, dance, play golf and hockey, and drive their own motors. One peeress, who was married in the early 'sixties, still rides her bicycle in the streets of London; and another even now leads cotillons, although she is the proud owner of several grandchildren. And these evergreen matrons not only share the sports of youngsters, but show the same verve and go, and the same untiring energy. They attend balls, even when they are not chaperons, are seen at the Opera night after night, do week-ends, and play bridge into the small hours of the morning. Then they run over to Paris merely to fit a frock, go to Biarritz or Monte Carlo for a week, and even do trips on their own to New York, India, or the Antipodes. Indeed, another widowed peeress, whose marriage dates from the 'sixties, will go off alone to remote lands, where she sleeps in a tent and lives in the most primitive manner.

Americans and Parisians also play the game of youth with splendid success. Anglo-American marriages became the mode in the 'seventies, and several ladies who "crossed the pond" in those far-off days have kept ever young and remained social queens for at least two generations. Among these are Consuelo Duchess of Manchester, the Hon. Lady Carington, Lady Molesworth, Lady Paget, wife of General Sir Arthur Paget, and Mrs. George Cornwallis West.

From a Photo. by] CONSUELO DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER. *[Lafayette, London.*

In Paris one often meets young and pretty women who, much to one's surprise, prove to be the mothers of grown-up sons who are at college, in the Army, or in the diplomatic service.

Eternal youth is the vogue of the moment, and everything in life—art, dress, rules of health, and toilet inventions—tends towards

LADY PAGET.

MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS WEST.
From Photos. by Lafayette, London.

the exit of the middle-aged woman. And she is out of it on the stage and in fiction. Balzac's "Femme de Trente Ans" seems a back number, as many heroines in our modern novels are well on in the forties and fifties. And the same note is sounded in our twentieth-century dramas. Queen Alexandra is perhaps the best instance of a lady long past her prime who has kept much of beauty, grace, and youthful fascination. Age is an open secret with Royal personages, and most of us know that our gracious Queen will reach the age of sixty-four on the first of next December. Yet her perfect features remain; she is still slender in figure, is bright and alert, and keeps as keen as ever on many interests and amusements. She is still a good walker, can drive her own motor, is a regular opera-goer, attends balls and parties, and is always dressed to perfection.

Many of our society women look young and bright at sixty; among others, Georgiana Countess of Dudley, who was married in 1865. But singers and actresses seem to retain their youth in the most remarkable manner. Mrs. Langtry was born in 1852, yet, gowned by Paquin, played the part of a young wife in "A Fearful Joy" at the Haymarket Theatre. Miss Ellen Terry confesses to sixty in her recent memoirs, but we may yet see her as Olivia or Marguerite. Sarah Bernhardt is known to be past sixty, yet she reigns supreme in her own theatre in Paris. Then Mme. Patti appeared at Covent Garden in 1861, but can still sing "Comin' Thro' the Rye" and other songs like a woman of forty.

Much can be said on the side of perennial youthfulness. The desire to prolong one's youth shows vital force, and is said to be a sure proof of our national well-being. And every woman, for her own sake, would fain keep fresh and young, as she is well aware

that so long as her looks remain she can still rule men, and there will be no "Finis" written on the page of her book of life. Also, youth and beauty add much to the gaiety of nations. Goldsmith put a true sentence into the mouth of his Emma Hardcastle: "The next thing to being pretty oneself is to have pretty relations." This saying serves up the case in a nutshell.

But there are, as ever, two sides to the question, and some folks declare that our modern world has not gained on the transaction. Old wives and young husbands may make marriage a failure. Then the certainly make the best of their opportunities. No doubt the way in which many modern women prolong their youth is apt to keep the loaves and fishes from their youthful contemporaries.

One hears a note of complaint that many young girls are unable to get the cash they need, because their mothers and married sisters spend such vast sums on dress, diamonds, and personal decoration. The older women keep a tight hand on money, for, like Solness, in "The Master Builder," they fear the younger generation which is now knocking at their doors. Well, we must

From a Photo. by] GEORGIANA COUNTESS OF DUDLEY. *[Alice Hughes.*

London *débutante* has by no means the rosy time with which she is credited. Nowadays she has as her deadly rivals the whole tribe of young (and middle-aged) married women. These marauders can do, say, and wear what they like; and will pluck from her the partners — temporary and permanent — to whom, by every right, she is entitled. Indeed, our up-to-date "comer-out" has not half such a good time as her sister "bud" across the Atlantic. Even now, in New York and Washington, most—but, of course, not all—married women consent to take a back seat, and to leave a free field for their daughters and granddaughters. And these young ladies rule with a will, and take the world as we find it, and, at any rate, much can be said in favour of the mature enchantress.

The reverse of the medal makes a study of interest. King Edward's reign has given us the craze for eternal youth, but—oddly enough—it has also brought us the cult of grey-haired beauty. A few years ago, to let one's hair turn white meant nothing less than social suicide. But now all is changed, and several smart women are noted for their white hair as well as for their beauty and fascination. In these days grey locks are apt to arrive in early middle age, and a young face framed in white hair has a marked and most piquant attraction. But it must be

admitted that the blanched brunette gets the innings. Grey hair—which, after all, has a *poudré* effect—tones in well with dark eyes and eyebrows and a vivid complexion. Among society women who wear grey hair, and yet retain a look of youth and beauty, may be mentioned the Countess de Grey, Lady Henry Bentinck, Mrs. Hall Walker—who has the Sheridan charm—and Countess Fritz Hochburg, who is a sister of Lord Fermoy. Then Mme. Maurice Ephrussi represents grey-haired youth and smartness in Parisian society; and as for Mrs. John Jacob Astor—well, she is as much admired in London as in her native America.

Taste in dress is on the up grade, and has done much for grey hair and also for the middle-aged sisterhood. Women who have passed their first youth are no longer doomed to wear black, brown, or such-like sombre colourings. White is now as much used by mothers and aunts as by youthful *débutantes*. And Royal ladies who have reached or ssed middle life show a marked fondness for white and cream colour. This may be specially noted in the case of Queen Alexandra and her sister, the Empress Marie of Russia, and Queen Margherita of Italy.

An artist in colour can do much for grey-haired women. Grey is kind to them, and so also is pink, and these soft shades can be combined in charming fashion. For instance, the before-mentioned Mrs. John Jacob Astor wore a notable costume at one of the Royal Courts of 1907. This consisted of a gown in silver tissue and a pink velvet train of the exact shade of a La France rose—a mixture of grey and pink that suited her grey-haired but regal beauty to perfection. And Lady de Grey once appeared in a grey chiffon frock with rubies—a costume that has become historic.

From a Photo. by] MME. SARAH BERNHARDT. *[Lafayette, London.*

To hark back for a moment to the subject of perennial youthfulness. "How to become an evergreen" sounds like a topic for the silly season; and certain it is that the secret of eternal youth would make a multi-millionaire of its lucky possessor. But this

From a Photo. by] THE COUNTESS DE GREY. *[Lafayette, London.*

priceless recipe is still unknown, and we poor women must keep our looks at the cost of unceasing watchfulness. Even so wise a man as the late Mr. Gladstone once remarked: "All time and money spent in training the body pays better than any other investment." And this dictum seems to have been taken to heart by modern womanhood. Time, trouble, and much money are now spent on the art of beauty and on physical culture.

Let us, for a moment, take stock of the situation. Some of us—and perhaps the wisest—trust to Nature, and try to do the trick by plain living and high thinking. The so-called "simple life" has become a watchword of the twentieth century. Early hours bid fair to return to favour; meat and alcohol are avoided; and lemonade or mineral water seem to rival champagne as the drink of the moment. Then rest-cures have come to stay; and many of us find that one hour of quiet, once in the day, will do much to preserve our youthful vitality. "Why does a woman look older than a man?" sounds like a question invented to advertise a patent medicine; but the answer to it may be suggestive. Women tire sooner than men,

MRS. HALL WALKER.
From a Photo. by Mme. Lallie Charles, 39a, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.

and the symptoms of fatigue are terribly unbecoming. Rest is one of the secrets of eternal youthfulness. Diet-cures are also a current craze, and the best of them will tend to preserve our figures and complexions. Indeed, plain food has higher qualities, and is said to help us in our upward course—mental, psychic, and spiritual. Deep breathing, which hails from America, will also do much in the same directions; and exercise, of all sorts, is one of our modern watchwords. Women walk and ride, play golf and hockey, swim and dive, and now fencing has become a fad of the period.

Some of us practise the minor arts of jumping and skipping—even of battledore and shuttlecock. Skipping, by the way, has been a habit for several centuries. "Go home and buy a skipping-rope, and use it three times a day," was the advice given to a patient by Dr. Abernethy, a blunt medicine-man of the Georgian period. Then, of course, there can be no doubt that the woman of to-day preserves her freshness by means of many baths and much care given to the face, hair, eyes, and complexion. Figures are also carefully treated, and for this purpose a self-denying ordinance is rigidly practised.

Beauty doctors have their uses, and so also have the masseurs and the teachers of Swedish exercises. But, after all, we only follow the lead of the ancients. The women of ancient Greece lived in the open air, tended their forms and faces, did gymnastics, and worked with a will to maintain a high standard of health and physical perfection. Anyhow, the fact remains that we keep our youth, and that middle age is at a discount in the twentieth century.

From a Photo. by] QUEEN MARGHERITA OF ITALY. *[Guigoni & Bossi.*

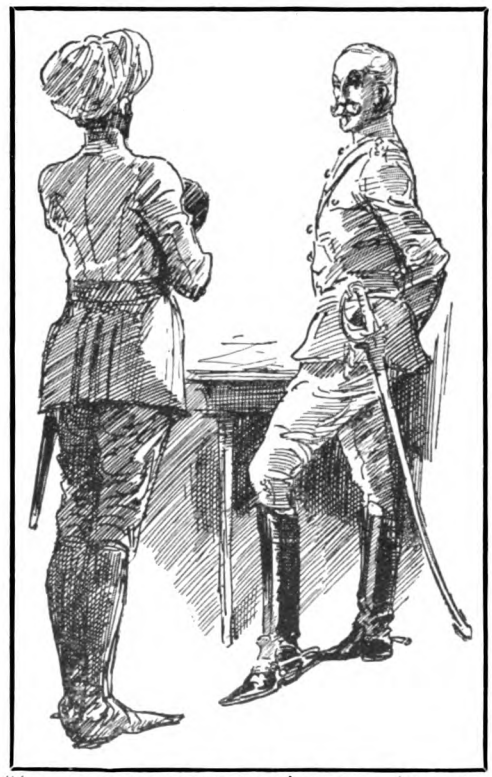
The Comic Side of Crime.

III.

Written and Illustrated by HARRY FURNISS.

IN countries where the inhabitants are callous of death the comic side of crime is, of course, more evident than where life is taken more seriously. I will illustrate what I mean. Though it is hardly a crime I am about to write of, yet it ended in a death, so that the telling of it in this series may be permissible. The story is a true one, and was related to me by an old friend, who was the colonel of a Sikh regiment in India.

The officers were much annoyed (it was not my friend's regiment, but another) by some native hanging about the mountain above their camp and "sniping" them with a rifle. Bullets occasionally came through the officers' tent and rendered matters somewhat alarming. The colonel sent for his orderly, a native soldier, and said he wanted a squad to go over the mountain that night and catch the miscreant who was annoying them.



"'OH, SIRS, I HAD NO DIFFICULTY,' HE SAID. 'YOU SEE, I KNEW HIS WAYS. HE WAS MY FATHER.'"

The orderly saluted, and begged to be allowed to act alone, assuring his colonel that he would soon catch the culprit. The officer, admiring his pluck, agreed, and the next morning the soldier walked in with the head of the sniper.

The officers were loud in their praise of the soldier's valour.

"Oh, sirs, I had no difficulty," he said. "You see, I knew his ways. He was my father."

We are so satiated with political crimes day after day that I have avoided them in these pages. I may, however, mention that my friend, the late Sir Henry Thompson, the great surgeon at the latter half of the Victorian era, was once rather startled by receiving a testimonial of thanks from the Socialistic body.

Sir Henry was a typical aristocrat—an old-fashioned, orthodox courtier. He was extremely proud of his professional services and his social intercourse with Emperors, Princes, and all of high degree, and of his services (which, alas! were hopeless, as the case was impossible) to the dying ex-Emperor of the French, Napoleon III.

Well, after the Emperor's death, Sir Henry received a warm letter of thanks from the Socialists, "in return for his services to humanity in having so ably made away with a tyrant!"

And yet it is said that Socialists are devoid of humour!

The title of these articles is sufficient to prove that the writer is not of a morbid turn of mind; in fact, I have only once in my life had the curiosity to witness a trial for murder, and then not so much to hear the details as to study the man on trial for his life. It was

THANKS TO SIR HENRY THOMPSON.

not a case about which there was any doubt, nor was it one to rouse the sympathy of an honest man. The prisoner was one of the worst villains this wicked world has ever known — a strong, determined, successful, cold-blooded scoundrel. From my artistic point of view it would be interesting, I thought, to study him under the ordeal of trial. Besides, I was in a country where many wretches had been tried before—Australia. Although the crime, or crimes, had been committed in Australia, the murderer, like Deeming, was an Englishman. His name was Butler. His trial, however, did not cause the sensation at home that Deeming's did, for Deeming had murdered his parents in England and hidden their bodies under a slab in the house he occupied. In a similar way he had murdered and hidden his victims in Australia, and the discovery of one crime led to the discovery of the others. Butler had quite as many victims, but he went to Australia for his prey, and therefore the interest was more local. But it was a sensational trial all the same, for the wretch tried his best to cheat the hangman by destroying himself.

Butler's plan of criminal campaign was simplicity itself, and therefore his victims were innocent, unsuspecting persons, who were cajoled into believing that Butler was an expert in prospecting in the bush, and knew where Morgan mines and Aladdin's Caves were to be easily found. It is comic think how many persons do not stop to consider that these "experts," if they really did know where the treasures were, would not fail to keep the secret, and the profit, to themselves.

Naturally, a retired seafaring captain was one of the victims of these fairy stories. I think it was for this one case Butler was tried, though he had murdered others in the same way.

His *modus operandi* was extremely simple. Alone with his gulled victim in the bush, Butler, after marking out a certain spot about seven feet by two and a half feet, seated himself, lit his pipe, and told his victim to dig down to a depth of about four feet. Then, when the unsuspecting prospector had finished his task, Butler, seated behind him, drew his revolver and shot him dead.

Butler's touch of humour was to make his victims dig their own graves.

The murderer, after robbing the corpse of money and keys, filled in the earth and returned to the city, ransacked the lost owner's rooms, and, if necessary, personated him and obtained his money and belongings. This little game he carried out time after time. Probably he would have carried on his crimes much longer but

BUTLER AS HE APPEARED ON THE FIRST AND LAST DAYS OF HIS TRIAL.

for an old farmer named James Wood, who, with a keen eye, noticing fresh earth unaccountably exposed, made a search and found the body of Weller, the last victim.

The back of the skull of the unfortunate man had marks of a bullet wound, showing how neatly Butler had taken aim. I recollect the counsel for the prisoner raised the question of suicide, and the doctor, with the skull of the murdered man, showing how impossible it was for a man to fire a pistol at the back of his own head. This evidence immensely amused the prisoner in the dock, Butler twirling his moustache and seemingly enjoying the joke. His manner at the beginning of the trial was jocular. He looked about him in a jaunty style. He apparently believed he was one of the actors in a comedy. After some of the evidence, however, he sat glum and sullen, and looked the brute he was. His low forehead, thick underlip, tremendous neck, and cruel face showed the man. As the evidence of the police and others rolled out, and his fate seemed sealed, his whole expression changed, and he became insolent and defiant.

I was seated not far from the dock, which, by the way, was in the centre of the court, and into which prisoners are brought up from the cells below, through a trap-door in the floor. The dock had railings with long spikes, and in conversation with the Attorney-General, who prosecuted, and who told me that Butler was a desperate character and fought the warders, and threatened to either do for them or himself, I said, "I wonder the prisoner does not jump up and spike himself effectually." This remark Butler must have overheard, for the next day he did jump up on the bench and throw himself on the spikes, with the evident intention of killing himself! Failing in this, he became very violent, and seemed to lose all control of himself, fought the warders, and, being allowed tobacco when in his cell, tried to commit suicide by jagging his throat with a small tin tag—a piece of metal inserted in plug tobacco on which the name of the manufacturer is embossed. Failing a second time to kill himself, his brutality increased, and the warders were obliged to encase his hands in leather muffs and bind them with straps to his sides.

The last day of all which ended this strange trial showed Butler a pitiable object. His bravado had all disappeared, his face was ghastly white, he scowled at the judge, his eyes were wild, his figure collapsed; he was a shrunken, miserable-looking object, a remarkable contrast to the blusterer in the dock when the trial began. His voice had gone, and he could only whisper his statement to his counsel, who had to stand close to the dock and repeat it in a clear voice to the Court.

When the judge was summing up, late on Saturday night, I was on the stage in the theatre giving my lecture-entertainment, in which I tell a story of an escaped convict. I impersonated a felon, and, after rushing about the stage trying to escape, I made my exit, somewhat exhausted—which was generally thought by my agent, by the way, would be an impossible part of my programme to give in Australia—when I heard the boys in the street calling out, "Butler sentenced to death! Scene in court!" So I was not in at the final scene in the tragedy, after all.

Some men on the Bench had better be off it. Like judges in the Highest Court, they remain too long and are caught napping. My old friend, Frank Lockwood, was once engaged in a dog case, and Chief Justice Coleridge was asleep in his chair. Sir Frank slammed the table in front of him, and said loudly to the witness he was cross-examining:—

"Tell me, sir, is it not a fact that some dogs who have been too long on the bench go to sleep?"

The Lord Chief woke up, and listened to the rest of the case.

When I was writing an illustrated London letter years ago, I made the following note on the subject, which I called:—

"AFTER FOUR O'CLOCK.

"Surely there should be a Superannuation Act for county court judges, coroners, and others who are entrusted with important public work, and who hang on to their office long after they have become physically incompetent to transact their duties as they should be done. It is not so very long ago that very stringent measures had to be taken to compel a senile coroner to relinquish his position; and a few evenings since I heard a Londoner, well known in society, complain of the way in which he had been treated by a decrepit county court judge. My friend, wishing to make a present of a ring to a friend of his who was on the eve of being married, bought the article, and handed it to the jeweller, with instructions to have a suitable inscription engraved upon it, making a stipulation that it should be finished and returned by a certain date, otherwise it would be useless. Months elapsed before the ring

was delivered. It was sent back to the jeweller. The tradesman took out a summons, and my friend had to come back to town and sit in a stuffy court all day without the case being called. Next morning he bribed the usher to let him know when the case was called. He was sent for at lunch-time, and sat till a quarter-past four listening to anything but edifying matters which had to be disposed of first. By this time the old gentleman on the Bench was fast asleep. The jeweller's case was called, and my friend's solicitor stated the defence. At its close the legal functionary slowly disentangled himself from the embrace of Morpheus, opened one eye, grunted, 'Verdict for plaintiff,' and lumbered heavily out of court. My friend was furious, and addressed the judge in terms the reverse of polite. The usher endeavoured to pacify him, and eventually led him out of court, and, after pocketing another half-sovereign, he remarked, 'Yes, sir; it's very 'ard, I know. But, you know, sir, he allers gives a verdict for the plaintiff after four o'clock!' And this is the way the law is administered in Merrie England!"

"AFTER FOUR O'CLOCK."

I recollect Justice Hawkins trying one of Jabez Balfour's gang at the Old Bailey. The case was known as "The Liberator Case."

There was a touch of satire in the title, "Liberator" Building Society case, for many of the poor, duped shareholders were thrown into the workhouse, and some of the promoters into jail. I saw one of the moving spirits getting it hot from Sir Henry Hawkins, the judge at the Old Bailey, afterwards Lord Brampton, during the last few days. Apropos of this case, there is an incident which I do not think has been published, but it was current talk at the time of the arrests, and, I think, is worth relating, if only to illustrate the vagaries of the whirligig of Time. One of the culprits was noted for being very severe on the Bench, and upon one occasion he sentenced some wrong-doer to a month for a very trivial offence. This roused the ire of the sentenced one, and as he was leaving the dock he turned round and, disregarding the probable consequences, remarked to him, significantly:—

"All right, guv'nor; all right. I reckon I'll be just about comin' out when you're goin' in!"

Jabez Balfour in his book thus describes his first acquaintance with a "Black Maria":—

"I found that the vehicle was packed with the refuse of the London police-courts. They apparently knew each other very well, and were on the most excellent terms of friendship with their guardian, who walked up and down the corridor and chaffed them unmercifully, especially the female prisoners. I was amazed at the terms of jaunty familiarity which existed between the prisoners and the officers of the law, and for the first time I became acquainted with the slang of prison life, which I found to be full of words which are not in the Standard Slang Dictionary, and to which I cannot even now attribute any reasonable origin."

A great friend of mine, for many years one of the best of the London police magistrates, Gilbert E. Kennedy, of Marlborough Street, wishing to find out what it was like to take the ride in the "Black Maria" to which he had condemned so many prisoners, took the journey himself, and he informed me afterwards that he never had such an uncomfortable journey in his life. This torture of untried people, by boxing them up like cattle, is therefore likely to be seen to in time. The little divisions into which the travellers are penned is a modern "improvement." In the old days there were no divisions, but one long seat like in a bus, and there is a story (was it Montagu Williams's or poor Frank Lockwood's?) of a "swell," taken off in the "Black Maria" with the other ordinary police-court prisoners, being frightfully disgusted by a drunken old

"'OCH! ME DARLINT.' OBSERVED THE LADY FROM THE GUTTER, 'MAYBE YOU FORGIT OI'VE AS MUCH ROIGHT TO RIDE IN THIS AS YOU HAVE!'"

Irishwoman leaning against him as they jolted along. He tried to move away, and mildly protested. "Och! me darlint," observed the lady from the gutter, "maybe you forgit Oi've as much roight to ride in this as you have!"

Our police are not always perfect beings. They have black sheep in their midst, but these are luckily few. These few—when found out—tarnish the good name of the force.

A friend of mine had an amusing experience of the lighter side of police crime when the "Muzzling of Dogs Order" was in force. He allowed his pet dog to stray outside the front garden gate, but kept his eye upon it. Presently he saw a policeman come round the corner and whistle gently to the dog. As soon as he got in reach of it he stooped down and took off the dog's collar, pocketed it, marched the dog to the front door, and gave notice that he would summon my friend for allowing the dog to stray without a collar.

THE POLICEMAN AND THE COLLARS.

My friend came out and said, "We'll settle this at once. Here, get into this hansom. Driver, take us to Marylebone Station at once."

There the constable entered the box and charged my friend.

"That policeman, sir," said my friend, "is a liar and a thief."

"That is a very serious charge to make," observed the magistrate—I think it was Mr. Plowden, so perhaps he added, "You must not allow your choler to rise."

"That policeman," continued my friend, "stole the collar off that dog an hour ago. Will you, sir, ask him to empty his pockets?"

At the magistrate's command the policeman had to do so. The first dog's collar was that belonging to my friend. This was followed by a dozen others—his morning's work. I do not suppose he stole them to sell, but to gain promotion for being "smart."

The magistrate's "choler" rose then, and the career of the policeman fell.

I was speaking just now of Mr. Justice Hawkins, and I will end this paper with one or two stories about him. There is no doubt Hawkins owed his great success to being a thorough man of the world, with a keen sense of the ridiculous. There is one short chapter in the second volume of his reminiscences which he has given with much humour—the description of "the pompous Sheriff of Devizes'" ostentatious display when Justice Hawkins was on circuit.

"Everything concerning him was on a large scale, so that when we went to church and the offertory was collected, instead of the unassuming little crimson bag at the end of a stick coming round, indicating that only a proportionate amount of your income was expected, they brought to our pew a receptacle almost as large as an old-clothes bag, and capable of holding your salary for the whole year."

Into this Mr. Justice Hawkins relates how the pompous Sheriff extracted from his pocket a *bank-note*, "which he dropped into the capacious reservoir of Christian charity."

The judge more quietly slipped in a threepenny-bit!

In the vestry the bag was opened by the churchwardens. "The bank-note," says the wary Hawkins, "*looked* like *mine*." When the bag was shaken and the wretched threepenny-bit dropped out, a churchwarden (according to the judge's chaplain, who was present) cried:—

"D—— that High Sheriff!"

"'Orkins" follows this little dodge of his in getting credit for benevolence by another scene in church when the bag was brought round.

"All eyes were upon me, I knew, and had I not known I should have felt. I understood them; they were anxious to see *what the judge would give*." (The italics are his own.) On this occasion the judge pretended to be much occupied in singing the hymn. "I was singing like a robin," he writes, "'From Greenland's Icy Mountains,'" a hymn he had heard many times before, and those icy mountains gave him, he declares, a cold shudder. On this occasion they served to give the cold shoulder, and nothing else, to the churchwarden who was passing the bag (a particularly inviting one, lined with white satin, trimmed with red). "It is wonderful how one's attention may be engrossed by delightful music," adds the judge, and this little comedy he performed in broad daylight, on a raised dais, in the presence of the whole congregation.

He gave nothing!

Mr. Justice Hawkins tells of his horror of

"THE BAG WAS SHAKEN AND THE WRETCHED THREEPENNY-BIT DROPPED OUT."

draughts, but he does not publish the story I have often told on the platform of a certain judge, Mr. Justice Keating, I think, who took a rise out of Hawkins over his faddism. Judges suffered, counsel suffered, jurymen fainted, witnesses writhed in agony, the officials gasped for breath. It was the hottest day of the year. Yet the selfish Hawkins smiled, and had every window and door of the court kept closed.

So one day Keating told him that he had had a dreadful dream. He dreamt Hawkins was dead.

"I say, Keating, none of that, please; that's no subject to joke about," pleaded Hawkins, who had, I believe, a great fear of dying.

"Well, let me finish," went on Keating. "Yes, you died—and you were to be cremated at Woking. We were all to go down to see the last of you, but, alas! I overslept myself, and arrived by a later train, just as our brother-members of the Bench were returning. However, I went on to the Crematorium, determined to see *something* of you, my dear friend, and I bribed the attendant to let me look in. So he pulled back a little metal disc about the size of a five-shilling piece, enough to put my eye to. Oh! The heat! It was dreadful!! But I peered in again, and there I saw a little pile of white ashes, and from those ashes came your familiar voice—'Keating, Keating! Shut that door; there is a draught here!!'"

"I WAS SINGING LIKE A ROBIN."

(*To be continued.*)

ROSEEN.

By FRANK SAVILE.

LITTLE Roseen's heart nearly stopped beating!

A moment before—such a tiny moment—the day had been an over-brimming glory of light and life and music. The garden had echoed and re-echoed to the morning song of the birds; mellow out of the distance came the languid splash of ripples in the cove. The dew spangled the grass at her feet; the sunlight played hide and seek among a hundred green shadows of beech and oak and pine. And the day was only just beginning—there were hours and hours before her—hours filled with more possibilities of delight than any "grown-up" could possibly imagine. The garden and the beach? What could not one do with such a garden and such a beach on this most entrancing day?

And now?

The sudden shadow of tragedy smirched the morning—its grim sword might fall at any moment. For Rags, the wild, the scatterbrained, the heedless, most commonplace of mongrels, but the very darling of her heart, had signed his own death-warrant!

There he stood, amid the ruins of her brother-in-law's pet begonia bed, digging with his mighty paws, flinging soil out of a hole already a full foot deep, and doing it with a whole-hearted enjoyment of his sin which proved all former punishments to be things most thoroughly forgotten or despised.

Little Roseen rushed at him with a cry of mingled terror and reproach. He whirled round to meet her. His soil-stained paws fell upon her shoulders. His enthusiasm, in fact, rolled her over into the hole which he had dug. Under the impression that she had come to share his labours, he resumed his energetic assistance!

She smote at him indignantly; she made wild and ineffectual attempts to scrape together the scattered soil and heal the terrible wound in the earth. Too late—too late! Voices sounded behind her. She gathered herself up to meet the bewildered, and then wrathful, countenances of her sister Muriel and—alas! alas!—of Muriel's husband, Jack Thornton.

With strong instinctive common sense Rags read and understood the expression upon his master's face. As the latter made a rush at him he tore himself from Roseen's embrace and fled through the fence. Captain Thornton flung many stones and anathemas in the direction of his retreat, and then returned to inspect, with grim determination, the ruin of the begonias. He gave a conclusive little nod of the head.

"That settles it!" he said, slowly. "He's had his chance. He's chased the sheep, run the poultry, dug up the geraniums, and broken the cucumber-frames. He'll destroy no more. I shall shoot him to-night!"

Roseen gave a despairing little shriek and fell at her brother-in-law's feet.

"Oh, please—please—please!" she sobbed. "He didn't know any better—oh, he didn't know!"

He picked her up gently, and began to brush the mud from her frock.

"My little Roseen," he said, "you don't understand. We can't have dogs to live with us who demolish everything—who can't be taught by punishments. And he is not a valuable dog. He is not a real Newfoundland—only a mongrel cross."

"But I *love* him!" she cried, desperately. "I don't care what he is—I love him *dearly!*"

She turned wildly to her sister.

"*Beg* him!" she entreated. "Muriel, darling, beg Jack to forgive Rags this once!"

Muriel looked at the forlorn little figure at her feet, and then, with a half doubtful smile, at her husband.

"Couldn't we—this once, Jack?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"No, dear," he said. "I told you that next time he broke out he would have to go. I have quite decided."

A shadow fell across Muriel's face. She had been married only six months. This was the first time that a request of hers had been met by her husband's direct refusal.

"Not for *my* sake, Jack?" she pleaded.

"No," he answered, firmly. "Please don't press it any more. I have made up my mind. I seldom change it."

"LITTLE ROSEEN RUSHED AT HIM WITH A CRY OF MINGLED TERROR AND REPROACH."

The cloud in Muriel's eyes grew deeper.

"It's not a great thing for a wife to ask," she said. "I don't think that I deserve to have it refused, Jack."

He made a gesture of irritation towards Roseen.

"I think it would be better if you took her in," he said. "It is bad for her to cry like that, and the more we discuss matters the more her tears will influence you."

She drew the child up in her arms. She gave him a look which was half surprise, half expostulation.

"You refuse—absolutely?" she questioned.

"Absolutely—and finally," he replied. "I shall shoot Rags to-night."

There was a cold and inexorable tone in his voice which Muriel had never heard before. It roused her usually gentle temper into flame. It was as if her husband had become a different man—an enemy.

"If you do," she cried, fiercely, as she turned towards the house, "if you really do, I'll—I'll never forgive you."

Thornton answered with no more than a slight shrug of the shoulders. He watched her silently out of sight, and then strolled slowly on towards the stables.

A minute later Roseen was weeping out her story into the sympathetic ears of her Irish nurse, Mary Kate. To the child's imagination it was as if her whole world had fallen about her in ruin. Rags condemned to die! Muriel quarrelling—actually quarrelling with Jack on her account! Surely two such awful things had never happened before upon a peaceful summer morning! It was incredibly terrible; her little heart felt as if it must burst beneath its load of woe!

But Mary Kate refused to take this pessimistic view of matters. She was glib with consolations.

"Sure, the Captain's a quick man—a very quick man—but he'd no more cross the misthress in the matter of wan mongrel cur than he'd be flyin' through the windy. Make y'rsilf aisy, me darlint! He'll be kissin' y'r sister's feet before the day's out, and promisin' her the life of any cat or any dog she likes to set her value on. He will so, now,

and do you set there and wipe y'r face and shmile at me as ye have a right to shmile. Look, now! I'll give ye me box of jools to play wid!"

A child's mind is easily influenced. Roseen was far from satisfied, for she could not help remembering that she had both seen and heard what Mary Kate had not. But to play with the "jools" was a very special joy, reserved for very special occasions, and even her doubts could not bring her to refuse it. With childish optimism she put the question of Rags away at the back of her mind and watched her nurse put the little red box on the table.

Mary Kate's "jools" were not gems of any intrinsic value. The Innishlyne coast is famous for the number of agates, coarse amethysts, and other stones of a like class which are to be found along the foreshore. Mary Kate, who indulged in a decided, if innocent, taste for flirtation, had many admirers. It was quite an ordinary custom for the youths of the district to bestow their occasional finds upon the objects of their regard, and Mary Kate had amassed quite a little hoard. It was this that she was looking to to divert the melancholy trend of her small charge's meditations.

Roseen opened the box and rummaged her fingers among the stones. She was quick to notice one—a small, deep red pebble, shot with lines of white—which had been added since her last inspection. She gave a little cry of admiration as she held it up.

Mary Kate blushed, bridled, and tittered.

"'Tis a cornelian," she said. "There's fistfuls of them on Skene Vogh; but I doubt if I've seen a finer. Brian O'Rorke fetched it to me, the forward gossoon that he is."

Roseen was much interested. Skene Vogh was an island nearly opposite the headland at the far corner of the bay, and at low water one could sometimes reach it dry shod.

"Why was it forward of Brian?" she asked, curiously. "*I* think it was very polite of him."

Mary Kate gave a little self-conscious chuckle.

"It has a special manin'—a cornelian," she grinned. "Whoiver ye give it to, it keeps their love warm to ye."

Roseen looked up with very earnest eyes.

"Does it?" she asked. "Oh, Mary Kate, does it *really?*"

"So they say," answered the girl, tossing her head, "but Masther Brian will have his own throubles to prove it!"

A wonderful, wonderful idea leaped into being in Roseen's active little brain. If Muriel could only give Jack a cornelian—if she only could!

Because his love *must* have suddenly cooled—that could be the only explanation of the hard and cruel words which husband and wife had exchanged that morning. And then? If all was put right between Muriel and Jack, surely, surely a respite could be obtained for Rags. Oh, it was a splendid notion—an admirable one.

She looked debatingly again at Mary Kate.

"Could—could you lend it me?" she asked, doubtfully.

Mary Kate went off into a peal of laughter.

"Bless y'r innocipce, me darlint!" she cried. "Are ye afther settin' y'r cap at some wan? Sure, ye'll have to find and fetch y'r own stone. The loan of wan's no good at all, at all."

Roseen looked at her gravely.

"I see," she answered. "But there are lots more on Skene Vogh, you say. We could get one there?"

Mary Kate nodded encouragingly.

"Some day," she agreed. "This afthernoon I have to mend and get up the misthress's fine lace. But some day, whin the tide's at its lowest, we'll go and find a stone that'll scald the heart from the Imp'ror of China's silf—that we will!"

She went off to fetch her lace, leaving the child immersed in a brown study. It was all very well to talk of "some day," but what was wanted was a cornelian *now*. Oh, it was impossible to wait! How could she delay when she knew that such a cure-all for her troubles lay almost within reach? It was such a very, very serious matter—for Rags; indeed, it was a question of life and death. If Mary Kate's aid could not be given, Roseen must act for herself.

Her goings and comings were little questioned in the house; she was accustomed to pervade the stables and garden as she willed. Mary Kate found nothing strange in the fact that the room was empty when she returned, feeling assured that "the dear baby'd gone to set her little hands to buildin' a pacification betwixt the Captain and the misthress, the inthriguin' little fairy that she is!" and so settled down comfortably to her mending.

Mary Kate was right—in theory, but Roseen was setting about the matter in her own way. She was hastening across the lawn to examine, with a critical eye, the set of the tide.

As she looked down from the cliff head upon the shore she gave a little gasp of

delight. The tide was falling—was nearly at its lowest. The channel between the mainland and Skene Vogh had become a stretch of sand dotted with little pools. She could run across as she stood—it would scarcely be necessary to take off her shoes and stockings.

She hesitated for one instant. Rags? Without him she had never ventured before outside the garden domain. But if they happened to meet her brother-in-law? Might not the cruel sentence of the morning be carried into effect upon the spot? No—she must go alone. There was, indeed, no time to be wasted in finding the culprit. Tides waited for no one—not even for little girls with the most laudable intentions in their hearts.

She ran quickly down the gravel-path which gave upon the shore. Half an hour later she had gained the headland, and was picking her way between pool and pool across the channel.

She panted a little as she reached the opposite shore. The seaweed was slippery and the sand heavy and deep. But excitement allowed her no thought of weariness. Dropping on her knees, she began to pass handfuls of bright pebbles between her fingers. She peered, here and there, beneath the shelving boulders. Now and again she lifted the tangle of the wrack. Very slowly, yard by yard, she crept along, absorbed in her search, while behind her the tide fell, reached its lowest, and then, moving as slowly as herself, began to mount.

An hour later Muriel came out upon the lawn. There was a suspicious redness about her eyes; her cheeks were white and harassed looking. The quarrel of the morning had clouded the day for her also—she was feeling lonely and miserable. She wanted to find Jack—to find him and make it up. She wanted to be kissed and forgiven, and—though this was perhaps only a subconscious thought — to gain, possibly, her own way after all.

In the hope that he might have gone fishing from the headland, she strolled slowly towards it.

Jack was there, indeed, but on the side away from the house. He was sitting on a stone, smoking, listlessly dangling a line into the dark blue depths, meditating on the ways of women, and wondering how on earth he was going to stick to his principles and, at the same time, make his peace with his wife.

There seemed no middle path that he could steer, and as he debated the matter his brow grew gloomier and gloomier. A man couldn't give in? No; he shook his head; he buttressed up his resolution with remembrances of the many iniquities Rags had already perpetrated. No—a man must be master in his own house. But—but how on earth was he going to get along if Muriel would not give in either?

A pinnacle of rock behind him shut off his view of the summit of the headland for a good portion of the way, so Roseen's passing was hid from him. He might possibly have seen her if he had turned his head at one particular moment, but his meditations absorbed him. He stared at the sea and the dangling line as if he expected to find in them an answer for the conundrum which he had set himself. He never noticed, either, that his wife had reached the head of the cliff behind him and was looking down. But her gaze was not at him. She was staring at a little blue-clad figure which crawled restlessly along the pebbled shore of Skene Vogh. Suddenly Muriel gave a cry. She had recognised Roseen. For the child had risen. She had scrambled to her feet with a queer, triumphant gesture, and was running towards the channel. And up this the tide was racing like a torrent.

Roseen stopped as she reached the water's edge. She looked down, and the next instant her fingers were at her shoe-strings. She stripped off both shoes and stockings and waded fearlessly out into the ripples. Muriel gave another cry, and ran frantically down the cliff path to the shore.

Roseen saw her, called out, and waved her hand gaily. Fear and the haste of her running had nearly robbed Muriel of her voice. She gave a strangled shout and waved desperately to her sister to go back. Roseen hesitated, looking questioningly towards the shore, scarcely understanding, in the absorption of her one thought, that danger threatened, for she had found it—she had found a cornelian! And here was Muriel! It only remained to meet Jack and all would be well. In her eagerness she took another step forward.

She stumbled. Her feet slipped from under her, for she had stepped over the edge of one of the many pools which dotted the channel bed. She gasped—she made desperate efforts to regain her footing, but the sodden sand gave her no grip. Her hands beat wildly round as if to seek support, and then a tiny wave completed the tale of her misfortunes. It flung itself against her face, blinding her. She fell. Relentlessly the current seized her.

Jack Thornton had heard his wife's cry as she started down the cliff. There was no mistaking the terror in her voice, but the reason of it was hid from him. He flung down his rod, leaped to his feet, and raced up the boulders. As he reached the other verge of the headland his heart nearly stood still!

Out in the grip of the tide a little blue-clad body was being whirled along. He knew it in an instant. Only the day before he had called Roseen his Baby Bluebell, in honour of her new print dress, and they had had a discussion, banteringly on his side, seriously on hers, as to whether a little girl of six might be called a baby any longer. And now—and now? A sudden deadly chill of terror pulsed through him. Would he be in time—would he be in time?

The next instant the burden of his dread was doubled. For Muriel ran out across the shore beneath him, straight towards the water's edge. Her arms were outstretched—her purpose manifest. She fought her way out into the deepening tide, straight towards her sister.

Jack Thornton leapt rather than ran down the cliff path; he shouted, he gesticulated furiously in his despair. It was all in vain. Muriel had neither eyes nor ears for anything except her sister's peril. She pressed on into the deep of the channel, the water rising inch by inch to her waist—to her shoulders—almost to her mouth! And then she reached out to—touched—grasped the little blue frock!

She turned, slowly and heavily. For a moment she faltered, faint with the overtaxing of her powers. Then, holding the child to her, she thrust back in the direction from which she had come.

She took an uncertain step or two, and tottered. She made no progress, for the current, which had been behind her as she waded seaward, was dead against her as she turned towards the shore.

She set her teeth—she concentrated the whole of her powers into the effort. The waters seemed like hands, greedily dragging her back. She bent her shoulder against them, pushed, swerved, and then, in her turn, lost her footing. Two bodies swung out into the clutch of the current instead of one.

Jack Thornton thundered down the path, tearing off his jacket as he ran. Horror had him by the throat, but he kept his presence of mind. He noted a line of rocks, like a tiny breakwater, which headed out into and met the full force of the tide. He dashed along it, stumbling on the slippery wrack, poised his hands above his head, and leaped far out into the swirl.

He swam desperately, realizing with another throb of fear the strength of the forces he had to meet. For with every minute the power of the waters grew as they were narrowed into the passage between the island and the shore. They whirled him round, they buffeted him, they tossed the foam against his lips and eyes.

Stroke by stroke he urged himself along, ploughing a way towards the very centre of the stream. As he reached it he shook the water from his face, steadied himself for an instant, and looked anxiously ahead. As he did so something was tossed up upon the crest of an advancing wave—something which shone blue against the sunlit foam.

He plunged forward. The next instant the two unconscious bodies were swept against him—into his very arms!

He seized the collar of his wife's blouse. He turned, swimming upon his back and striking out slowly. He made no effort to beat up against the current, but used it rather as an aid. Roseen was still encircled by Muriel's arm and pressed against her breast.

For a moment or two all went well. Thornton breathed a sigh of thankfulness and relief. They were already a full hundred yards from the island, but the current was slanting them shorewards. In another minute, if they kept as they were going, they would be among the shallows. He ventured, with a strong stroke or two, to increase the pace.

And then, as in her unconsciousness her muscles relaxed, Muriel's arm dropped away from Roseen's waist. The blue frock was snatched and held by the hungry waters—the golden head sank beneath the surface.

Thornton groaned aloud and thrust out his disengaged hand. He probed blindly downwards—felt nothing; probed again—and touched—a lock of hair. Desperately, blunderingly, he drew it towards him and, as Roseen's white face rose again into the sunlight, encircled her with the grip of his arm. But he was sadly handicapped now. He could do little more than float or tread water, trusting absolutely to the current to guide them into safety.

The current, alas! played him false. For the space between him and the shore grew palpably wider. Some unseen ledge below the surface was thrusting the stream seaward—they were being carried deeper and deeper into the grip of rollers beyond the headland's

shelter. Another minute's drifting would see them out in the trough of the rising sea.

With grim clearness the situation was manifest to Thornton's brain. Together—they must drown. Let him free one hand and he could beat a way out into safety, but that one hand must be free. How? By releasing one of his burdens. There was no choice.

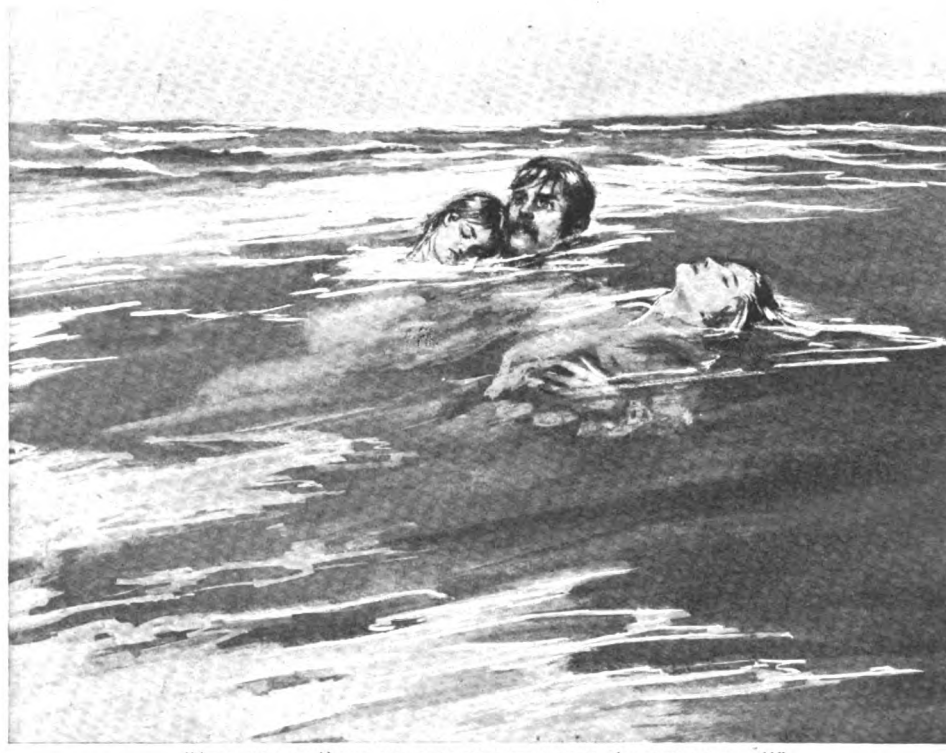
"God help me!" groaned Jack Thornton again, "Roseen must go—Roseen must go!"

within him—cold with a horror which he knew would be with him to the day of his death!

Something splashed and churned the water at his shoulder—something panted and blew past his cheek.

He looked round.

Two great brown eyes were searching the ripples with eager light; two great shoulders spurned the racing tide. Rejoicing in his strength, Rags shot past Thornton to meet



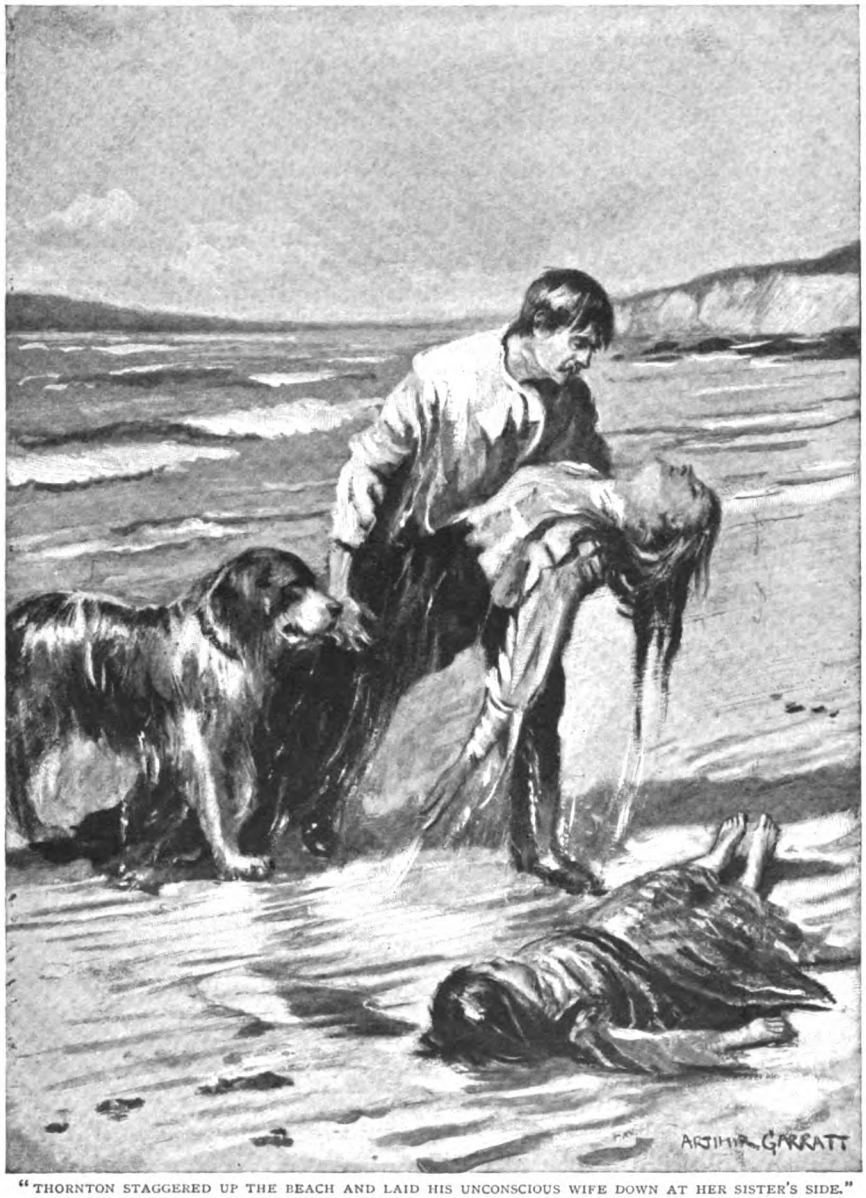
"'GOD HELP ME!' GROANED JACK THORNTON AGAIN, 'ROSEEN MUST GO!'"

The crest of a wave broke against his lips. He choked, gasped, and knew that his powers were failing. What was to be done must be done quickly, or three would share the fate of one. With a sob and a half-muttered prayer he released the grip of his right hand.

He struck out, setting his face rigidly towards the shore—he even shut his eyes. He could not see her drown—Roseen—his little baby sister whose body, a moment ago, had been warm in the circle of his arm. He swam savagely, desperately, tearing at the waves with great strokes which seemed to try to avenge upon them the cruel triumph which they had won. And his heart was stone

and grasp—what? That floating skirt of blue? Aye, to grasp it, lift it, bear it away triumphantly through the vanquished waves — through the shallows — up the pebbles—to lay it down upon a sunlit bed of sand.

As Thornton staggered up the beach and laid his unconscious wife down at her sister's side, Rags wheeled to greet him as one comrade greets another when the forlorn hope has been won. Impulsively, vehemently, he licked his master's hand, and the strong man, looking down into the deep of those honest brown eyes, brimmed with their wealth of love, burst into a sudden storm of sobs.



"THORNTON STAGGERED UP THE BEACH AND LAID HIS UNCONSCIOUS WIFE DOWN AT HER SISTER'S SIDE."

"And it *were* the cornelian," explained Roseen, importantly, as, a couple of hours later and in the seclusion of her own little white bed, she gave her version of the affair to Mary Kate. "I gived it to Muriel, and told her she must give it to Jack. And when I said why, I thought Jack would never leave off kissing her and then *me!*"

Mary Kate wiped her eyes.

"And well he might, me darlint!" she cried, as she folded Roseen in a passionate embrace — "and well he might — him that's been spared the heavy sorrow of a lifetime!"

A smile of unutterable content shone on Roseen's face.

"And I'm to be spared *my* sorrow, too!" she cried, joyously. "He said he wouldn't shoot Rags now for anything in all the world — not if he dug up every geranium and begonia and smashed every cucumber-frame in the place!"

An Esperanto City.

UTOPIA—is it within reach at last? Is the land of perfection—Millenia, Zion, Erewhon, or whatever the dreamers and speculating novelists of the Jules Verne school choose to call it—no longer to be banished to remote centuries and undetermined countries, but to uprise to-morrow, so to speak, at our very doors, much as if Mr. Imre Kiralfy had the contract in charge and was its presiding genius? If Professor Gustave Roy, Dr. Carl Hoffender, and other enthusiastic Esperantists have their way, next year will see the founding of Esperanta—no longer merely a language, but a city and State on ideal lines.

At the annual Esperanto Congress, held two or three months back at Dresden, the proposal was launched by Professor Gustave Roy, and strongly supported, that Moresnet Neutrale, the interesting little territory wedged in between Germany, Holland, and Belgium, should be the scene of the experiment. It is not as if the plans were unripe, or as if the projectors did not know their own minds, and already the majority of the inhabitants of Moresnet speak Esperanto, whilst the shop signs are nearly all written in that language; so that in taking one's walks abroad, instead of looking for the humble but necessary barber or milkman, we must keep alert for such signs as "Barbir" and "Melkhom."

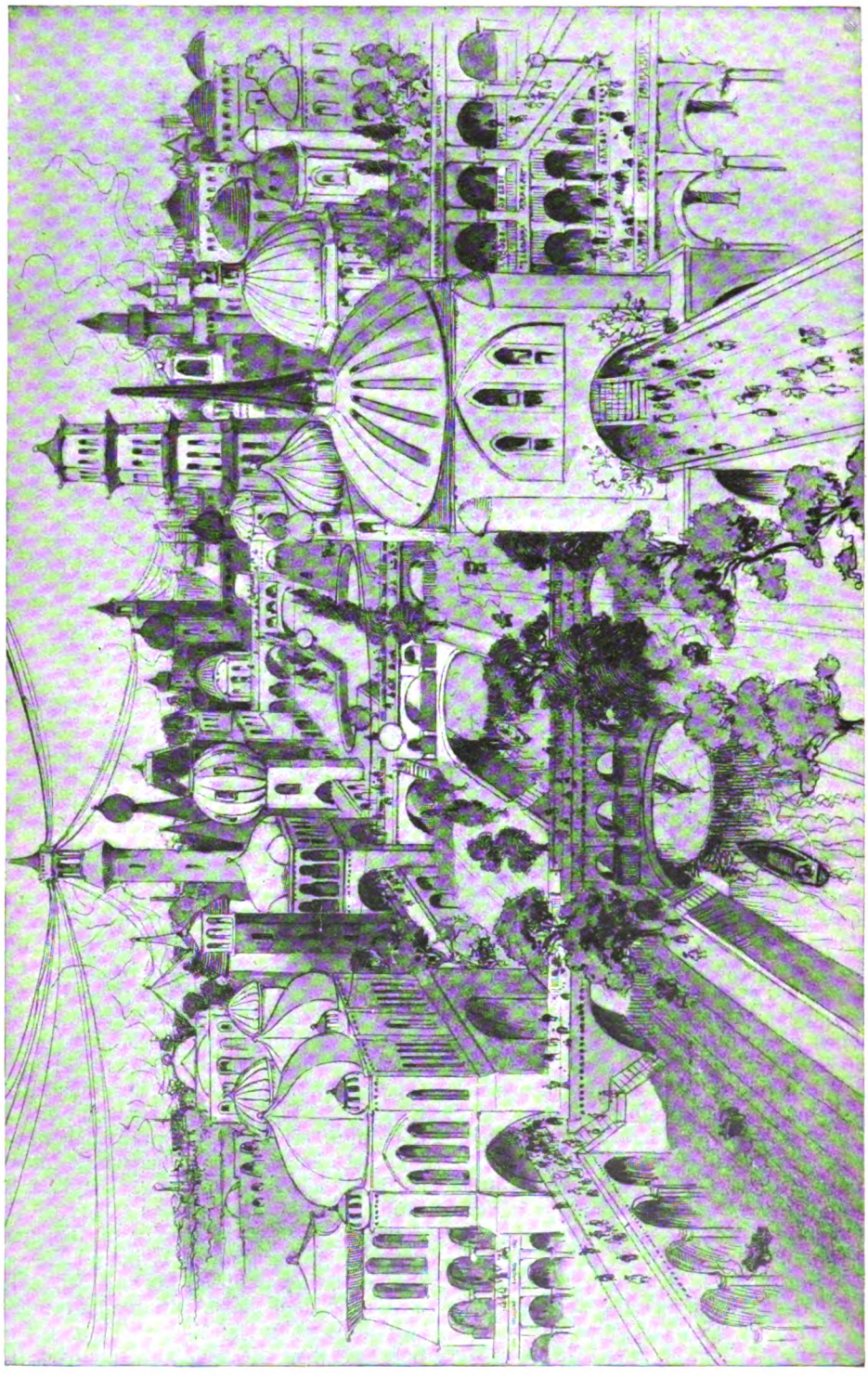
The position of Moresnet lends itself admirably to the project, touching as it does three countries, whilst several important railways run by it, such as the Lisbon-Madrid, Paris-Berlin, and St. Petersburg; and commercially regarded—if anything so sordid can be imagined in this connection—travellers, "commercials," going from Germany to Holland or Belgium, or *vice versâ*, are bound to pass through the chosen land, thus opening up boundless opportunities for Esperantists to make converts, even if they do not trade much.

As already stated, the project originally came from Professor Roy; but another Esperantist, backed by many enthusiasts, has gone farther than the Professor, and is working with heart and soul to bring about his scheme. This gentleman is Dr. Carl Hoffender, and it is from this authority that the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE are indebted for a first glimpse of what may be one of the twentieth-century wonders—the city of Esperanta and its people.

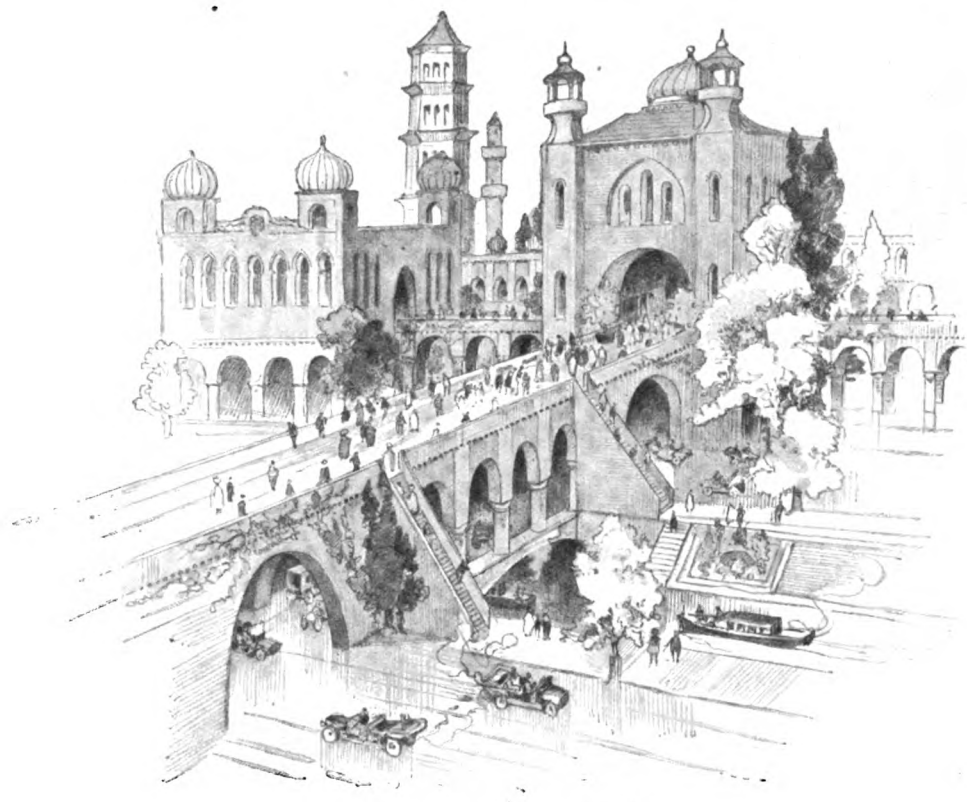
"Ever since," states Dr. Carl Hoffender, "I first devoted myself to the Esperanto language, as far back as 1897, I have always hoped and believed that the time would arrive when, instead of an annual, ever-changing rendezvous of men and women united in the great bond of the Esperanto tongue, we would boast some fixed habitat to which we could turn at all seasons. I wanted to see the nucleus of an Esperanto community, embracing members of all the races of the earth who speak and write Esperanto.

"No; I did not myself first suggest Moresnet, but it strikes me as offering excellent advantages for the head-quarters of Esperanto. You see, what I hoped then, and hope now, is that Esperanto may not be limited to language only, but that it embrace aims and ideals affecting the happiness and brotherhood of man.

"Here is an opportunity of Esperanto permeating our whole civilized life—our dwellings, habits, customs, and art. Here is a chance of emancipating ourselves from all that is absurd and unworthy in convention, all that the ignorant centuries have imposed upon us.



DR. HOFFENDER'S IDEA OF AN ESPERANTO CITY—A GENERAL VIEW.



A FOOTBRIDGE IN ESPERANTO CITY.

"As an architect, first of all I should like to see us freed from the shackles of a foolish traditional architecture. To this end I have drawn up plans which I shall submit to the committee, of a city of light and cleanliness and beauty, and not fashioned with the worn-out fragments of the Tower of Babel. Our contemporary dress, too—does it fulfil our requirements in every country in the most adequate manner? No; it is an ugly and unclean contrivance, against which dress-reformers in every land protest in vain. Here Esperantists need not truckle to the Rue de la Paix and Savile Row.

"Then, again, there is a chance in Esperanta city for an Esperanto school of painting, from which the vulgar and meretricious shall be excluded; for a new school of Esperanto music, carefully avoiding the extremes of Wagner on the one hand and Rossini on the other; for an Esperanto drama and a new school of acting. Our Esperanto cookery will offer mankind something better suited to its alimentary needs than dead birds, fish, and quadrupeds. In brief, Esperanta will be a centre and a theatre for all the sound and sensible reforms which agitate thinking men and women in every land."

From the plans drawn under Dr. Hoffender's direction is afforded a *coup d'œil* of what the city of Esperanta is intended to be. We behold another White City, with more than one suggestion in its many domes and rococo work of London's most recent great exhibition.

As to the architecture, the designer explains frankly, "My first idea is that of beauty. I have travelled all over Europe, and I am sick to death of the dreariness, the ugliness, the discord, and the dirt of Europe's great capitals. I believe beauty may be combined with utility, and in Esperanta you will find one striking principle at least which has not been tried elsewhere."

"You do not refer to the canal?"

"No; I mean the separation of vehicular and pedestrian traffic. All buildings in Esperanta will be connected by foot-bridges. All the shops and offices will be in the buildings on the footway level, mak-

communication pleasant and easy in all weathers, and entirely obviating the danger and delay which attend a confusion of pedestrians, horses, and carriages."

It is interesting to learn that horses for the purposes of traction will not be permitted in Esperanta. All the heavy traffic, moreover, will be conducted by the canals.

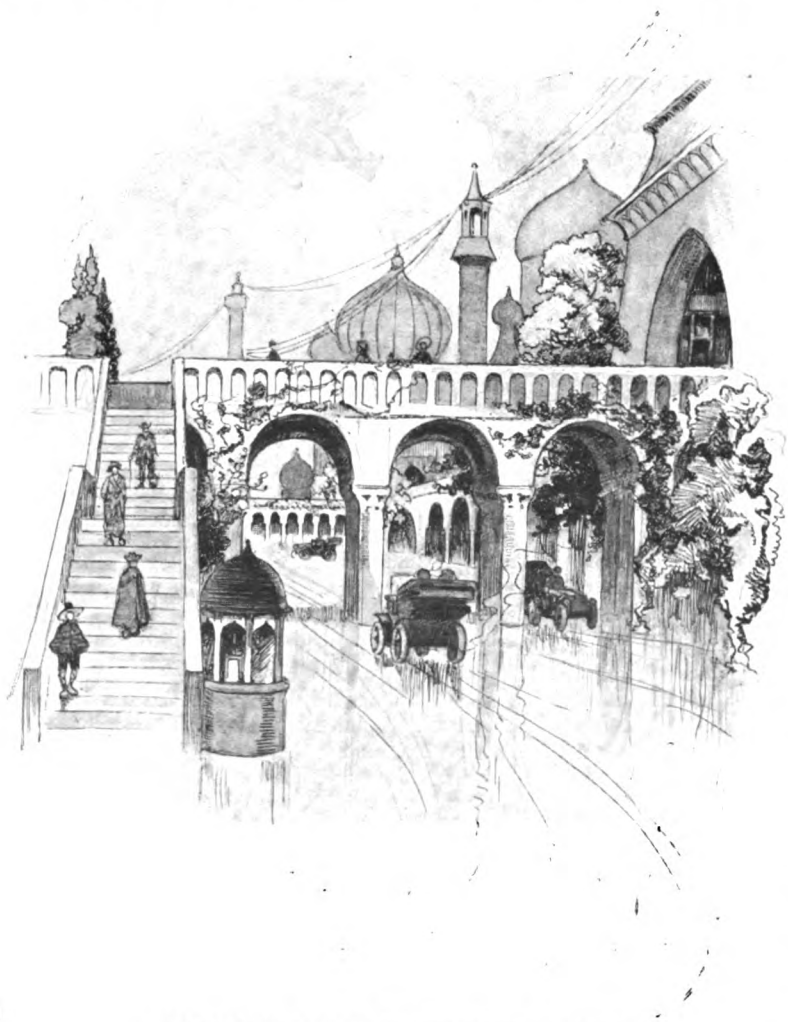
"I cannot understand," remarks Dr. Hoffender, "why the gross insanitary conditions inseparable from the use of animals for the purposes of traction have been tolerated so long. No one knows what ills affecting the health of a municipal community are directly traceable to this source. For a hundred years steam traction has been available over the common roads, and yet millions of four-footed animals continue to swarm in our cities, often ill-fed and ill-treated, doing their work inefficiently and spreading pollution broadcast."

"Is there not too large an element of the Byzantine in the proposed architecture?"

"I do not think reasonable objection can be made on that score. My idea has been to take from every school and order of architecture its most agreeable and effective features. It is, like the language we speak, an eclectic. You will find Greek, Roman, Gothic, Renaissance, and the purely modern as well as Byzantine. If there was any especial advantage in Indian, Chinese, or Japanese architecture I would borrow that also."

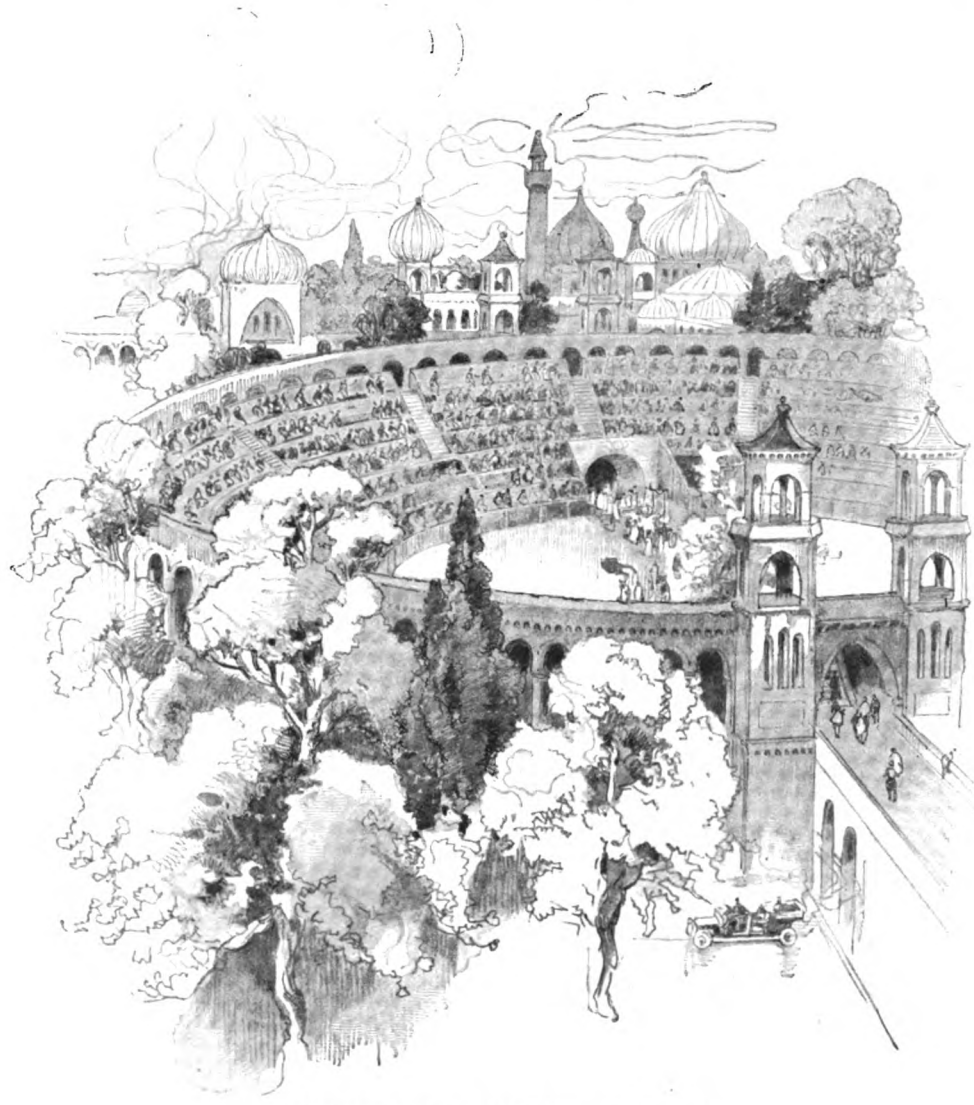
With regard to spectacle and the drama, Dr. Hoffender would seem at first sight to have taken a step backward.

"I am no supporter," he says, "of intramural dramatic representation. I am no opponent of the theatre in its generic sense, but I am opposed to the theatre as a dark, stuffy, confined dungeon. Let us have the theatre in the open air and in the light of day, and then it will become a wholesome, hearty, and healthful recreation. I myself have made a version of 'Hamlet' in Esperanto, and it is one of the dreams of my life to see that version given in the theatre of Esperanta."



STEPS LEADING FROM THE FOOTBRIDGE TO THE ROADWAY.

The reader will see among the accompanying illustrations Dr. Hoffender's theatre. It is on the lines of the old amphitheatres, the



DR. HOFFENDER'S PLAN FOR AN OPEN-AIR THEATRE.

Colosseum at Rome, and with just a reminiscence of the Spanish bull-ring about it. It will seat between six and seven thousand people, and the stage will occupy the centre of the arena, the actors entering in procession from one of the archways.

It is not only proposed to house the population, permanent and transient, of Esperanta in homes of a new pattern, and regale them with drama in an unfamiliar, if not exactly novel, manner, but, as was to be expected, the cramping, unbecoming clothes, fashionable in other countries, will not do for Esperantists.

Ever since suggestions for an ideal dress were first invited, the disciples of Dr. Zamenhof all over the world have been sending in their views, accompanied by various designs.

Some of these suggestions partake of an extraordinary nature. The principle of eclecticism has obviously taken a firm hold on many well-intentioned persons. Thus one gentleman wrote to Dr. Hoffender: "I was glad to read that you had decided to introduce dress reform. It is really wonderful why people go on dressing in the ridiculous way they do, being confined to one set of

garments and accessories when they might pick and choose, as I have done for five years past, from the whole world. Thus, I find that there is nothing so easy and comfortable as the turban for headgear, and who will dispute the freedom from irksomeness induced by the use of Turkish trousers, whilst Jaeger jackets give a joyful feeling of warmth and softness to the chest and arms."

Dr. Hoffender has favoured THE STRAND MAGAZINE with his own suggestion with regard to an ideal Esperanto dress, which is to consist of a cap, black jersey with a wide sash around the middle, Turkish trousers, and ordinary stockings, with white or brown boots as the Esperantist's sense of beauty suggests. A tunic of some soft material, preferably Jaeger, with dolman sleeves, completes a costume which, apart from its comfort, will certainly be sufficiently striking to be in a different class to current fashions, remarkable though some of them are.

SOME SUGGESTED COSTUMES FOR ESPERANTISTS.

"Once we have settled all the purely material aspects of the community we shall certainly tackle the question of the fine arts. To my mind, painting, sculpture, and music are proceeding to-day from Europe on wholly perverse, if not useless, lines. Is there no golden mean between the Epidemic and the Naturalistic schools? For one thing, artists in France, Germany, and England are afraid of colour, just as in music Mozart and Rossini were afraid of noise. Wagner brought a glorious blaze of colour into music, and the same should be done for painting. Colour has almost been dead since Rubens. Let us feel the joy of life in our pictures. Artists paint on altogether too small a scale. This is the fault of the picture-buyers, who live in wretched little apartments for the most part, and have no room for really noble creations.

"The aim of art in Esperanta will be to throw off the shackles of a mean, niggling realism, and bring the world before us in its heroism and beauty."

Naturally, as in all large associations,

A DISTANT VIEW OF THE ESPERANTO CITY.

opinions vary enormously on every new idea put forward for the furtherance of the cause. Nevertheless, who knows but that Dr. Hoffender's idea may eventually become the *fait accompli?*

So far the scheme has not yet embraced a National Esperanto Anthem, but considering the number of British disciples there are of Dr. Zamenhof, surely that gentleman, as the founder of the language, might do worse than adopt the English National Anthem, for the time being at least. This, translated into Esperanto, runs as follows:—

Gardu la regon Di' !
Tre longe regu li
Lau nia preg !
Li regu kun honor',
Li vivu sen dolor',
Lin amu ciu kor',
Vivu la reg !

Benu la regon Di' !
Tre glore regu li
En liberland !
Sonadu goja kri'
De l' Brita Imperi',
Vere en harmoni'
Kun ciu land' !

Gvidu la regon Di' !
Gvidu regatojn li
Per justa leg !
De l' Brita Insular',
De lando trans la mar',
Resonu la kantar'—
Vivu la reg !

DR. HOFFENDER'S SUGGESTION FOR AN IDEAL ESPERANTO COSTUME.

Tails.

By E. H. Aitken

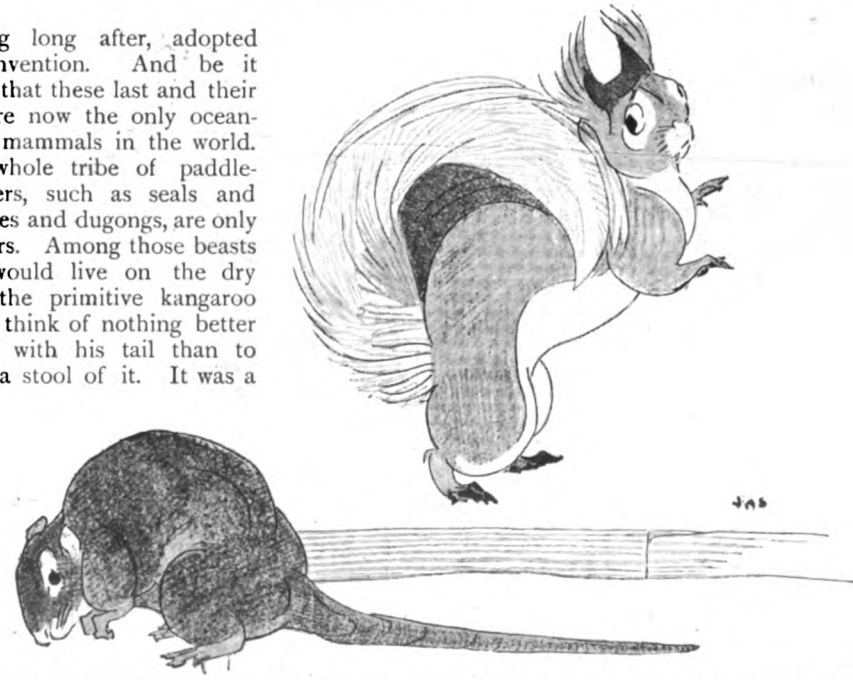
Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd.

THE secrets of Nature often play like an iridescence on the surface, and escape the eye of her worshipper because it is stopped with a microscope. There are mysteries all about us as omnipresent as the movement of the air that lifts the smoke and stirs the leaves, which I cannot find that any philosopher has looked into. Often and deeply have I been impressed with this. For example, there is scarcely, in this world, a commoner or a humbler thing than a tail, yet how multifarious is it in aspect, in construction, and in function, a hundred different things and yet one. Some are of feathers and some of hair, and some bare and skinny; some are long and some are short, some stick up and some hang down, some wag for ever and some are still; the uses that they serve cannot be numbered, but one name covers them all. In the course of evolution they came in with the fishes and went out with man. What was their purpose and mission? What place have they filled in the scheme of things? In short, what is the true inwardness of a tail?

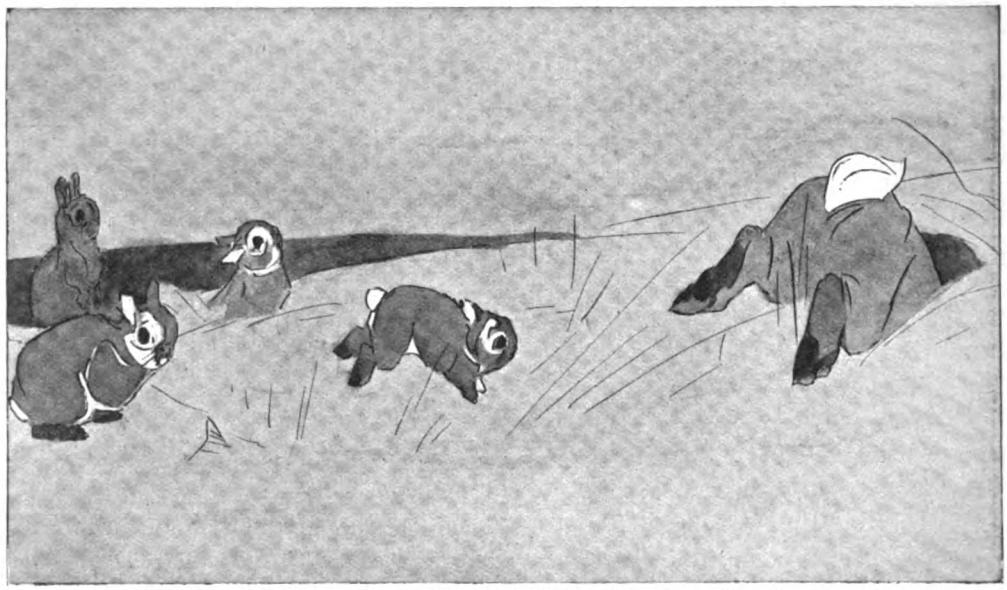
If we try to commence—as scientific method requires—with a definition, we stumble on a key, at the very threshold, which opens the door. For there is no definition of a tail; it is not, in its nature, anything at all. When an animal's fore-legs are fitted on to its backbone at the proper distance from the hind-legs, if any of the backbone remains over, we call it a tail. But it has no purpose; it is a mere surplus, which a tailor (the pun is unavoidable) would have trimmed off. And, lo! in this very negativeness lies the whole secret of the multifarious positiveness of tails. For the absence of special purpose is the chance of general usefulness. The ear must fulfil its purpose or fail entirely, for it can do nothing else. Eyes, nose and mouth, hands and feet, all have their duties; the tail is the unemployed. And if we allow that life has had any hand in the shaping of its own destiny, then the ingenuity of the devices for turning the useless member to account affords one of the most exhilarating subjects of contemplation in the whole panorama of Nature. The fishes fitted it up at once as a twin-propeller, with results so satisfactory that the whale and the porpoise,

"THE KANGAROO COULD THINK OF NOTHING BETTER TO DO WITH HIS TAIL THAN TO MAKE A STOOL OF IT."

simple thought, but a happy one. Sitting up like a gentleman, he has his hands free to scratch his ribs or twitch his moustache. And when he goes he needs not to put them to the ground, for his great tail so nearly equals the weight of his body that one pair of legs keeps the balance even. And so the kangaroo, almost the lowest of beasts, comes closer to man in his postures than any other. The squirrel also sits up and uses his forepaws for hands, but the squirrel is a sybarite who lies abed in cold weather, and it is every way characteristic of him that he has sent his tail to the furrier and had it done up into a boa, or comforter, at once warm and becoming. See, too, how daintily he lifts it over his back to keep it clean. The rat is a near relation of the squirrel zoologically, but personally he is a gutter-snipe, and you may know that by one look at the tail which he drags after him like a dirty rope. Others of the same family, cleaner, though not more ingenious, like the guinea-pig, have simply dispensed with the encumbrance; but the rabbit has kept enough to make a white cockade, which it hoists when bolting from danger. This is for the guidance of the youngsters. Nearly every kind of deer and antelope coming long after, adopted the invention. And be it noted that these last and their kin are now the only ocean-going mammals in the world. The whole tribe of paddle-steamers, such as seals and walruses and dugongs, are only coasters. Among those beasts that would live on the dry land, the primitive kangaroo could think of nothing better to do with his tail than to make a stool of it. It was a



"THE RAT IS A NEAR RELATION OF THE SQUIRREL ZOOLOGICALLY, BUT PERSONALLY HE IS A GUTTER-SNIPE, AND YOU MAY KNOW THAT BY ONE LOOK AT THE TAIL WHICH HE DRAGS AFTER HIM LIKE A DIRTY ROPE."



"THE RABBIT HAS KEPT ENOUGH TO MAKE A WHITE COCKADE, WHICH IT HOISTS WHEN BOLTING FROM DANGER."

carries the same signal, with which, when fleeing through dusky woods, the leader shows the way to the herd and the doe to her fawn. But of beasts that graze and browse, a large number have turned their tails rather to a use which throws a pathetic light on misery of which we have little experience. We do, indeed, growl at the gnats of a summer evening and think ourselves very ill-used. How little do we know or think of the unintermitted and unabated torment that the most harmless classes of beasts suffer from the bands of beggars which follow them night and day, demanding blood, and will take no refusal. Driven from the brow they settle on the neck, shaken from the neck they dive between the legs, and but for that far-reaching whisk at the end of the tail, they would found a permanent colony on the flanks and defy ejection, like the raiders of Vatersay. Darwin argues that the tail-brush may have materially helped to secure the survival of those species of beasts that possessed it, and no doubt he is right.

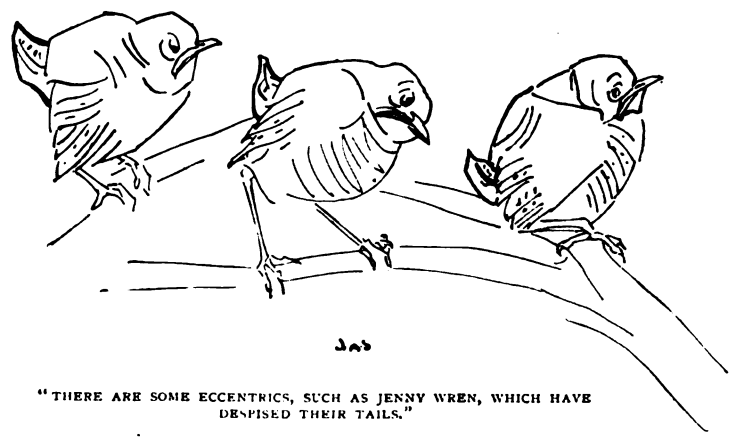
The subject is interminable, but we must give a passing glance to some quixotic tails. The opossum scampers up a tree, carrying all her numerous family on her back, and they do not fall off because each infant is securely moored by its own tail to the uplifted tail of its mother. The opossum is a very primitive beast, and so early and useful an invention should, one would think, have been spread widely in after time; but there appears to be some difficulty in developing muscles at the thin end of a long tail, for the animals that have turned it into a grasping organ are few and are widely scattered. Examples are the chameleon among lizards, our own little harvest mouse, and, pre-eminent above all, the American monkeys. To a howler, or spider-monkey, its long tail is a swing and a trapeze in its forest gymnasium. Humboldt saw (he says it) a cluster of them all hanging from a tree by one tail, which proceeded from a Sandow in the middle. I should like to see that too. It is worth noting, by the way, that no old-world monkey has attained to this application of its tail.

Then there is the beaver, whose tail, I am convinced, is a trowel. I know of no naturalist who has mentioned this, but such negative evidence is of little weight. The beaver, as everybody knows, is a builder, who cuts down trees and piles log upon log until he has raised a solid, domed cabin from seven to twenty feet in diameter, which he then plasters over with clay and straw. If he does not turn round and beat the work smooth with his tail, then I require to know for what purpose he carries that broad, heavy, and hard tool behind him.

How few even among lovers of Nature know why a frog has no tail. The reason is simply that it used that organ up when it was in want. In early life, as a jolly tadpole, it had a flourishing tail to swim with, and gills for breathing water, and an infantile mouth for taking vegetable nourishment. But when it

began to draw near to frog's estate, serious changes were required in its structure to fit it for the life of a land animal. Four tiny legs appeared from under its skin, the gills gave place to air-breathing lungs, and the infant lips to a great, gaping mouth. Now, during this "temporary alteration of the premises" all business was of necessity stopped. The half-fish, half-frog could neither sup like an infant nor eat like a man. In this extremity it fed on its own tail—absorbed it as a camel is said to absorb its hump when travelling in the foodless desert—and so it entered on its new life without one.

Aeronautics have changed the whole perspective of life for birds, as they may for us shortly; so it is no surprise to find that birds have, almost with one consent, converted their tails into steering-gear. A commonplace bird, like a sparrow, scarcely requires this except as a break when in the act of alighting; but to those birds with which flight is an art and an accomplishment, an expansive forked or rounded tail (there are two patents) is indispensable. We have shot almost all the birds of this sort in our own country, and must travel if we would enjoy that enchanting sight—a pair of eagles or a party of kites gone aloft for a sail when the wind is rising, like skaters to a pond when the ice is bearing. For an hour on end, in restful ease or swift joy, they trace ever-varying circles and spirals against the dark storm-cloud, now rising, now falling, turning and reversing, but never once flapping their widespread pinions.



"THERE ARE SOME ECCENTRICS, SUCH AS JENNY WREN, WHICH HAVE DESPISED THEIR TAILS."

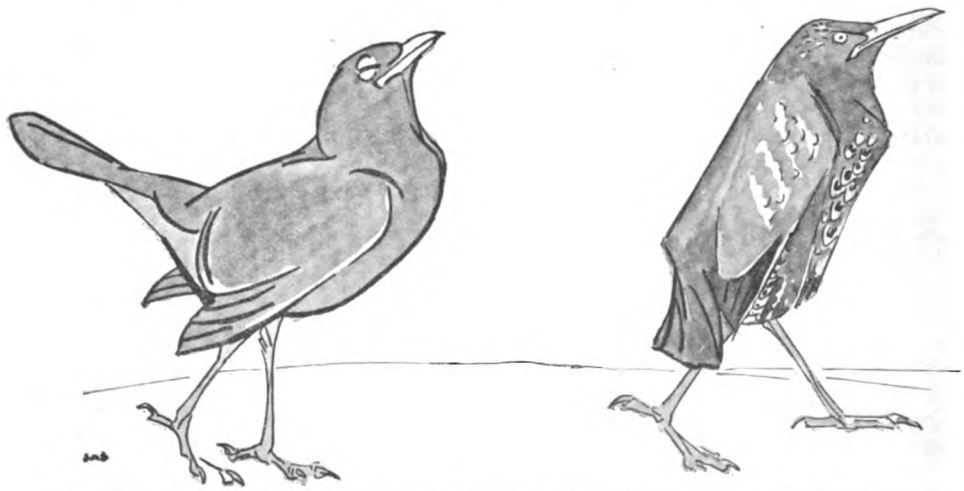
How is it done? How does the *Shamrock* sail? Watch, and you will see. When the wind is behind, each stiff quill at the end of the wing stands out by itself and is caught and driven by the blast; but as the bird turns round to face the gale, they all close up and form a continuous mainsail, close-hauled. And all the while the expanded tail is in play, dipping first at one side and then at the other, and turning the trim craft with easy grace "as the governor listeth."

Besides ground birds, like the quail, there are some eccentrics, such as Jenny Wren, which have despised their tails, and there are specialists also which require them for other purposes than flying. The woodpecker's tail is quite useless as a rudder, for he is a woodman and has altered and adapted it for a portable stool to rest against as he plies his axe.

But that man must be very blind to the place which birds have taken in the progress of civilization who can suppose it possible that they should think only of utility in such a question as the disposal of their tails. It is a common notion among those who have acquired some smattering of the theory of evolution that fishes developed into reptiles, reptiles into birds, and birds into beasts; but this is as wrong as it could be. Whatever the genealogy of the beasts may be, they certainly were not evolved from birds, and are in many respects not above them but below them. These two are independent branches of the tree of living forms, as the Greeks and Romans were branches of the stock of Japheth. The beasts may stand for the conquering Romans if you like, but the birds are the Greeks, and have advanced far beyond them in all emotional and artistic sensibility. They worship in the temple of music and beauty. And, like ourselves, they have found no subject so worthy of the highest efforts of art as their own dress. But the clothing of the body must conform more or less to the figure, and so, for a field in which invention and fancy may sport untrammelled, a lady turns to her hat and a bird to its tail. And by both, with equal heroism, every consideration of mere comfort, convenience, health, or safety is swept aside in obedience to the higher aim. Is this only a flippant jocularity, or is there here in very truth some profound law of the mind revealing itself in spheres seemingly so disconnected?

Look at a peacock. Its train, by the way, is a false tail, like the chignon of twenty years ago, or the fringe of the present day; the true tail is under it, and serves no purpose but to support it. Now the peacock lives on the ground, among scrub and brushwood, haunted by jackals and wild cats. They, like soldiers in khaki, reconnoitre him in a uniform expressly designed to elude the eye, but he flaunts a flag resplendent with green and gold. And when his one chance of life lies in springing nimbly from the ground and committing himself to his strong wings, he must lift and carry this ponderous paraphernalia with him. And the terrible Bonelli's eagle is soaring above. But all is risked proudly for the sake of the morning hour in the glade where the ladies assemble. And the peacock is only one of many. Not to mention the lyre bird, the Argus pheasant, the bird of paradise, and other splendid examples, there are common dicky birds which point the moral and adorn the tail as emphatically.

If the tail is a rudder, where should you look to find it in its most simple and efficient form but among the flycatchers, which make their living by aerial acrobatics after flies? Yet this family seems to be peculiarly prone to the vanity of a stylish tail. The paradise drongo, has the two side feathers extended beyond the rest for nearly a foot, and as thin as wires, expanding into a blade at the ends. I have seen nothing in ladies' hats more preposterous. It is vain to object that there can be no proper comparison between tails and hats because the woman chooses her own hat while the bird has to wear what Nature has given it. I know that, but the contention is utterly superficial. What choice has a woman as to the style of her hat? Fashion prescribes for her, and Nature for the birds; that is all the difference. No doubt she acquiesces when theoretically she might rebel. The bird cannot rebel, but does it not acquiesce? Does a lyre bird submit to its tail—wear it under protest, so to speak? Believe me, every bird that has an æsthetic tail knows the fact, and tries to live up to it. We may push the argument even further, for the motmot of Brazil is not content with a ready-made tail, but actually strips the web off the two long side feathers with its own beak, except a little patch at the end, so as to get the pattern which Nature, if one must use the phrase, gave to the racket-tailed drongo. A specimen is exhibited in the hall of the South Kensington Museum. In this connection I may also say that the shape or colour of a tail is not everything. An obser-



"A BLACKBIRD AND A STARLING—THE ONE LIFTS ITS SKIRTS, WHILE THE OTHER WEARS A WALKING DRESS."

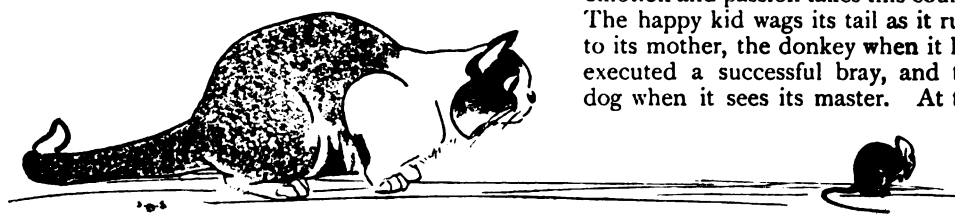
flycatcher flutters two streamers a foot long, like white ribbons, behind it. The fantail could hide behind its own fan. The bee-eater has the two central feathers prolonged and pointed. The drongos, which are flycatchers in habit, wear their tails very long and deeply forked; and one of them, the racket-tailed vant eye may find much to note in the wearing of them. There is a stylish way of carrying a tail and a slovenly way, and there are coquettish arts for the display of recherché tails. A blackbird and a starling are both tidy birds, and both walk much on the ground, but the one lifts its skirts, while the other,

more practical and less fashionable, wears a walking dress and saves itself trouble.

This line of observation leads to a higher, and reveals the most important purpose that tails have served in the economy of beast, bird, and reptile, and, perhaps, even cold-blooded fish. Before the godlike countenance of man appeared on the earth, with its contractile forehead and erectile eyebrows, the answering light of the eye, the expansive nostrils, and subtilely mobile lips; before that the tail was the prime vehicle of emotion and safety - valve of passion. It is a great truth, too often buried in these days under rubbish of materialistic theories, that some way of self-manifestation is a supreme necessity of all sentient life. From the hot centre of thought and feeling the currents rush along the nervous ways and pervade the whole frame, seeking an outlet. But many passages are barred by duty, or fear, or eager purpose. A strong gust of passion may burst all barriers and force its way out at every point, but gentler currents flow along the lines of least resistance and find the idle tail. I do not know a better illustration of this than a cat watching a mouse. The ears are pricked forward, the eyes are fixed on the unsuspecting victim, every muscle of the legs is tense, like a bent bow ready to speed the arrow on its way. But see, the excitement with which the whole body is charged cannot be wholly restrained, and oozes out at the point of the tail. Every emotion and passion takes this course. The happy kid wags its tail as it runs to its mother, the donkey when it has executed a successful bray, and the dog when it sees its master. At the sight of a rival the dog holds its tail up stiffly, unless, indeed, the rival is a bigger dog than itself, in which case the index goes down quickly between the legs. An elated horse elevates its tail, and so does a duck in the same mood. A lizard preparing to fight another lizard

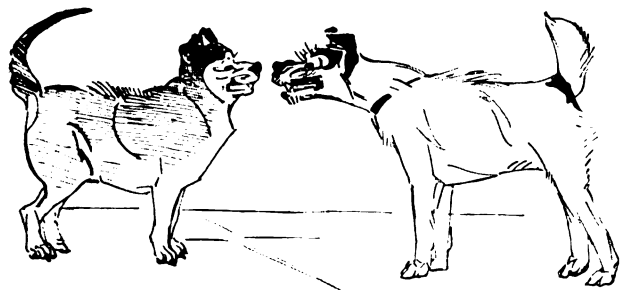
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail,

and the raging lion of fiction lashes its sides with the same nervous instrument.

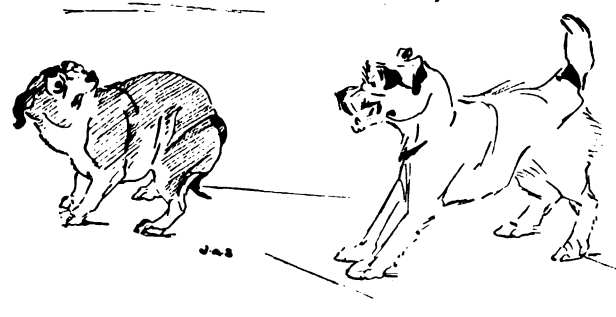


"THE EXCITEMENT WITH WHICH THE WHOLE BODY IS CHARGED CANNOT BE WHOLLY RESTRAINED, AND OOZES OUT AT THE POINT OF THE TAIL."

It would be tedious to dwell on the pretty part which the tail plays in the courtships of sparrows and pigeons, or on the sprightly attitudes by which birds of all sorts let off their spirits when shower and sunshine have overfilled their hearts with gladness. But birds twitch their tails constantly, without meaning anything by it. The ceaseless wagging of a wagtail is a mere habit of cheerfulness, like the twirling of her thumbs by an idle Scotch-



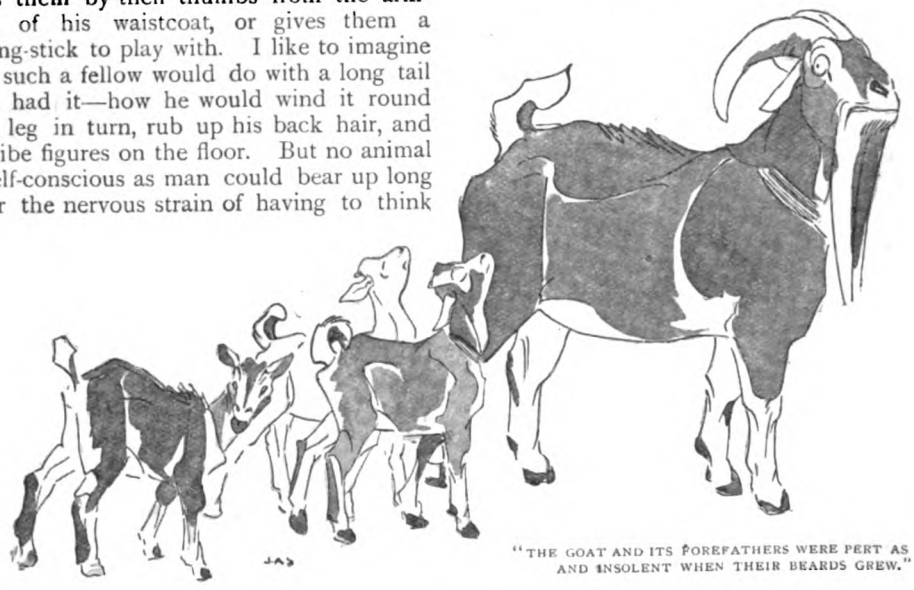
"AT THE SIGHT OF A RIVAL THE DOG HOLDS ITS TAIL UP STIFFLY, UNLESS—



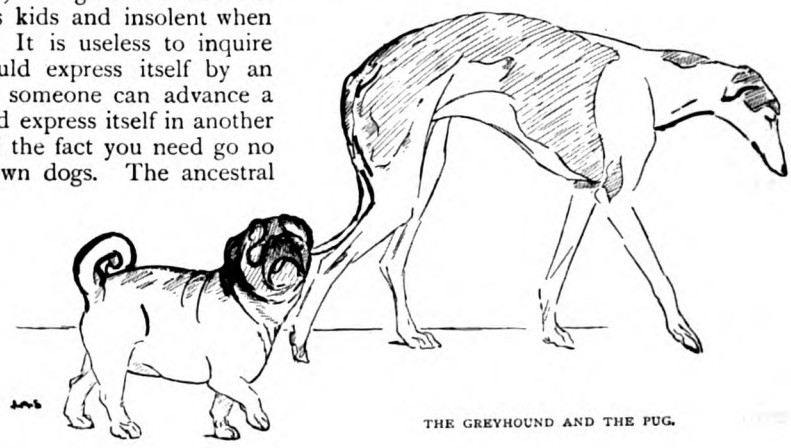
THE RIVAL IS A BIGGER DOG THAN ITSELF, IN WHICH CASE THE INDEX GOES DOWN QUICKLY BETWEEN THE LEGS."

woman. The long tail is there and something must be done with it. Look at the embarrassment which a nervous young man shows about the disposal of his hands; how he thrusts them into his trouser pockets, hangs them by their thumbs from the armholes of his waistcoat, or gives them a walking-stick to play with. I like to imagine what such a fellow would do with a long tail if he had it—how he would wind it round each leg in turn, rub up his back hair, and describe figures on the floor. But no animal so self-conscious as man could bear up long under the nervous strain of having to think continually of its tail. It would die young and the race would become extinct. Perhaps it did.

A final word on the conclusion of the whole matter, for these reflections have a moral. As habit becomes character, so expression hardens into feature. The tail of a sheep grows downwards, but that of a goat upwards, and this is the only infallible outward mark of distinction between the two animals. But it is the permanent record of a long history. The sheep was never anything but sheepish; the goat and its forefathers were pert as kids and insolent when their beards grew. It is useless to inquire why insolence should express itself by an upturned tail until someone can advance a reason why it should express itself in another way. For proof of the fact you need go no farther than your own dogs. The ancestral wolf, or jackal, hunting and fighting, fearing and hoping, showed every changing mood by the pose of its tail; but a change came when it acquired an assured position of security and importance as the chosen companion of man, so dreaded by all its kith and kin. The tail went up at once and stayed there; when it could go no higher, it curled over. But promotion breeds conceit only in base natures. The greyhound is a gentleman, respectful and self-respecting, and it shows that by the very carriage of its tail. Only a snob at heart, petted and pampered for many generations, could have produced that perfect incarnation of smug self-satisfaction, the pug. Let us take the lesson home. The thoughts on which we let our minds dwell, and the sentiments that we harbour in our hearts, are the chisels with which we are carving out our faces and those of our children's children.



"THE GOAT AND ITS FOREFATHERS WERE PERT AS KIDS AND INSOLENT WHEN THEIR BEARDS GREW."



THE GREYHOUND AND THE PUG.

THE LAST CRY.

By OLIVIA ROY.

IT was eight o'clock. She had left the shop behind her. For a few hours at least that terrible little ball, incessantly rolling on its overhead railway, and dropping with a click into the socket prepared for it in the little glass cage in which she sat, would cease from troubling. For that day she had done with receiving cash, returning change, and entering up the receipts for the Oxford Street emporium. How she hated that dull work—the everlasting figuring as she sat enthroned on her high stool at an inky desk! The only consolation was that she did overlook the shop. A new or fussy customer brought a little relief now and then; but, in the main, a drapery store of the cheaper kind is not the sort of thing which gives colour to life, especially that of a pretty young girl of eighteen.

Ethel Brown turned out of the glare of the Oxford Street lamps and trudged on over the hard pavement towards the place of tryst with her young man. The corners of her peony mouth drooped weakly at her dismal thoughts. It was too bad. Every day she saw customers spend golden sovereigns on finery, while she had not even the wherewithal to make herself decently attractive to the one man in all the world to her—Laurence Randolph! She always sighed softly when she whispered that name to herself; it was such a lovely name. And he was so handsome. He had told her he loved her and that one day they would be married. They had been courting nearly two years now, but marriage seemed still a thing in the far, far future. And lately he had been full of thought—self-engrossed, and, yes, sometimes almost indifferent. But she must keep him, somehow. That was her fixed idea as she walked on listlessly until she came to a spot in Shaftesbury Avenue, where, a few yards from her trysting-place, she had halted for just a few moments every night for the past week.

It was a bourgeois French milliner's, and it kept its door open and its window dazzling with electric light long after the more sedate shops had closed. Behind the glass, gaudy hats asserted themselves to be direct from Paris. Hats of all colours and makes—velvet, feathers, lace, and fur—all very gay, and in a style quite different from British hats — and utterly fascinating. But to one hat—one only—standing above all the others, on the highest stand in the centre of the window, Ethel's big blue eyes were always drawn, as if by a magnet. The girl of eighteen could never drag herself away from it under five minutes' gazing; it seemed to have some curious, inevitable, hypnotic influence over her—like fate.

It was a hat "mystic, wonderful." That is, to the eye of the little Devonshire maid, so weary of her sordid London shop-work. On straw, dyed emerald green and arranged like a nest, a grey cushat dove spread its pinions. Somehow the bird reminded her of home. But the whole was tricked out with simply lovely rose-coloured velvet ribbons, designed so as to droop behind in festoon, over the hair of the wearer. Chiefest of all, the beak of the bird held a tiny sprig of heliotrope, which every person properly educated in the language of flowers as set forth by *Sunny Scraps* must know means, "I love you."

This *chef-d'œuvre* of millinery was ticketed in large lettering:—

"LE DERNIER CRI!"

"Halloa, Ethel!" A young man threw his arm around her. "Hat-gazing as usual!"

She nestled against him—and the world seemed to her a pleasant place again.

"Good evening, Laurence."

"If you'll come away from this glare I'll say 'Good evening' in proper style."

Laurence Randolph was a typical young City clerk, of medium height, and rather weedy-looking. But his pleasant, clean-shaven face was attractive. He was neatly dressed in dark blue clothes, which were always well brushed, if often benzined; and if his collar had not been just a trifle too high, and his cuffs just a trifle too much in evidence, he might, in the gloaming, have easily passed for a gentleman.

To Ethel Brown he seemed the greatest gentleman in the land. This was as it should be.

"HALLOA, ETHEL! HAT-GAZING AS USUAL!"

"One moment, dear." She smiled affectionately up at him. "I want you to look here. What does that mean?" She pointed to the ticket attached to the hat. "You learnt French at the Polytechnic."

"Rather! Let's see. Ler durnear cry. Ler's the, durnear's last—blowed if I know what cri is—why, of course, it's the same, cri stands for cry. Heaps of French words are the same as English really. It's easy when you know."

Ethel Brown's pretty eyebrows puckered.

"The Last Cry! Can't see it. I shouldn't think you'd ever want to cry first or last with a hat like that. French people are funny. Isn't it lovely, Laurence?"

"It is a ripper; suit you to a tick. Come along, Ethel; I can only walk with you to your aunt's. I can't come in to-night."

"Not come in?" she asked, anxiously, as they walked along. "But to-night is Friday; you always come in Fridays."

"I've a chap to see on business." His eyes wandered from her anxious look.

"Last week, too," she said, reproachfully. "Two evenings last week you disappointed me."

"A chap must have a few evenings to himself," he returned, a little sharply. They were passing the darkish corner by the second-hand clothing shop where a kiss was usually exchanged. To-night the kiss was passed too.

The girl was so busy with her uneasy feelings she did not notice it.

"I don't see why," she replied, injudiciously.

"There's a good deal you don't see, my dear." He smiled good-naturedly, and gave the arm he was hugging a pleasant pressure. "Come along, be cheerful; don't start nagging."

But her evil genius would not allow the matter to rest there.

"Nagging!" she cried, with asperity. "I like that."

"Wish I did," he returned.

"I suppose I have a right to object to you spending your evenings away from me?" She was getting angry. He looked quickly at her—sideways. But her profile was very pretty; the words that had come bubbling uppermost were discreetly relegated by him to the background—for the present.

"I've spoilt you, Ethel," he said, quietly. "Most fellows spend a good many evenings away from their young ladies. I don't think you realize that."

"No, I don't," she answered. "If a fellow loves a girl he wouldn't want to be always not wanting to see her." Her temper was getting the better of her gift of expression.

"Always! That's good. Why, it's only this last month that I haven't seen you most evenings."

"That's it. It *is* only this last month that—that there has been a difference. Two evenings last week you put me off; one evening the week before that; two the week before that—I should just like to know where all these evenings have been spent?"

He stared ahead, and a conscious, uneasy look attacked his features.

"Would you?" he said, lamely.

"Yes, I should," she retorted, angrily.

"If you're going to begin that sort of thing before we are married——" he began, now thoroughly roused.

"I'm not—if I can trust you."

"Then you mean you don't trust me——" He suddenly let go her arm.

She felt a shiver all down her spine.

"I—I don't say that. I—— Are you going to meet me to-morrow?" All the natural sweetness of her voice had taken unto itself wings.

"No, I can't to-morrow." His angry tone answered hers with compound interest. "I told you a week ago I was engaged on Saturday."

They stepped into the glare and bustle of Piccadilly Circus. She suddenly felt very hopeless — quite stunned. He had never before spoken in that tone to her.

"Is it another girl?" she asked, in a savage tone.

"Don't be a fool," he returned.

"If you've an engagement don't trouble to come any farther." She almost shouted in her rage. Self-control was lost. "I dare say I can find someone to walk with to-morrow night." She bounced from his side and into the whirl of the Circus, recklessly unheeding the traffic. A merciful Providence, in the shape of a stalwart policeman, intercepted and conducted her by the arm in safety to the farther side.

"You little fool," said the Law, as it gave the thin arm a squeeze—she was a pretty girl; "you might have been killed."

"Shouldn't care!" she retorted, ungratefully, and, wrenching herself away, darted off into the comparative darkness of a street beyond.

For five seconds she ran fast, then pulled up and looked around. No; Laurence wasn't following her after all.

Twice that evening she had been called a fool. She gradually began to realize that she was one in reality.

Reaction was setting in. She had not made enough allowance for Laurence, her sore heart told her. Young men must have freedom; after all, it *might* be a man he was going to see to-night — his engagement to-morrow *might* not be with any girl. But even if it were she must fight for her rights—one big fight—before she surrendered to him. It was her dress that was at fault. She didn't dress well enough for a smart young fellow like Laurence. It must be altered—but how? Wild schemes tore through her distracted little brain, to be instantly dismissed—with a caution. That hat! If only now she could get that hat! It would make all the difference to her appearance. She would look smart at once. She had already saved seven shillings and sixpence towards it, but there seemed no prospect of further saving at present, and seventeen shillings and sixpence was the sum demanded for this treasure. Only ten shillings! At any minute "Le Dernier

Cri" might make its exit from the window. Every night had she palpitated with fear lest she should see it gone. It was a marvel to her it had stayed so long on its tall stand—like a dove resting in its flight—why someone in such a neighbourhood had not snapped it up was incomprehensible.

And thus she pondered all the way to Westminster Bridge Road, in which salubrious neighbourhood she made her home with her Aunt Maria, her mother's sister. Aunt Maria was a stay-maker by profession, and had at one time a good connection; but she was getting old, and the fashion for machine work and the entrancing advertisements of the A.S.S. class of corset, displayed with royal profusion to the public gaze, had worked havoc with little private firms such as hers. She still did a little work for out-of-date houses; a few out-of-date, rotund ladies still patronized her; but times were very bad.

Aunt Maria had taken charge of Ethel when her mother died in that far-away Devon hamlet. She had eventually secured for her the respectable, if dull, position of cashier in a London shop. Ethel had been enraptured at the prospect. She had begun with a salary of a few shillings a week and a scanty midday meal—neither, so far, had much increased.

"You look tired, child," said her aunt, glancing up from her stiff white work as the young girl entered the poor, tidy room on the ground floor of the poor, untidy house.

"I'm dead tired, aunt."

"Where's Laurence?"

"He's gone to see a friend to-night—a man," she added, hastily.

"Well, I didn't expect it would be a girl," smiled the pale woman, jerking her spectacles on her nose. "Laurence isn't that sort."

"You are sure of that, auntie?" The tone was a little too eager. Aunt Maria looked sharply at her niece. For one moment she actually ceased working. The bright little steel needle rested in the yellow glow of the lamp-light.

"Laurence is all right," she said, with rough kindness, "if you don't play the fool with him."

Tears of pure relief sprang to the girl's eyes. That was the third time she had been called a fool to-night; so it must be true. Yes, it was evidently all her fault that Laurence was behaving as he was. She didn't mind being a fool so long as Laurence was true to her. And, besides, she'd now take good care not to be a fool any more. If only she could buy that hat!

"Greene's have paid me the thirty shillings," said her aunt. "I was beginning to get anxious, I can tell you."

"That's good," said Ethel, indifferently, her thoughts in Shaftesbury Avenue.

"I want you to do a little shopping, Ethel," said Aunt Maria. "There's tea and butter and cheese wanted, and—I *should* like a bit of sausage for supper to-night—I didn't trouble much about dinner, I—but perhaps you're too tired to go out again, child?"

The girl turned quickly to her. "No, no," she replied. "You ought to have your proper meals, aunt. Wait till I'm married, dear; you shall have all you want then."

The aunt sighed in reply.

"There, you're hungry," said the girl; "let me run to the corner."

"You'll find half a sovereign on the mantel——"

"Half a sovereign?" echoed Ethel. Her brows contracted. "Half a sovereign!" she repeated, thoughtfully.

"Yes, you must change that. I've put the other sovereign safely away. I wish now I worked for some regular firm and was paid once a week. You know so much better where you are. I thought I could do better working on my own account; I see my mistake now."

Ethel walked to the mantelpiece and took up the money.

"Sha'n't be a minute," she said, and she ran quickly from the room.

As she hurried along she looked at the half-sovereign. How tragic life was! Here was the very money she wanted.

Just half a sovereign. She looked hard at the coin. Why, how funny; this was a sovereign. Ah, she understood! Her aunt had locked away the half-sovereign by mistake for the sovereign. Her eyes were not what they were.

A quick flush came to her cheek.

"If I only dared," she thought; "I could put it back by degrees. She will only expect change for ten shillings."

"But if," said her conscience, "she should discover it before you have time to save it and put it back! It would scare her out of her wits if she thought she had lost ten shillings. She won't be paid again for some time."

"But I *shall* be able to put it back, and—and I do want that hat—oh, how I want that hat—'The Last Cry'—I—I——"

Saturday. They were liberated from the shop at two o'clock on Saturday. Ethel had scampered straight to Shaftesbury Avenue.

"'IT IS RAVISSANTE, MADEMOISELLE,' SPAKE THE SATIN-CLAD MILLINER."

"It is *ravissante*, mademoiselle," spake the satin-clad milliner. Her sleek, black hair was extravagantly coiffured, her smile was very engaging. "It suit you boutiful."

Ethel was inclined to agree with her. "Le Dernier Cri" had fulfilled even her great expectations.

She paid the price of vanity, and, with a brand-new box swinging on her arm, hastened towards home. She had secured her prize. She was in high spirits. She had determined to put away all remorse, for, after all, was it not her own aunt from whom she had "borrowed"—the word stuck rather. To-day, pay-day, she could manage to put away a couple of shillings — and if the worst came she could confess—her aunt was a woman and would understand. But last night she had sent a curt little note to Laurence, saying, "Meet me as usual on Sunday; I must see you." The reply would, according to precedent, be awaiting her when she got home.

How the hat suited her! She had no idea she was such a pretty girl. Thank goodness, her best dress was not so very shabby, but with a hat like that the dress really didn't matter. What a difference clothes made to one! She now really scarcely wondered at the tales she had heard. She stood now carefully awaiting her chance to get across Piccadilly Circus. There was no rushing to-day.

"No one shall call me a fool to-day," she smiled to herself. "My days of foolery are over."

Poor little fool!

Her thoughts were now all with Laurence. If he was up to any little larks with any other girl she would soon win him back. He could not fail to appreciate her as she would look to-morrow. She glanced dreamingly up at an omnibus which was preventing her from getting across the road, when, as if in answer to her concentrated thoughts, behold their object suddenly materialized.

There sat Laurence Randolph on the front seat—and a girl beside him. His arm was around her, resting on the back of the seat. Oh, shameless!

He did not see Ethel; indeed, he seemed too engrossed with his companion to heed anything. Leaning forward, he was talking quickly, earnestly to her.

Involuntarily she gazed down at the band-box—that was now her sheet-anchor. Yet her heart sank pitifully as she hastened home.

A buoyant moment of hope came as she saw the expected letter on the mantelpiece in the little dingy room. She tore at the envelope and read, her heart in her mouth. His answer was curt too. "I will meet you as usual to-morrow."

She had still a chance, then; her fight would begin to-morrow.

There is no time in life when human beings feel so acutely as in early youth. When Ethel reached the little bedroom she shared with her aunt, she flung herself on her knees at her bedside and called wildly on her dead mother. There was no denying that Ethel was emotional. Little wonder, fed as was her mind on cheap fiction, and her anæmic body starved upon indifferent food. Seeing her lover's arm actually around another, and on a public vehicle, seemed so cruel. To-morrow was her one ray of hope.

It came. Ethel stood in front of the little looking-glass decked in her best. With her new hat daintily poised upon her fluffy, fair hair, she felt that she was good to look upon.

She realized that she was really very pretty, with her mass of fair hair, large blue eyes, regular little nose, and that delicious demure droop at the corners of the mouth. That droop she judged to be really killing; so many of the actresses seemed to have it. True, one of her shopmates had once called her "a dying duck in a thunderstorm"; but that was mere jealousy.

At eight Ethel was to meet Laurence. Their Sunday trysting-place was Cleopatra's Needle, on the Embankment. After the meet and the kiss they usually went into the gardens between Charing Cross and the Hotel Cecil, and sat there, edging close together, until it grew dark, listening to the band. It had always been so sweet—so very sweet.

Eight o'clock found Ethel at the ancient obelisk of the Egyptian Queen.

With an unpleasant tremor she saw Laurence was not there. She walked on a few steps, then back again, so anxious was she to see if he was coming in the distance. He wasn't.

She decided, for luck, to walk on without looking towards the way it was his habit to come. She would walk that way for some minutes, then turn, and surely—oh, surely—he would be coming towards her.

The quarter chime came pealing out from Big Ben. She began to take a short sentry-walk up and down the pavement. A passer-by looked hard at her. Indeed, save for the hat, she was a pretty enough picture. Half-past eight came to her, booming through the air. She could stand being stared at no longer; so she went down the steps by the Sphinxes—it was quite isolated there—and gazed at the tide churning at her feet; it was just on the ebb.

A quarter to nine came. Her very soul sickened.

By this time the whole world had changed for her. Hoping against hope, she had believed he would come—until now. Mere child as she was, she grew almost physically sick to think that he should play her false. And for the sake of this meeting, that was to bring him again to her feet, she had become—a thief! Yes, call it by what name she would, she was a thief. Oh, the horror—the horror of it! And it was all for no good. She was so weary; so ashamed—so weary. The hat felt so heavy; it seemed weighing her down. She sat on the steps by the water and buried her tear-stained face in her hands. Hidden by the parapet from the people who passed upon the pavement, she was all alone; and it was growing dark around her—dark as in the depths of her soul.

The evening September breeze, frolicking down the river, did not cool her feverish feeling. Its gusts were annoying; they disarranged her carefully fluffed-out hair and lifted her hat above it once or twice, making it gape above her head, like an oyster opening. She was not angry; her feeling was too far gone for that. She had lost her lover! The very bottom had dropped out of her little world.

Quite suddenly a violent gust of wind caught the hat; she started up. It was blown right off her head; it danced with its velvet ribbons in the air before her like a goblin. Out went her hand to clutch it. She lost her balance. With a piercing cry she fell from the steps into the black water. The embracing tide caught her to its bosom, hugged her tight, and dragged her down.

"Stand back!" shouted policeman E 34. "A woman in the water." He blew several shrill whistles.

"SHE SAT ON THE STEPS BY THE WATER AND BURIED HER TEAR-STAINED FACE IN HER HANDS."

"Stand back, you, there!" the policeman cried to the crowd, and roughly shoved a man aside

"But I'm a swimmer—a good swimmer, mister." The man was already on the parapet of the Embankment.

"We don't want two of you. The boat'll be here in a moment."

A spanking splash, and the onlookers thrilled as they saw him strike out with steady, vigorous strokes.

"It's a girl!" shouted the crowd. "A young girl!" cried the women, as the head rose in the flickering moonlit ripples.

From the parted lips came a faint, plaintive cry —less loud than a gull's upon the water—a curious cry, not for help, but—of resignation.

"Hurry, man, hurry!" cried the policeman; his tone now was quite unofficial. "Get her — the boat's coming!"

"Hurry, man, hurry!" roared the men to the swimmer, in a frenzy of impotence.

But Laurence Randolph needed no urging. He had seen that face. Many things were now clear to the young clerk as he struck boldly out. And as the girl was disappearing beneath the murky water, with a mighty effort he seized a scrap of garment. Then gradually he drew the body to him.

"Ethel," he cried, hoarsely, "I'm here!"

A boat with splashing oars came leaping up to them. They were dragged inboard. The crowd cheered.

"There's 'er 'at," said a woman, pointing a skinny finger at "Le Dernier Cri" from Paris. "Looks like a bird in 'is nest."

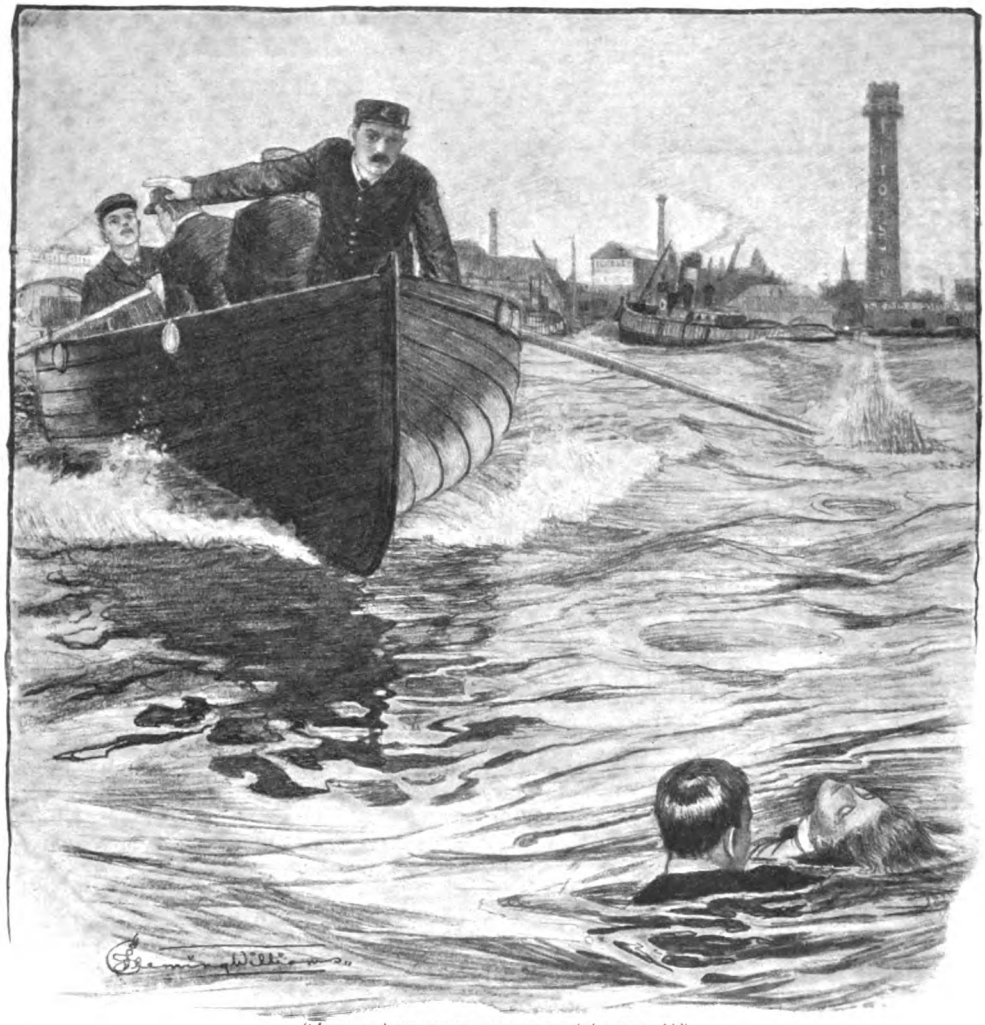
The cushat dove still held the sprig of heliotrope in its mouth, as it bobbed and ducked on the water.

It floated on the tide towards Wapping.

An hour later a lighterman thrust his boat hook into "The Last Cry." He swopped it to a barmaid in Bermondsey for a quart of beer.

"How much longer, aunt?"

"Poor, dear boy!" Aunt Maria looked affectionately at Laurence Randolph. Two years had passed. Aunt Maria was needleworking as usual. But the brand-new garment was small, and soft, and lacy.



"'ETHEL,' HE CRIED, HOARSELY, 'I'M HERE!'"

They were sitting in the front parlour of a new, cheaply-furnished villa in an unfinished road, Peckham way.

"That doctor'll never come down," he grumbled, starting to his feet, and striding up and down the tiny room.

"Think of something else. Tell me again of how you saved her. It's good to hear about that."

"Ah, that feeling I had that night. To think I should have had that feeling to turn up, so late as it was, at the Embankment, after all. It would have spoilt everything if I'd left before the business was finally settled. If it hadn't been for sister Luce's husband lending me that two hundred pounds, it never could have come off. None of *this*"—he waved his hand with ill-concealed pride at the wondrous suite of furniture.

"I think you might have told her your plan."

"Supposing it hadn't come off, the fat would have been in the fire. I knew Ethel."

"Still, I'm sorry—yet I'm not. She went through the muddy waters in more ways than one, poor girl, and came out a woman—a good, strong woman, now."

"God bless her! I wish that confounded doctor—— Aunt—Aunt Maria!—what's that wretched kitten doing, mewing upstairs?"

Aunt Maria held up a listening face and warning finger. A gentle smile illumined her worn face.

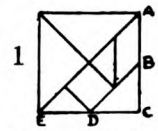
"Your baby," she said. "The First Cry."

TALES WITH TANGRAMS

By HENRY E. DUDENEY,

Author of "The Canterbury Puzzles, and Other Curious Problems," etc.

MANY pastimes of great antiquity, like chess, have so developed and changed down the centuries that their original inventors would scarcely recognise them. This is not the case with Tangrams, a recreation that appears to be at least four thousand years old, that has apparently never been dormant, and that has not been altered or "improved upon" since the Chinaman Tan first cut out the seven pieces shown in Diagram 1. If you mark the point B, midway between A and C, on one side of a square of any size, and D, midway between C and E, on an adjoining side, the direction of the cuts is too obvious to need further explanation. Every design (except one) in this article is built up from the seven pieces of blackened cardboard, including every one of the letters in the title. It will at once be understood that the possible combinations are infinite.



HOW TO CUT OUT THE TANGRAMS.

It is probable that Tangrams were originally designed not as a pastime, but as a means of instruction, though how they were exactly employed is not now known. Professor Max Müller said that "the science of Tangrams gives evidence of a higher state of civilization than now exists in China." Mr. Sam Loyd, of New York, who recently published a small book of very ingenious designs, possesses the manuscripts of the late Professor Challenor, who made a long and close study of the history of Tangrams. The professor records that there were originally seven books of Tangrams, compiled in China two thousand years before the Christian era. These books are so rare that, after forty years' residence in the country, he only succeeded in seeing perfect copies of the first and seventh volumes, with fragments of the second. Portions of one of the books, printed in gold leaf upon parchment, were found in Peking by an English soldier and sold for three hundred pounds.

A few years ago a little book came into my possession, from the library of the late Lewis Carroll, entitled "The Fashionable Chinese Puzzle." It contains three hundred and twenty-three Tangram designs, mostly nondescript geometrical figures, to be constructed from the seven pieces. It was "Published by J. and E. Wallis, 42, Skinner Street, and J. Wallis, Jun., Marine Library, Sidmouth" (South Devon). There is no date, but the following note fixes the time of publication pretty closely: "This ingenious contrivance has for some time past been the favourite amusement of the ex-Emperor Napoleon, who, being now in a debilitated state and living very retired, passes many hours a day in thus exercising his patience and ingenuity." The reader will find, as did the great exile, that much amusement, not wholly uninstructive, may be derived from forming the designs of others. He will find many of the illustrations to this article quite easy to build up, and some rather difficult. Every picture may thus be regarded as a puzzle.

But it is another pastime altogether to create new and original designs of a pictorial character, and it is my aim to show what extraordinary scope the Tangrams afford for producing pictures of real life—angular and often grotesque, it is true, but full of character. It is said that Gustave Doré "loved Tangrams," and the grandfather of Mr. J. S. Sargent (John Singer, of Philadelphia) compiled two books of designs that have descended to Mr. Loyd, whose mother was Mr. Singer's sister. One wonders whether an early acquaintance with Tangrams may not have stimulated the imaginations of these two distinguished artists and helped them to develop a sense of design. I give

A RECUMBENT FIGURE.

an example of a recumbent figure (2) that is particularly graceful, and only needs some reduction of its angularities to produce an entirely satisfactory outline.

THE MARCH HARE.

As I have referred to the author of "Alice in Wonderland," I attempt designs of the March Hare (3) and the Hatter (4). I also give an attempt at Napoleon (5), and a very excellent Red Indian with his Squaw (6 and 7), from Mr. Loyd's book, from whose pages I have selected other designs, here and there, in this article, in cases where they happened to be representations that one could scarcely hope to improve upon.

THE HATTER.

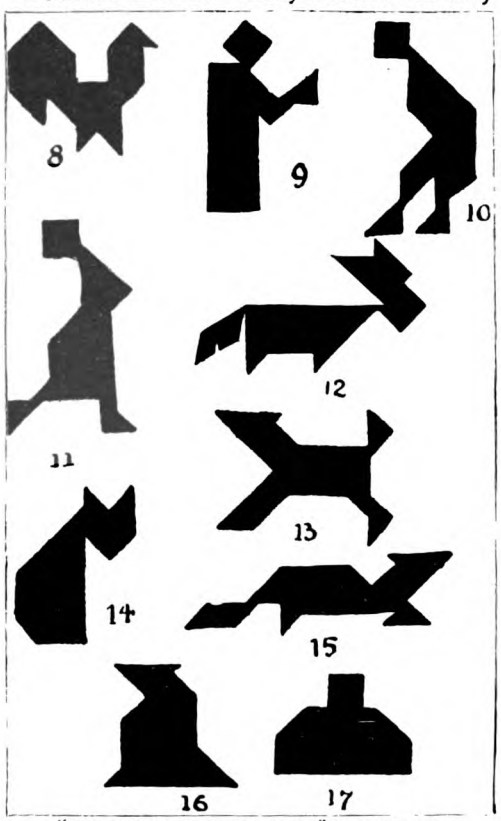
Let us now try to illustrate "The House that Jack Built." This is the cock (8) that crowed in the morn, that woke the priest (9) all shaven and shorn, that married the man all tattered and torn (10), that kissed the maiden all forlorn (11), that milked the cow with the crumpled horn (12), that tossed the dog (13), that worried the cat (14), that killed the rat (15), that ate the malt (16), that lay in the house (17) that Jack built. As every picture is constructed with the same seven pieces, they are necessarily all of the same area, so that the cat is of the same size as the cow, and the malt is as big as the house that contained it. But it is, of course, always possible to correct this by using sets of Tangrams of varying dimensions.

NAPOLEON.

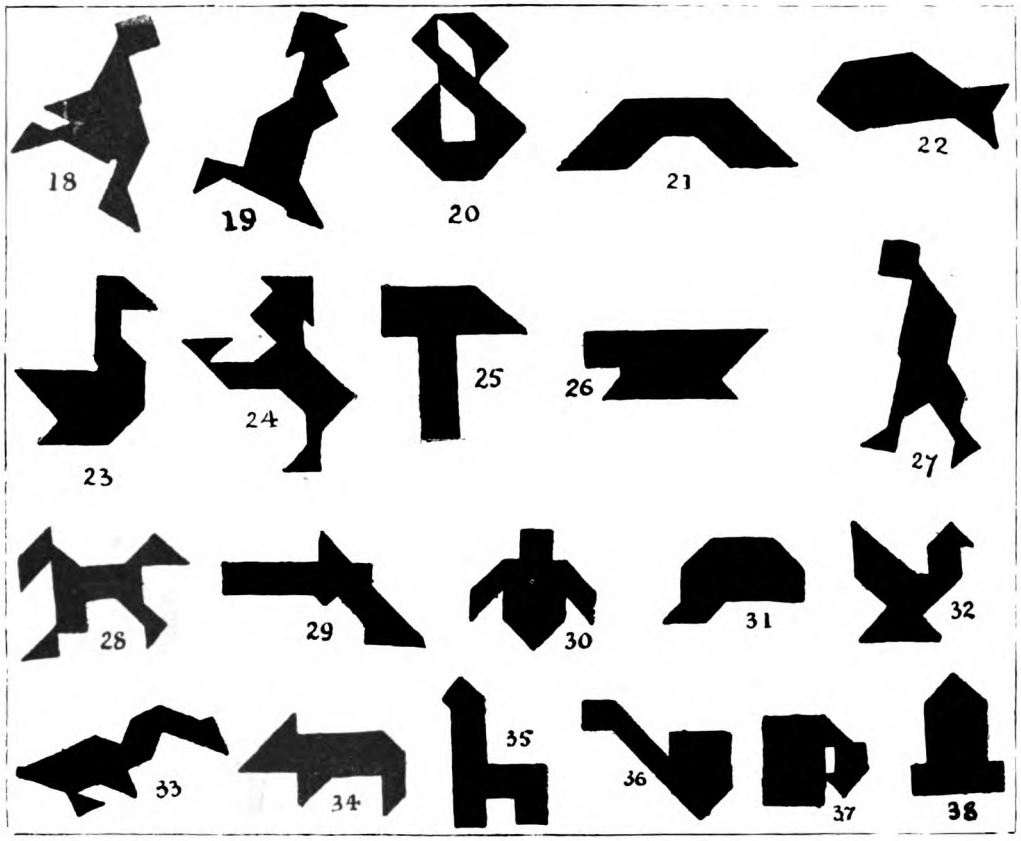
A RED INDIAN WITH HIS SQUAW.

We will next attempt to produce illustrations to a simple story of Gretna Green. Once upon a time Edwin (18) and his true love Angelina (19) decided to elope and get married. So having met at eight (20) o'clock on the bridge (21), beneath which the fish (22) swam in the rising sun and the swan (23) sailed leisurely along, they drove as if for their lives to Gretna Green. Having safely arrived there, the old blacksmith (24) placed his hammer (25) on the anvil (26), and soon married the happy pair in the good old style. When the father (27) found that his daughter had fled he was in a great rage. Calling for his horse (28) and his pistol (29), and putting on a heavy coat over his shirt (30) and a cap (31) on his head, he started in hot pursuit, scaring every chicken (32), goose (33), and pig (34) that he passed on his mad flight. But he was too late, and, like a sensible man, forgave the lovers, and seating himself in a chair (35) at the inn called for a pipe (36) and a mug of good ale (37). When the old man died, at a ripe age, Edwin and Angelina set up a tombstone (38) in affectionate memory of him and lived happily ever after. Now, here is a special puzzle. All the pictures illustrating this story can be formed with the seven Tangrams, except one, which is quite impossible. Can you find out which one it is, by building them all in turn? Or can you make a guess after careful inspection? You are not likely to do the latter successfully. I will give the answer next month.

My next tale is a more modern one: "Belinda's Lovers." Lady Belinda was very



"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT" IN TANGRAMS.

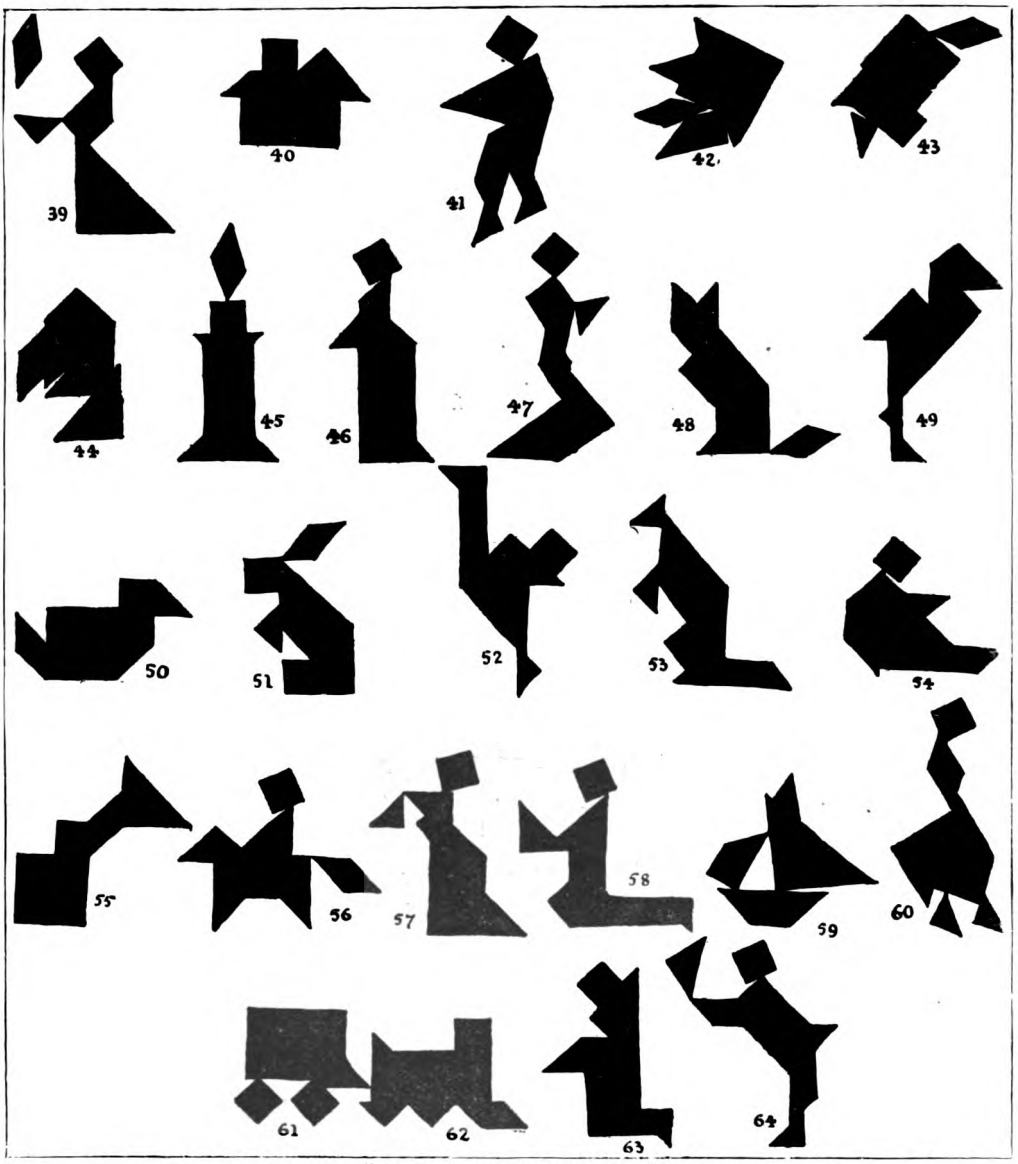


"A STORY OF GRETNA GREEN."

beautiful, but it was not entirely her fault: she inherited the sins of her forefathers. "Why am I not as other women?" she would ask herself as she gazed at her fair features in the looking-glass (39). She had a charming country house (40), to which our artist has failed to do full justice. One day, when she was out walking (a thing she only did when the motor-car broke down), she was seen by one Ralph Wilton (41), a rising young portrait painter, who immediately fell in love with her. His portraits of a typical American (42), of a certain Turkish general (43), and particularly that of a Hebrew financier (44), were the talk of the town. His treatment of his subjects was very original, and although one critic said, "These people are not so black as they are painted," the majority agreed that his work had many excellent "points." Certainly there was no painter of his time that could hold a candle (45) to him. Although Ralph Wilton wore his hair short and paid his debts, Lady Belinda returned his affections, though not his presents. But one unlucky day he painted a portrait of herself (46), which she did not consider sufficiently flattering. The next time she met him she gathered up her skirts (47) and disdainfully bade him adieu.

For a time Lady Belinda lived a retired life, devoting her time to her pet animals. First there was her cat (48), a sleek and beautiful creature that would eat out of her hands. Then she had a fine stork (49), and a tame duck (50) that used to run after her motor-car, and a pet rabbit (51) that would beg for lumps of sugar. She had ordered an ostrich (52) to be sent to her from South Africa, so that she might gather her own plumes, and an Australian friend had promised her a tame kangaroo (53), with pouch complete. But in time she found that these creatures did not satisfy the longings of her heart, and when she read of the increasing fame of Ralph Wilton she would sit and grow melancholy (54). On such occasions even the recitals by her phonograph (55) of music-hall ballads did not put her in good spirits.

One day a handsome man on horseback

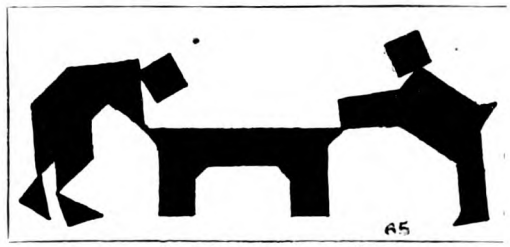


"THE STORY OF BELINDA'S LOVERS."

(56) came riding up the drive. It was Sir Reginald de Beaumont, an old friend of hers, who was once a great player of bridge, but who had for some years been in foreign parts hunting big game. How big, and what kind of game, nobody knew. He came frequently to see her, and at length fell, or rather placed himself, at her feet (58), and said, "Will you marry me, Belinda?" or words to that effect. At first her ladyship turned away from him with haughty derision (57), but after awhile she consented to be his blushing bride.

Shortly after this Sir Reginald went away for a cruise on his yacht (59), and while lying at anchor off the coast of Switzerland he became enamoured of a little Dutch girl (60), and, sad to say (for she was an estimable young person), he married her. Though this did not improve Lady Belinda's opinion of bridge-players and baronets, it was not her alleged heart that was affected, for she never really loved the faithless man. But it hurt her pride, and was therefore good for her; it helped to make her character. She took train (61 and 62) to London and threw herself (whatever that may imply) more into

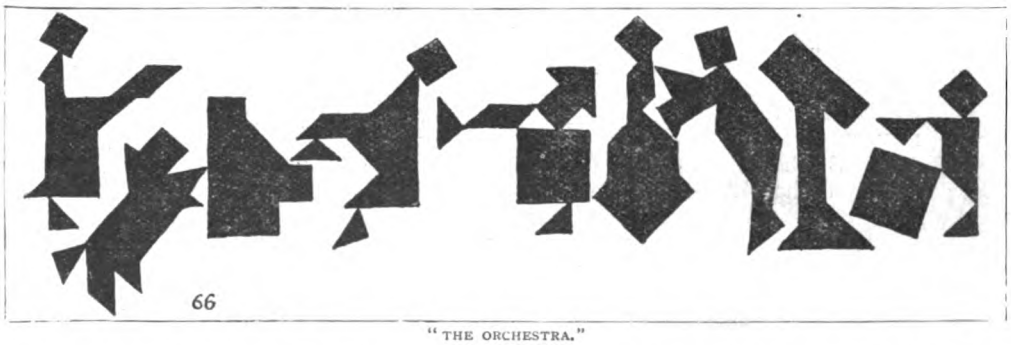
social life. One day, at the Royal Academy Exhibition, she found herself (she had been lost in admiration) in the midst of an admiring crowd before a picture. The subject was "A Monk at Prayer" (63). Referring to her catalogue, she discovered that it was the latest work of Ralph Wilton, the new R.A. The name brought back sad memories. Had she been hasty or unkind? Should she forgive him, if she got the chance? Would he forgive her? As she turned to walk away she was suddenly face to face with—yes, of course, the artist himself. He raised his hat and bowed (64).



"A GAME OF BILLIARDS."

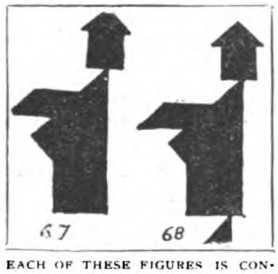
By using several sets of Tangrams at the same time we may construct more ambitious pictures. I was advised by a friend not to send my picture, "A Game of Billiards" (65), to the Academy. He assured me that it would not be accepted because "the judges are so hide-bound by convention." Perhaps he was right. The players are considering a very delicate stroke at the top of the table. Of course, the two men and the table are formed from three sets of Tangrams. My second picture is named "The Orchestra" (66), and it was designed for the decoration of a large hall of music. Here we have the conductor, the pianist, the fat little cornet-player, the left-handed player of the double-bass, whose attitude is life-like, though he does stand at an unusual distance from his instrument, and the drummer-boy, with his imposing music-stand. The dog at the back of the pianoforte is not howling: he is an appreciative listener.

One remarkable thing about these Tangram pictures is that they suggest to the imagination such a lot that is not really there. Who, for example, can look for a few minutes at Lady Belinda (57) and the Dutch girl (60) without soon feeling the haughty expression in the one case and the arch look in the other? Then look again at the stork (49), and see how it is suggested to the mind that the leg is actually much more slender than any one of the pieces employed. It is really an optical illusion. Again, notice in the case of the yacht (59) how, by leaving that little angular point at the top, a complete mast is suggested. If you place your Tangrams together on white paper so that they do not quite touch one another, in some cases the effect is improved by the white lines; in other cases it is almost destroyed. The monk (63) will be found to be greatly improved by these white lines.

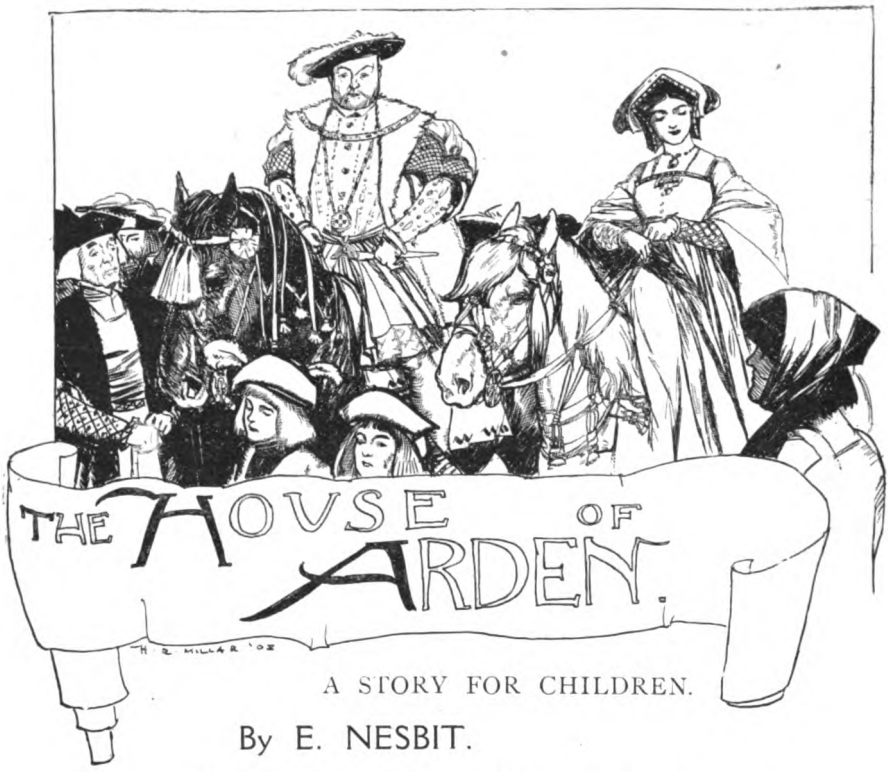


"THE ORCHESTRA."

Finally, I give an example from the many curious paradoxes that one happens upon in manipulating Tangrams. I show designs of two dignified individuals (67 and 68) who appear to be exactly alike, except for the fact that one has a foot and the other has not. Now, both of these figures are made from the same seven Tangrams. Where does the second man get his foot from? I will explain the mystery next month in an article describing some of "The World's Best Puzzles."



EACH OF THESE FIGURES IS CONSTRUCTED FROM THE SAME SEVEN PIECES—WHERE DOES THE SECOND MAN GET HIS FOOT FROM?



By E. NESBIT.

CHAPTER XI.

MAY BLOSSOM AND PEARLS.

"WE should so like to see Richard Arden, wherever he is," said Edred, when they had called the Mouldiwarp up by some poetry that I haven't time to tell you. And the Mouldiwarp, by some magic that I haven't time to tell you about either, took them to him. And the first real thing which they perceived after the magic was music—the kind of music that makes you want to dance. And dance they did.

"What is it? Why are we dancing?" Edred incautiously asked of the little girl whose hand—and not Elfrida's—he found that his left hand was holding. The child laughed—just laughed, she did not answer. It was Elfrida who had his right hand, and her own right hand was clasped in that of a boy dressed in green. It was Cousin Richard.

"Oh," she said, with a note of glad recognition. "It's you! I'm so glad! What is it? Why are we dancing?"

"It's May-Day," said Cousin Richard, "and the King is coming to look on at the revels."

"What King?" she asked.

"Who but King Harry?" he said. "King Harry and his new Queen, that but of late was the Lady Anna Boleyn."

"I say, Dick," said Edred, across his sister, "I am jolly glad to see you again. We——"

"Not now," said Dick, earnestly; "not a word now. It is not safe. And besides—here comes the King!"

The King came slowly on a great black horse, riding between the green trees. He himself wore white and green like the May-bushes, and so did the gracious lady riding beside him on a white horse, whose long tail almost swept the ground and whose long mane fluttered in the breeze like a tattered banner.

"I wish I didn't know so much history," gasped Elfrida, through the quick music. "It's dreadful to know that her head——" She broke off in obedience to an imperative twitch of Richard's hand on hers.

"Don't!" he said. "I have *not* to think. And I've heard that history's all lies. Perhaps they'll always be happy like they are now. The only way to enjoy the past is not to think of the future—the past's future, I mean—and I've got something else to say to you presently," he added, rather sternly.

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The ring broke up into an elaborate figure. The children found themselves fingering the coloured ribbons that hung from the Maypole which was the centre of their dance, twining, intertwining, handing on the streamers to other small, competent fingers. In and out, in and out—a most complicated dance. The King and Queen had reined up their horses and watched the play, well pleased. Suddenly the dance ended and the children, formed into line, were saluting the Royal onlookers.

"A fair dance and footed right featly," said the King in a great, jolly voice. "Now get your wind, my merry men all, and give us a song for the honour of the May Queen and of my dear lady here."

But even while they were singing Elfrida was turning over in her mind the old question. Could anything they did have any effect on the past? It seemed impossible that it should not be so. If one could get a word alone with that happy, stately lady on the white horse, if one could warn her, could help somehow!

Somebody was pulling at her green skirt. An old woman in a cap that fitted tightly and hid all her hair—an old woman who was saying, "Go to her! go!" and pushing her forward. Someone else put a big bunch of wild flowers into her hand, and this person also pushed her forward. And forward she had to go, quite alone, the nosegay in her hand, across the open space of green sward under the eyes of several hundreds of people, all in their best clothes and all watching her.

She went on till she came to the spot where the King and Queen were, and then she paused and dropped two curtsies, one to each of them. Then, quite without meaning to do it, she found herself saying:—

> May-Day! May-Day!
> This is the happy play day!
> All the woods with flowers are gay,
> Lords and ladies, come and play!
> Lords and ladies, rich and poor,
> Come to the wild woods' open door!
> Hinds and yeomen, Queen and King,
> Come do honour to the Spring!
> And join us in our merrymaking.

And when she had said that she made two more nice little curtsies and handed up the flowers to the Queen.

"If we had known your Majesties' purpose," said a tall, narrow-faced man in a long gown, "your Majesties had had another than this rustic welcome."

"Our purpose," said the King, "was to surprise you. The Earl of Arden, you say, is hence?"

"His son and daughter are here to do homage to your Highness," said the gowned man, and then Elfrida saw that Edred was beside her.

"Hither, lad," said the King, and reaching down a hand caught Edred's. "Your foot on mine," said His Majesty. "So!" and he swung Edred up on to the saddle in front of him. Elfrida drew nearer to the white horse as the Queen beckoned her, and the Queen stooped low over her saddle to ask her name. Now was the moment that Elfrida had wished for; now was the chance, if ever, to warn the Queen.

"Elfrida Arden's my name," she said. "Your Majesty, may I say something?"

"Say on," said the Queen, raising fine eyebrows, but smiling too.

"I want to warn you," said Elfrida, quickly whispering, "and *don't* not pay attention because I'm only a little girl. I *know*. You may think I don't know, but I do. I want to warn you——"

"Already once this morning I have been warned," said the Queen. "What croaking voices for May-Day!"

"Who warned you, your Majesty?"

"An old hag who came to my chamber in spite of my maids said she had a May charm to keep my looks and my lord's love."

"What was the charm?" Elfrida asked eagerly, forgetting to say "Majesty" again.

"It was quite simple," said the Queen. "I was to keep my looks and my love so long as I *never dropped a kerchief*. But if I dropped a kerchief I should lose more than my looks and my love; she said I should lose my head"—the Queen laughed low—"within certain days from the dropping of that kerchief—this head you see here." She laughed again.

"Don't, oh, don't!" said Elfrida. "Nineteen days, that's the warning—I do hope it'll do some good. I do like you, dear Queen. You are so strong and splendid. I would wish to be like you when I grow up."

The Queen's fine face looked troubled.

"Please Heaven, thou'lt be better than I," she said, stooping lower still from her horse; Elfrida standing on tip-toe, she kissed her.

"Oh, do be careful," said Elfrida. "Your darling head!" and the Queen kissed her again.

Then a noise rather like bagpipes rose shrill and sudden, and the King cried, "A merry tune that calls to the feet. Come, my sweeting, shall we tread a measure with the rest?" So down they came from their horses, King and Queen, and led the country dance.

The King had sprung from his horse with

Edred in his arms, and now he and his sister drew back towards Cousin Richard.

"How pretty it all is!" said Edred. "I should like to stay here for ever."

"If I were you," said Richard, very disagreeably indeed, "I would not stay here an hour."

"Why? Is it dangerous? Will they cut our heads off?"

"Not that I know of," said Cousin Richard, still thoroughly disagreeable. "I wasn't thinking about your heads. There are more important things than your heads in the world, I should think."

"Not so very much more," said Elfrida, meekly—"to us, I mean. And what are you so cross about?"

"I should have thought——" Richard was beginning, when the old woman who told Elfrida to go forward with the nosegay of ceremony sidled up to them.

"Into the woods, my children," she whispered, quickly—"into the woods. In a moment the Queen will burst into tears, and the King will have scant kindness for those whose warnings have set his Queen to weeping."

They backed into the bushes, and the green leaves closed behind the four.

"Quick!" said the witch; "this way." They followed her through the wood under oaks and yew trees, pressing through hazels and chestnuts to a path.

"Now run!" she said, and herself led the way nimbly enough for one of her great age. Their run brought them to a thinning of the wood—then out of it—on to the downs, whence they could see Arden Castle and its moat, and the sea.

"Now," the old woman said, "mark well the spot where the moat stream rises. It is there that the smugglers' cave was, when Betty Lovell foretold the landing of the French."

"Why," said Edred and Elfrida, "you're the witch again! You're Betty Lovell!"

"Who else?" said the old woman. "Now,

"'NOW RUN!' SHE SAID, AND HERSELF LED THE WAY NIMBLY ENOUGH FOR ONE OF HER GREAT AGE."

call on the Mouldiwarp and hasten back to your own time. For the King will raise the country against the child who has made his sweeting to shed tears. And she will tell him, she keeps nothing from him, yet——"

"She won't tell him about the kerchief?"

"She will, and when she drops it on that other May-Day at Greenwich he will remember. Come, shall I call the Mouldiwarp, or will you?"

"You do," said Elfrida. "I say, Dicky, what did you mean? Do tell us—there's a dear!"

Betty Lovell was tearing up the short turf in patches, and pulling the lumps of chalk from under it. "Help me," she cried, "or I sha'n't be in time!" So they all helped.

"Couldn't Dick go with us—if we *have* to go?" said Elfrida, suddenly.

"No," said Richard, "I'm not going to—so there!"

"Why?" Elfrida gasped, tugging at a great piece of chalk.

"Because I sha'n't."

"Then tell us what you meant, before the Mouldiwarp comes."

"You can't," said a little voice, "because it's come now."

Everyone sat back on its heels, and watched where out of the earth the white Mouldiwarp was squeezing itself up, between two blocks of chalk, into the sunlight.

"Why, I hadn't said any poetry," said Elfrida.

"I hadn't made the triangle or the arch," said old Betty Lovell. "Well, if ever I did!"

"I've been here," said the mole, looking round with something astonishingly like a smile of triumph, "all the time. Why shouldn't I go where I do please, now and again? Why should I allus wait on your bidding, eh?" it asked, a little pettishly.

"No reason at all," said Elfrida, kindly; "and now, dear, dear Mouldiwarp, please take us away."

"Here, come inside," said the mole.

"Inside where?" said Edred.

"Inside my house."

And then, whether they all got smaller or whether the crack in the chalk got bigger they never quite knew, but they found themselves walking into that crack one by one.

And the chalk closed over them all.

Then a sound like thunder shook the earth overhead.

"It's only the King's horses and the King's men hunting after you," said the Mouldiwarp. "Now I'll go and make a white clock for you to go home on. You set where you be, and don't touch nothing till I be come back again."

"Why," said Richard, suddenly, "don't you go and look for your father?"

"Father's dead, you know," said Elfrida.

"How do you know? You've been hunting for the beastly treasure, and never even tried to go back to the time when he was alive—such a little time ago—and find out what really did happen to him."

"I didn't know we *could*," said Elfrida, choking. "And even if we could it wouldn't be right, would it? Aunt Edith said he was in heaven. We couldn't go there, you know. It isn't like history—it's quite different."

"Well, then," said Richard, "I shall have to tell you. You know, I rather took a fancy to you two kids that Gunpowder Plot time; and after you'd gone back to your own times I asked Betty Lovell who you were, and she said you were Lord Arden. So the next time I wanted to get away from—from where I was—I gave orders to be taken to Lord Arden. And it——"

"Come along, do, dears," said the sudden voice of the Mouldiwarp. "The clock's all ready."

A soft light was pressing against their eyes—growing, growing. They saw now that they were in a great chalk cave—the smugglers' cave, Edred had hardly a doubt. And in the middle of its floor of smooth sand was a great clock-face—figures and hands and all—made of softly-gleaming pearls set in ivory. Light seemed to flow from this, and to be reflected back on it by the white chalk walls. It was the most beautiful piece of jeweller's work that the children—or, I imagine, anyone else—had ever seen.

"Sit on the minute-hand," said the Mouldiwarp, "and home you go."

"You must come too," said Elfrida, and Richard yielding, they all sat down on the minute-hand, and before the Mouldiwarp could say a word Edred called out, "Take us to where daddy is."

And the minute-hand of pearl and ivory began to move faster and faster and faster, till, if there had been anyone to look at it, it would have been invisible.

But there wasn't anyone to look at it, for the Mouldiwarp had leaped on to the hour-hand at the last moment, and was hanging on there by all its claws.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FINDING OF THE TREASURE.

"SHALL I come along of you?" said the Mouldiwarp, when the clock stopped, and everyone said "Yes," very earnestly.

Then it waved a white paw at Edred and

There was something about the moss, or about the fur coats or the fur gloves, that somehow made it seem easier and more natural to follow on all fours—and really their hands were quite as useful to walk on as their feet. They followed Richard through the forest till quite abruptly a great cliff rose in front of them, ending the forest. There was a

"THEY ALL SAT DOWN ON THE MINUTE-HAND."

Elfrida, and at once they found themselves dressed in tight-fitting white fur dresses. Their hands even wore fat, white fur gloves with tiger claws at the ends of the fingers. At the same moment the Mouldiwarp grew big, to the size of a very small Polar bear, while Cousin Richard suddenly assumed the proportions of a giant.

They had stepped off the clock on to a carpet of thick moss. It was so soft to their feet that Edred and Elfrida wanted to feel it with their hands as well, so down they went on all fours. Then they longed to lie down and roll on it; they longed so much that they had to do it. It was a delicious sensation, rolling in the soft moss.

Cousin Richard, still very much too big, stood looking down on them and laughing.

"This," he said, "is a first-class lark. Shall I carry you?" he added politely, addressing the Mouldiwarp, who, rather surprisingly, consented.

"Come on," he said to the children, and as he went they followed him.

cleft in it; they saw the darkness of it rising above them as the moon came out from a cloud and shone full on the cliff's white face—and the face of the cliff and the shape of the cleft were very like that little cleft in the chalk that the Mouldiwarp had made when it had pulled up turf on the Sussex downs at home. And all this time Edred and Elfrida had never looked at each other. There had been so many other things to look at.

"That's the way," said Cousin Richard, pointing up the dark cleft. Though it was so dark Edred and Elfrida could plainly see there were no steps—only ledges that a very polite goat might have said were a foothold.

"You couldn't climb up there," Edred said to the great Richard; yet somehow he never doubted that he and Elfrida could.

"No," said the Mouldiwarp, leaping from Richard's arms to the ground, "I must carry him"—and it grew to giant Polar bear size quite calmly before their very eyes.

"They don't see it—even yet," said Richard to the mole.

"See what?" Elfrida asked.

"Why, what your disguise is. You're cats, my dear cousins, white cats!"

Then Edred and Elfrida did look at each other, and it was quite true, they *were*.

"I'll tell you what my plan is," Richard went on. "The people of this country have never seen tame cats. They think a person who can tame animals is a magician. I found that out when I was here before. So now I've got three tame animals—all white, too—that is, if you'll play," he added, to the Mouldiwarp. "You *will* play, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, I'll play!" it said, snarling a little.

"And you cats must only mew and purr and do whatever I tell you. Don't do anything for anyone but me and your father."

"Is father really here?" asked Elfrida.

"He's on the other side of the great cliff," said Richard—"the cliff no man can climb. But *you* can come."

He got on the Mouldiwarp's back and put his arms round its Polar-bear-like neck, and it began to climb. That *was* a climb. Even the cats, which Edred and Elfrida now could not help seeing that they were, found it as much as they could do to keep their footing on those little, smooth, shelving ledges. If it had not been that they had cat's eyes, and so could see in the dark, they never could have done it.

"I've heard of foreign climbs," said Elfrida, "but I never thought they would be like this. I suppose it *is* foreign?"

"South American," said Richard. "You can look for it on the map when you get home—but you won't find it. Come on!"

And then when they had climbed to the top of the cliff they had to go down on the other side, for the cliff rose like a wall between the forest and a wide plain, and by the time they reached that plain the sun was looking down at them over the cliff.

The plain was very large and very wonderful, and a towering wall of cliff ran all round it. The plain was all laid out in roads and avenues and fields and parks. Towns and palaces were dotted about it; a tall aqueduct on hundreds of pillars brought water from an arch in the face of the cliff to the middle of the plain, and from these canals ran out to the cliff wall that bounded the plain all round, even and straight, like the spokes of a wheel, and disappeared under low arches of stone, back into the cliff. There were lakes, there were gardens, there were great stone buildings whose roofs shone like gold where the rising sun struck them.

In the fields were long-horned cattle and strange, high-shouldered sheep, which Richard said were llamas.

"I know," he explained, "from seeing them on the postage-stamps."

They advanced into the plain and sat down under a spreading tree.

"We must just wait till we're found," said Richard, who had assumed entire command of the expedition.

Presently, a shepherd coming early to attend to his flocks found a boy in strange clothes, attended by a great white bear and two white cats, sitting under a tree.

The shepherd did not seem afraid of the bear—only curious and interested; but when the Mouldiwarp had stood up on its hind legs and bowed gravely and the cats had stood up and lain down and shaken paws and turned somersaults at the word of command, the shepherd wrapped his red woollen cloak round him with an air of determination and, making signs that Richard was to follow, set off with all his might for the nearest town.

Quite soon they found themselves in the central square of one of the most beautiful towns in the world. I wish I had time to tell you exactly what it was like, but I have not. I can only say that it was at once clean and grand, splendid and comfortable. There was not a dirty corner nor a sad face from one end of the town to the other. The houses were made of great blocks of stone inlaid wonderfully with gold and silver; clear streams—or baby canals—ran by the side of every street, and each street had a double row of trees running all along its wide length. There was a great hall in the middle of the town with a garden all round its flat roof, and to this hall the shepherd led the party.

The big doors of inlaid wood were set wide, and a crowd, all dressed in soft stuffs of beautiful colours, filled the long room within. The room was open to the sky; a wrinkled awning drawn close at one side showed that the people could have a roof when it suited them.

There was a raised stone platform at one end, and on this were three chairs. The crowd made way for the shepherd and his following, and as they drew near to the raised platform the two white cats, who were Edred and Elfrida, looked up and saw in the middle and biggest chair a splendid, dark-faced man in a kind of fringed turban with two long feathers in it, and in the two chairs to right and left of him, clothed in beautiful embroidered stuffs, with shining collars of jewels about their necks, Father and Uncle Jim!

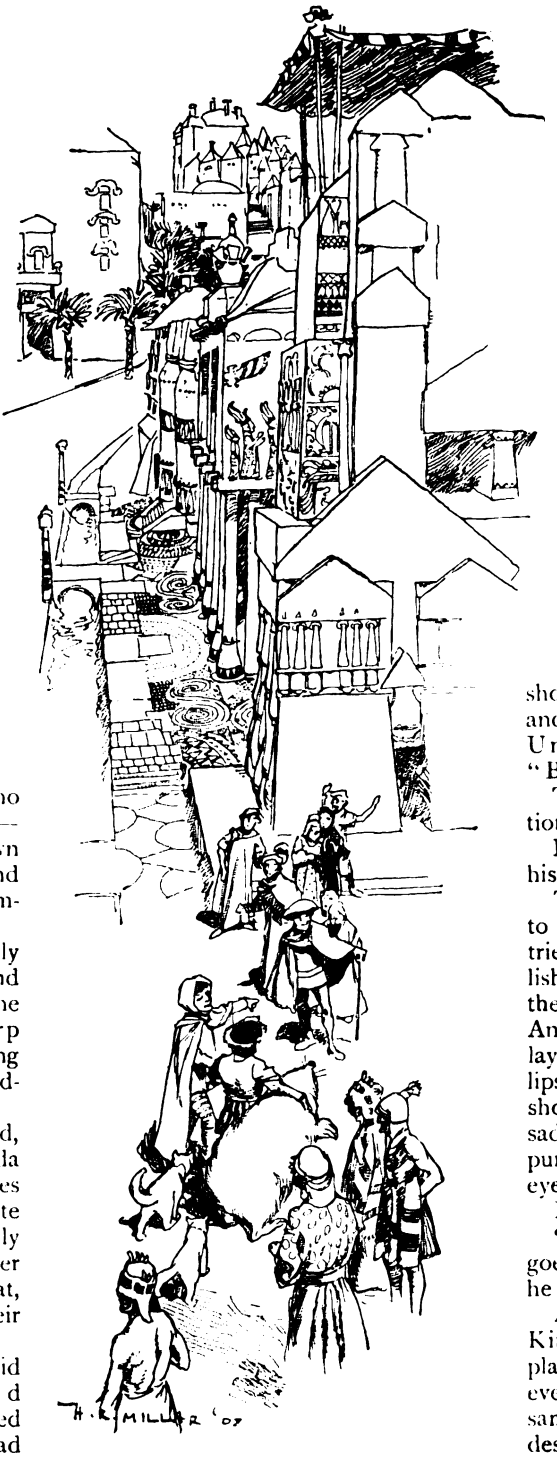
"Not a word!" said Cousin Dick, just in time to restrain the voices of the children who were cats. Their actions he could not restrain. Everyone in that hall saw two white cats spring forward and rub themselves against the legs of the man who sat in the right-hand chair. Compelled to silence as they were by the danger of their position, Edred and Elfrida rubbed their white-cat bodies against their father's legs in a rapture which I cannot describe, and purred enthusiastically. It is a wonderful relief to be able to purr when you must not speak.

The King—he who sat on the high seat—stood up, looking down on them with wise, kind eyes, and spoke, seeming to ask a question.

Quite as wonderfully as any trained bear, and far more gracefully, the white Mouldiwarp danced before the King of that mysterious hidden kingdom.

Then Dick whistled, and Edred and Elfrida withdrew themselves from their passionate caresses of the only parts of their father that they could get at, and stood upon their white hind-cat-feet.

"The minuet," said Edred, in a rapid whisper. Dick whistled a tune that they had never heard, but the tune was right; and now



"THE HOUSES WERE MADE OF GREAT BLOCKS OF STONE INLAID WONDERFULLY WITH GOLD AND SILVER."

was seen the spectacle of two white cats slowly and solemnly going through the figures of that complicated dance, to the music of Dick's clear whistling, turning, bowing, pacing with all the graces that Aunt Edith had taught them when they were Edred and Elfrida and not white cats.

When the last bow and curtsy ended the dance, the King himself shouted some word that they were sure meant "Well done!" All the people shouted the same word, and only father and Uncle Jim shouted "Bravo!"

Then the King questioned Dick.

No answer. He laid his finger on his lips.

Then the King spoke to father, and he in turn tried questions in English and French and then in other languages. And still Dick kept on laying his finger on his lips, and the white bear shook its head quite sadly, and the white cats purred aloud with their eyes on their father.

Richard stooped.

"When your father goes out, follow him," he whispered.

And so, when the King rose from his place and went out, and everyone else did the same, the white cats, deserting Dick, followed close on their father's footsteps.

When the King saw this he spoke to the men-at-arms, who were leading Richard in another direction, and presently the cats, and the bear that was the Mouldiwarp, and Richard found themselves alone with Uncle Jim and the father of Elfrida and Edred on a beautiful terrace shaded by trees.

And now, there being none of the brown people near, Richard looked full in the eyes of the father of Edred and Elfrida and said, in a very low voice:—

"I am English. I've come to rescue you."

"You're a bold boy," said Edred and Elfrida's father, "but rescue's impossible."

"There's not much time," said Richard again; "they've only let us come here just to see if you know us. I expect they're listening. You are Lord Arden now—the old lord is dead. I can get you out if you do exactly as I say."

"It's worth trying," said Uncle Jim; "it's worth trying, anyhow, whatever it is."

"Are you free to go where you like?"

"Yes," said Lord Arden—not Edred, but Edred's father, for Edred was now no longer Lord Arden. "You see there's no way out but the one, and that's guarded by a hundred men with poisoned arrows."

"There *is* another way," said Richard; "the way we came. The white bear can carry you, one at a time."

"Shall we risk it?" said Lord Arden, a little doubtfully.

"Rather!" said Uncle James. "Think of Edith and the kids."

"That's what I *am* thinking of," said Lord Arden; "while we're alive there's a chance. If we try this and fail they'll kill us."

"You won't fail," said Richard. "I'll help you to get home; but I would like to know how you got into this fix. It's only curiosity. But I wish you'd tell me. Perhaps I sha'n't see you again after to-day."

"We stumbled on the entrance, the only entrance to the golden plain," said Lord Arden, "prospecting for gold among these mountains. They have kept us prisoners ever since, because they are determined not to let the world know of the existence of the plain. There are always rumours of it, but so far no 'civilized' people have found it."

The white cats noticed with wonder and respect that their father addressed Richard exactly as though he had been a grown-up.

"We managed to send one line to a newspaper, to say that we were taken by bandits," Lord Arden went on; "it was all that they would allow us to do. But except that we have not been free, we have had everything—food, clothes, kindness, justice, love. We *must* escape, if we can, because of my sister and the children, but it is like going out of Eden into the Black Country."

"That's so," said Uncle Jim.

"And if we're not to see you again," Lord Arden went on, "tell me why you have come—at great risk it must be—to help us."

"I owe a debt," said Richard, in a low voice, "to all who bear the name of Arden." His voice sank so low that the two cats could only hear the words "head of the house."

"And now," Richard went on, "you see that black chink over there?" he pointed to the crevice in the cliff. "Be there, both of you, at moonrise, and you shall get away safely to Arden Castle."

"You must come with us, of course," said Lord Arden. "I might be of service to you. We have quite a respectable little fortune in a bank at Lima—not in our own names—but we can get it out, if you can get *us* out. You've brought us luck, I'm certain of it. Won't you go with us, and share it?"

"I can't," said Richard; "I must go back to my own time . . . my own place, I mean. Now I ll go. Come on, cats."

The cats looked imploringly at their father, but they went and stood by Richard.

"I suppose we *may* go?" he asked.

"Everyone is perfectly free here," said Lord Arden. "The only thing you may not do is to leave the golden plain."

The white cats looked at each other rather ruefully. This was not at all the way in which they remembered their daddy talking to them.

"But," said Lord Arden, "for the children and my sister we must risk it. I trust you completely, and we will be at the crevice when the moon rises."

And at the appointed hour they all met under the vast cliff that was the natural wall and guardian of the golden plain.

And the Mouldiwarp carried Uncle Jim up to the top, and then came back for Lord Arden and Richard. But before there was time to do more a shout went up, and a thousand torches sprang to life in the city they had left, and they knew that their flight had been discovered.

"There's no time," the white Bear-Mouldiwarp, to the utter astonishment of Lord Arden, opened its long mouth and spoke. And the white cats also opened their mouths and cried, "Oh, daddy, how awful! What shall we do?"

"Hold your silly tongues," said the Mouldiwarp, crossly. "You was told not

to go gossiping. Here! scratch a way out with them white paws of yours."

It set the example, scratching at the enormous cliff with its strong, blunt, curved front feet. And the cats scratched too, with their white padded gloves that had tiger claws to them. And the rock yielded—there was a white crack—wider, wider. And the swaying, swirling torches came nearer and nearer across the plain.

"In with you!" cried the Mouldiwarp; "in with you!"

"Jim!" said Lord Arden. "I'll not go without Jim!"

"He's half-way there already," said the Mouldiwarp. "Come, I say, come!" It pushed them all into the crack of the rock, and the cliff closed firm and fast behind them, an unanswerable "*No*" set up in the face of their pursuers.

"This way out," said the Mouldiwarp, pointing its claw to where light showed.

"Why," said Edred, "it's the smugglers' cave—and there's the clock!"

"AND THE ROCK YIELDED—THERE WAS A WHITE CRACK—WIDER, WIDER."

Next moment there it wasn't, for Richard had leapt on it, and he and it had vanished together, the Mouldiwarp clinging to the hour-hand at the last moment.

The white cats which were Edred and Elfrida drew back from the whirl of the hands that was the first step towards vanishment. They saw their father and Uncle Jim go up the steps that led to the rude wooden door whose key was like a church key—the door that led to the opening among the furze that they had never been able to find again.

When the vanishing of the clock allowed them to follow, and they regained the sunny outer air, they were just in time to see two figures going towards the castle and very near it.

They turned to look at each other.

"Why," said Edred, "you're not a cat any more!"

"No more are you, if it comes to that," said Elfrida. "Oh, Edred, they're going in at the big gate. Do you think it's really real—or have we just dreamed it—this time? It was much more dreamish than any of the other things."

"I feel," said Edred, sitting down abruptly, "as if I'd been a cat all my life, and been swung round by my tail every day of my

life. I think I'll sit here till I'm quite sure whether I'm a white cat or Edred Arden."

"I know which *I* am," said Elfrida; but she, too, was not sorry to sit down.

"That's easy. You aren't either of them," said Edred.

When, half an hour later, they slowly went down to the castle, still doubtful whether anything magic had ever really happened, or whether all the magic things that had seemed to happen had really been only a sort of double, or twin, dream, they were met at the door by Aunt Edith, pale as the pearl and ivory of the white clock, and with eyes that shone like the dewdrops on the wild flowers that Elfrida had given to the Queen.

"Oh, kiddies!" she cried. "Oh, dear, darling kiddies!"

And she went down on her knees so that she should be nearer their own height and could embrace them on more equal terms.

"Something lovely's happened," she said; "something so beautiful that you won't be able to believe it."

They kissed her heartily, partly out of affection and partly to conceal their want of surprise.

"Darlings, it's the loveliest thing that could possibly happen. What do you think?"

"Daddy's come home," said Elfrida, feeling dreadfully deceitful.

"Yes," said Aunt Edith. "How clever of you, my pet! And Uncle Jim. They've been kept prisoners in South America, and an English boy with a performing bear helped them to escape."

No mention of cats. The children felt hurt.

"And they had the most dreadful time—months and months and months—coming across the interior—no water, and Indians and all sorts of adventures; and daddy had fever, and would insist that the bear was the Mouldiwarp—our crest, you know—come to life, and talking just like you or me, and that there were white cats that had your voices, and called him daddy. But he's all right now, only very weak. That's why I'm telling you all this. You must be very quiet and gentle. Oh, my dears, it's too good to be true, too good to be true!"

Now, was it the father of Edred and Elfrida who had brain fever and fancied things? Or did they, blameless of fever, and not too guilty of brains, imagine it all? Uncle Jim can tell you exactly how it all happened. There is no magic in *his* story. Father — I mean Lord Arden—does not talk of what he dreamed when he had brain fever. And Edred and Elfrida do not talk of what happened when they hadn't it. At least they do, but only to me. It is all very wonderful and mysterious, as all life is apt to be if you go a little below the crust, and are not content just to read newspapers and go by the Tube Railway, and buy your clothes ready-made, and think nothing can be true unless it is uninteresting.

"I've found the most wonderful photographs of pictures of Arden Castle," said Aunt Edith, later on. "We can restore the castle perfectly from them. I do wish I knew where the original pictures were."

"I'm afraid we can't restore the castle," said Lord Arden, laughing; "our little fortune's enough to keep us going quite comfortably—but it won't rebuild Norman masonry."

"I do wish we could have found the buried treasure," said Edred.

"We've got treasure enough," said Aunt Edith, looking at Uncle Jim.

As for what Elfrida thinks—well, I wish you could have seen her face when she went into the parlour that evening after Aunt Edith had knelt down to meet them on equal terms, and tell them of the treasure of love and joy that had come home to Arden.

There was Lord Arden, looking exactly like the Lord Arden she had known in the Gunpowder Plot days, and also exactly like the daddy she had known all her life, sitting at ease in the big chair just underneath the secret panel behind which Sir Edward Talbot had hidden when he was pretending to be the Chevalier St. George. His dear face was just the same, and the smile on it was her own smile—the merry, tender, twinkling smile that was for her and for no one else in the world. It was just a moment that she stood at the door. But it was one of these moments that are as short as a watch-tick and as long as a year. She stood there and asked herself, "Have I dreamed it all? Isn't there really any Mouldiwarp or any treasure?"

And then a great wave of love and longing caught at her, and she knew that, Mouldiwarp or no Mouldiwarp, the treasure was hers, and in one flash she was across the room and in her father's arms, sobbing and laughing, and saying again and again:—

"Oh, my daddy! Oh, my daddy, my daddy!"

THE END.

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

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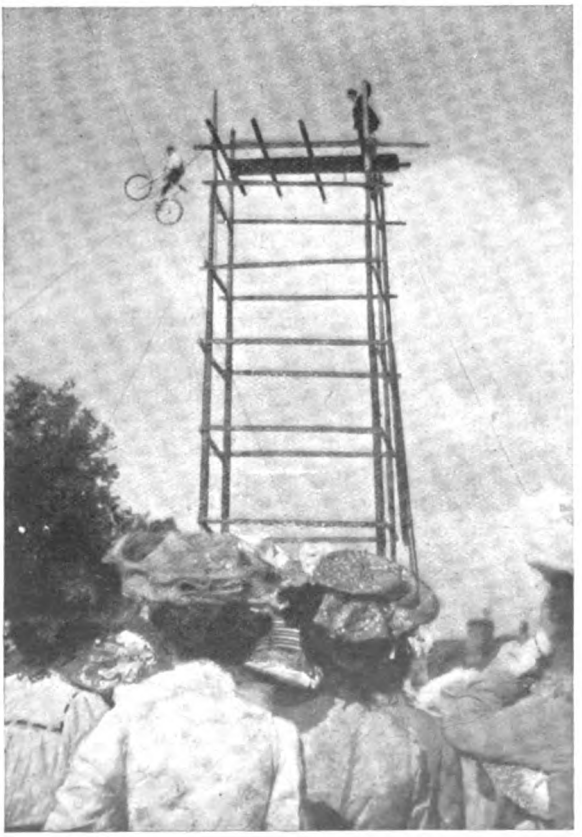
A RELIC OF THE WINDOW-TAX.

DURING the time of the window-tax two windows were exempt—namely, those of the "dairy" and "cheese-room," each having to have the name of the room painted on a piece of board and nailed above the window. The photograph shows one of these "dairy" windows, and is all that remains standing of an old farm-house in North Devon. It still retains the board with "Dairy" on it.—Miss Edith Steele Perkins, 29, St. Sidwells, Exeter.

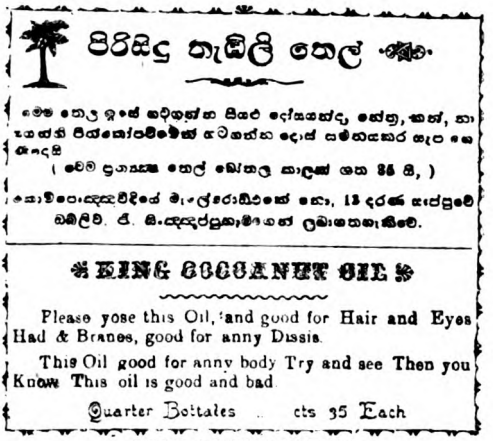
A FATAL RIDE.

THIS photograph, which I took myself in America some two years ago, shows a cyclist's ride to death. The performance consisted in a ride off a platform sixty feet high into a tank of water, and the photograph shows the cyclist, a one-legged man named Gifford, just after he had left the platform on his fatal last ride. On this occasion he fell short of the tank and was instantly killed.—Mr. R. J. Lee, Pomfret, 90, Hamilton Road, Reading.



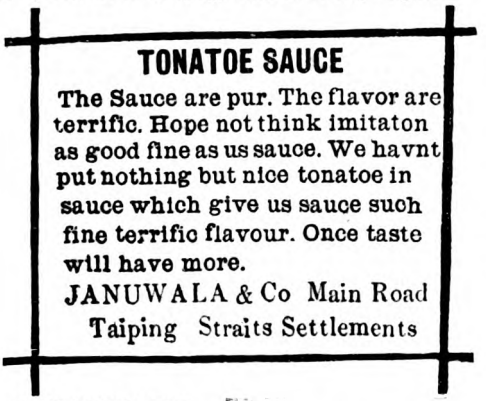
NEW USE FOR BALD HEADS.

A FRIEND of mine has allowed me to take liberties with his bald head, and by the aid of pieces of black paper fashioned into nose, mouth, and eyes I have been enabled to photograph a face presenting a very grotesque appearance. Upon close scrutiny you will note that the subject's forehead is resting on his hands, with face looking downward.—Mr. F. Holberg, 67, Harvard Place, Buffalo, New York, U.S.A.



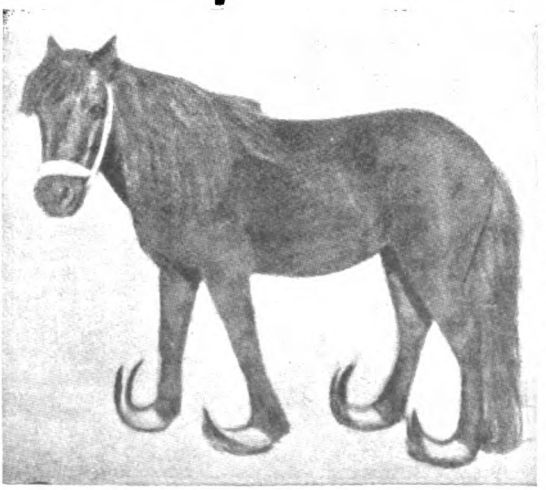
LOOK AT THE LABEL!

HERE are two most amusing additions to the examples of "English as she is written (or printed)" which have appeared from time to time in these pages. Both come from the Far East, the coco-nut oil having been purchased at Ceylon by Mr. H. Nancolas, of H.M.S. *Hyacinth*, from one of the natives who bring such wares on board for sale, while the tomato sauce with the terrific flavour was bought in the Straits Settlements and the label sent to us by Mr. G. Donne, 13, Church Street, Brighton.



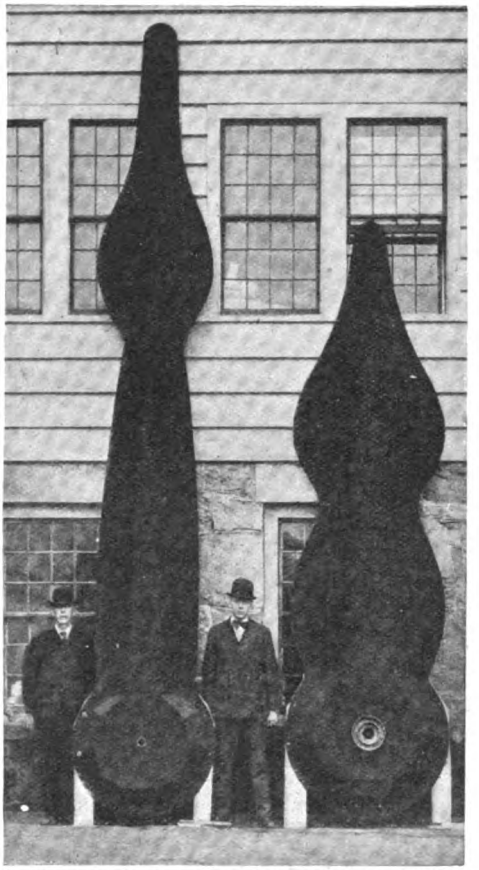
EXTRAORDINARY HOOF GROWTH.

I AM sending you a picture, cut from the Melbourne *Weekly Times*, showing a pony with a most remarkable hoof growth. The pony was caught in the Orbost Ranges, and at the time the photograph was taken was in the possession of Veterinary-Surgeon Phillips, of Collingwood.—Mr. W. Smith, 18, Pitcroft Road, North End, Portsmouth.



THE LARGEST CLOCK IN THE WORLD.

THE great clock in the church of St. Rombaut, in Malines, Belgium, which has hitherto figured as the largest clock in the world; London's "Big Ben," that has for many years dominated the West-end of the British Metropolis from the summit of the lofty Tower of the Houses of Parliament; and other big clocks, wherever they may be, must yield the palm for magnitude to the great clock recently set up on the roof of the factory of Colgate and Co., in Jersey City, U.S.A. Without clang of bell it plainly proclaims the hour, by day and night, to the people of all lower New York, to the voyagers on the Hudson River or New York harbour. It typifies not only American commercial enterprise in the service its owners have done the public through its installation, but also our progress in mechanical skill, as demonstrated by its constructors, the Seth Thomas Clock Company, Thomaston, Conn.—Mr. Chas. A. Brassler, 621, Park Place, Brooklyn, N.Y.



A BACKWOODS BICYCLE.

I FEEL sure that readers of THE STRAND will be interested in this photograph of a bicycle

made in the backwoods of Western Australia, and actually ridden three hundred and fifty miles by a miner in the early days of the gold rush. It is sent to you by kind permission of Mr. P. Wicken, Field Officer for Agriculture of Western Australia.—Mr. J. G. Sanders, 89, Station Villas, Mortlake.

TYPEWRITTEN PORTRAIT.

THIS portrait of a lady was made by myself entirely by means of a typewriter, and when

held at arm's length is very effective. The machine used was a Bar Lock.—Mr. Ronald E. Macbean, Rosslyn, York Road, Woking.

PUZZLE FOR BOTANISTS.

I HAVE asked botanists and experienced flower-growers to name the flower represented in this photograph. The answers have been various — namely, passion-flower, orchid, and honeysuckle, but generally the last-named. One who would not venture an answer until given the hint that it was highly magnified then said canary creeper. Many STRAND readers will be curious as to what it really is and desire to produce this beautiful flower when told that a penny packet of its seed will fill a large bed. But so common is it that it is found in almost every garden, being chiefly admired for its sweet scent. Its beauty of structure and colour are usually missed, as it is so small, while its name is as difficult for a child to spell as for the botanists to give. What is it, then? It is simply one small sprig of the com-

mon mignonette, magnified several hundred times. The photograph only shows a few of the florets of one stalk. Each flower, or floret, when seen thus magnified is far more beautiful in its natural colours than in the photograph, though this does show its beautiful structure.—Mr. J. E. Webb, Chamonix, Matlock Road, Leyton.

REMARKABLE SIGNATURE.

I SEND you what I regard as one of the most remarkable signatures ever devised by a writer. It is one which I have seen on hundreds of Government papers at Washington, D.C., where the man who uses it was for some years Expert Computer of the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey and Astronomer of the Carnegie Institution. His name is Herman S. Davis, and he writes it as here shown. This signature is easily made with two swift strokes of the pen, and is not a mere monogram of initials, for it contains the full name, H. S. Davis, and also the year, month, and day of his birth—namely, 8.6.68. It has the further remarkable quality of being so symmetrical as to read exactly the same viewed upside down.—Mr. Russell Lang, Pittsburg, Pa., U.S.A.

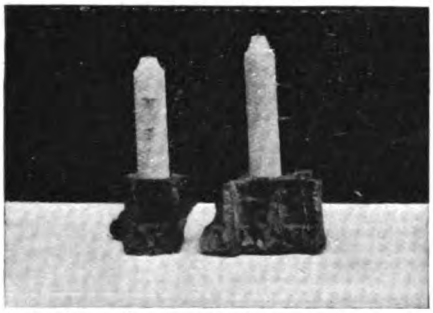
15122 416 9602 621

WHAT DOES THE MIRROR SAY?

THE above line of figures does not appear very interesting at first sight, but if one asks some charming member of the fair sex to turn it upside down and hold it to a mirror to read it, a hidden meaning becomes apparent.

AN OLD-WORLD CLOCK.

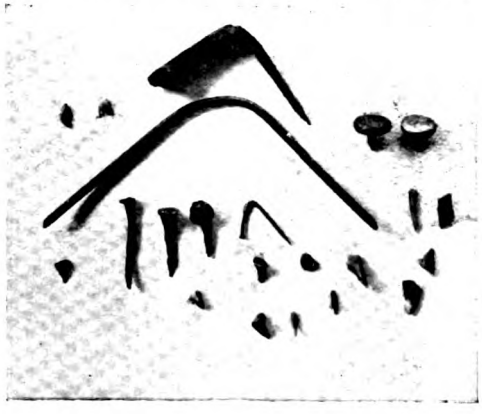
ONE of the most remarkable survivals of primitive time-measuring appliances in England may be found to-day amongst the flint knappers of Brandon. It consists of a candle stuck into a candle-stick, often made of a lump of chalk, or of a piece of perforated draught brick. Into the candle are fixed tiny splinters



of flint at intervals, ascertained by experience, of one hour's burning duration, so that when a splinter drops the knapper knows he has worked one hour, and so on, and is thus able to ascertain how many gun-flints he turns out in a given time. — Mr. E. R. Lovett, 41, Outram Road, Croydon.

THE CYCLIST'S ENEMIES.

THIS might be thought a collection of ancient weapons and implements, but is really something quite different. A friend of mine cycles to and from business every day, and, of course, like every other user of a wheel, at time suffers from punctures. Every time he has a puncture he carefully preserves the cause of it, if it is still to be found. He showed me these the other day, and I at once thought they would make a rather novel picture, so I photographed them, and send you the result. The "puncture-causers," as my friend terms them, consist of a long piece of wire, a large iron nail, two "Gripwell" boot studs (they "gripped" still better in the tyres), a hobnail, two small wire nails, a tin-tack, a bent pin, and the remainder flints of varying sizes and sharpness.—Mr. Walter Wm. Wood, 3, Admaston Road, Plumstead.



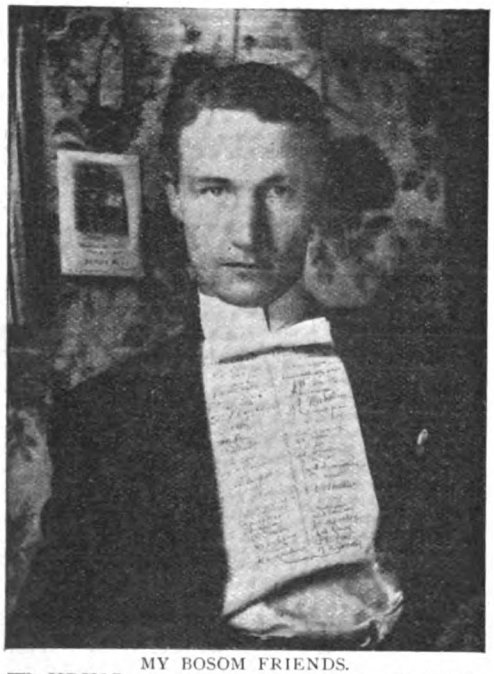
PEAR GROWING FROM TREE TRUNK.

THIS photograph, which may be of interest to fruit-growers, shows an ordinary calabash pear growing direct from the main trunk of the tree, which at this point—about four feet from the ground—is eight inches in diameter.—Mr. J. G. Perry, 33, Avenue Road, Brentford.

A DOLL THAT GREW.

LAST winter, at a party, the guests were given two potatoes each, two tin-tacks, five hairpins, a match, and a Japanese doily, and out of these materials a doll was to be made. One of these

creations was given me, and, after due admiration, was put away in a cupboard. Recently I came across it again, and found the potatoes sprouting in all directions and looking most remarkable.—Mr. C. E. Wilkins, St. Margaret's, Cheltenham.



MY BOSOM FRIENDS.

DURING a recent class rush between the Freshmen Engineers and the Junior Law students of the University of Texas, only forty-nine of us Junior Laws, out of a class of a hundred and twenty, appeared to do battle with the Engineers, over a hundred strong. Fearing lest these few "Defenders of the Faith" would be forgotten in times to come, I made them inscribe their names on this monument to their class spirit, and am proud to own it.—Mr. A. Moodie, 1325, College Avenue, Fort Worth, Texas.

"THE VIRGIN'S TREE."

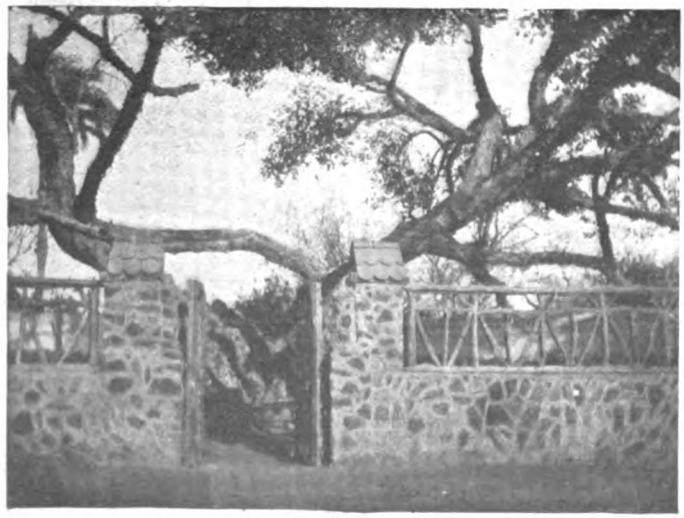
I SEND you a photograph of a famous tree growing in the little Egyptian village of Matariyah, which is partly built on the ruins of Heliopolis and situated about four and a half miles to the north of Cairo. It is usually called "The Virgin's Tree," from the tradition that the Virgin Mary sat and rested under its shadow during her flight to Egypt. It is also said that by remaining hidden in the hollow tree by means of a marvellously-twisted cobweb she succeeded in escaping her persecutors.—Mr. J. A. van der Stok, Paviljoenstraat No. 4, Amsterdam.

"THE AUNT OF CHARLEY."

WHEN travelling in Greece a short time ago I saw in the streets of Athens the playbill here reproduced. I do not know the modern Greek, so all I could read on it was "Brandon Thomas," a name

ΘΕΡΙΝΟΝ
ΘΕΑΤΡΟΝ ΤΣΟΧΑ
ΘΙΑΣΟΣ ΑΘΗΝΩΝ ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΗ ΚΩΜΩΔΙΑ
ΠΑΝΤΟΠΟΥΛΟΥ - ΒΟΝΑΣΕΡΑ
ΠΕΜΠΤΗ — 6 Αὐγούστου — ΠΕΜΠΤΗ
Η ΑΣΤΕΙΟΤΕΡΑ ΚΩΜΩΔΙΑ ΤΟΥ ΚΟΣΜΟΥ
Η ΠΑΙΖΟΜΕΝΗ ΣΥΝΕΧΩΣ ΕΙΣ ΟΛΑ ΤΑ ΘΕΑΤΡΑ ΤΗΣ ΕΥΡΩΠΗΣ
ΔΙΔΕΤΑΙ ΑΠΟΨΕ ΔΙΑ ΤΡΙΤΗΝ ΦΟΡΑΝ
Η ΘΕΙΑ ΤΟΥ ΚΑΡΟΛΟΥ
Εἰς τρεῖς εὐφυεστάτας πράξεις τοῦ διασήμου Ἄγγλου
BRANDON THOMAS
ΠΑΝΤΟΠΟΥΛΟΣ
ΕΥΤΥΧΙΟΣ ΒΟΝΑΣΕΡΑΣ
ΤΙΜΑΙ ΕΚΤΑΚΤΟΙ
Η ΦΙΛΟΜ καὶ Η ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΑ ΤΩΝ ΓΥΝΑΙΚΩΝ.

that instantly brought "Charley's Aunt" to my mind. A Greek who spoke English told me that the bill was to inform the inhabitants of Athens that a play called "The Aunt of Charley" was being performed at the theatre. I therefore begged a bill which may interest English playgoers. I saw the play, which was very much the same as we see it in England, except that Charley was a very big man, probably like Mr. Taft, and as unlike Mr. Penley as could possibly be. The scenery was tropical and nothing like Oxford, unless it be in the Botanical Gardens there, while the love-passages in the play were cut very short, or left out altogether, to suit the Greeks, as love-making is carried on a little differently there. —Mr. Richard Penlake, 115, Minard Road, Catford, S.E.



"HIS HORSE HAD STUMBLED AND HE HAD FALLEN."

(*See page* 606.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxxvi. DECEMBER, 1908. No. 216.

The White Prophet.

By HALL CAINE.

[The Arabs have a tradition that in "the time of the end" a Redeemer will come to unite the faiths of the world into one faith, and the peoples of the world into one people. This Redeemer is sometimes known as the Mahdi, sometimes as Mohammed, sometimes as Jesus, but generally as the White Prophet of Peace, meaning the Christ.]

FIRST BOOK:—The Crescent and the Cross.

CHAPTER I.

IT was perhaps the first act of open hostility, and there was really nothing in the scene or circumstance to provoke an unfriendly demonstration.

On the broad racing ground of the Khedivial Club a number of the officers and men of the British Army quartered in Cairo, assisted by a detachment of the soldiers of the army of Egypt, had been giving a sham fight in imitation of the Battle of Omdurman, which is understood to have been the death-struggle and the end of Mahdism.

The Khedive himself had not been there—he was away at Constantinople—and his blue pavilion had stood empty the whole afternoon; but a kinsman of the Khedive's, with a company of friends, had occupied the box adjoining, and Lord Nuneham, the British Consul-General, had sat in the centre of the grand stand, surrounded by all the great ones of the earth, in a sea of muslin, flowers, and feathers. There had been European ladies in bright spring costumes, sheikhs in flowing robes of flowered silk, Egyptian Ministers of State in Western dress and British Advisers and Under-Secretaries in Eastern tarbooshes, officers in gold-braided uniforms, foreign Ambassadors, and an infinite number of pashas, beys, and effendi.

Besides these, too, there had been a great crowd of what is called the common people, chiefly Cairenes—the volatile, pleasure-loving people of Cairo, who care for nothing so little as the atmosphere of political trouble. They had stood in a thick line around the arena, all capped in crimson, thus giving to the vast ellipse the effect of an immense picture framed in red.

There had been nothing in the day, either, to stimulate the spirit of insurrection. It had been a lazy day, growing hot in the afternoon, so that the white city of domes and minarets, as far up as to the Mokattam hills and the self-conscious Citadel, had seemed to palpitate in a glistening haze, while the steely ribbon of the Nile that ran between was reddening in the rays of the sunset.

General Graves, an elderly man with martial bearing, commanding the force in Egypt, had taken his place as umpire in the judge's box in front of the pavilion; four squadrons of British and Egyptian cavalry and infantry, and a grunting and ruckling camel corps, had marched and pranced and bumped out of a paddock to the left, and then young Colonel Gordon Lord, Assistant Adjutant-General, who was to play the part of commandant in the sham fight, had come trotting into the field.

Down to that moment there had been nothing but gaiety and the spirit of fun among the spectators, who with ripples of merry laughter had whispered "Lyttelton's," "Wauchope's," "Macdonald's," and "Maxwell's," as the white-faced, yellow-faced, and black-faced squadrons had taken their places. Then the General had rung the big bell that was to be the signal for the beginning of the battle, a bugle had been sounded, and the people had pretended to shiver as they smiled.

But all at once the atmosphere had changed. From somewhere on the right had come the *tum, tum, tum* of war-drums of the enemy, followed by the *boom, boom, boom* of their war-horns, a melancholy note, half bellow and half wail. Then everybody in the pavilion had stood up, everybody's glass had been out, and a moment afterwards a line of strange white things had been seen fluttering in the far distance.

Were they banners? No! They were men, they were the dervishes, and they were

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coming down in a deep white line, like sheeted ghosts in battle array.

"They're here!" said the spectators, in a hushed whisper, and from that moment onward to the end there had been no more laughter either in the pavilion or in the dense line around the field.

The dervishes had come galloping on, a huge disorderly horde in flying white garments, some of them black as ink, some brown as bronze, brandishing their glistening spears, their swords, and their flint-locks, beating their war-drums, blowing their war-horns, and shouting in high-pitched, rasping, raucous voices their war-cry and their prayer, "Allah! Allah! Allah!"

On and on they had come, like champing surf rolling in on a reef-bound coast; on and on, faster and faster, louder and louder, on and on until they had all but hurled themselves into the British lines, and then—*crash!* A sheet of blinding flashes, a roll of stifling smoke, and, when the air cleared, a long empty space in the front line of the dervishes, and the ground strewn as with the drapery of two hundred dead men.

In an instant the gap had been filled and the mighty horde had come on again, but again and again and yet again they had been swept down before the solid rock of the British forces like the spent waves of an angry sea.

At one moment a flag, silver white and glistening in the sun, had been seen coming up behind. It had seemed to float here, there, and everywhere, like a disembodied spirit, through the churning breakers of the enemy; and while the swarthy Arab who carried it had cried out over the thunder of battle that it was the angel of death leading them to victory or Paradise, the dervishes had screamed "Allah! Allah!" and poured themselves afresh on to the British lines.

But *crash, crash, crash;* the bullets had leapt out of the British rifles, and the dervishes had fallen in long swathes like grass before the scythe, until the broad field had been white with its harvest of the dead.

The sham fight had lasted a full hour, and until it was over the vast multitude of spectators had been as one immense creature that trembled without drawing breath. But then the umpire's big bell had been rung again, the dead men had leapt briskly to their feet and scampered back to paddock, and a rustling breeze of laughter, half merriment and half surprise, had swept over the pavilion and the field.

This was the moment at which the atmosphere had seemed to change. Someone at the foot of the pavilion had said:—

"Whew! What a battle it must have been!"

And someone else had said:—

"Don't call it a battle, sir; call it an execution."

And then a third, an Englishman in the uniform of an Egyptian Commandant of Police, had cried:—

"If it had gone the other way, though—if the Mahdists had beaten us that day at Omdurman, what would have happened to Egypt then?"

"Happened?" the first speaker had answered—he was the English Adviser to one of the Egyptian Ministers. "What would have happened to Egypt, you say? Why, there wouldn't have been a dog to howl for a lost master by this time."

Lord Nuneham had heard the luckless words, and his square-hewn jaw had grown harder and more grim. Unfortunately, the Egyptian Ministers, the sheikhs, the pashas, the beys, and the effendi had heard them also, and, by the mysterious law of Nature that sends messages over a trackless desert, the last biting phrase had seemed to go like an electric whisper through the thick line of the red-capped Cairenes around the arena.

In the native mind it altered everything in an instant; transformed the sham battle into a serious incident; made it an insult, an outrage, a prearranged political innuendo, something got up by the British Army of Occupation, or perhaps by the Consul-General himself, to rebuke the Egyptians for the fires of disaffection that had smouldered in their midst for years, and to say as by visible historiography:—

"See, that's what England saved Egypt from—that horde of Allah-intoxicated fanatics who would have cut off the heads of your Khedives, tortured and pillaged your pashas, flogged your effendi, made slaves of your fellaheen, or swept your whole nation into the Nile."

Every soldier on the field had distinguished himself that day, the British by his bull-dog courage, the Soudanese by fighting as dervishes like demons, the Egyptian by standing his ground like a man; but not even when young Colonel Lord, the most popular Englishman in Egypt, the one officer of English blood who was beloved by the Egyptians, not even when he had come riding back to paddock after a masterly handling of his men, sweating but smiling, his horse blowing and spent, the people on the pavilion receiving

him with shouts and cheers, the clapping of hands, and the fluttering of handkerchiefs—not even then had the Cairenes at the edge of the arena made the faintest demonstration. Their opportunity came a few minutes later, and, sullen and grim under the gall of their unfounded suspicion, they seized it in fierce and rather ugly fashion.

Hardly had the last man left the field when a company of mounted police came riding down the fringe of it, followed by a carriage drawn by two high-stepping horses, between a bodyguard of Egyptian soldiers. They drew up in front of the box occupied by the kinsman of the Khedive, and instantly the Cairenes made a rush for it, besieging the barrier on either side, and even clambering on each other's shoulders as human scaffolding from which to witness the departure of the Prince.

Then the Prince came out, a rather slack, feeble, ineffectual-looking man, and there were the ordinary salutations prescribed by custom. First the cry from the police in Turkish and in unison, "Long live our Master!" being cheers for the Khedive whose representative the Prince was, and then a cry in Arabic for the Prince himself. The Prince touched his forehead, stepped into his carriage, and was about to drive off when, without sign or premeditation—by one of those mischievous impulses which the devil himself inspires—there came a third cry, never heard on that ground before. In a lusty, guttural voice, a young man standing on the shoulders of another man—both, apparently, students of law or medicine—shouted over the heads of the people, "Long live Egypt!" and in an instant the cry was repeated in a deafening roar from every side.

The Prince signalled to his bodyguard and his carriage started, but all the way down the line of the enclosure, where the red-capped Egyptians were still standing in solid masses, the words cracked along like fireworks set alight.

The people on the great pavilion watched and listened, and to the larger part of them, who were British subjects, and to the officers, Advisers, and Under-Secretaries, who were British officials, the cry was like a challenge which seemed to say, "Go home to England; we are a nation of ourselves and can do without you." For a moment the air tingled with expectancy, and everybody knew that something else was going to happen. It happened instantly, with that promptness which the devil alone contrives.

Almost as soon as the Prince's company had cleared away, a second carriage, that of the British Consul-General, came down the line to the pavilion, with a posse of native police on either side and a seis running in front. Then from his seat in the centre Lord Nuneham rose and stepped down to the arena, shaking hands with people as he passed, gallant to the ladies as befits an English gentleman, but bearing himself with a certain brusque condescension towards the men, all trying to attract his attention—a medium-sized yet massive person, with a stern jaw and steady grey eyes, behind which the cool brain was plainly packed in ice, a man of iron who had clearly passed through the pathway of life with a firm high step.

The posse of native police cleared a way for him, and, under the orders of an officer, rendered military honours, but that was not enough for the British contingent in the fever of their present excitement. They called for three cheers for the King, whose representative the Consul-General was in Egypt, and then three more for Lord Nuneham, giving, not three, but six, with a fierceness that grew more frantic at every shout, and seemed to say, as plainly as words could speak, "Here we are and here we stay."

The Egyptians listened in silence, some of them spitting as a sign of contempt, until the last cheer was dying down, and then the lusty, guttural voice cried again, "Long live Egypt!" and once more the words rang like a rip-rap down the line.

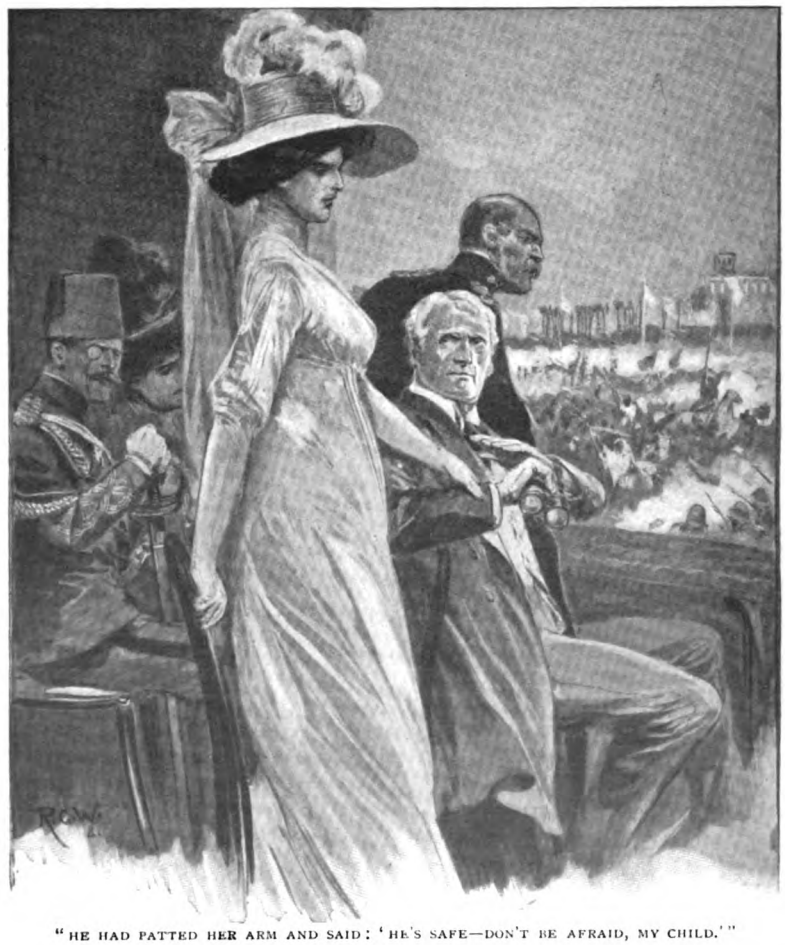
It was noticed that the stern expression of Lord Nuneham's face assumed a death-like rigidity, that he took out a pocket-book, wrote some words, tore away a leaf, handed it to a native servant, and then, with an icy smile, stepped into his carriage. Meantime the British contingent were cheering again with yet more deafening clamour, and the rolling sound followed the Consul-General as he drove away. But the shout of the Egyptians followed him too; and when he reached the high road the one was like muffled drums at a funeral far behind, while the other was like the sharp crack of Maxim guns that were always firing by his side.

The sea of muslin, ribbons, flowers, and feathers in the pavilion had broken up by this time; the light was striking level in people's eyes, the west was crimsoning with sunset tints, the city was red on the tips of its minarets and ablaze on the bare face of its insurgent hills, and the Nile itself, taking the colouring of the sky, was lying like an old serpent of immense size which had stretched itself along the sand to sleep.

CHAPTER II.

GENERAL GRAVES'S daughter had been at the sports that day, sitting in the chair immediately behind Lord Nuneham's. Her name was Helena, and she was a fine, handsome girl in the early twenties, with coal-black hair, very dark eyes, a speaking face, and a smile like eternal sunshine; well grown, splendidly developed, and carrying herself in perfect equipoise with natural grace and a certain swing when she walked.

Helena Graves was to marry Lord Nuneham's son, Colonel Gordon Lord, and during the progress of the sham fight she had had eyes for nobody else. She had watched him when he had entered the field, sitting solid on his Irish horse, which was stepping high and snorting audibly; when at the "Fire!" he had stood behind the firing line, and at the "Cease fire!" galloped in front; when he had threaded his forces round and round, north, south, and west, in and out as in a dance, so that they faced the enemy on every side; when somebody had blundered and his cavalry had been caught in a trap, and he had had to ride without sword or revolver through a cloud of dark heads that had sprung up as if out of the ground; and, above all, when his horse had stumbled and he had fallen, and the dervishes, forgetting that the battle was not a real one, had hurled their spears like shafts of forked lightning over his head. At that moment she had forgotten all about the high society gathered in a brilliant throng around her, and had clutched the Consul-General's chair convulsively, breathing so audibly that he had heard her, and, lowering the glasses through which he had watched the distant scene, had patted her arm and said:—



"HE HAD PATTED HER ARM AND SAID: 'HE'S SAFE—DON'T BE AFRAID, MY CHILD.'"

"He's safe—don't be afraid, my child."

When the fight was over her eyes were

radiant, her cheeks were like a conflagration, and, notwithstanding the ugly incident attending the departure of the Prince and Lord Nuneham, her face was full of a triumphant joy as she stepped down to the green, where Colonel Lord, who was waiting for her, put on her motor cloak—she had come in her automobile—and helped her to fix the light veil, which in her excitement had fallen back from her hat and showed that she was still blushing up to the roots of her black hair.

Splendid creature as she was, Colonel Lord was a match for her. He was one of the youngest colonels in the British Army, being four-and-thirty, of medium height, with crisp brown hair, and eyes of the flickering, steel-like blue that is common among enthusiastic natures, especially when they are soldiers—a man of unmistakable masculinity, yet with that vague suggestion of the woman about him which, sometimes seen in a manly face, makes one say, without knowing any of the circumstances, "That man is like his mother, and whatever her ruling passion is, his own will be, only stronger, more daring, and perhaps more dangerous."

"They're a lovely pair," the women were saying of them as they stood together; and soon they were surrounded by a group of people, some complimenting Helena, others congratulating Gordon, all condemning the demonstration which had cast a certain gloom over the concluding scene.

"It was too exciting, too fascinating, but how shameful that conduct of the natives! It was just like a premeditated insult," said a fashionable lady, a visitor to Cairo; and then an Englishman—it was the Adviser who had spoken the first unlucky words—said, promptly:—

"So it was—it must have been. Didn't you see how it was all done at a preconcerted signal?"

"I'm not surprised. I've always said we English in Egypt are living on the top of a volcano," said a small, slack, grey-headed man, a judge in the native courts; and then the Commandant of Police, a somewhat pompous person, said, bitterly:—

"We saved their country from bankruptcy, their backs from the lash, and their stomachs from starvation, and now listen: 'Long live Egypt!'"

At that moment a rather effusive American lady came up to Helena and said:—

"Don't you ever recognise your friends, dear? I tried to catch your eye during the fight, but a certain officer had fallen, and, of course, nobody else existed in the world."

"Let us make up our minds to it—we are not *liked*," the judge was saying. "Naturally we were popular as long as we were plastering the wounds made by tyrannical masters; but the masters are dead and the patient is better, so the doctor is found to be a bore."

"Yes, it's the gentleman in the tarboosh who is making the clamour, not the poor, blue-shirted fellah with his face to the ground."

At that moment an Egyptian Princess, famous for her wit and daring, came down the pavilion steps. She was one of the few Egyptian women who frequented mixed society and went about with uncovered face—a large person, with plump, pallid cheeks, very voluble, outspoken, and quick-tempered, a friend and admirer of the Consul-General's, and a champion of the English rule. Making straight for Helena, she said:—

"Goodness, child, is it your face I see or the light of the moon? The battle? Oh, yes, it was beautiful, but it was terrible, and thank the Lord it is over. But tell me about yourself, dear. You are desperately in love, they say, and no wonder. I'm in love with him myself, I really am, and if . . . Oh, you're there, are you? Well, I'm telling Helena I'm in love with you. Such strength, such courage—*pluck* you call it, don't you?"

Helena had turned to answer the American lady, and Gordon, whose eyes had been on her as if waiting for her to speak, whispered to the Princess:—

"Isn't she looking lovely to-day, Princess?"

"Then why don't you tell her so?" said the Princess.

"Hush!" said Gordon, whereupon the Princess said:—

"My goodness, what ridiculous creatures men are! What cowards, too! As brave as lions before a horde of savages, but before a woman—*mon Dieu!*"

"Yes," said the judge, in his slow, shrill voice, "they are fond of talking of the old book of Egypt, yet the valley of the Nile is strewn with the tombs of Egyptians who have perished under their hard task-masters, from the Pharaohs to the pashas. Can't they hear the murmur of the past about them? Have they no memory if they have no gratitude?"

At the last words General Graves came up to the group, looking hot and excited, and he said:—

"Memory? Gratitude? They're a nation of ingrates and fools."

"What's that?" said the Princess.

"Pardon me, Princess. I say the demon-

stration of your countrymen to-day is an example of the grossest ingratitude."

"You're quite right, General. But *maleysh!* (no matter). The barking of dogs doesn't hurt the clouds.".

"And who are the dogs in this instance, Princess?" said a thin-faced Turco-Egyptian with a heavy moustache, who had been congratulating Colonel Lord.

"Your Turco-Egyptian beauties, who would set the country ablaze to light their cigarettes," said the Princess. "Children I call them. Children, and they deserve the rod. Yes, the rod, and serve them right. Excuse the word. I know! I tell you plainly, pasha."

"And the clouds are the Consul-General, I suppose?"

"Certainly; and he's so much above them that they can't even see he's the sun in their sky, the stupids."

Whereupon the pasha, who was the Egyptian Prime Minister under a British Adviser, said, with a shrug and a dubious smile:—

"Your sentiments are beautiful, but your similes are a little broken, Princess."

"Not half so much broken as your Treasury would have been if the English hadn't helped it," said the Princess; and when the pasha had gone off with a rather halting laugh, she said:—

"*Maleysh!* When angels come the devils take their leave. I don't care. I say what I think. I tell the Egyptians the English are the best friends Egypt ever had, and Nuneham is their greatest ruler since the days of Joseph. But Adam himself wasn't satisfied with Paradise, and it's no use talking. 'Don't throw stones into the well you drink from,' I say. But serve you right, you English. You shouldn't have come. He who builds on another's land brings up another's child. Everybody is excited about this sedition, and even the harem are asking what the Government is going to do. Nuneham knows best, though. Leave him alone. He'll deal with these half-educated upstarts. Upstarts—that's what I call them. Oh, I know! I speak plainly!"

"I agree with the Princess," chimed in the judge. "What is this unrest among the Egyptians due to? The education we ourselves have given them."

"Yes; teach your dog to snap, and he'll soon bite you."

"These are the tares in the harvest we are reaping, and perhaps our Western grain doesn't suit this Eastern desert."

"Should think it doesn't, indeed. 'Liberty,' 'Equality,' 'Fraternity,' 'Representative Institutions'! If you English come talking this nonsense to the Egyptians what can you expect? Socialism, is it? Well, if I am to be Prince and you are to be Prince, who is to drive the donkey? Excuse the word! I know! I tell you plainly. Good-bye, my dear! You are looking perfect to-day. But then you are so happy. I can see when young people are in love by their eyes, and yours are shining like moons. After all, your Western ways are best. We choose the husbands for our girls, thinking the silly things don't know what is good for them, and the chicken isn't wiser than the hen; but it's the young people, not the old ones, who have to live together, so why shouldn't they choose for themselves?"

At that instant there passed from some remote corner of the grounds a brougham containing two shrouded figures in close white veils, and the Princess said:—

"Look at that, now—that relic of barbarism! Shutting our women up like canaries in a cage, while their men are enjoying the sunshine. Life is a dancing girl—let her dance a little for all of us."

The Princess was about to go, when General Graves appealed to her. The judge had been saying:—

"I should call it a religious rather than a political unrest. You may do what you will for the Moslem, but he never forgets that the hand which bestows his benefits is that of an infidel."

"Yes, we're aliens here, there's no getting over it," said the Adviser.

And the General said: "Especially when professional fanatics are always reminding the Egyptians that we are not Mohammedans. By the way, Princess, have you heard of the new preacher, the new prophet, the new Mahdi, as they say?"

"Prophet! Mahdi! Another of them?"

"Yes, the comet that has just appeared in the firmament of Alexandria."

"Some holy man, I suppose. Oh, I know! Holy man, indeed! Shake hands with him and count your rings, General! Another impostor riding on the people's backs—and they can't see it, the stupids! But the camel never *can* see his hump—not he! Good-bye, girl. Get married soon, and keep together as long as you can. Stretch your legs to the length of your bed, my dear; why shouldn't you? Say good-bye to Gordon? Certainly; where is he?"

At that moment Gordon was listening,

with head down, to something the General was saying with intense feeling.

"The only way to deal with religious impostors who sow disaffection among the people is to suppress them with a strong hand. Why not? Fear of their followers? They're fit for nothing but to pray in their mosques, 'Away with the English, O Lord, but give us water in due measure!' Fight? Not for an instant. There isn't an ounce of courage in a hundred of them, and a score of good soldiers would sweep all the native Egyptians of Alexandria into the sea."

Then Gordon, who had not yet spoken, lifted his head and answered, in a rather nervous voice:—

"No, no, no, sir! Ill usage may have made these people cowards in the old days, but proper treatment since has made them men, and there wasn't an Egyptian fellah on the field to-day who wouldn't have followed me into the jaws of death if I had told him to. As for our being aliens in religion"—the nervous voice became louder, and at the same time more tremulous—"that isn't everything. We're aliens in sympathy and brotherhood, and even in common courtesy as well. What is the honest truth about us? Here we are to help the Egyptians to regenerate their country, yet we neither eat nor drink nor associate with them. How can we hope to win their hearts while we hold them at arms' length? We've given them water—yes, water in abundance, but have we given them—love?"

The woman in Gordon had leapt out before he knew it, and he had swung a little aside as if ashamed, while the men cleared their throats, and the Princess, notwithstanding that she had been abusing her own people, suddenly melted in the eyes, muttered to herself, "Oh, our God!" and then, reaching over to kiss Helena, whispered in her ear:—

"You've got the best of the bunch, my dear, and if England would only send us a few more of his sort we should hear less of 'Long live Egypt!' Now, General, you can see me to my carriage if you would like to. By-bye, young people!"

At that moment the native servant to whom the Consul-General had given the note came up and gave it to Gordon, who read it and then handed it to Helena. It ran:—

"Come to me immediately. Have something to say to you.—N."

"We'll drive you to the Agency in the car," said Helena, and they moved away together.

In a crowded lane at the back of the pavilion people were clamouring for their carriages, and complaining of the idleness and even rudeness of the Arab runners, but Helena's automobile was brought up instantly, and when it was moving off with the General inside, Helena at the wheel and Gordon by her side, the natives touched their foreheads to the colonel and said, "Bismillah!"

As soon as the car was clear away and Gordon was alone with Helena for the first time, there was one of those privateering passages of love between them which lovers know how to smuggle through, even in public and the eye of day.

"Well!"

"Well!"

"Everybody has been saying the sweetest things to me and you've never yet uttered a word."

"Did you really expect me to speak—there—before all those people? But it was splendid—glorious—magnificent!"

And then, the steering-wheel notwithstanding, her gauntleted left hand went down to where his right hand was waiting for it.

Crossing the iron bridge over the river, they drew up at the British Agency, a large, ponderous, uninspired edifice, with its ambuscaded back to the city and its defiant front to the Nile, and there, as Gordon got down, the General, who still looked hot and excited, said:—

"You'll dine with us to-night, my boy—usual hour, you know."

"With pleasure, sir," said Gordon, and then Helena leaned over and whispered:—

"May I guess what your father is going to talk about?"

"The demonstration?"

"Oh, no!"

"What, then?"

"The new prophet at Alexandria."

"I wonder," said Gordon, and with a wave of the hand he disappeared behind a screen of purple blossom as Helena and the General faced home.

Their way lay up through the old city, where groups of aggressive young students, at sight of the General's gold-laced cap, started afresh the Kentish fire of their "Long live Egypt!" Up and up until they reached the threatening old fortress on the spur of the Mokattam hills, and then through the iron-clamped gates to the wide courtyard where the mosque of Mohammed Ali, with its spiky minarets, stands on the edge of the ramparts like a cock getting ready to crow, and drew up at the gate of a heavy-lidded house which looks sleepily down on the city,

"GROUPS OF AGGRESSIVE YOUNG STUDENTS, AT SIGHT OF THE GENERAL'S GOLD-LACED CAP, STARTED AFRESH THE KENTISH FIRE OF THEIR 'LONG LIVE EGYPT!'"

the sinuous Nile, the sweeping desert, the preponderating pyramids, and the last saluting of the sun. Then, as Helena rose from her seat, she saw that the General's head had fallen back and his face was scarlet.

"Father, you are ill!"

"Only a little faint—I'll be better presently."

But he stumbled in stepping out of the car, and Helena said:—

"You *are* ill and you must go to bed immediately, and let me put Gordon off until to morrow."

"No; let him come. I want to hear what the Consul-General had to say to him."

In spite of himself he had to go to bed, though, and half an hour later, having given him a sedative, Helena was saying:—

"You've over-excited yourself again, father. You were anxious about Gordon when his horse fell and those abominable spears were flying about."

"Not a bit of it. I knew he would come out all right. The fighting devil isn't civilized out of the British blood yet, thank God! But those Egyptians at the end—the ingrates! the dastards!"

"Father!"

"Oh, I am calm enough now—don't be afraid, girl. I was sorry to hear Gordon standing up for them, though. A soldier every inch of him, but how unlike his father! Never saw father and son so different. Yet so much alike, too! Fighting men, both of them. Hope to goodness they'll never come to grips. Heavens! that would be a bad day for all of us."

And then, drowsily, under the influence of the medicine:—

"I wonder what Nuneham wanted with Gordon? Something about those graceless tarbooshes, I suppose. He'll make them smart for what they've done to-day. Wonderful man, Nuneham! Wonderful!"

CHAPTER III.

JOHN NUNEHAM was the elder son of a financier of whose earlier life little or nothing was ever known. What was known of his later life was that he had amassed a fortune by Colonial speculation, bought a London newspaper, and been made a baronet for services to his political party. Having no inclination towards journalism, the son became a soldier, rose quickly to the rank of

brevet-major, served several years with his regiment abroad, and at six-and-twenty went to India as private secretary to the Viceroy, who, quickly recognising his natural tendency, transferred him to the administrative side and put him on the financial staff. There he spent five years with conspicuous success, obtaining rapid promotion and being frequently mentioned in the Viceroy's reports to the Foreign Minister.

Then his father died, without leaving a will, as the cable of the solicitors informed him, and he returned to England to administer the estate. Here a thunderbolt fell on him, for he found a younger brother, with whom he had nothing in common and had never lived at peace, preparing to dispute his right to his father's title and fortune on the assumption that he was illegitimate—that is to say, was born before the date of the marriage of his parents.

The allegation proved to be only too well founded, and as soon as the elder brother had recovered from the shock of the truth he appealed to the younger one to leave things as they found them.

"After all, a man's eldest son is his eldest son; let matters rest," he urged, but his brother was obdurate.

"Nobody knows what the circumstances may have been. Is there no ground of agreement?" But his brother could see none.

"You can take the inheritance, if that's what you want; but let me find a way to keep the title, so as to save the family and avoid scandal." But his brother was unyielding.

"For our father's sake. It is not for a man's sons to rake up the dead past of his forgotten life." But the younger brother could not be stirred.

"For our mother's sake. Nobody wants his mother's good name to be smirched—least of all when she's in her grave." But the younger brother remained unmoved.

"I promise never to marry. The title shall end with me. It shall return to you or to your children." But the younger brother would not listen.

"England is the only Christian country in the world in which a man's son is not always his son. For God's sake, let me keep my father's name!"

"It is mine, and mine alone," said the younger brother, and then a heavy and solitary tear, the last he was to shed for forty years, dropped slowly down John Nuneham's hard-drawn face, for at that instant the well of his heart ran dry.

"As you will," he said. "But if it is your pride that is doing this I shall humble it, and if it is your greed I shall live long enough to make it ashamed."

From that day forward he dedicated his life to one object only, the founding of a family that should far eclipse the family of his brother, and his first step towards that end was to drop his father's surname in the register of his regiment and assume his mother's name of Lord.

At that moment England, with two other European Powers, had, like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, entered the fiery furnace of Egyptian affairs, though not so much to withstand as to protect the worship of the golden image. A line of Khedives, each seeking his own advantage, had culminated in one more unscrupulous and tyrannical than the rest, who had seized the lands of the people, borrowed money upon them in Egypt, wasted it in wicked extravagance, and brought the country to the brink of ruin, with the result that England was left alone at last to occupy Egypt, much as Rome occupied Palestine, and to find a man to administer her affairs in a position analogous to that of Pontius Pilate. It found him in John Lord, the young financial secretary who had distinguished himself in India.

His task was one of immense difficulty, for, though nominally no more than the British Consul-General, he was really the ruler of the country, being representative of the Sovereign whose soldiers held Egypt in their grip. Realizing at once that he was the official receiver to a bankrupt nation, he saw that his first duty was to make it solvent. He did make it solvent. In less than five years Egypt was able to pay her debt to Europe. Therefore Europe was satisfied, England was pleased, and John Lord was made Knight of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Then he married a New England girl whom he had met in Cairo, daughter of a Federal General in the Civil War, a gentle creature, rather delicate, a little sentimental, and very religious.

During the first years their marriage was childless, and the wife, seeing with a woman's sure eyes that her husband's hope had been for a child, began to live within herself and to weep when no one could see. But at last a child came and it was a son, and she was overjoyed and the Consul-General was content. He allowed her to christen the child by what name she pleased, so she gave him the name of her great Christian hero,

Charles George Gordon. They called the boy Gordon, and the little mother was very happy.

But her health became still more delicate, so a nurse had to be looked for, and they found one in an Egyptian woman—with a child of her own—who, by power of a pernicious law of Mohammedan countries, had been divorced through no fault of hers, at the whim of a husband who wished to marry another wife. Thus Hagar, with her little Ishmael, became foster-mother to the Consul-General's son, and the two children were suckled together and slept in the same cot.

Meantime, as ruler of Egypt, the Consul-General was going from strength to strength, and, seeing that the Nile is the most wonderful river in the world and the father of the country through which it flows, he determined that it should do more than moisten the lips of the Egyptian desert while the vast body lay parched with thirst. Therefore he took engineers up to the fork of the stream where the clear and crystal Blue Nile of Khartoum, tumbling down in mighty torrents from the volcanic gorges of the Abyssinian hills, crosses the slow and sluggish White Nile of Omdurman, and told them to build dams, so that the water should not be wasted into the sea, but spread over the arid land, leaving the glorious sun of Egypt to do the rest.

The effect was miraculous. Nature, the great wonder-worker, had come to his aid, and never since the Spirit of God first moved upon the face of the void had anything so marvellous been seen. The barren earth brought forth grass and the desert blossomed like a rose. Land values increased; revenues were enlarged; poor men became rich; rich men became millionaires; Egypt became a part of Europe; Cairo became a European city; the record of the progress of the country began to sound like a story from "The Arabian Nights," and the Consul-General's annual reports read like fresh chapters out of the Book of Genesis, telling of the creation of a new heaven and a new earth. The re-making of Egypt was the wonder of the world; the faces of the Egyptians were whitened; England was happy, and Sir John Lord was made a baronet. His son had gone to school in England by this time, and from Eton he was to go on to Sandhurst and to take up the career of a soldier.

Then, thinking the Englishman's mission on foreign soil was something more than to make money, the Consul-General attempted to regenerate the country. He had been sent out to re-establish the authority of the Khedive, yet he proceeded to curtail it; to suppress the insurrection of the people, yet he proceeded to enlarge their liberties. Setting up a high standard of morals, both in public and private life, he tolerated no trickery. Finding himself in a cock-pit of corruption, he put down bribery, slavery, perjury, and a hundred kinds of venality and intrigue. Having views about individual justice and equal rights before the Law, he cleansed the Law Courts, established a Christian code of morals between man and man, and let the light of Western civilization into the mud-hut of the Egyptian fellah.

Mentally, morally, and physically his massive personality became the visible soul of Egypt. If a poor man was wronged in the remotest village, he said, "I'll write to Lord," and the threat was enough. He became the visible conscience of Egypt, too, and if a rich man was tempted to do a doubtful deed he thought of "the Englishman," and the doubtful deed was not done.

The people at the top of the ladder trusted him, and the people at the bottom, a simple, credulous, kindly race, who were such as sixty centuries of misgovernment had made them, touched their breasts, their lips, and their foreheads at the mention of his name, and called him "The Father of Egypt." England was proud, and Sir John Lord was made a peer.

When the King's letter reached him he took it to his wife, who now lay for long hours every day on the couch in the drawing-room, and then wrote to his son, who had left Sandhurst and was serving with his regiment in the Soudan, but he said nothing to anybody else, and left even his secretary to learn the great news through the newspapers.

He was less reserved when he came to select his title, and, remembering his brother, he found a fierce joy in calling himself by his father's name, thinking he had earned the right to it. Twenty-five years had passed since he had dedicated his life to the founding of a family that should eclipse, and even humiliate, the family of his brother, and now his secret aim was realized. He saw a long line succeeding him—his son, and his son's son, and his son's son's son, all peers of the realm, and all Nunehams. His revenge was sweet; he was very happy.

CHAPTER IV.

If Lord Nuneham had died then, or if he had passed away from Egypt, he would have left an enduring fame as one of the great Englishmen who twice or thrice in a hundred

years carve their names on the granite page of the world's history; but he went on and on, until it sometimes looked as if in the end it might be said of him, in the phrase of the Arab proverb, that he had written his name in water.

Having achieved one object of ambition, he set himself another, and having tasted power he became possessed by the lust of it. Great men had been in England when he first came to Egypt, and he had submitted to their instructions without demur, but now, wincing under the orders of inferior successors, he told himself, not idly boasting, that nobody in London knew his work as well as he did, and he must be liberated from the domination of Downing Street. The work of emancipation was delicate but not difficult. There was one power stronger than any Government whereby public opinion might be guided and controlled—the Press.

The British Consul-General in Cairo was in a position of peculiar advantage for guiding and controlling the Press. He did guide and control it. What he thought it well that Europe should know about Egypt, that it knew, and that only. The generally ill-informed public opinion in England was corrected; the faulty praise and blame of the British Press was set right; within five years London had ceased to send instructions to Cairo; and when a diplomatic question created a fuss in Parliament the Consul-General was heard to say:—

"I don't care a rush what the Government think, and I don't care a straw what the Foreign Minister says; I have a power stronger than either at my back—the public."

It was true, but it was also the beginning of the end. Having attained to absolute power, he began to break up from the seeds of dissolution which always hide in the heart of it. Hitherto he had governed Egypt by guiding a group of gifted Englishmen who, as Secretaries and Advisers, had governed the Egyptian governors; but now he desired to govern everything for himself. As a consequence the gifted men had to go, and their places were taken by subordinates whose best qualification was their subservience to his strong and masterful spirit.

Even that did not matter as long as his own strength served him. He knew and determined everything, from the terms of treaties with foreign Powers to the wages of the Khedive's English coachman. With five thousand British bayonets to enforce his will, he said to a man, "Do that," and the man did it or left Egypt without delay. No Emperor or Czar or King was ever more powerful, no Pope more infallible; but if his rule was hard it was also just, and for some years yet Egypt was well governed.

"When a fish goes bad," the Arabs say, "is it first at the head or at the tail?" As Lord Nuneham grew old his health began to fail, and he had to fall back on the weaklings who were only fit to carry out his will. Then an undertone of murmuring was heard in Egypt. The Government was the same, yet it was altogether different. The hand was Esau's, but the voice was Jacob's. "The millstones are grinding," said the Egyptians, "but we see no flour."

The glowing fire of the great Englishman's fame began to turn to ashes, and a cloud no bigger than a man's hand appeared in the sky. His Advisers complained to him of friction with their Ministers; his inspectors, returning from tours in the country, gave him reports of scant courtesy at the hands of natives, and to account for their failures they worked up in his mind the idea of a vast racial and religious conspiracy. The East was the East, the West was the West, Moslem was Moslem, Christian was Christian; Egyptians cared more about Islam than they did about good government, and Europeans in the Valley of the Nile, especially British soldiers and officials, were living on the top of a volcano.

The Consul-General listened to them with a sour smile, but he believed them and blundered. He was a sick man now, and he was not really living in Egypt any longer; he was only sleeping at the Agency, and he thought he saw the work of his lifetime in danger of being undone. So, thinking to end fanaticism by one crushing example, he gave his subordinates an order like that which the ancient King of Egypt gave to the midwives, with the result that five men were hanged and a score were flogged before their screaming wives and children for an offence that had not a particle of religious or political significance.

A cry of horror went up through Egypt. The Consul-General had lost it; his thirty years of great labour had been undone in a day.

As every knife is out when the bull is down, so the place-hunting pashas, the greedy sheikhs, and the cruel governors whose corruptions he had suppressed found instruments to stab him, and the people who had kissed the hand they dare not bite thought it safe to bite the hand they need not kiss. He had opened the mouths of his enemies, and, in

Eastern manner, they assailed him first by parable. Once there had been a great English eagle; its eyes were clear and piercing; its talons were firm and relentless in their grip; yet it was a proud and noble bird; it held its own against East and West, and protected all who took refuge under its wing. But now the eagle had grown old and weak; other birds, smaller and meaner, had deprived it of its feathers and picked out its eyes, and it had become blind and cruel and cowardly and sly. Would nobody shoot it or shut it up in a cage?

Rightly or wrongly, the Consul-General became convinced that the Khedive was intriguing against him, and one day he drove to the Royal palace and demanded an audience. The interview that followed was not the first of many stormy scenes between the real governor of Egypt and its nominal ruler, and when Lord Nuneham strode out with his face aflame, through the line of the quaking bodyguard, he left the Khedive protesting plaintively to the people of his Court that he would sell up all and leave the country. At that the officials put their heads together in private, concluded that the present condition could not last, and asked themselves how, since it was useless to expect England to withdraw the Consul-General, it was possible for Egypt to get rid of him.

By this time Lord Nuneham, in the manner of all strong men growing weak, had begun to employ spies, and one day a Syrian Christian told him a secret story. He was to be assassinated. The crime was to be committed in the Opera-house, under the cover of a general riot, on the night of the Khedive's State visit, when the Consul-General was always present. As usual, the Khedive was to rise at the end of the first act and retire to the saloon overlooking the square; as usual, he was to send for Lord Nuneham to follow him, and the moment of the Khedive's return to his box was to be the signal for a rival demonstration of English and Egyptians that was to end in the Consul-General's death. There was no reason to believe the Khedive himself was party to the plot, or that he knew anything about it, yet none the less it was necessary to stay away, to find an excuse—illness at the last moment, anything.

Lord Nuneham was not afraid, but he sent up to the Citadel for General Graves, and arranged that a regiment of infantry, fully armed, with a party of artillery, were to be marched down to the Opera square at a message over the telephone from him.

"If anything happens you know what to do," he said, and the General knew perfectly.

Then the night came, and the moment the Khedive left his palace the Consul-General heard of it. A moment later a message was received at the Citadel, and a quarter of an hour afterwards Lord Nuneham was taking his place at the Opera. The air of the house tingled with excitement, and everything seemed to justify the Syrian's story.

Sure enough, at the end of the first act the Khedive rose and retired to the saloon, and sure enough at the next moment the Consul-General was summoned to follow him. His Highness was very gracious, very agreeable, all trace of their last stormy interview being gone, and gradually Lord Nuneham drew him up to the windows overlooking the public square.

There, under the sparkling light of a dozen electric lamps, in a solid line surrounding the Opera-house, stood a regiment of soldiers, with cannon at every corner, and at sight of them the Khedive caught his breath and said:—

"What is the meaning of this, my lord?"

"Only a little attention to your Highness," said the Consul-General, in a voice that was intended to be heard all over the room.

At that instant somebody came up hurriedly and whispered to the Khedive, who turned ashen white, ordered his carriage, and went home immediately.

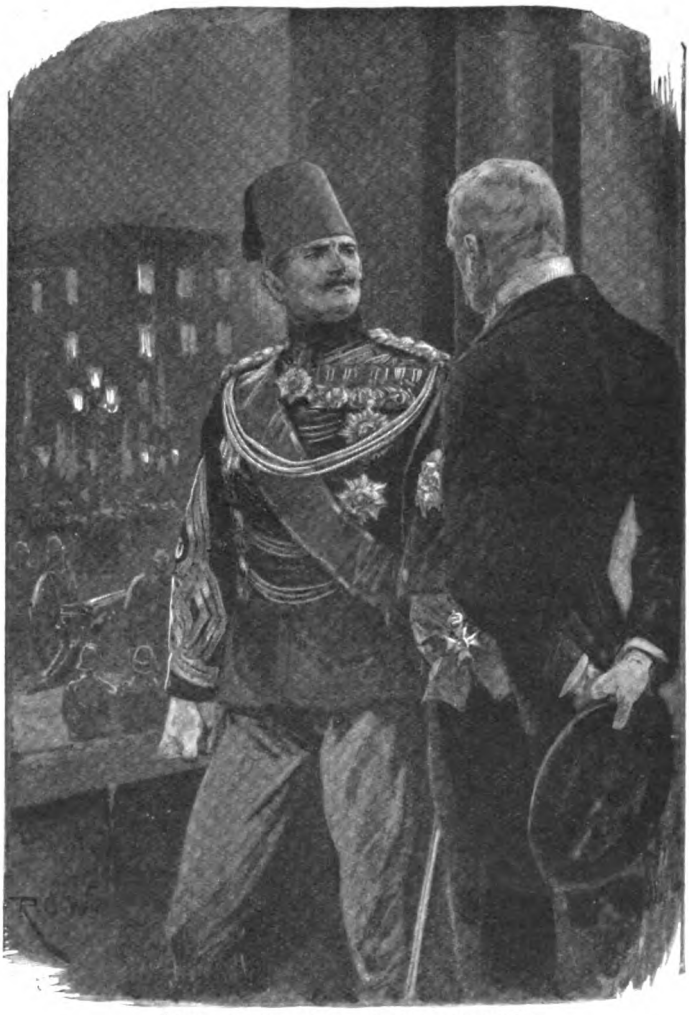
Next morning at eleven Lord Nuneham, with the same soldiers drawn up in front of Abdeen Palace, went in to see the Khedive again.

"There's a train for Alexandria at twelve," he said, "and a steamer for Constantinople at five—your Highness will feel better for a little holiday in Europe"; and half an hour afterwards the Khedive, accompanied by several of his Court officials, was on his way to the railway-station with the escort of a British regiment whose band was playing the Khedivial Hymn.

He had got rid of the Khedive at a critical juncture, but he had still to deal with a Sovereign that would not easily be chloroformed into silence. The Arabic Press, to which he had been the first to give liberty, began to attack him openly, to vilify him, and systematically to misrepresent his actions, so that he who had been the great torch-bearer of light in a dark country saw himself called the Great Adventurer, the Tyrant, the Assassin, the worst Pharaoh Egypt had ever known—a Pharaoh surrounded by a kindergarten of false prophets, obsessed by preposterous fears of assassination and deluded by phantoms of fanaticism.

His subordinates told him that these hysterical tirades were inflaming the whole of Egypt; that their influence was in proportion to their violence; that the huge untaught mass of the Egyptian people were listening to them; that there was not an ignorant fellah (peasant) possessed of one ragged garment who did not go to the coffee-house at night to hear them read; that the lives of British officials were in peril; and that the promulgation of sedition must be stopped or the British governance of the country could not go on.

A sombre fire shone in the Consul-General's eyes while he heard their prophecy, but he believed it all the same; and when he spoke contemptuously of incendiary articles as froth, and they answered that froth could be stained with blood, he told himself that if fools and ingrates, spouting nonsense in Arabic, could destroy whatever germs of civilization he had implanted in Egypt, the doctrine of the liberty of the Press was all moonshine.



"WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS, MY LORD?"

And so, after sinister efforts to punish the whole people for the excesses of their journalists by enlarging the British Army and making the country pay the expense, he found a means to pass a new Press law, to promulgate it by help of the Prime Minister—now Regent in the Khedive's place—and to suppress every native newspaper in Egypt in one day. By that blow the Egyptians were staggered into silence, the British officials went about with stand-off manners and airs of conscious triumph, and Lord Nuneham himself, mistaking violence for power, thought he was master of Egypt once more.

But low, very low on the horizon a new planet now rose in the firmament. It was not the star of a Khedive jealous of Nuneham's power, or of an Egyptian Minister girding under the orders of his Under-Secretary, or yet of a journalist vilifying England and flirting with France, but that of a simple Arab in a turban and caftan, a swarthy son of the desert whose name no man had heard before, and it was rising over the dome above the mosque within whose sacred precincts neither the Consul-General nor his officials could intrude, and where the march of British soldiers could not be made. There a reverberation was being heard, a new voice was going forth, and it was echoing and re-echoing through the hushed chambers that were the heart of Islam.

When Lord Nuneham first asked about the Arab he was told that the man was one Ishmael Ameer, out of the Libyan desert, a carpenter's son and a fanatical, backward, unenlightened person of no consequence

whatever; but with his sure eye for the political heavens the Consul-General perceived that a planet of no common magnitude had appeared in the Egyptian sky, and that it would avail him nothing to have suppressed the open sedition of the newspapers if he had only driven it underground into the mosques, where it would be a hundredfold more dangerous.

If a political agitation was not to be turned into religious unrest, if fanaticism was not to conquer civilization and a holy war to carry the country back to its old rotten condition of bankruptcy and barbarity, that man out of the Libyan desert must be put down. But how and by whom? He himself was old—more than seventy years old; his best days were behind him, the road in front of him must be all downhill now, and when he looked around among the sycophants who said, "Yes, my lord!" "Excellent, my lord!" "The very thing, my lord!" for someone to fight the powers of darkness that were arrayed against him, he saw none.

It was in this mood that he had gone to the sham fight, merely because he had to show himself in public, and there, sitting immediately in front of the fine girl who was to be his daughter soon, and feeling at one moment her quick breathing on his neck, he had been suddenly caught up by the spirit of her enthusiasm and had seen his son as he had never seen him before. Putting his glasses to his eyes, he had watched him—he and, as it seemed, the girl together. Such courage, such fire, such resource, such insight, such foresight! It must be the finest brain and firmest character in Egypt, and it was his own flesh and blood—his own son Gordon!

Hitherto his attitude towards Gordon had been one of placid affection, compounded partly of selfishness, being proud that he was no fool and could forge along in his profession, and pleased to think of him as the next link in the chain of the family he was founding; but now everything was changed. The right man to put down sedition was the man at his right hand. He would save England against Egyptian aggression; he would save his father, too, who was old and whose strength was spent; and perhaps—why not?—he would succeed him some day and carry on the traditions of his work in the conquest of civilization and its triumph in the dark countries of the world.

For the first time for forty years a heavy and solitary tear dropped slowly down the Consul-General's cheek, now deeply scored with lines, but no one saw it, because few dare look into his face. The man who had never unburdened himself to a living soul wished to unburden himself at last, so he scribbled his note to Gordon and then stepped into the carriage that was to take him home.

Meantime he was aware that some fool had provoked a demonstration, but that troubled him hardly at all, and while the crackling cries of "Long live Egypt!" were following him down the arena he was being borne along as by invisible wings.

Thus the two aims in the great Proconsul's life had become one aim, and that one aim centred in his son.

CHAPTER V.

As Gordon went into the British Agency a small, wizened man with a pock-marked face, wearing Oriental dress, came out. He was the Grand Kadi (Chief Judge) of the Mohammedan Courts and representative of the Sultan of Turkey in Egypt, one who had secretly hated the Consul-General and raved against the English rule for years; and as he saluted obsequiously with his honeyed voice and smiled with his crafty eyes it flashed upon Gordon—he did not know why—that just so must Caiaphas, the high priest, have looked when he came out of Pilate's judgment hall after saying, "If thou let this man go thou art not Cæsar's friend."

Gordon leapt up the steps and into the house as one who was at home, and, going first into the shaded drawing-room, he found his mother on the couch looking to the sunset and the Nile—a sweet old lady in the twilight of life, with white hair, a thin face almost as white, and the pale smile of a patient soul who had suffered pain. With her, attending upon her, and at that moment handing a cup of chicken broth to her, was a stout Egyptian woman with a good homely countenance—Gordon's old nurse, Fatimah.

His mother turned at the sound of his voice, roused herself on the couch, and with that startled cry of joy which has only one note in all Nature, that of a mother meeting her beloved son, she cried, "Gordon! Gordon!" and clasped her delicate hands about his neck. Before he could prevent it, his foster-mother, too, muttering in Eastern manner, "Oh, my eye! oh, my soul!" had snatched one of his hands and was smothering it with kisses.

"And how is Helena?" his mother asked, in her low, sweet voice.

"Beautiful," said Gordon.

"SHE CRIED, 'GORDON! GORDON!' AND CLASPED HER DELICATE HANDS ABOUT HIS NECK."

"She couldn't help being that. But why doesn't she come to see me?"

"I think she is anxious about her father's health and is afraid to leave him," said Gordon; and then Fatimah, with blushes showing through her Arab skin, said:—

"Take care. A house may hold a hundred men, but the heart of a woman has only room for one of them."

"Ah, but Helena's heart is as wide as a well, mammy," said Gordon, whereupon Fatimah said:—

"That's the way, you see! When a young man is in love there are only two sorts of girls in the world—ordinary girls and his girl."

At that moment, while the women laughed, Gordon heard his father's deep voice in the hall saying, "Bid good-bye to my wife before you go, Reg," and then the Consul-General, with "Here's Gordon also," came into the drawing-room, followed by Sir Reginald Mannering, Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, and Governor of the Soudan, who said:—

"Splendid, my boy! Not forgotten your first fight, I see! Heavens, I felt as if I was back at Omdurman and wanted to get at the demons again."

"Gordon," said the Consul-General, "see His Excellency to the door and come to me in the library," and when the Sirdar was going out at the porch he whispered:—

"Go easy with the governor, my boy. Don't let anything cross him. Wonderful man, but I see a difference since I was down last year. By-bye!"

Gordon found his father writing a letter, with his valet, Ibrahim, in green caftan and red waistband, waiting by the side of the desk.

"The General — the Citadel," said the Consul-General, giving his letter to Ibrahim, and as soon as the valet was gone he wheeled his chair round to Gordon and began.

"I've been writing to your General for his formal consent, having something I wish you to do for me."

"With pleasure, sir," said Gordon.

"You know all about the riots at Alexandria?"

"Only what I've learned from the London papers, sir."

"Well, for some time past the people there have been showing signs of effervescence. First, strikes of cabmen, carters, God knows what—all concealing political issues. Then open disorder. Europeans bustled and spat upon in the streets. A sheikh crying aloud in the public thoroughfares, 'O Moslems, come and help me to drive out the Christians!' Then a Greek merchant warned to take care, as the Arabs were going to kill the Christians that day or the day following. Then low-class Moslems shouting in the square of Mohammed Ali, 'The last days of the Christians are drawing nigh.' As a consequence, there have been conflicts. The first of them was trivial and the police scattered the rioters

with a water-hose. The second was more serious and some Europeans were wounded. The third was alarming and several natives had to be arrested. Well, when I look for the cause, I find the usual one."

"What is it, sir?" asked Gordon.

"Egypt has at all times been subject to local insurrections. They are generally of a religious character, and are set on foot by madmen who give themselves out as divinely-inspired leaders. But shall I tell you what it all means?"

"Tell me, sir," said Gordon.

The Consul-General rose from his chair and began to walk up and down the room with long strides and heavy tread.

"It means," he said, "that the Egyptians, like all other Mohammedans, are cut off by their religion from the spirit and energy of the great civilized nations; that, swathed in the bands of the Koran, the Moslem faith is like a mummy, dead to all uses of the modern world."

The Consul-General drew up sharply and said: "Perhaps all dogmatic religions are more or less like that, but the Christian religion has accommodated itself to the spirit of the ages, whereas Islam remains fixed, the religion of the seventh century, born in a desert and suckled in a society that was hardly better than barbarism."

He began to walk again and to talk with great animation.

"What does Islam mean? It means slavery, seclusion of women, indiscriminate divorce, unlimited polygamy, the breakdown of the family, and the destruction of the nation. Well, what happens? Civilization comes along, and it is death to all such dark ways. What next? The scheming sheikhs, the corrupt pashas, the tyrannical caliphs, all the rascals and rogues who batten on corruption, the fanatics who are opponents of the light, cry out against it. Either they must lose their interests or civilization must go! What then? Civilization means the West; the West means Christianity. So, 'Down with the Christians! O Moslems, help us to kill them!'"

The Consul-General stopped by Gordon's chair, put his hand on his son's shoulder, and said:—

"There comes a time in the history of all our Mohammedan dependencies — India, Egypt, every one of them—when England has to confront a condition like that."

"And what has she to do, sir?"

The Consul-General lifted his right fist and brought it down on his left palm and said:—

"To come down with a heavy hand on the lying agitators and intriguers who are leading away the ignorant populace."

"I agree, sir. It is the agitators who should be punished, not the poor, emotional, credulous Egyptian people."

"The Egyptian people, my boy, are graceless ingrates who, under the influence of momentary passion, would brain their best friend with their nabouts, and go like camels before the camel-driver."

Gordon winced visibly, but only said, "Who is the camel driver in this instance, sir?"

"A certain Ishmael Ameer, preaching in the great mosque at Alexandria, the cradle of all disaffection."

"An alim?"

"A teacher of some sort, saying England is the deadly foe of Islam, and must therefore be driven out."

"Then he is worse than the journalists?"

"Yes; we thought of the viper, forgetting the scorpion."

"But is it certain he is so dangerous?"

"One of the leaders of his own people has just been here to say that if we let that man go on it will be death to the rule of England in Egypt."

"The Grand Kadi?"

The Consul-General nodded and then said: "The cunning rogue has a grievance of his own, I find, but what's that to me? The first duty of a Government is to keep order."

"I agree," said Gordon.

"There may be picric acid in prayers as well as in bombs."

"There may."

"We have to make these fanatical preachers realize that, even if the onward march of progress is but faintly heard in the sealed vaults of their mosque, civilization is standing outside the walls with its laws and, if need be, its soldiers."

"You are satisfied, sir, that this man is likely to lead the poor, foolish people into rapine and slaughter?"

"I recognise a bird by its flight. This is another Mahdi—I see it—I feel it," said the Consul-General, and his eyes flashed and his voice echoed like a horn.

"You want me to *smash* the Mahdi?"

"Exactly. Your namesake wanted to smash his predecessor—romantic person, too fond of guiding his conduct by reference to the prophet Isaiah—but he was right in that and the Government was wrong, and the consequence was the massacre you represented to-day."

"I have to arrest Ishmael Ameer?"

"That's so. In open riot, if possible, and if not, by means of testimony derived from his sermons in the mosques."

"Hadn't we better begin there, sir?—make sure that he is inciting the people to violence?"

"As you please."

"You don't forget that the mosques are closed to me as a Christian?"

The Consul-General reflected for a moment and then said, "Where's Fatimah's son, Hafiz?"

"With his regiment at Abessiah."

"Take him with you. Take two other Moslem witnesses as well."

"I'm to bring this new prophet back to Cairo?"

"That's it; bring him here. We'll do all the rest."

"What if there should be trouble with the people?"

"There's a battalion of British soldiers in Alexandria. Keep a force in readiness—under arms night and day."

"But if it should spread beyond Alexandria?"

"So much the better for you. I mean," said the Consul-General, hesitating for the first time, "we don't want bloodshed, but if it must come to that it must, and the eyes of England will be on you. What more can a young man want? Think of yourself"—he put his hand on his son's shoulder again—"think of yourself as on the eve of crushing England's enemies and rendering a signal service to Gordon Lord as well. And now go—go up to your General and get his formal consent. My love to Helena! Fine girl, very! She's the sort of woman who might . . . yes, women are the springs that move everything in this world. Bid good-bye to your mother and get away. Lose no time. Write to me as soon as you have anything to say. That's enough for the present. I'm busy. Good day!"

Almost before Gordon had left the library the Consul-General was back at his desk—the stern, saturnine man once more, with a face that seemed to express a mind inaccessible to human emotions of any sort.

Gordon kissed his pale-faced mother in the drawing-room and his swarthy foster-mother in the porch, and went back to his quarters in barracks—a rather bare room with bed, desk, and bookcase, many riding boots on a shelf, several weapons of savage warfare on the walls, a dervish's suit of chain armour with a bullet-hole where the heart of the man had been, a picture of Eton, his old school, and above all, as became the home of a soldier, many photographs of his womenkind—his mother with her plaintive smile, Fatimah with her humorous look, and, of course, Helena with her glorious eyes, Helena, Helena, everywhere Helena.

There, taking down the receiver of a telephone, he called up the headquarters of the Egyptian army and spoke to Hafiz, his foster-brother, now a captain in the native cavalry.

"Is that you, Hafiz? . . . Well, look here, I want to know if you can arrange to go with me to Alexandria for a day or two? . . . You can? Good! I wish you to help me to deal with that new preacher, prophet, Mahdi. What's his name, now? . . . That's it—Ishmael Ameer. He has been setting Moslem against Christian, and we've got to lay the gentleman by the heels before he gets the poor, credulous people into further trouble. . . . What do you say? . . . Not that kind of man, you think? . . . No? . . . You surprise me. . . . Do you really mean to say? . . . Certainly; that's only fair. . . . Yes, I ought to know all about him. . . . Your uncle? . . . Chancellor of the University? . . . I know—El Azhar . . . When could I see him? . . . What day do we go to Alexandria? To-morrow, if possible. . . . To-night the only convenient time, you think? Well, I promised to dine at the Citadel; but I suppose I must write to Helena. . . . Oh, needs must when the devil drives, old fellow. . . . To-night, then? . . . You'll come down for me immediately? Good! By-bye!"

With that he rang off and sat down to write a letter.

CHAPTER VI.

GORDON LORD loved the Egyptians. Nursed on the knee of an Egyptian woman, speaking Arabic as his mother-tongue, lisping the songs of Arabia before he knew a word of English, Egypt was under his very skin, and the spirit of the Nile and of the desert was in his blood.

Only once a day in his childhood was there a break in his Arab life. That was in the evening about sunset, when Fatimah took him into his father's library, and the great man with the stern face, who assumed towards him a singularly cold manner, put him through a catechism which was always the same: "Tutor been here to-day, boy?" "Yes, sir." "Done your lessons?" "Yes, sir." "English—French—everything?" "Yes, sir." "Say good night to your mother and go to bed."

Then for a few moments more he was taken into his mother's boudoir, the cool room with the blinds down to keep out the sun, where the lady with the beautiful pale face embraced and kissed him, and made him kneel by her side while they said the Lord's Prayer together in a rustling whisper, like a breeze in the garden. But, after that, off to bed with Hafiz — who, in his Arab caftan and fez, had been looking furtively in at the half-open door—up two steps at a time, shouting and singing in Arabic, while Fatimah, in fear of the Consul-General, cried, "Hush! Be good, now, my sweet eyes!"

In his boyhood too he had been half a Mohammedan, going every afternoon to fetch Hafiz home from the kuttab, the school of the mosque, and romping round the sacred place like a little king in stocking feet, until the sheikh in charge, who pretended as long as possible not to see him, came with a long cane to whip him out, always saying he should never come there again—until to-morrow.

While at school in England he had felt like a foreigner, wearing his silk hat on the back of his head as if it had been a tarboosh, and while at Sandhurst, where he got through his three years more easily—in spite of a certain restiveness under discipline—he had always been looking forward to his Christmas visits home—that is to say, to Cairo.

But at last he came back to Egypt on a great errand, with the expedition that was intended to revenge the death of his heroic namesake, having got his commission by that time, and being asked for by his father's old friend, Reginald Mannering, who was a colonel in the Egyptian army. His joy was wild, his excitement delirious; and even the desert marches under the blazing sun and the sky of brass, killing to some of his British comrades, was a long delight to the Arab soul in him.

The first fighting he did, too, was done with an Egyptian by his side. His great chum was a young lieutenant named Ali Awad, the son of a pasha, a bright, intelligent, affectionate young fellow who was intensely sensitive to the contempt of British officers for the quality of the courage of their Egyptian colleagues. During the hurly-burly of the Battle of Omdurman both Gordon and Ali had been eager to get at the enemy, but their colonel had held them back, saying, "What will your fathers say to me if I allow you to go into a hell like that?" When the dervish lines had been utterly broken, though, and one coffee-coloured demon in chain armour was stealing off with his black banner, the colonel said, "Now's your time, boys; show what stuff you are made of; bring me back that flag," and before the words were out of his mouth the young soldiers were gone.

Other things happened immediately, and the colonel had forgotten his order when, the battle being over and the British and Egyptian army about to enter the dirty and disgusting city of the Calipha, he became aware that Gordon Lord was riding beside him with a black banner in one hand and some broken pieces of horse's reins in the other.

"Bravo! You've got it, then?" said the colonel.

"Yes, sir," said Gordon, very sadly, and the colonel saw that there were tears in the boy's eyes.

"What's amiss?" he said, and, looking round, "Where's Ali?"

Then Gordon told him what had happened. They had captured the dervish and compelled him to give up his spear and rifle, but just as Ali was leading the man into the English lines the demon had drawn a knife and treacherously stabbed him in the back. The boy choked with sobs while he delivered his comrade's last message: "Say good-bye to the colonel, and tell him Ali Awad was not a coward. I didn't let go the baggara's horse until he stuck me, and then he had to cut the reins to get away. Show the bits of the bridle to my colonel and tell him I died faithful. Say my salaams to him, Charlie. I knew Charlie Gordon Lord would stay with me to the end."

The colonel was quite broken down, but he only said, "This is no time for crying, my boy," and a moment afterwards, "What became of the dervish?" Then, for the first time, the fighting devil flashed out of Gordon's eyes, and he answered:—

"I killed him like a dog, sir."

It was the black flag of the Calipha himself which Gordon had taken, and when the Commander-in-Chief sent home his despatch he mentioned the name of the young soldier who had captured it.

From that day onward for fifteen years honours fell thick on Gordon Lord. Being continually on active service, and generally in staff appointments, promotions came quick, so that when he went to South Africa, the graveyard of so many military reputations, in those first dark days of the nation's deep humiliation, when the very foundations of her army's renown seemed to be giving way, he was one of the young officers whose gallantry won back England's fame. Though

"HE ANSWERED, 'I KILLED HIM LIKE A DOG, SIR."

hot-tempered, impetuous, and liable to frightful errors, he had the imagination of a soldier as well as the bravery that goes to the heart of a nation, so that when in due course, being now full colonel, he was appointed, though so young, Second-in-Command to the Army of Occupation in Cairo, no one was surprised.

Gordon's joy on returning to Egypt was not greater than that of the Egyptians on

receiving him. They were waiting in a crowd when he arrived at the railway station, a red sea of tarbooshes, over faces he remembered as the faces of boys, with the face of Hafiz, now a soldier like himself, beaming by his carriage window.

It was not good form for a British officer to fraternize with the Egyptians, but Gordon shook hands with everybody and walked down the platform with his arm round Hafiz's shoulders, while the others who had come to meet him cried, "Salaam, brother!" and laughed like children.

By his own choice quarters had been found for him in the barracks on the bank of the Nile, and the old familiar scene from there made his heart leap and tremble. It was evening when at last he was left alone, and throwing the window wide he looked out on the river, which flowed like liquid gold in the sunset, with its silent boats, like birds with outstretched wings, floating down without a ripple, and the violet blossom of the island on the other side spreading odours in the warm spring air.

He was watching the traffic on the bridge —the camels, the cameleers, the donkeys, the blue-shirted fellaheen, the women with tattooed chins and children astraddle on their shoulders, the water-carriers with their bodies twisted by their burdens, the Bedouins with their lean, lithe, swarthy forms and the rope round the head-shawls which descended to their shoulders—when he heard the toot of a motor-car and saw a white automobile threading its way through the crowd. The driver was a girl, and a veil of light chiffon which she had bound about her head instead of a hat was flying back in the light breeze, leaving her face framed within, with big black eyes and a firm but lovely mouth.

An officer in General's uniform was sitting at the back of the car, but Gordon was conscious of the man's presence without actually seeing him, so much was he struck by the spirit of the girl, which suggested a proud strength and self-reliance, coupled with a certain high gaiety, full of energy and grace.

Gordon leaned out of his window to get a better look at her, and, quick as the glance was, he thought she looked up at him as the motor glided by. At the next instant she had gone, and it seemed to him that in one second, at one stride, the sun had gone too.

That night he dined at the British Agency, but he did not stay late, thinking his father, who looked much older, seemed preoccupied, and his mother, who looked more delicate than ever, was over-exciting herself; but early next morning he rode up to the Citadel to pay his respects to his General in command, and there a surprise awaited him. General Graves was ill and unable to see him, but his daughter came to offer his apologies, and she was the driver of the automobile.

The impression of strength and energy which the girl had made on him the evening before was deepened by this nearer view. She was fairly tall, and as she swung into the room her graceful round form seemed to be poised from the hips. This particularly struck him, and he told himself at that first moment that here was a girl who might be a soldier, with the passionate daring and chivalry of women like Joan of Arc and the Rani of Jhansi.

At the next moment he had forgotten all about that, and under the caressing smile which broke from her face and fascinated him, he was feeling as if for the first time in his life he was alone with a young and beautiful woman. They talked a long time, and he was startled by an unexpected depth in her voice, while his own voice seemed to him to have suddenly disappeared.

"You like the Egyptians, yes?" she asked.

"I love them," said Gordon. "And coming back here is like coming home. In fact, it *is* coming home. I've never been at home in England, and I love the desert, I love the Nile, I love everything and everybody."

She laughed—a fresh, ringing laugh, that was one of her great charms—and told him about herself, her glimpses of the harems, and her female friends—the Khediviah, who was so sweet, and the Princess Nazimah, who was so amusing.

"I should have known you by your resemblance to your mother," she said. "But you are like your father, too; and then I saw you yesterday—passing the barracks, you remember."

"So you really did . . . . I thought our eyes——"

His ridiculous voice was getting out of all control, so he cleared his throat and got up to go, but the half smile that parted her lips and brightened her beautiful eyes seemed to say as plainly as words could speak, "Why leave so soon?"

He lingered as long as he dared, and when he took up his cap and riding-whip she threw the same chiffon over her head and walked with him through the garden to the gate. There they parted, and when, a little ashamed of himself, he held her soft, white hand somewhat too long and pressed it slightly he thought an answering pressure came back from her.

In three weeks they were engaged.

The General trembled when he heard what had happened, protested he was losing the only one he had in the world, asked what was to become of him when Helena had to go away with her husband, as a soldier's wife should, but finally concluded to go on half pay and follow her, and then said to Gordon, "Speak to your father. If he is satisfied, so am I."

The Consul-General listened passively, standing with his back to the fireplace, and after a moment of silence he said:—

"I've never believed in a man marrying for rank or wealth. If he has any real stuff in him he can do better than that. I didn't do it myself and I don't expect my son to do it As for the girl, if she can do as well for her husband as she has done for her father, she'll be worth more to you than any title or any fortune. But see what your mother says. I'm busy. Good day!"

His mother said very little; she cried all the time he was telling her, but at last she told him there was not anybody else in the world she would give him up to except Helena, because Helena was gold — pure, pure gold.

Gordon was writing to Helena now:—

DEAREST HELENA,—Dreadfully disappointed I cannot dine with you to-night, having to go to Alexandria to-morrow and finding it necessary to begin preparations immediately.

You must really be a witch—your prediction proved to be exactly right—it *was* about the new Mahdi, the new prophet, my father wished to speak with me.

The Governor thinks the man is making mischief, inciting the people to rebellion by preaching sedition; so, with the General's consent, I am to smash him without delay.

Hafiz Ahmed is to go with me to Alexandria, and, strangely enough, he tells me over the telephone that the new prophet, as far as he can learn, is not a firebrand at all; but I am just off to see his uncle, the Chancellor of the University, and he is to tell me everything about him.

Therefore, think of me to-night as penned up in the thick atmosphere of El Azhar, *tête-à-tête* with some yellow-faced fossil with pock-marked cheeks perhaps, when I hoped to be in the fragrant freshness of the Citadel, looking into somebody's big black eyes, you know.

But really, my dear Nell, the way you know things without learning them is wonderful, and seems to indicate an error of Nature in not making you a diplomatist, which would have given you plenty of scope for your uncanny gift of second sight.

On second thoughts, though, I prefer you as you are, and am not exactly dying to see you turned into a man.

Salaam, aleykoum! I kiss your hand!

GORDON.

P.S.—Your father would get a letter from the Consul-General suggesting my task, but of course I must go up for his formal order, and you might tell him I expect to be at the Citadel about tea-time to-morrow, which will enable me to kill two birds with one stone, you know, and catch the evening train as well.

"Strange if it should turn out that this new Mahdi is a wholesome influence after all, and not a person one can conscientiously put down! I have always suspected that the old Mahdi was a good man at the beginning, an enemy created by our own errors and excesses. Is history repeating itself? I wonder! And, if so, what will the Consul-General say? I wonder! I wonder!"

Gordon was sealing and addressing his letter when his soldier servant brought in Hafiz, a bright young Egyptian officer, whose plump face seemed to be all smiles.

"Halloa! Here you are!" cried Gordon; and then, giving his letter to his servant, he said, "Citadel—General's house, you know. . . . And now, Hafiz, my boy, let's be off."

CHAPTER VII.

EL AZHAR is a vast edifice that stands in the midst of the Arab quarter of Cairo like a fortress on an island rock, being surrounded by a tangled maze of narrow, dirty, unpaved streets, with a swarming population of Mohammedans of every race; and the Christian who crosses its rather forbidding portals feels that he has passed in an instant out of the twentieth century and a city of civilization into scenes of Bible lands and the earliest years of recorded time.

It is a thousand years old and the central seat of Moslem learning, not for Egypt only, but for the whole of the kingdoms and principalities of the Mohammedan world, sending out from there the water of spiritual life that has kept the Moslem soul alive through centuries of persecution and pain.

As you approach its threshold a monotonous cadence comes out to you, the murmur of the mass of humanity within, and you feel like one who stands at the mouth of some great subterranean river whose waters have flowed with just that sound on just that spot since the old world itself was young.

It was not yet full sunset when the two young soldiers reached El Azhar, and after yellow slippers had been tied over their boots at the outer gate they entered the dim, bewildering place of vast courts and long corridors with low roofs supported by a forest of columns, and floors covered by a vast multitude of men and boys, who were squatting on the ground in knots and circles, all talking together, teachers and pupils, and many of them swaying rhythmically to and fro to a monotonous chanting of the

Koran, whose verses they were learning by heart.

Picking their way through the classes on the floor, the young soldiers crossed an open quadrangle and ascended many flights of stairs until they reached the Chancellor's room in the highest roof, where the droning murmur in the courts below could be only faintly heard, and the clear voice of the muezzin struck level with their faces when he came out of a minaret near by and sent into the upper air, north, south, east, and west, his call to evening prayers.

They had hardly entered this silent room, with its thick carpets on which their slippered feet made no noise, when the Chancellor came to welcome them. He was a striking figure, type of the grave and dignified Oriental such as might have walked out of the days of the Prophet Samuel, with his venerable face, long white beard, high forehead, refined features, graceful robes, and very soft voice.

"Peace be on you!" they said.

"And on you, too! Welcome!" he said, and motioned them to sit on the divans that ran round the walls.

Then Hafiz explained the object of their visit—how Gordon was ordered to Alexandria to suppress the riots there, and if need be to arrest the preacher who was supposed to have provoked them.

"I have already told him," said Hafiz, "that so far as I know Ishmael Ameer is no firebrand, but hearing through the mouth of one of our own people that he is another Mahdi, threatening the rule of England in Egypt——"

"O peace, my son," said the Chancellor. "Ishmael Ameer is no Mahdi. He claims no divinity."

"Then tell me, O sheikh," said Gordon, "tell me what Ishmael Ameer is, that I may know what to do when it becomes my duty to deal with him."

Leisurely the Chancellor took snuff, leisurely he opened a folded handkerchief, dusted his nostrils, and then, in his soft voice, said:—

"Ishmael Ameer is a Koranist—that is to say, one who takes the Koran as the basis of belief and rejects tradition."

"I know," said Gordon. "We have people like that among Christians—people who take the Bible as the basis of faith and turn their backs on dogma."

"Ishmael Ameer reads the Koran by the spirit, not the letter."

"We have people like that, too—the letter killeth, you know, the spirit makes alive."

"Ishmael Ameer thinks Islam should advance with advancing progress."

"There again we are with you, O sheikh. We have people of the same kind in Christianity."

"Ishmael Ameer thinks slavery, the seclusion of women, divorce, and polygamy are as much opposed to the teaching of Mohammed as to the progress of society."

"Excellent! My father says the same thing, or, rather, he holds that Islam can never take its place as the religion of great progressive nations until it rids itself of these evils."

"Ishmael Ameer thinks the corruptions of Islam are the work of the partisans of the old barbaric ideas who are associating the cause of religion with their own interests and passions."

"Splendid! Do you know the Consul-General is always saying that, sir?"

"Ishmael Ameer believes that, if God wills it, the day is not distant when an appeal to the Prophet's own words will regenerate Islam, and banish the caliphs and sultans whose selfishness and sensuality keep it in bondage to the powers of darkness."

"Really," said Gordon, rising impetuously to his feet, "if Ishmael Ameer says this, he is the man Egypt, India—the whole Mohammedan world—is waiting for. No wonder men like the Kadi are trying to destroy him, though that's only an instinct of self-preservation—but my father, the Consul-General . . . What is there in all this to create . . . Why should such teaching set Moslem against Christian?"

"Ishmael Ameer, O my brother," the Chancellor continued, with the same soft voice, "thinks Islam is not the only faith that has departed from the spirit of its founder."

"True!"

"If Islam for its handmaidens has divorce and polygamy, Christianity has drunkenness and prostitution."

"No doubt; certainly."

"Coming out of the East, out of the desert, Ishmael Ameer sees in the Christianity of the West a contradiction of every principle for which your great Master fought and died."

Gordon sat down again.

"His was a religion of peace, but while your Christian Church prays for unity and concord among the nations, your Christian States are daily increasing the instruments of destruction. His was a religion of poverty, but while your Christian priests are saying,

'Blessed are the meek,' your Christian communities are struggling for wealth and trampling upon the poor in their efforts to gain it. Ishmael Ameer believes that if your great Master came back now he would not recognise in the civilization known by his name the true posterity of the little, faithful church he founded on the shores of the Lake of Galilee."

"All this is true—too true," said Gordon; "yet under all that . . . doesn't Ishmael Ameer see that under all that . . ."

"Ishmael Ameer sees," said the Chancellor, "that the thing known to the world as Christian civilization is little better than an organized hypocrisy, a lust of empire in nations, and a greed of gold in men, destroying liberty, morality, and truth. Therefore he warns his followers against a civilization which comes to Egypt, to the East, with religion in one hand and violence and avarice in the other."

There was silence for a moment, during which the muezzin's voice was heard again, calling the first hour of night, and then Gordon, visibly agitated, said:—

"You think Ishmael Ameer a regenerator, a reformer, a redeemer of Islam; and if his preaching prevailed it would send the Grand Kadi back to his Sultan—isn't that so?" But the Chancellor made no reply.

"It would also send England out of Egypt—wouldn't it?" said Gordon, but still the Chancellor gave no sign.

"It would go farther than that, perhaps; it would drive Western civilization out of the East—wouldn't that be the end of it?" said Gordon, and then the Chancellor replied:—

"It would drive a corrupt and ungodly civilization out of the world, my son."

"I see," said Gordon. "You think the mission of Ishmael Ameer transcends Egypt, transcends even Europe, and says to humanity in general, 'What you call civilization is killing religion, because the nations—Christian and Moslem alike—have sold themselves to the lust of empire and the greed of gold.' Isn't that what you mean?"

The Chancellor bowed his grey head and, in a scarcely audible voice, said, "Yes."

"You think, too," said Gordon, whose breathing was now quick and loud, "that Ishmael Ameer is an apostle of the soul of Islam—perhaps of the soul of religion itself, without respect of creed; one of the great men who come once in a hundred years to call the world back from a squalid and sordid materialism, and are ready to live—aye, and to die, for their faith—the Savonarolas, the Luthers, the Jamel-el-dins—perhaps the Mohammeds, and"—dropping his voice—"in a sense, the Christs?"

But the Egyptian soul, like the mirage of the Egyptian desert, recedes as it is approached, and again the Chancellor made no reply.

"Tell me, O sheikh," said Gordon, rising to go, "if Ishmael Ameer came to Cairo, would you permit him to preach in El Azhar?"

"He is an alim (a doctor of the Koran); I could not prevent him."

"But would you lodge him in your own house?"

"Yes."

"That is enough for me. Now I must go to Alexandria and see him for myself."

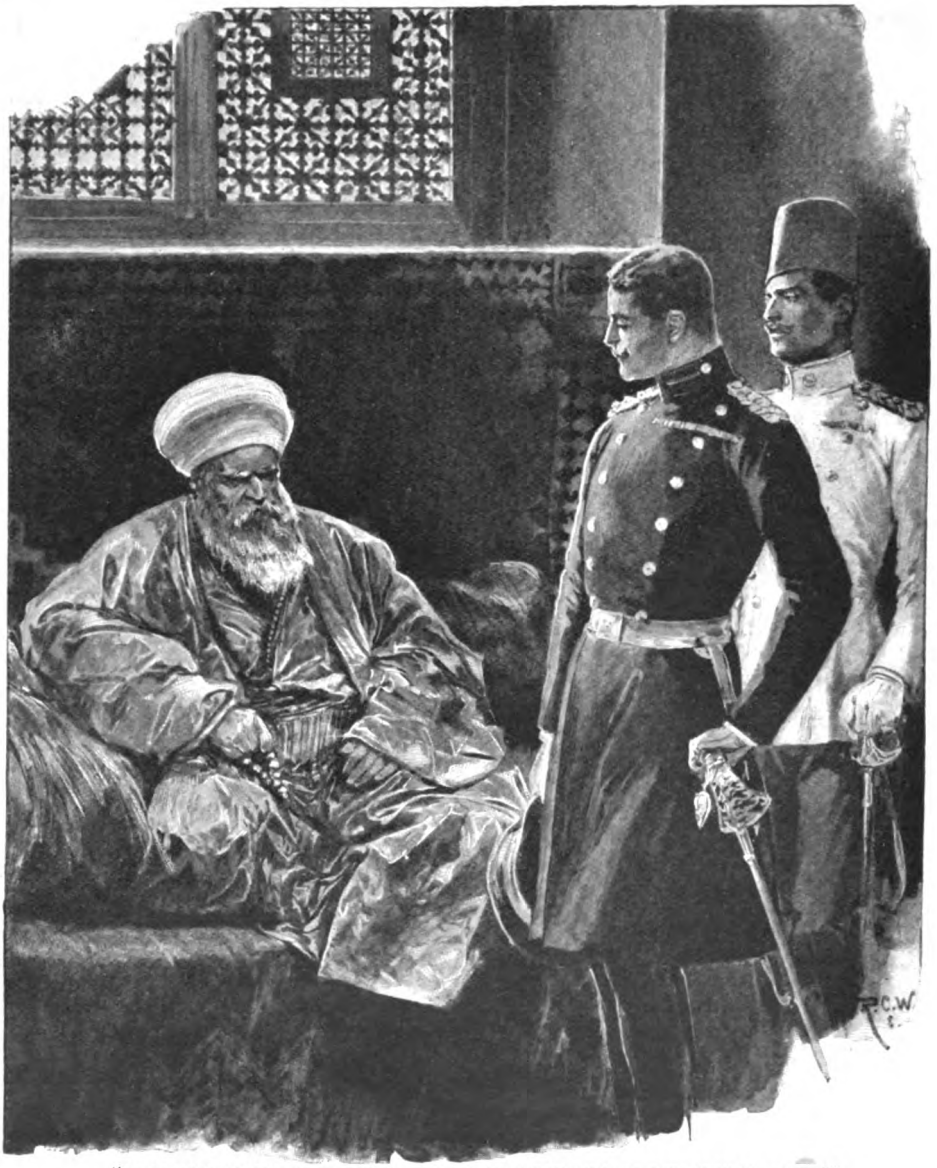
"May God guide you, O my son," said the Chancellor, and a moment afterwards his soft voice was saying farewell to the two young soldiers at the door.

"Let us walk back to barracks, Hafiz," said Gordon; "my head aches a little, somehow."

CHAPTER VIII.

IT was night by this time, the courts and corridors of El Azhar were empty, and even the tangled streets outside were less loud than before with the guttural cries of a swarming population; but a rumbling murmur came from the mosque of the University, and the young soldiers stood a moment at the door to look in. There, under a multitude of tiny lanterns, stood long rows of men in stocking feet and Eastern costume, rising and kneeling in unison, at one moment erect and at the next with foreheads to the floor, while the voice of the imam echoed in the arches of the mosque and the voices of the people answered him.

Then, through narrow alleys full of life, lit only by the faint gleam of uncovered candles, with native women, black-robed and veiled, passing like shadows through a moving crowd of men, the young soldiers came to the quarter of Cairo that is nicknamed the "Fish Market," where the streets are brilliantly lighted up, where the names over the shops are English and French, Greek and Italian, and where girls with painted faces lean out of the windows of upper storeys and smile down at men who sit at tables in front of the *cafés* opposite, drinking wine, smoking cigarettes, and playing dominoes. The sound of music and dancing came from the open windows behind the girls, who glittered with gold brocade and diamonds, and among the men were young



"IF ISHMAEL AMEER CAME TO CAIRO, WOULD YOU PERMIT HIM TO PREACH IN EL AZHAR?"

Egyptians in the tarboosh and British soldiers in khaki, who looked up at the women in the flare of the coarse light and laughed.

At the gate of the Kasr-el-Nil barracks the young men parted.

"Tell me, Hafiz," said Gordon, "if a soldier is ordered to act in a way he believes to be wrong, what is he to do?"

"His duty, I suppose," said Hafiz.

"His duty to what—his commander or his conscience?"

"If a soldier is under orders I suppose he has no conscience!"

"I wonder!" said Gordon, and, promising to write to Hafiz in the morning, he went up to his quarters.

The room was in darkness, save for the moonlight with its gleam of mellow gold, which seemed to vibrate from the river outside, and Gordon stood by the window with a dull sense of headache, looking at the old Nile, that had seen so many acts in the drama of humanity and still flowed so silently, until he became conscious of a perfume he knew, and then, switching on the light, he found a letter in a scented envelope lying on his desk.

It was from Helena, and it was written in her bold, upright hand, with the gay raillery, the passionate tenderness, and the fierce earnestness which he recognised as her chief characteristics:—

MISTER, most glorious and respected, the illustrious Colonel Lord, owner of Serenity and Virtue, otherwise my dear old Gordon.

It was wrong of you not to come to dinner, for though father over-excited himself at Ghezerah today and I have had to pack him off to bed, I made every preparation to receive you, and here I am in my best bib and tucker, wearing the crown of pink blossom which my own particular Sultan says suits my gipsy hair, and nobody to admire it but my poor little black boy, Mosie—who is falling in love with me, I may tell you, and is looking at me now with his scrubby face all blubbered up like a sentimental hippopotamus.

I am not surprised that the Consul-General talked about the new "holy man," and I do not wonder that he ordered you to arrest him, but I am at a loss to know why you should take counsel with that old fossil at El Azhar, and you can tell Master Hafiz I mean to dust his jacket for suggesting it, knowing your silly old heart is like wax and they have only to recite something out of the "noble Koran," and you'll be as weak as—well, as a woman.

As for holy men generally, I agree with the Princess that they are holy humbugs, which is the title I would give to a good many of the genus at home as well as here. So I say with your namesake of glorious memory (who wasn't an ogre, goodness knows), *Smash the Mahdi!*

A thousand to one he is some ugly, cross-eyed old fanatic who would destroy every germ of civilization in Egypt and carry the country back to barbarity and ruin, so I say again, *Smash the Mahdi!*

As for your "conscience," I cry, marry-come-up, by what right does it push its nose where it isn't wanted, seeing it is the conscience of the Consul-General that will be damned if the work is wrong and wicked, and there won't be so much as a plum of Paradise for yours if it is right and good, so once again I say, *Smash the Mahdi!*

Moreover, and furthermore, and by these presents, I rede ye beware of resisting the will of your father; for if you do, as sure as I'm a "witch," and "know things without learning them," I have a "mystic sense" there will be trouble; and nobody can say where it will end, or how many of us may be involved in it. So again, and yet again, I say, *Smash the Mahdi!*

The Consul-General's letter has come, but I shall not read it to father until morning; and meantime, if I ever pass through your imagination, think of me as poor Ruth sitting on the threshing-floor with Boaz and dreaming of Zion—that is to say, of stuffy old El Azhar, where somebody who ought to know better is now talking to an old frump in petticoats instead of to me.

Inshallah! The slave of your Virtues.—HELENA.

P.S.—Dying for to-morrow afternoon, dear.

P.P.S.—IMPORTANT—*Smash the Mahdi!*

CHAPTER IX.

HELENA GRAVES was everything to her father, for the General's marriage had been unhappy and it had come to a tragic end. His wife, the daughter of a Jewish merchant in Madras, had been a woman of strong character and great beauty but of little principle, and they had been married while he was serving as senior major with a battalion of his regiment in India, and there Helena, their only child, had been born.

Things had gone tolerably between them until the major returned to England as lieutenant-colonel commanding the battalion of his regiment at home, and then, in their little military town, they had met and become intimate with the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, a nobleman, a bachelor, a sportsman, a breeder of race-horses, and a member of the Government.

The end of that intimacy had been a violent scene, in which the husband, in his ungovernable rage, had flung the nobleman on the ground and trampled on him, torn the jewels out of his wife's breast and crushed them under his heel, and then, realizing the bankruptcy his life had come to, had gone home and had brain-fever.

Down to this moment the General's life had been a tragedy such as had happened before and may happen again, but what followed has occurred only once in all the beautiful story of the love of parent and child.

Helena, like her father, was passionate and impetuous, and her mother had neglected and never really loved her. With the keen eyes of a child who is supposed to see nothing, she had seen from the first what was going on at home, and all her soul had risen against her mother and her mother's lover with a hatred which no presents could appease. Being now a girl of eighteen, well grown and developed, and seeing with what treachery and cruelty her father had been stricken down, her heart went out to him, and she became a woman in one day.

When the brain-fever was gone the General, being weak both in body and mind, was ordered rest and change. Somebody suggested the Lake country, as his native air, so Helena, who did everything, took him to a furnished cottage in Grasmere, a sweet place bowered in roses, with its face to the sedgy lake, and with the beautiful river, the Rotha, laughing and babbling by the garden at the back.

There he recovered bodily strength, but it was long before his mind returned to him, and meantime he had strange delusions. Something, perhaps, in the place of their retreat brought ghosts of the past out of a world of shadows, for he thought he was a boy again and Helena was his mother, who was thirty years dead and buried in the little

churchyard lower down the stream, where the Rotha was deep and flowed with a solemn hush.

Helena played up to his pathetic delusion, took the tender endearments that were meant for the grandmother she had never known, and as his young days came to the surface with the beautiful persistence of old memories in the human mind she fell in with them as if they had been her own. Thus on Sunday morning, when the bells rang, she would walk with him to church, holding his hand in her hand as if she were the mother and he the child.

It was very sweet to look upon, for in the sleep of the General's brain he was very happy, and only to those who saw that the brave girl, with her eyes of light and her lips of dew, was giving away her youth to her old father, was it charged with feeling too deep for tears.

But at length the stricken man came out of the twilight land and his dream faded away. Helena had to play their little American organ every evening that he might sing a hymn to it, for that was what his mother had always done when she was putting her boy to bed and thinking, like a soldier's wife, of his father who was away at the wars. It was always the same hymn, and one breathless evening, when the sun had gone down and the vale was still, they had come to:—

> Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
> Till the storms of life be past—

and then his voice stopped suddenly, and he shaded his eyes as if something were blinding them.

At that moment the past which had been dead so long seemed to rise from its grave with all its mournful incidents—his wife and his shattered home—and Helena was not his mother but his daughter, and he was not a happy boy but an old soldier with a broken life behind him.

Seeing by the look in his eyes that he was coming to himself, Helena tried to comfort him, and when he gasped, "Who is it?" she answered, in a voice she tried to render cheerful, "It is I; it is Helena. Don't you know me, father?" And then the years rolled back upon him like a flood and he sobbed on her shoulder.

The awakening had been painful, but it was not all pain. If he had lost a wife he had gained a daughter, and she was the strongest, stanchest creature in the world. For her sake he must begin again. Having had so much shadow in her young life she must now have sunshine. Thus Helena became her father's idol, the one thing on earth to him, and he was more to her than a father usually is to a daughter, because she had seen him in his weakness and mothered him back to strength.

Two years after the breakdown they were in London, and there Helena met Lord Nuneham on one of his few visits to England. The great Proconsul, who had heard what she had done, was most favourably impressed by her, and as she talked to him he said to himself, "This girl has the blood of the great women of the Bible, the Deborahs who were mothers in Israel, aye, and the Jaels who revenged her." At that time the post of Major-General to the British Army in Egypt was shortly to become vacant, and by Lord Nuneham's influence it was offered to Graves. Six months later father and daughter arrived in Cairo.

It had been an exciting time, but Helena had managed everything, and the General had borne up manfully until they took possession of the house assigned to them, a renovated old palace on the edge of the Citadel. Then in a moment he had collapsed and fallen from his chair to the floor. Helena had lifted him in her strong arms, laid him on the couch, and sent his aide-de-camp for the medical officer in charge.

Consciousness came back quickly, and Helena laughed through the tears that had gathered in her great eyes, but the surgeon continued to look grave.

"Has the General ever had attacks like this before?" he asked.

"Never that I know of," said Helena.

"He must be kept quiet. I'll see him in the morning."

Next day the medical officer had no doubts of his diagnosis—heart disease, quite unmistakably. The news had to be broken to the General, and he bore it bravely, but, thinking of Helena, he made one request—that nothing should be said on the subject. If the fact were known at the War Office he might be retired, and there could be no necessity for that until the Army were put on active service.

"But isn't the Army always on active service in Egypt, sir?" said the surgeon.

"Technically, perhaps—not really," said the General. "In any case, I'm not afraid, and I ask you to keep the matter quiet."

"As you please, sir."

"You and I and Helena must be the only ones to know anything about it."

"Very well, but you must promise to take

care. Any undue excitement, any over-exertion, any outburst of anger even——"

"It shall not occur; I give you my word for it," said the General.

But it had occurred, not once but frequently, during the twelve months following. It occurred after Gordon asked for Helena, and again last night, the moment the General reached his bedroom on his return from the Khedivial Club.

He was better next morning, and then Helena took up the letter from Lord Nuneham. "Read it," said the General, and Helena read:—

DEAR GENERAL,—Gordon is here, and I will send him up to tell you what I think it necessary to do in order to put an end to the riots at Alexandria and make an example of the ringleaders. The chief of them is the Arab preacher, Ishmael Ameer, and I propose that we bring him up to Cairo immediately, try him by Special Tribunal, and dispatch him without delay to our new penal settlement in the Soudan.

For that purpose (as the local police are chiefly native, and therefore scarcely reliable, and your colonel on the spot might hesitate to act on his own initiative in the possible event of a rising of the man's Moslem followers) I propose that you send someone from Cairo to take command, and therefore suggest Gordon, your first staff officer, and the most proper person (always excepting yourself) to deal with a situation of such gravity.—Yours in haste, NUNEHAM.

While Helena was reading the letter the General could hardly restrain his excitement.

"Just as I thought!" he said. "I knew the Consul-General would put down that new Mahdi. Wonderful man, Nuneham! And what a chance for Gordon! By Gad, he'll have all Europe talking about him. He deserves it, though. Ask the staff. Ask the regiment. Ask the Army. I see what Nuneham's aiming at—making Gordon his successor! Well, why not? Why not Gordon Lord, the Consul-General? I ask, why not? Good for Egypt and good for England too. Am I wrong?"

Then, remembering to whom he was addressing these imperative challenges, he laughed and said: "Ah, of course! I congratulate you, my child! I'll live to see you proud and happy yet, Helena. Now go—I'm going to get up."

And when Helena warned him that he was over-exciting himself again, he said: "Not a bit of it. I'm all right now; but I must write to Alexandria immediately and see Gordon at once. Coming up this afternoon, you say? That will do. Splendid fellow! Fine as his father! Father and son—both splendid!"

CHAPTER X.

WHEN Gordon reached the General's house at five o'clock that day there was for a while a clash of opposing wills. Thinking of Helena's peremptory advice, "Smash the Mahdi!" he was determined to tell her what the Chancellor of El Azhar had said of Ishmael Ameer, and she was resolved that he should say nothing about him. So, while Gordon stood by the shaded window, looking down on the city below, which still lay hot under the sun's fierce eye, Helena talked of his mother, her father, and of the Princess Nazimah, who had invited her, in a funny letter, to join the ladies' council for the emancipation of Egyptian women and the abolition of polygamy, saying, among other things, "The needle carries but one thread, my dear, and the heart cannot carry two." But at length she said:—

"When do you leave for Alexandria?"

"To-night, at half-past six. My servant is to take my bag to the railway station, and Hafiz and two other Moslems are to meet me there."

"Good gracious! No time to lose, then. Mosie!" she cried, and a small black boy with large, limpid eyes, wearing a scarlet caftan and blue waistband, came into the room.

"Tea, Mosie, quick! Tell the cook the colonel has to catch a train."

The black boy kissed her hand and went bounding out, whereupon she talked again to prevent Gordon from talking.

"Didn't I tell you that boy was falling in love with me? I found him fighting in the market-place. That was a week ago, since when he has adopted me, and now he is always kissing my hand or the hem of my gown, as who would say—'I have none but her, and I love her like my eyes.' A most dear little human dog, and I do believe—yes, I really do believe—if I wished it he would go to his death for me."

Gordon, who was gloomy and dejected, and had been drumming on the window-pane without listening, then said:—

"Helena, can you imagine what it is to a soldier to feel that he is on the wrong side in battle? If he is to fight well he ought to feel that he is fighting for his country, his flag, and—justice. But when the position is the reverse of that; when, for example——"

But at that moment the General came into the room and welcomed Gordon with a shout.

"Just been writing to Alexandria to tell Jenkinson to keep a force in readiness for you night and day," he said. "Only way, my boy! Force is the one thing these Easterns understand. Of course, we don't want blood-

"THE BLACK BOY KISSED HER HAND."

shed, but if these rascals are telling the people that the power is not in our hands, or that England will not allow us to use it, we must let them see—we can't help it. Glorious commission, Gordon! I congratulate you! My job, though, and there's only one man I could give it up to—only one man in the world."

And then Gordon, who had been biting his underlip, said, "I almost wish you could do it yourself, General."

"Why, what the deuce——"

"Gordon has been taking counsel with the Chancellor of El Azhar," said Helena, "and the old silly seems to have given him 'the eye,' or talked nonsense out of the noble Koran."

"Not nonsense, Helena, and not out of the Koran, but out of the book of life itself," said Gordon, and after the black boy had brought in the tea he told them what the Chancellor had said.

"So you see," he said, "the preaching of this new prophet has nothing to do with England in Egypt—nothing more, at least, than with England in India, or South Africa, or even Canada itself. It transcends all that, and is teaching for the world, for humanity. Isn't it true, too? Take what he says about the lust of empire, and look at the conduct of the Christian countries. They are praying in their churches 'that it may please Thee to give to all nations unity, peace, and concord,' yet they are increasing their armaments every day. Lies, sir; all lies, and bare-faced hypocrisy!"

The General tried to protest, but Gordon, who was now excited, said:—

"Oh, I know—I'm a soldier too, sir, and I don't want to see my country walked

upon. It may be all right, all necessary to the game of empire, but, for Heaven's sake, let us call it by its proper name—Conquest, not Christianity—and put away the cant and quackery of being Christian countries."

Again the General tried to protest, but Gordon did not hear.

"Then take what this new preacher says about the greed of wealth—isn't that true, too? We pretend to believe that 'it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven,' yet we are nearly all trying, struggling, fighting, scrambling to be rich. Is the man to be silenced who warns the world that such sordid and squalid materialism is swallowing up religion, morality, and truth? Such a man may be the very soul of a country, yet what do we do with him? We hang him, or stone him, or crucify him—that's what we do with him, sir."

Gordon, who had been walking up and down the room and talking in an intense and poignant voice, stopped suddenly and said:—

"General, did you ever reflect upon the way in which Jesus Christ was brought to his death?"

"Good gracious, man, what has that subject to do with this?" said the General.

"A good deal, I think, sir. Did you ever ask yourself who it was that betrayed Jesus?"

"Judas Iscariot, I suppose."

"No, sir; Judas was only the catspaw, scorned through all the ages and burnt in a million effigies, but nearly as innocent of the death of his Master as you or I. The real betrayer was the high priest of the Jews. He was the head of the bad system which Christ came to wipe out, and he saw that if he did not destroy Jesus, Jesus would destroy him. What did he do? He went to the Governor, the Consul-General of the Roman Occupation, and said, 'This man is setting himself up against Cæsar. If you let him go on you are not Cæsar's friend.'"

"Well?"

"That's what the High Priest of Islam is doing in Egypt now. As I was going into the Agency yesterday I met the Grand Kadi coming out. You know what he is, sir—the most fanatical supporter of the old dark ways—slavery, divorce, polygamy, all the refuse of bad Mohammedanism?"

"Well, well?"

"Well, my father told me the Grand Kadi had said, 'If you let Ishmael Ameer go on it will be death to the rule of England in Egypt.'"

"And what does it all come to?"

"It comes to this, sir—that if the Chancellor of El Azhar has told me the truth—*if*, I say, *if*—when we take Ishmael Ameer, and shut him up in prison for life with nothing but a desert around him, we shall be doing something that bears an ugly resemblance to what the Romans did in Palestine."

Then the General, who had not once taken his eyes off Gordon, rose in visible agitation and said:—

"Gordon Lord, you astonish me! If what you say means anything, it means that this man Ishmael is not only preaching sedition, but is justified in doing so. That's what you mean? Am I wrong?"

In his excitement he spoke so rapidly that he stammered, and Helena cried, "Father!"

"Leave me alone, Helena. I'm calm; but when a man talks of . . . When you talk of conquest you mean England in Egypt—yes, you do—and you refuse to see that we have to hold high the honour of our country, and to protect our dominions in the East."

His voice sounded choked, but he went on:—

"More than that, when you compare our Lord's trial and death with that of this—this half-educated Arab out of the desert—this religious Don Quixote who is a menace not only to government but to the very structure of civilized society—it's shocking, it's blasphemous, and I will not listen to it."

The General was going out in white anger when he stopped at the door and said:—

"Gordon Lord, I take leave to think this man an impostor—a scheming impostor, and if you want my view of how to deal with him, and with the credulous simpletons who are turning sedition into crime and crime into bloody anarchy, I give it to you—martial law, sir, and no damned nonsense!"

Save for one word, Helena had not yet spoken, but now with tightly-compressed lips, and such an expression on her face as Gordon had never before seen there, she said:—

"I hate that man! I hate him! I hate him!"

Her eyes blazed and she looked straight into Gordon's face, as she said, "I hate him because you are allowing yourself to be influenced in his favour against your own father and your own country. An Englishman's duty is to stand by England, whatever she is and whatever she does. And the duty of an English soldier is to fight for her and ask no questions. She is his mother, and to inquire of himself whether she is right or wrong, when her enemies are upon her, is not worthy of a son."

The colour rushed to Gordon's face and he dropped his head.

"As for this man's teaching, it may transcend Egypt, but it includes it, and these people will take out of it only what they want, and what they want is an excuse to resist authority and turn their best friends out of the country. As for you," she said, with new force, "your duty is to go to Alexandria and bring this man back to Cairo. It begins and ends there, and has nothing to do with anything else."

Then Gordon raised his head and answered: "You are right, Helena. You are always right. A son is not the judge of his father. And where would England be to-day if her soldiers had always asked themselves whether she was in the right or the wrong? I thought England would be sinning against the light if she sent Ishmael Ameer to the Soudan and so stifled a voice that might be the soul of the East; but I know nothing about him except what his friends have told me. . . . After all, grapes don't grow on pine trees, and the only fruit we see is . . . I'll see the man for myself, Helena, and if I find he is encouraging the rioters . . . if even in his sermons in the mosques . . . Hafiz and the Moslems are to tell me what he says in them. . . . They must tell me the truth, though . . . Whatever the consequences . . . they must tell me the truth. They shall—my God, they *must!*"

CHAPTER XI.

THE clock struck six, and Gordon rose to go. Helena helped him to belt up the sword he had taken off and to put on his military great coat. Then she threw a lace scarf over her head and went out with him into the garden, that they might bid good-bye at the gate.

The sun was going down by this time, the odourless air of the desert was cooler and fresher than before, and all Nature was full of a soothing and blissful peace.

"Don't go yet; you have a few minutes to spare still. Come," said Helena, and taking his hand she drew him to a blossom-thatched arbour which stood on the edge of the ramparts.

There, with the red glow on their faces as on the face of the great mosque which stood in conscious grandeur by their side, they looked out in silence for some moments on the glittering city, the gleaming Nile, the yellow desert, and all the glory of the sky.

It was just that mysterious moment between day and night when the earth seems to sing a silent song which only the human heart can hear, and, stirred by an emotion she could scarcely understand, Helena, who had been so brave until now, began to tremble and break down, and the woman in her to appear.

"Don't think me foolish," she said, "but I feel—I feel as if—as if this were the last time you and I were to be together."

"Don't unman me, Helena," said Gordon. "The work I have to do in Alexandria may be dangerous, but don't tell me you are afraid——"

"It isn't that. I shouldn't be fit to be a soldier's daughter or to become—to become a soldier's wife if I were afraid of that. No, I'm not afraid of that, Gordon. I shall never *allow* myself to be afraid of that, but——"

"But what, Helena?"

"I feel as if something has broken between you and me, and we shall never be the same to each other after to-night. It frightens me. You are so near, yet you seem so far away. Coming out of the house a moment ago I felt as if I had to take farewell of you, here and now."

Without more ado Gordon took her firmly in his arms, and with one hand on her forehead that he might look full in her face, he said:—

"You are not angry with me, Helena, for what I said to your father just now?"

"No, oh, no. You were speaking out of your heart, and perhaps it was partly that——"

"You didn't agree with me, I know that quite well, but you love me still, Helena?"

"Don't ask me that, dear."

"I must; I am going away, so speak out, I entreat you. You love me still, Helena?"

"I am here. Isn't that enough?" she said, putting her arms about his neck and laying her head on his breast.

He kissed her, and there was silence for some moments more. Then in a sharp, agitated whisper she said:—

"Gordon, that man is coming between us."

"Ishmael Ameer?"

"Yes."

"What utter absurdity, Helena!"

"No, I'm telling you the truth. That man is coming between us. I know it—I feel it—something is speaking to me—warning me. Listen! Last night I saw it in a dream. I cannot remember what happened, but he was there, and you and I, and your father and mine, and then——"

"My dear Nell, how foolish! But I see what has happened. When did you receive the Princess Nazimah's letter?"

"Last night—just before going to bed."

"Exactly! And you were brooding over what she said of the needle carrying only one thread?"

"I was thinking of it—yes."

"You were also thinking of what you had said yourself in your letter to me—that if I resisted my father's will the results might be serious for all of us?"

"That, too, perhaps."

"There you are, then—there's the stuff of your dream, dear. But don't you see that whatever a man's opinions and sympathies may be, his affections are a different matter altogether—that love is above everything else in a man's life—yes, everything—and that even if this Ishmael Ameer were to divide me from my father or from your father—which God forbid!—he could not possibly separate me from you?"

She looked up into his eyes and said—there was a smile on her lips now—"Could nothing separate you and me?"

"Nothing in this world," he answered.

Her trembling lips fluttered up to his, and again there was a moment of silence. The sun had gone down, the stars had begun to appear, and under the mellow gold of mingled night and day the city below, lying in the midst of the desert, looked like a great jewel on the soft bosom of the world.

"You must go now, dear," she whispered.

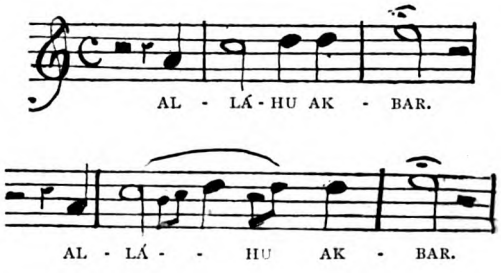
"And you will promise me never—to think these ugly thoughts again?"

"'Love is above everything.' I shall only think of that. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" he said, and he embraced her passionately. At the next moment he was gone.

Shadows from the wing of night had gathered over the city by this time, and there came up from the heart of it a surge of indistinguishable voices, some faint and far away, some near and loud, the voices of the muezzins calling from a thousand minarets to evening prayers—and then came another voice from the glistening crest of the great mosque on the ramparts, clear as a clarion and winging its way through the upper air over the darkening mass below:—

"God is great! God is Most Great!"



CHAPTER XII.

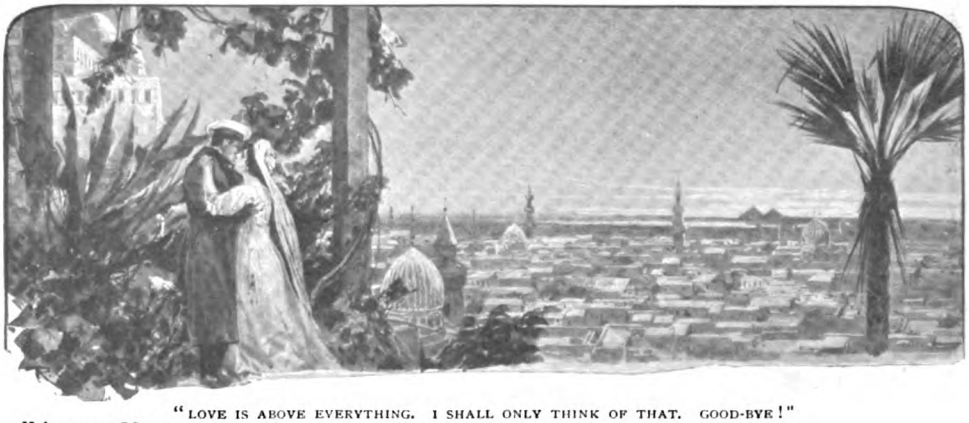
At half-past six Gordon was at the railway-station. He found his soldier-servant halfway down the platform, on which blue-shirted porters bustled to and fro, holding open the door of a compartment labelled "Reserved." He found Hafiz also, and with him were two pale-faced Egyptians, in the dress of sheikhs, who touched their foreheads as Gordon approached.

"These are the men you asked for," said Hafiz.

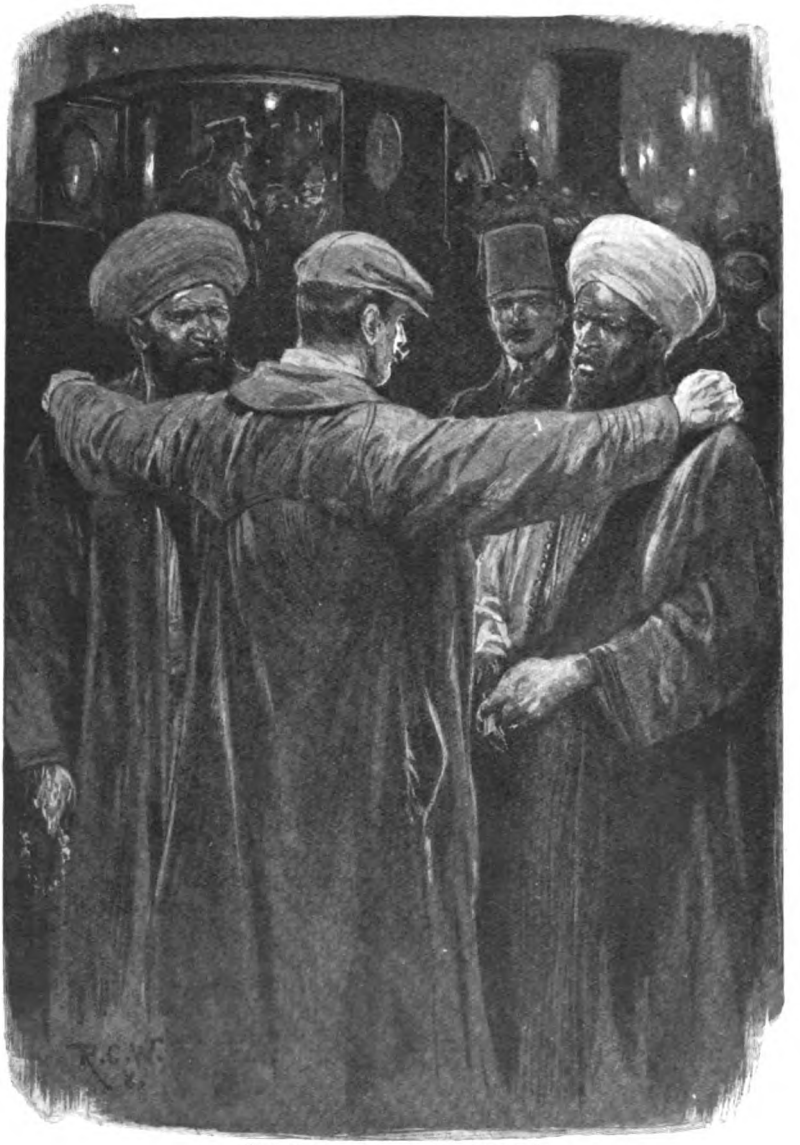
Gordon shook hands with the Egyptians, and then, standing between them, with one firm hand on the shoulder of each and the light of an electric arc lamp in their faces, he said:—

"You know what you've got to do, brothers?"

"We know," the men answered.



"LOVE IS ABOVE EVERYTHING. I SHALL ONLY THINK OF THAT. GOOD-BYE!"



"TO DEATH, IF NEED BE, BROTHER."

"The future of Egypt, perhaps of the East, may depend upon what you tell me—you will tell me the truth?"

"We will tell you the truth, Colonel."

"If the man we are going to see should be condemned on your report and on my denunciation, you may suffer at the hands of his followers. Protect you as I please, you may be discovered, followed, tracked down—you have no fear of the consequences?"

"We have no fear, sir."

"You are prepared to follow me into any danger?"

"Into any danger."

"To death, if need be?"

"To death, if need be, brother."

"Step in, then," said Gordon.

At the next moment there was the whistle of the departing locomotive, and then slowly, rhythmically, with its heavy, volcanic throb, shaking the platform and rumbling in the glass roof, the train moved out of the station on its way to Alexandria.

(*To be continued.*)

The Best Attested Ghost Stories.

By BECKLES WILLSON,

Author of "Occultism and Common Sense."

TALES of ghosts, say the sceptics, are as old as the hills, and believers in them as green. Who ever heard of a spectre so authenticated, so propped and buttressed by evidence, as to convince a man who had a constitutional disbelief in ghosts? One recalls the circumstantial story told by the householder in the City—I think, at No. 15, Mincing Lane:—

"I swear to you I saw it, my wife saw it, my brother saw it, and my servant saw it." And the pleasant rejoinder of his interlocutor: "Simple enough! You were the victim of hallucination, your wife was insane, your brother a liar, and your servant has been bribed!"

It goes without saying that all the average reader's fund of incredulity, inherent and acquired, will be roused by the very title of this article. "A true ghost story!" exclaimed a chemist once to Professor De Morgan. "Why, a ghost, sir, is a physical impossibility." "Exactly," returned the professor, dryly; "and for that very reason a psychical possibility."

Yet, for all that, there are a few tales of ghosts—not legends of the Dark Ages, but the solemn testimony of men and women living in our own times, in our own decade—which ought certainly to give pause to the sceptic.

From the mass of evidence of phantasms collected during twenty years by members of the Society for Psychical Research I have been asked to give the six which have impressed me most by their simplicity, their directness, and by the triumphant success with which their narrators have withstood searching cross-examination. In every case the seer of ghosts has been a normal individual not given to crotchets or delusions, and bearing an excellent character for veracity. I might have chosen the spectres seen by Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, and other persons of note, but I have preferred to leave the mediumistic séance severely alone, and to find my examples outside the professed and professing circles of spiritualism and in the walks of everyday life and people.

The following spectral visitation appeared to Miss Kathleen Leigh Hunt, of 81, Camden Road, N.W., in June, 1884; which she relates in the following words:—

"Two years ago last winter I was staying with my cousin at a house in Hyde Park Place, which we were taking care of for my cousin's brother-in-law and sister during their absence from England.

"One morning after breakfast—I think it was about ten o'clock—I was going upstairs when I seemed to see, about two stairs in

"I SEEMED TO SEE A FIGURE, WHICH I TOOK TO BE THE HOUSEMAID."

front of me, a figure, which I took to be the housemaid, going up before me. I went up the entire flight of stairs under this impression to the first floor, when suddenly at the top I could see nobody. This puzzled me, as I could not account for anyone being able to disappear so quickly, and I went into the room that was nearest the stairs, thinking that in some way the housemaid must have gone in there without my seeing her. The room, however, was empty, and so was the drawing-room, which led out of it, with folding-doors that were kept open. I then went into the only other room on that floor, but no one was there either. I felt that it was impossible that she should have gone on upstairs, as I should have seen her do so. The figure itself had nothing supernatural about it, being simply that of a servant in a light cotton dress (a white ground with a spriggy pattern all over it), and with a white cap on. Of course, being behind it, I had not seen the face.

"The whole figure had the general appearance of the housemaid, so that she had been the one I had thought of. It was not in the least like the cook, who dressed in much darker cottons, and was, besides, a very little woman, while the figure I saw was of medium height.

"Afterwards I forgot about it till seeing it a second time impressed it upon my mind.

"It was about the same time in the morning, about two or three weeks afterwards, as far as I can remember, that having, as I thought, heard a single knock at the street door, and wishing to speak to the housemaid as she returned from answering it, I stood in the dining-room, just inside the half-open door, waiting to catch her as she passed back to the kitchen, but standing a little behind the door, so that I should not be seen if anybody should come into the house when she answered the door. I saw a figure pass along the passage towards the street door, which I took to be the housemaid again because I was expecting her to go by, but owing to my position I did not see her face, but only a piece of her cheek and the side view of her figure. On neither occasion did I hear any sound of walking, but this did not surprise me, although the figure was not two yards from me, because the housemaid had a very quiet walk indeed. As I heard no door open or shut, and no figure returned after waiting two or three minutes, I put out my head and looked in the hall. Nobody was there. I then went across to the only room on that floor beside the dining-room. Nobody was there either. Both the little room and the dining-room have only one door to each of them, so there was no possibility of her having left the room any way but the way I went in. This time I felt I must inquire into the puzzle, and went straight to the kitchen, where I found the housemaid sitting.

"I asked her if she had not just been to the door. She answered 'No.' 'Then,' I said, 'surely you went to the door just now; you must forget there was a single knock at the door.' But she said she had heard no knock, and had not been out of the kitchen.

"I then told my cousin about my two experiences, and she surprised me by telling me of hers, and of the former housemaid having told her that she often saw 'skirts going up round the stairs.' We agreed we would not say anything of this to her sister or her husband, as we were afraid of being laughed at as nervous.

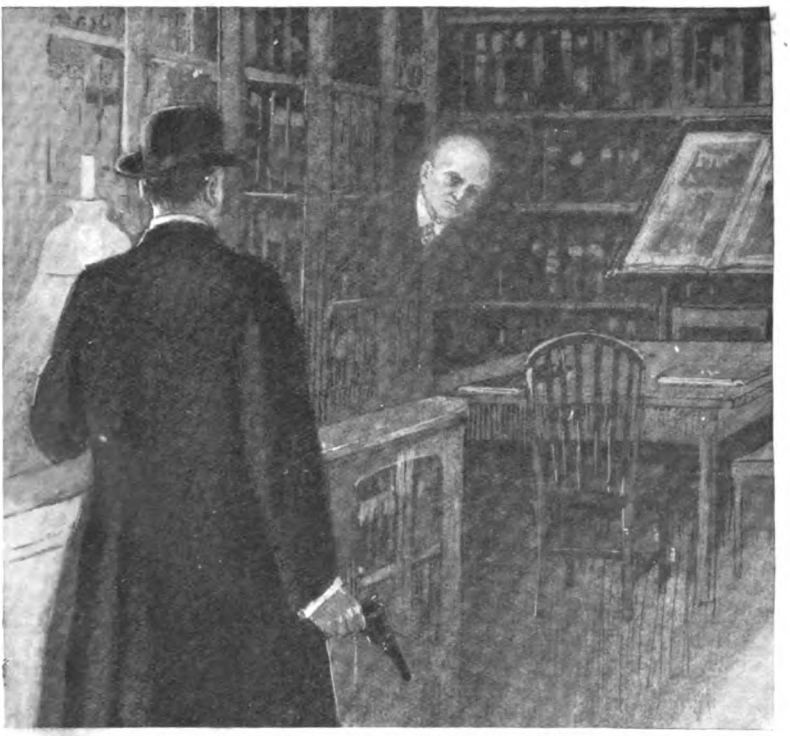
"I ought not to omit to say my health was very good at the time, nor have I ever fancied I have seen anything of a ghostly kind, nor ever had any unaccountable experiences of any sort save twice in that house."

Another extremely interesting instance of an apparition is described by a librarian, who prefers, however, for the purposes of wide publicity, to substitute initials for names. He writes:—

"In 1880 I succeeded Mr. Q—— as librarian of the —— Library. I had never seen Mr. Q——, or any photograph or likeness of him, when the following incidents occurred. I may, of course, have heard the library assistants describe his appearance, though I have no recollection of this.

"I was sitting alone in the library one evening late in March, 1884, finishing some work after hours, when it suddenly occurred to me that I should miss the last train to H——, where I was living at the time, if I did not make haste. It was then 10.55, and the last train to H—— left at 11.5. I gathered up the books which I had been reading in one hand, took the lamp in the other, and prepared to leave the librarian's room, which communicated by a passage with the main library room. As my lamp illuminated the passage I saw, apparently at the farther end of the room, a man's face. I instantly thought a thief had got into the library. This was by no means impossible, and the probability of it had occurred to me before. I turned back to my room, put down the books, and

took a revolver from the safe, and, holding the lamp cautiously behind me, I made my way along the passage—which had a corner, behind which I thought my thief might be lying in wait—into the main room. Here I saw nobody, but the room was large and encumbered with bookcases. I called out loudly several times to the intruder to show himself, more with the hope of attracting a passing policeman than of drawing the intruder. Then I saw a face looking round one of the bookcases. I say looking round, but it had the odd appearance as if the body was in the bookcase, as the face came so near the edge that I could see no body. The face was pallid and hairless, and the orbits of the eyes were very deep. I advanced towards it, and as I did so I saw an old man with high shoulders seem to rotate out of the end of the bookcase, and with his back towards me and a shuffling gait walk rather quickly from the bookcase to the door of a small lavatory which opened from the library and had no other access. I heard no noise I followed the man at once to the lavatory, and to my extreme surprise found no one there.



"I SAW A FACE LOOKING ROUND ONE OF THE BOOKCASES."

"I examined the window (about fourteen inches by twelve inches), and found it closed and fastened I opened it and looked out. It opened into a well, the bottom of which, ten feet below, was a skylight, and the top, some twenty feet above, open to the sky. It was in the middle of the building, and nobody could have dropped into it without smashing the glass or climbed out of it without a ladder, but no one was there. Nor had there been anything like time for a man to get out of the window, as I followed the intruder instantly. Completely mystified, I even looked into the little cupboard under the fixed basin. There was nowhere hiding for a child. I confess I began to experience an eerie feeling. I left the library and discovered I had missed my train.

"Next morning I mentioned what I had seen to the local clergyman, who, on hearing my description, said, 'Why, that's old Q——!' Soon after I saw a photograph (from a drawing) of old Q——, and the resemblance was certainly striking. Q—— had lost all his hair, eyebrows and all, from, I believe, a gunpowder accident. His walk was peculiar, rapid, and a high-shouldered shuffle.

"Later inquiry proved he had died at about the time of year at which I saw the figure."

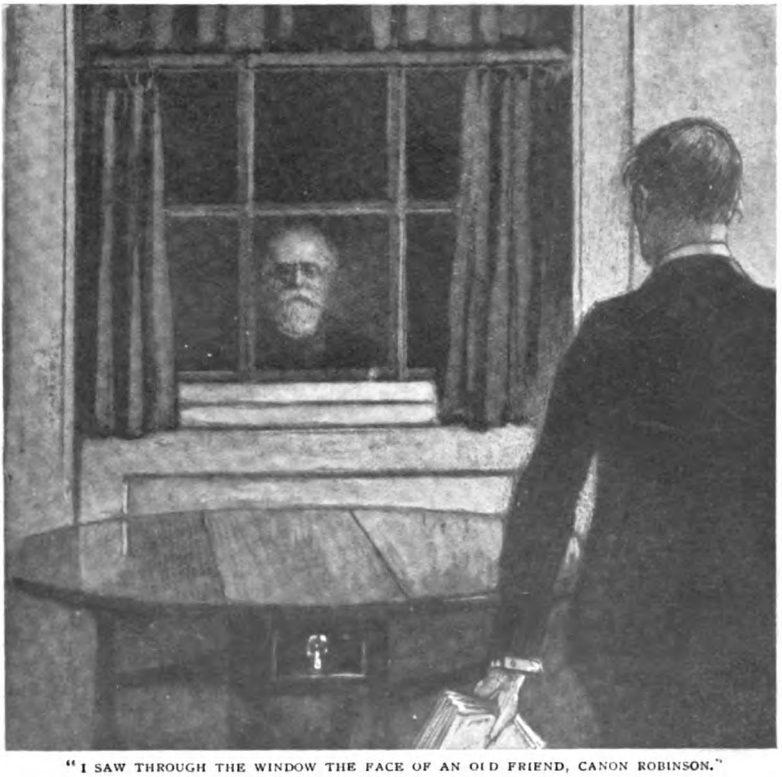
The evidential value of the above account is much enhanced by the fact that the principal assistant in the library, Mr. R——, and a junior clerk, Mr. P——, independently witnessed a singular phenomenon in 1889.

The next story is related by the Rev. G. M. Tandy, vicar of Westward, near Wigton, Cumberland, formerly of Loweswater. His evidence was forwarded by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Carlisle, in 1889, who personally vouched for the percipient.

"When," says Mr. Tandy, "I was at Loweswater, I one day called upon a friend,

who said, 'You do not see many newspapers; take one of those lying there.' I accordingly took up a newspaper—bound with a wrapper—put it in my pocket, and walked home.

"In the evening I was writing, and, wanting to refer to a book, went into another room where my books were. I placed the candle on a ledge of the bookcase, took down the book, and found the passage I wanted, when happening to look towards the window, which was opposite the bookcase, I saw through the window the face of an old friend whom I had known very well at Cambridge, but had not seen for ten years or more—Canon Robinson, of the Charity and School Commission. I was so sure I saw him that I went out to look for him, but could find no trace of him. When I went back to the house I thought I would look at my newspaper. I tore off the wrapper, unfolded the paper, and the first piece of news I saw was the death of Canon Robinson!"



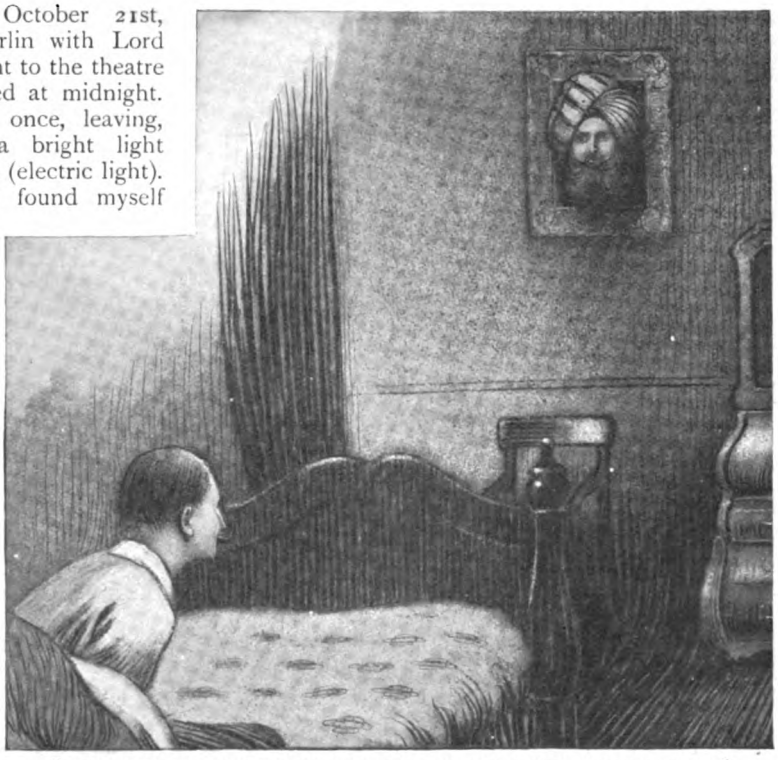
"I SAW THROUGH THE WINDOW THE FACE OF AN OLD FRIEND, CANON ROBINSON."

Mr. Tandy further writes:—

"In reply to your note of October 6th, I may state, with regard to the narrative I detailed to the Bishop of Carlisle, that I saw the face looking through the window by the light of a single Ozokerit candle, placed on a ledge of the bookcase, which stood opposite the window; that I was standing with the candle by my side reading from a book to which I had occasion to refer, and, raising my eyes as I read, I saw the face clearly and distinctly, ghastly pale, but with the features so marked and so distinct that I recognised it at once as the face of my most dear and intimate friend, the late Canon Robinson, who was with me at school and college, and whom I had not seen for many years past (ten or eleven at the very least). Almost immediately after, fully persuaded that my old friend had come to pay me a surprise visit, I rushed to the door, but seeing nothing I called aloud, searched the premises most carefully, and made inquiry as to whether any stranger had been seen near my house, but no one had been heard of or seen. When last I saw Canon Robinson he was apparently in perfect health, much more likely to outlive me than I him, and before I opened the newspaper announcing his death—which I did about an hour or so after seeing the face—I had not heard or read of his illness or death, and there was nothing in the passage of the book I was reading to lead me to think of him.

"The time at which I saw the face was between ten and eleven o'clock p.m., the night dark, and while I was reading in a room where no shutter was closed or blind drawn."

One of the most famous and inexplicable ghost stories is that narrated by Prince Victor Duleep Singh. He writes:—



"I SAW DISTINCTLY THE FACE OF MY FATHER, THE MAHARAJAH OF DULEEP SINGH."

"On Saturday, October 21st, 1893, I was in Berlin with Lord Carnarvon. We went to the theatre together and returned at midnight. I went to bed at once, leaving, as I always do, a bright light burning in the room (electric light). As I lay in bed I found myself gazing at an oleograph which hung on the wall opposite my bed. I saw distinctly the face of my father, the Maharajah of Duleep Singh, looking at me as it were out of the picture: not like a portrait of him, but his real head. The head about filled the picture-frame. I continued looking, and still saw my father gazing at me with an intent expression. Though not in the least alarmed, I was so puzzled that I got out of bed to see what the picture really was. It was an oleograph of a girl holding a rose and leaning out of a balcony, an arch forming the background. The girl's face was quite small, whereas my father's head was the size of life, and filled the frame."

Prince Duleep Singh adds that his father had long been out of health, but not alarmingly so. On the next morning (Sunday) he told Lord Carnarvon. In the evening Lord Carnarvon handed him two telegrams. The Prince at once said, "My father is dead." It was so.

He had had an apoplectic seizure on the previous Saturday evening at about nine, and never recovered. He had often said he would try and appear to his son at death if they were apart. Prince Duleep Singh is not subject to hallucinations, and had only one similar experience—as a schoolboy.

Lord Carnarvon confirms the account. The Maharajah died on Sunday, October 22nd, 1893.

The next spectre case attracted great attention at the time, and was related by Mrs. Alderson, who, upon application, wrote out the following statement:—

"My son and I were staying in the town of Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, last Easter vacation (1886). Our lodgings were close to the sea, and the garden of our house abutted on the beach, and there were no trees or bushes in it high enough to intercept our view. The evening of Easter Sunday was so fine that when Miss Jowett (the landlady's daughter) brought in the lamp I begged her not to pull down the blinds, and lay on the sofa looking at the sea, whilst my son was reading at the table. Owing to a letter I had just received from my sister at home, stating that one of the servants had just seen 'the old lady,' my thoughts had been directed towards ghosts and such things. But I was not a little astonished when, on presently looking out of the window, I saw the figure of a woman standing on the edge of the veranda. She appeared to be a broad woman, and not tall (Mrs. A—— is tall), and to wear an old-fashioned bonnet, and white gloves on her closed hands. As it was dark her figure was only outlined against the sky, and I could not distinguish any other details. It was, however, opaque, and not in any way transparent, just as a real person's would be. I looked at it for some time and

then looked away. When, after a time, I looked again, the woman's hands had disappeared behind what appeared to be a white cross, with a little bit broken off the top, and with a railing on one side of the woman and the cross such as one sometimes sees in graveyards.

"After looking at this apparition, which remained motionless, for some time—about twenty minutes, perhaps—I asked my son (then an undergraduate at Brasenose College) to come and look out of the window and tell me what he saw. He exclaimed, 'What an uncanny sight!' and described the woman and the cross exactly as I saw it. I then rang the bell, and when Miss J—— answered it I asked her also to look out of the window and tell me what she saw, and she also described the woman and the cross, just as they appeared to my son and myself. Someone suggested that it might be a reflection of some sort, and we all looked about the room to see whether there was anything in it that could cause such a reflection, but came to the conclusion that there was nothing to account for it.

"On my son going out on the veranda the figure immediately vanished."

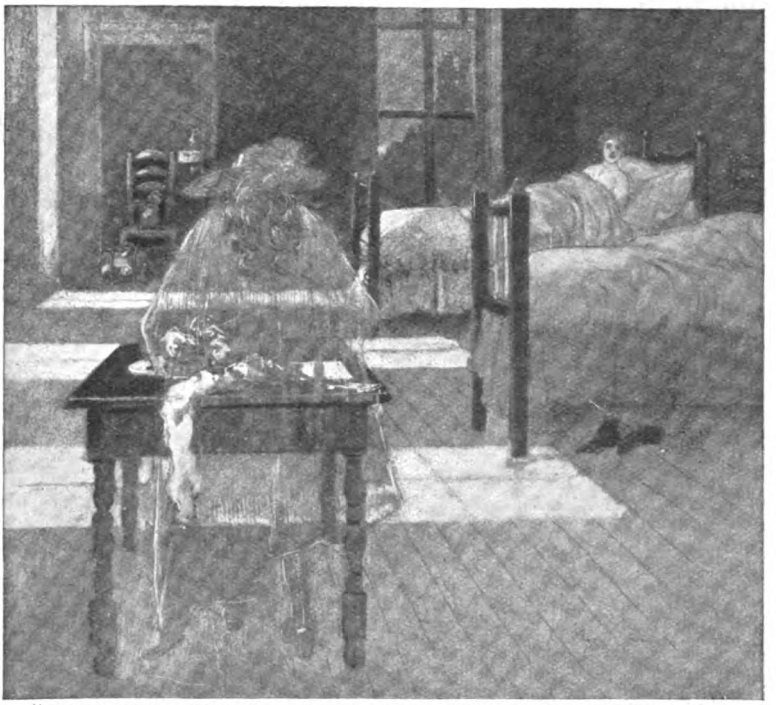
In corroboration of this, Mr. Alderson writes:—

"Staying at Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, during the Easter vacation of 1886, I remember distinctly seeing an apparition in the form of a woman with her hands clasped on the top of a cross. The cross looked old and worn, as one sees in churchyards. My mother drew my attention to the figure, and after we had watched it for some time we rang the bell and asked the servant if she saw the figure. She said she did. I then went out to the veranda (where the figure was) and immediately it vanished."

Another interesting instance of an apparition is that which was seen by Lady V——, a friend of Mrs. Cavendish, of Blacklands Hall, Cavendish, who writes as follows:—

"HE EXCLAIMED, 'WHAT AN UNCANNY SIGHT!'"

"My husband and I, whilst on a driving tour through Normandy, were overtaken by such awful weather that he would not let the horses be out in it, but insisted on putting up for the night in the unpromising village through which we were passing. We made inquiries of the villagers, and found that the only place where we were likely to be taken in was at a quaint-looking, obviously old-fashioned, and most gloomy farmhouse, which had evidently seen better days, and probably had once been the château of some old aristocrat of the *ancien régime*. After offering the somewhat villainous-looking landlord a very high price, we were graciously permitted to see our room—a very long, rather narrow and low apartment, with three



"THE FIGURE WAS THAT OF A CAVALIER WITH A LARGE SLOUCHED HAT, AND A CLOAK WHICH HE HELD UP TO HIS FACE."

or four windows, without blinds or curtains. The room was devoid of carpet, and a more dreary place I never saw. Two small French beds against the wall opposite to the windows, two or three chairs, and an old-fashioned table constituted all the furniture.

"Terrible visions of being robbed and murdered by our uninviting-looking host came over me when I retired; so my husband, after carefully examining and locking both doors, placed the keys on the table in the centre of the room. We also arranged chairs and our travelling-bags against each door, so that if anybody should attempt to enter the room we could not fail to hear them. I got into bed, but not to sleep, in spite of my fatigue, the bright moonlight—it was now quite fine — which streamed in at the window and flooded the room effectually preventing this.

"As I was gazing disgustedly round I saw a figure enter not *by*, but *through* the door at the farther end of the room. The figure was that of a cavalier with a large slouched hat, and a cloak which he held up to his face, hiding it. On he came, as if stealthily creeping after someone, in a crouching attitude. He passed *through* the table in the centre of the room noiselessly, past my bed, looking neither to right nor left, and finally *through* the door near my bed. For minutes I remained unable to speak, though longing to find out if my husband was awake. Words would not come. I tried to think it was something human, even if it should be a burglar, when it suddenly flashed into my mind that as the thing passed my bed I had seen the window outlined through it. I now found my voice and called to my husband in quivering accents. 'Oh, Edward,' I said, 'did you see that? Whatever was it?' 'You don't mean to say you saw it, too?' he answered. Presently he got up and examined both doors, chairs, and bags; all were just as we left them, including the keys on the table. We spent a more or less sleepless night, and the following day, having elicited no information respecting our nightly visitant, made inquiries as we passed through the village, but did not hear much save that the house had the reputation of being haunted. I am, however, convinced that they knew more than they cared to say, but were probably too afraid of our ill-looking host to talk."

Full details as to names, date, and corroboration concerning the foregoing have been furnished to the Society for Psychical Research.

Now, if the readers of these six instances of authenticated ghost stories know of any better authenticated, I feel sure the Editor of THE STRAND MAGAZINE would be glad to be put in possession of their testimony.

[Although the full names and addresses of the percipients are not given in all the foregoing cases, information concerning them may be obtained by *bonâ-fide* investigators by communicating with the secretary of the Society for Psychical Research, Hanover Square, W., to whose courtesy the writer is much indebted.]

THE KANGAROO.

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

THE Kangaroo's chauffeur was absolutely certain—a certainty confirmed with strange oaths—that the motor could not be budged from its present abiding-place (a ditch by the road) under a couple of hours. The Kangaroo glanced at his watch. It was nearly one, and the keen air crossing the high-lying moors had excited an appetite always good, and now ravenous. He looked about him. North, south, east, and west stretched the enchanting Forest of Ys in all its vernal glory, but, at the moment, a plain brick tavern would have excited greater enthusiasm. A poet may feed upon primroses ; a young and healthy politician prefers bread and cheese and a tankard of ale.

"Think there's an inn about?" he asked the chauffeur.

That individual was flat on his back beneath the car, trying to ascertain whether his beloved machine was vitally injured or not. He answered, crisply :—

"I know there ain't. Never seed such a Gawd-forsaken spawt in all my life."

The Kangaroo sighed and stared at the hanging beech wood just opposite. Above the trees arose a faint reek of smoke. He pulled out his map. Yes, yes, the Lord be praised! Unless he was entirely out of his reckoning, the smoke must be floating out of the chimneys of Queen's Jalland Manor. The name Jalland struck a chord. One of his most ardent supporters was a man of the name of George Jalland. Jalland, upon the day when the Kangaroo was nominated as candidate for the Forest Division of Slowshire, had entreated him to look him up, to drop in at any time, preferably—by Jove, yes!—*preferably lunch-time.* What a bit of luck!

He told the chauffeur that he would return in an hour or two, and then made a bee-line for the reek of smoke. Within ten minutes a very comfortable-looking butler had ushered him into a small, oak-panelled hall, where a party of ladies had assembled. Mr. Jalland was not at home, but Mrs. Jalland—— The butler, in a lowered tone, indicated a very kindly-faced dame upon the hearthrug, to whom, a minute later, the Kangaroo was explaining that Mr. Jalland had asked him to call about lunch-time.

"You are just in time for luncheon," said Mrs. Jalland. "The Colonel will be so sorry to miss you. He went to London yesterday to have his hair cut."

The Kangaroo bit his lip. *Mister* Jalland! What an unfortunate blunder! Probably George Jalland was a colonel of Militia or Yeomanry. To mask a slight confusion he plunged into a recital of his misadventure. Miss Jalland, a sparkling creature, fresh as dew, exhibited the most kindly interest.

They went into luncheon without anybody discovering the stranger's name.

The Kangaroo found himself between

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Mrs. Bungay, of Slufter, and his hostess. Across the table scintillated the turquoise-blue eyes of Miss Jalland, whose Christian name was Beatrix. Next to her sat Lady Albinia Lovibond, and lower down the Misses Mottisfont, sisters of Sir Giles Mottisfont, and aunts—as the Kangaroo was well aware—of young Giles Mottisfont, the rival candidate.

The Kangaroo, realizing that he was in mixed company, reckoned himself fortunate inasmuch as Sir Giles, a Tory of the Tories, was not present. It rather surprised him to find the spinsters beneath the roof of such an out-and-out Rad as George Jalland. Upon the other hand, his agent had told him that these Foresters were all connected by intermarriage.

An excellent omelette was handed round.

By this time the Kangaroo was on terms with himself and his company. He told a capital story with his first glass of claret, and capped it with a better before he was half-way through his cutlet.

Then a truly awful thing happened!

Miss Jalland said suddenly and sweetly, "Have you met this poisonous bounder whom they call the Kangaroo?"

Afterwards, the Kangaroo admitted candidly that he ought to have replied at once, "I am he!" But his tongue clave to his palate and his eyes popped out of his head. Then, desperately, with a laugh that sounded the dreariest he had ever heard, he said, weakly, "I know him quite well."

Obviously, the admission damaged him in the eyes of the Misses Mottisfont. The dear ladies looked down their thin, aquiline noses, and sighed.

"What astonishes *us*," continued Miss Jalland, "is that he should dare to come here."

"Why is he called the Kangaroo?" bleated Lady Albinia.

Beatrix replied, "Because he bounds and bounds and bounds."

The Kangaroo nodded pleasantly.

"He won the long jump and the high jump at Oxford," he explained, modestly.

"Oh!" said Beatrix. She cast a swift glance at the speaker, divining, possibly, something mysterious and therefore exciting. "But he bounds, doesn't he?"

The Kangaroo hesitated. The eyes of the ladies were upon him. Mrs. Bungay, in the very act of conveying salad to her mouth, paused expectantly.

"He has some very nice friends, you know."

In a hollow tone Lady Albinia muttered, "George knows him—but George knows all the riff-raff in the county."

The Kangaroo then realized that he had come to the house of the wrong Jalland. George, who knew the riff-raff, and asked them to luncheon, lived hard by. Beatrix turned the screw.

"I was told," she said, pleasantly, "that he was called the Kangaroo because he is just as unconscious of his bounding as that animal."

"Oh!" said the Kangaroo, with a becoming blush, "I had never heard that."

Beatrix, noting the blush, said, apologetically, "I dare say you're one of his nice friends."

"I'm not blind to his faults," said the Kangaroo, with a valiant effort, "and when I was at Oxford I really thought he was a most remarkable young man. Are you keen about —er—croquet?"

"I hate it," said Miss Jalland.

"So do I," murmured the Kangaroo, crumbling his bread.

"You play golf?" said Mrs. Jalland.

"Yes."

"Have you played on our little course here?"

"Not yet."

"What is your handicap?" demanded Miss Beatrix.

"I'm scratch at Berwick-on-Tweed."

At once he became conscious that the impending clouds had rolled by. Colonel Jalland, it seemed, was the president of the Queen's Jalland Golf Club; Miss Beatrix played for the county. In a word, "scratch" had opened all hearts. Even Mrs. Bungay remarked, in a smooth, heavy voice, "Mr. Bungay has a handicap of twenty-two, but he's the keenest player in the club."

"Except father," amended Miss Beatrix. Then she put the question which was destined to bring about amazing results. "Have you your clubs in your car?"

"Yes," said the Kangaroo.

"Then we can play one round after luncheon."

This was said with an air of finality, which slightly upset whatever resolutions the Kangaroo might have made about escaping as soon as he had gulped down a cup of coffee. Miss Beatrix—as he discovered later—was an only daughter and an autocrat. Also, she wanted a lesson at golf from a man who was scratch at Berwick-on-Tweed. Also, she wanted to escape from the Misses Mottisfont. Also, she was inordinately curious, and she

could not understand—and meant to find out—why the Kangaroo had blushed like a bread-and-butter miss. The Kangaroo hadn't a lie ready, or if he had he didn't use it. And he admitted afterwards that there was a dynamic quality about the blue eyes of Miss Beatrix. Whatever his faults may have been he was no craner at hairy fences. From his youth he had leaped first and looked afterwards.

"I shall be delighted," he said.

Coffee was served in the drawing-room, and a servant was dispatched for the golf clubs. The Kangaroo heartened himself up with a glass of the Colonel's old brown brandy, for it was reasonably certain that the man sent for the clubs would discover the name of the mysterious guest, and then, without doubt, a very unpleasant five minutes might follow. Sipping his liqueur, he kept one eye on the turn in the carriage drive, whence Discovery, in the Jalland livery, might at any moment appear. The other eye was entirely at Miss Jalland's service, and, indeed, focused upon her. The Kangaroo considered himself to be something of a connoisseur in female beauty; and he decided that Miss Beatrix was a wonder: a happy mixture of urban and Arcadian, for, if she lived in this enchanting forest, her frock had most certainly come from Paris, *viâ* London, perhaps. She sparkled with a certain crystalline freshness, the sparkle of some delicious spring bubbling out of a field that the Lord had blessed, not the artificial ebullition of champagne. Obviously, too, she had perceptive qualities, for she said with conviction, just as the Kangaroo was lighting his second cigarette, "I see you prefer persons to things."

"You mean I would sooner look at a young miss than an old master? I would."

Miss Beatrix laughed, but she knew that no Bungay or Lovibond would have turned a phrase like this, partly because they couldn't, and partly also because they wouldn't, considering all compliments as bad form.

Just then the servant appeared carrying the clubs.

And, behold, fluttering in the summer breeze was a large red label plainly stamped with the Kangaroo's hideous and unmistakable name.

It was an unfortunate moment, because the Kangaroo could see that the pair of eyes so close to his own had discerned the label, and in their lucid depths danced imps of curiosity. Afterwards it occurred to him that he might have walked up to the man, taken the clubs from him, torn off the label, and pocketed it.

Instead he remained glued to the ground. Sensation was cruelly heightened, action simply paralyzed.

And then the miracle happened!

The name upon the red flaunting label was not his name; the clubs were not his clubs! Only the day before he had been playing golf with a friend at Westchester. He had driven the friend in his car to Westchester Station. A porter, who assuredly must be sought out and tipped, had evidently taken the wrong set of clubs.

The name upon the red label was—Raleigh, a name to warm the cockles of every female heart; a name that was a synonym for gallantry, enterprise, and resource.

The real Raleigh was red-headed, of mean stature, and much freckled.

Miss Beatrix flashed a glance upon the label and then looked discreetly at the blue haze upon the horizon. Still out of the corner of her eye she saw the Kangaroo slip half a crown into the servant's hand. Half a crown was an absurdly large tip, but it indicated a generous heart. Her eyes suffused a soft radiance when she turned them once more upon the Kangaroo. To her surprise he was blushing again. Then she heard him say, almost falteringly:—

"Did you see my chauffeur? Had he any message?"

"No, Sir Joseph," said the man, anxious to display somewhat inchoate powers of observation; "I did not. The car was standing by the road, and I took the only set of clubs I saw, Sir Joseph."

"Quite right," said the Kangaroo, pulling himself together.

The man walked away. Miss Beatrix gazed pensively at the Kangaroo. He was tall, distinguished-looking, with an aquiline nose, and excellent hands and feet.

"Why were you not christened Walter?" she whispered.

"It was an unpardonable oversight," he replied. "As a matter of fact I would pay a handsome sum of money to be Walter. I hate my own name."

His Christian name—one dislikes to set it down—was Ezekiel!

"Come on!" said Beatrix. She approached her mother, the Kangaroo following. In her clear, kind tones she said, crisply:—

"Sir Joseph Raleigh and I are off."

Mrs. Jalland beamed pleasantly.

"Sir Joseph Raleigh," she repeated, softly.

"Not one of us," she included the Misses Mottisfont, who were smiling blandly, "knew who you were."

Lady Albinia blinked. "I used to know in my younger days a Sir Joseph Raleigh, a little, funny, nice, red-headed man."

Miss Beatrix frowned.

"Dear Lady Albinia, you are speaking of Sir Joseph's father, isn't she?"

"Yes," said the Kangaroo. Then he added, hastily, "It's such a pity one can't choose one's father."

Lady Albinia, vaguely sensible of a rebuke, murmured in an injured tone, "I said he was nice and funny."

"Not too funny, I hope?" the Kangaroo asked.

"He used to make me die with laughter," said Lady Albinia. "He always had a new riddle."

"Good heavens!" said the Kangaroo.

"We shall be back in time for tea," said Miss Beatrix.

They walked off together towards the first tee.

"Lady Albinia is doddering," said Beatrix. "It was awfully nice of you to take it so calmly. I say, how many strokes will you give me? Shall we try a stroke a hole?"

"If you like," said the Kangaroo.

Now that the danger was over he felt amazingly exhilarated, but his spirits fell perceptibly when his caddie handed him the driver. He then remembered what he had entirely forgotten—that Joe Raleigh was left-handed. To play with his clubs was simply an impossibility, even for a scratch player without fear and without reproach.

"Your honour," said Beatrix.

The Kangaroo took the club.

Then for the third time he blushed.

"I suppose you can drive two hundred yards every time?" said Beatrix.

The Kangaroo wiped the perspiration from his forehead as he replied, "Not every time."

The caddie teed up the ball.

Then the second miracle happened.

The Kangaroo espied in the bag of clubs a steel putter. He looked at it as Romeo gazed at Juliet. Then, with a gay laugh, he said: "Miss Jalland, I *can* drive two hundred yards, and, honestly, this match won't be much fun for you if I play with these clubs. Now, what do you say to this? I'll play with my putter and nothing else, and I'll give you a third."

"I play for Slowshire," said Beatrix. "I don't think you can do it, Sir Joseph, but——"

"I can try," said the Kangaroo.

He seized the putter. It had a nice shaft—a really pretty bit of hickory.

"Good gracious!" said Beatrix.

The Kangaroo had driven the ball at least one hundred and fifty yards. "You'll take your strokes at the usual holes," said he, as they descended the slope towards the first green.

"Yes," said Beatrix, meekly. "It's awfully good of you to play with me at all." His goodness must have impressed her powerfully, for she foozled the approach shot disgracefully.

"Keep your eye on the ball," said the Kangaroo.

He won the first hole in four--bogey!

After this the match became a procession. The Kangaroo played like Harry Vardon, and Beatrix, dear girl, lost everything except her temper. Everything is said advisedly. When the Kangaroo played his ball out of the sand-bunker near the ninth and laid himself dead his antagonist remarked, "This is a liberal education for me."

And she meant it.

The Kangaroo saw at once that she had great aptitude for the game, but had been badly taught. He gave to her some advice which she spoke of afterwards as simply priceless. And when he won the match at the fourteenth with six up and four to play, the young lady thanked him with a truly humble and grateful heart. She was so nice about it, so unaffectedly delighted with her antagonist's performance—which, indeed, was very remarkable—that the Kangaroo lost sense of the proportion of things. For instance, his offer to give her another lesson next day was not only unjustifiable but almost preposterous, a fact which he realized when she said, ardently, "Oh, if you would!"

They strolled to the fifteenth tee.

"Now, then, for the bye!" said our hero.

"One moment," said Beatrix. Then, awe informing her charming voice, she said, "Sir Joseph, will you do me a great favour?"

"Anything," said the absurd Kangaroo.

"I want you to take your driver and drive the green. Tommy Bungay did it once, or says he did, with the wind behind him. Nobody saw him do it. I want to tell him that I saw you do it."

The unhappy Kangaroo hesitated. Not so his caddie, who possibly felt that he had not earned his shilling. The youth drew forth the driver and handed it obsequiously

to the finest golfer he had ever followed round Queen's Jalland course.

"I do wish Tommy were here," murmured Beatrix.

The Kangaroo took the driver. As he did so Beatrix saw how it was fashioned.

"It's a left-handed club," she gasped.

"Good gracious! You are a left-handed player, and you played me right-handed with a putter, and beat me six to four! Well, I think you're the most wonderful person in the world. Now—drive!"

The Kangaroo addressed the ball. He knew that Joe Raleigh loved this driver with

"OH!"

"Yes," said the Kangaroo, sticking out his jaw. A way out of the wood had been vouchsafed him. "Of course it is."

"But you played right-handed all round the course."

"I did," said the Kangaroo. The poor fellow was quite desperate. "I—er—thought would make a better match."

a love passing the love of women; he knew that the man who made it was dead; he knew that such a masterpiece could never be copied. And yet with diabolical deliberation he addressed the ball, and smote.

"Oh!"

"Never did that before," said the Kangaroo, gazing at the broken shaft.

"It's my fault; I made you press."

The Kangaroo stared at the mutilated driver beloved of his own familiar friend. The shaft was irretrievably shattered. Beatrix saw that he was quite upset.

"Let us walk back to the house," she said, in a voice tender with sympathy.

In silence the Kangaroo walked beside her. He felt that the moment for confession had come; and he felt, with poignant regret, that confession ought to have been made before the sacrifice of the driver. He was telling himself that he had behaved like a coward and a—bounder! Perhaps he was a bounder. Then he heard the voice of the siren, with its beguiling inflections. What a dear, sweet face she had!

"You will feel that this has quite spoiled the afternoon, Sir Joseph?"

"Nothing could spoil the afternoon," said the Kangaroo, firmly. "I've had two delightful hours with you, Miss Jalland, and I shall not forget them in a hurry."

A warmer colour flowed into the young lady's cheeks. She was reflecting that a Raleigh, of necessity, must be of an impulsive and expansive temperament.

"Are you a lineal descendant of Sir Walter?" she asked, shyly. Then, in melting tones, she murmured, "He was always one of my heroes."

The Kangaroo looked at her, with a vertical line between his handsome brows.

"Do you set much value on lineage—and all that sort of thing?"

"Of course I do. Don't you?"

"No; I don t."

"Noblesse oblige," said the young lady. "One wouldn't expect much from a man of the name of—er—Snookson."

"Why Snookson?" said the Kangaroo, in a cold voice.

"I mentioned Snookson because it happens to be the name of this carpet-bagger who, hateful man, is going to rob poor Giley Mottisfont of his seat."

The line between the Kangaroo's eyes deepened and darkened.

"Oh!" he said, scornfully. "And don't you think that a rather remarkable fact?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"This hateful carpet-bagger, this poisonous bounder, this unspeakable person, whose name is Snookson——"

"Ezekiel Snookson!"

"Ezekiel Snookson comes down into a place which is considered by both parties to be a Tory stronghold. He has no friends in the Forest of Ys, no property, no affiliations whatever. He has to rely entirely upon his tongue and the cause he pleads. The other fellow is a Forester, related to everybody, a county magnate, with a name that is part of the history of England, and yet he, Giley Mottisfont, can't hold his own."

"He can with hounds."

"Possibly. Ezekiel Snookson, I believe, is a bit of a thruster in that line, too."

"I forgot that he was a friend of yours," she murmured, contritely, for she perceived that her companion was really stirred to the centre.

The Kangaroo's eyes sparkled, his forehead cleared, his voice softened pleasantly.

"I should like you to meet this man," he said.

"Oh, I'm sure that mamma——"

"Would object to your meeting him? Is it possible?"

"Papa and she feel rather strongly about politics. Uncle George, you see, ratted."

"I have met your Uncle George. He struck me as a singularly charming and intelligent man."

"But he's a Free Trader."

"I perceive that all is said."

"Perhaps," ventured Beatrix, "you are a Free Trader?"

"I am, Miss Jalland."

They had reached the small gate which led to the garden of the Manor; and, as yet, the Kangaroo had not made confession. He opened the gate, gazing reflectively at the palings, sharply pointed, which surrounded the domain. Never before had he realized so keenly that he was without the pale of so much that is desirable in English life.

"I think I'll say good-bye now," he said, awkwardly.

"Sir Joseph!"

"I am a Free Trader."

"I suppose even Free Traders like a cup of tea?"

"I am a friend and a believer in this son of Snook."

"If that is the case, perhaps you would like something stronger than tea." He saw a ravishing dimple at the corner of her mouth. "After golf papa takes gin and ginger-beer."

The Kangaroo burst out laughing.

"I can't resist gin and ginger-beer," he said, as he followed the little witch through the gate.

On the lawn, beneath the big ilex, sat the same ladies whom the Kangaroo had met at luncheon. But talking to Lady Albinia was a short, stout, very red-faced gentleman.

"There's papa," said Miss Jalland. "He'll be too delighted to meet you."

"To meet—me?"

"When he hears that you, a left-handed man, played me right-handed with a putter, giving me six strokes and a disgraceful beating, he will want to fall down and worship."

"He doesn't look that sort at all," said the Kangaroo, doubtfully. "But it might be as well not to mention that I'm—er—a Free Trader."

"As if I should give you away like that!" she retorted, reproachfully.

The next moment Colonel Jalland looked up and saw them. He stared at the Kangaroo, and as he stared his face grew purple, and his eyes, rather too prominent, seemed to bulge out of his head. It is relevant to mention that his nickname in the regiment he had commanded was "Pepperbox."

"Papa asked you to drop in to lunch, didn't he?" whispered Beatrix.

"'WHO THE DEUCE ARE YOU?' SAID THE COLONEL."

"No," said the Kangaroo. "It must have been your Uncle George."

"Do you know—papa?"

"I have never met him."

"He looks as if he knew you."

The Colonel advanced to receive his guest. Beatrix did the honours.

"Papa, this is Sir Joseph Raleigh, who has just given me the most humiliating beating. He played with his putter, gave me six strokes, and a lot of splendid advice."

Beatrix began joyfully, but her voice, beneath the apoplectic stare of her sire, dwindled away into a funereal diminuendo.

"Sir Joseph Raleigh," said the Colonel, in a terrible voice, "is short, freckled, red-headed, and a—gentleman."

"Just like his poor, dear father," bleated Lady Albinia.

"Who the deuce are you, sir?" said the Colonel.

The Kangaroo laughed. He had a sense of humour, and he couldn't help it.

"I'm Ezekiel Snookson," he said. Then, with a manner that might not have discredited the illustrious Sir Walter, he bowed politely and added, "I came here by mistake to lunch with a friend and supporter of mine, Mr. George Jalland. I discovered my mistake too late to rectify it without upsetting a very kind hostess. Perhaps, too"—he glanced at Miss Beatrix—"I was being entertained so delightfully that I funked—er—embarrassing explanations. If it would afford any of you"—he included the Misses Mottisfont in his all-embracing glance—"any satisfaction to—er—trample on me, I will lie down on the lawn and let you do so."

The elderly spinsters shook their heads. The Colonel's complexion assumed a less imperial tint.

"That's all very well," he growled, "but why did you call yourself Raleigh?"

"I didn't. My friend Joe Raleigh happened to have his name printed in large black letters upon a red label attached to his golf clubs, which were left by mistake in my car."

"Oh-h-h!" exclaimed Miss Jalland. "Then they weren't your own clubs?"

"Of course not."

"And you deliberately smashed that driver?"

"Deliberately."

"And you're not a left-handed player?"

"I am not."

A smile rippled across her face. "That makes things much easier for me," she murmured.

The Kangaroo addressed the company.

"If nobody will trample on me, may I say good-bye and thank you for a very pleasant afternoon?"

Mrs. Jalland raised her quiet voice.

"You will let me give you a cup of tea, Mr.—er—Snookson?"

Beatrix nudged her father. He prided himself upon a reputation for generous, although not ostentatious, hospitality.

"Perhaps you would prefer a gin and ginger-beer?"

"Please."

Afterwards Mrs. Snookson always said that her husband allowed himself to be beaten by Colonel Jalland in the game of golf that was played after the gin and ginger-beer had been swallowed. The Kangaroo was obliged to play with another man's clubs, but it is a fact that at the seventeenth hole, when the Colonel and his opponent were all square, the Kangaroo foozled his approach and then missed a two-foot putt! At the eighteenth, the Colonel, being dormy and therefore unduly full of confidence, undertook to carry the green with his second, and landed in the ditch. Why such an experienced player as the Kangaroo should have taken his mid-iron instead of his mashie, and dropped his ball into the gorse bushes beyond the last green, is something which howls for explanation.

The Kangaroo, who must have had a touch of the bounder in him, blamed his caddie.

Joe Raleigh sent his friend's bride an original wedding present—a bangle, with a broken golf club cunningly fashioned out of brilliants.

CURIOUS HANDS AT BRIDGE.

By W. DALTON,

Author of "Dalton on Bridge," "'Saturday' Bridge," "Bridge at a Glance," etc.

BY "curious" hands I do not necessarily mean hands in which there is a phenomenal placing of the cards—that is merely a matter of dealing—but hands in which some curious point of play is involved, or some very unlooked-for result is brought about, owing to the unusual manner in which the cards are distributed.

The following hand struck me at the time as being the most curious in its result that I had ever seen. It was played at the Portland Club by very good players, and the result, curious as it was, was not brought about by exceptionally good or bad play on either side.

The four hands were :—

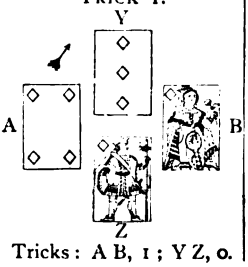
	Hearts—9, 7. Diamonds—10, 9, 6, 5, 3. Clubs—7, 6. Spades—Knave, 6, 5, 2.	
Hearts—Queen, knave, 8, 6, 5, 3, 2. Diamonds—4 Clubs—King, knave. Spades—10, 8, 4.	Y (dummy) A B (dealer) Z	Hearts—Ace, 10, 4. Diamonds—Ace, king, queen, 8, 7, 2. Clubs—10, 4, 3. Spades—Ace.
	Hearts—King. Diamonds—Knave. Clubs—Ace, queen, 9, 8, 5, 2. Spades—King, queen, 9, 7, 3.	

The score was A B a game and 24, Y Z love. Z dealt, and declared No Trumps; B doubled.

It was undeniably a risky No Trump call, but it was thoroughly warranted by the state of the score; in fact, it was almost a compulsory declaration, under the circumstances. If the dealer passed the call to his partner what could he expect? Almost a certainty of a red suit declaration, on which his hand would be able to render very little assistance, with practically no chance of winning the game. The best chance to take was undoubtedly to declare No Trumps, and to trust to his partner holding strength in one or both of the red suits.

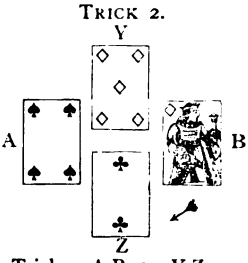
When the third player doubled, the dealer's prospects looked anything but rosy, but when the first card was led, and the dummy hand was exposed in all its nakedness, a more utterly hopeless position it would be impossible to imagine. The dealer could see at least five tricks in hearts, three in diamonds, and one in spades, which were absolutely marked against him, and he, naturally, regarded the situation as hopeless, but one never knows what the fates may have in store, and, incredible as it would appear, he actually won two by cards, and the game, on that hand.

TRICK 1.



Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 0.

TRICK 2.

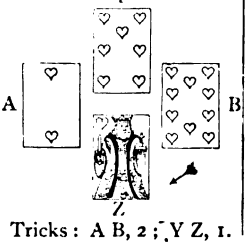


Tricks: A B, 2; Y Z, 0.

Trick 1.—The leader, A, was in no doubt as to what to lead, under the short suit convention, in answer to his partner's double, and he led the desired suit, but B must have been very much disappointed to find the diamond suit guarded in the dummy hand.

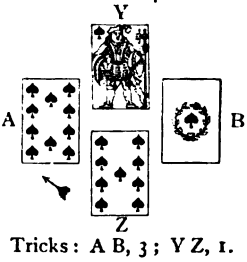
Trick 2.—B led another diamond, as there was no possibility of dummy getting in twice, and he wanted to see his partner's discard.

TRICK 3.



Tricks: A B, 2; Y Z, 1.

TRICK 4.



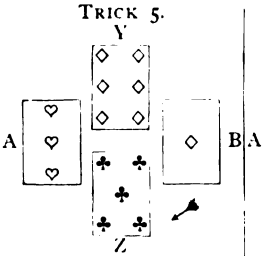
Tricks: A B, 3; Y Z, 1.

Trick 3.—B had to guess whether his partner wanted a heart or a club led to him. The heart was the more likely, as the dealer could not have very great strength in hearts, so he led the ten of hearts to force the dealer to cover it, and retained the ace to stop the suit with in case of emergencies. When the dealer played the king B at once placed the queen in the dealer's hand.

Trick 4.—The dealer was a player of considerable cunning, and he foresaw that if the only possible, or apparently possible, card of entry was taken out of dummy's hand, B might be tempted to lead out his ace of diamonds and to clear the diamond suit, thinking that it was quite impossible for the dummy hand to get in again; therefore he led

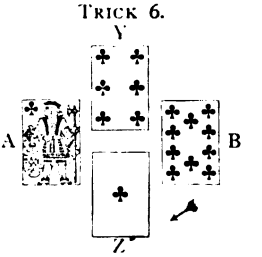
the nine of spades, keeping the three in his own hand as a possible means of putting his dummy in, and B fell headlong into the trap.

TRICK 5.



Tricks; A B, 4; Y Z, 1.

TRICK 6.

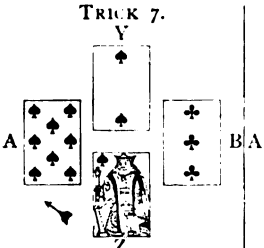


Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 2.

Trick 5.—B thought that there was no possibility of dummy ever winning a trick, so he led his ace of diamonds. A's discard was a difficult one. He could not discard a club, and he did not like to void himself entirely in the spade suit, so he discarded a small heart.

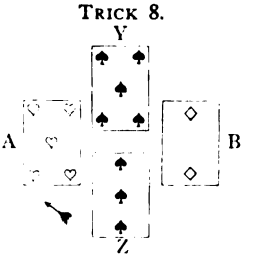
Trick 6.—B led a club to his partner's discard and the game was over. The dealer made four tricks in spades and two in diamonds, and won two by cards and the game.

TRICK 7.



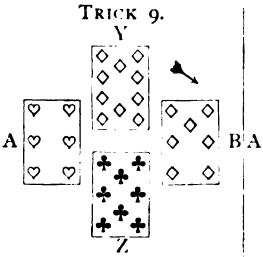
Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 3.

TRICK 8.



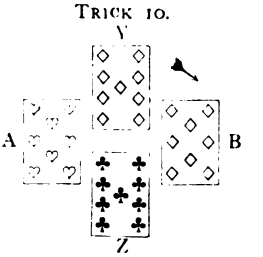
Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 4.

TRICK 9.



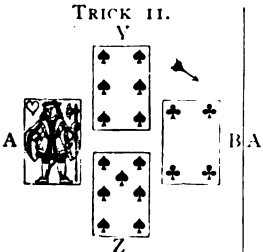
Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 5.

TRICK 10.



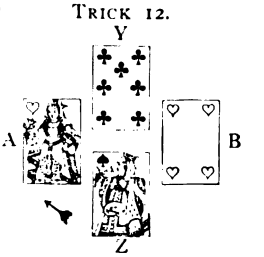
Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 6.

TRICK 11.



Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 7.

TRICK 12.



Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 8.

The dealer actually won two by cards, scoring 48 points, with all that enormous strength against him, and it was entirely due to B's double. The double was a perfectly sound one, and one which every bridge-player of any experience would have made without hesitation, but it proved terribly expensive. If he had not doubled, A would have begun with his fourth best heart, the king would have fallen to the ace, and A B would have won the small slam, instead of losing two by cards and the game. The only mistake made in the play of the hand was by A at Trick 3. He ought to have begun a call in hearts by playing the six instead of the two, and he would have been able to complete the call by discarding the two at Trick 5. He might even have commenced a call in the heart suit on his first discard, but he purposely did not do that for fear that his partner would lead a club and take away his only card of re-entry for his hearts, so that the spade seemed to be the best and safest discard. The result of this hand was the most wonderful get-out of a really hopeless position which I ever saw, and it only goes to prove once more what an enormous advantage the dealer possesses in knowing the exact strength or weakness of his two hands from the very start, while his opponents have to pick up their information as best they can from the fall of the cards.

The following hand, which occurred exactly as it is given below, was a very curious one, as it involved a particularly intelligent reading of the hands on both sides. To appreciate it properly, you must remember that it was not double dummy—it would have been quite easy in that case—but each player could only see the dummy's cards in addition to his own.

The score was A B 20, Y Z love. Z dealt and left it to Y, who declared No Trumps.

The four hands were:—

Hearts—10.
Diamonds—Ace, knave, 5, 3.
Clubs—Ace, king.
Spades—Ace, queen, 10, 8, 7, 3.

Hearts—King, queen, 6, 4, 3.
Diamonds—King, 7.
Clubs—7, 6, 3, 2.
Spades—6, 5.

Y (dummy)
A B
(dealer) Z

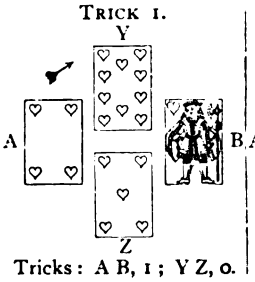
Hearts—Knave, 9, 7, 2.
Diamonds—Queen, 10, 8, 4, 2.
Clubs—9.
Spades—King, knave, 2

Hearts—Ace, 8, 5.
Diamonds—9, 6.
Clubs—Queen, knave, 10, 8, 5, 4.
Spades—9, 4.

A opened with the four of hearts. The dealer, Z, reviewed the situation, and saw that he would be certain to win the game if he could bring in his long suit of clubs, but the difficulty was how to do that, as the ace and king in his partner's hand appeared to effectually

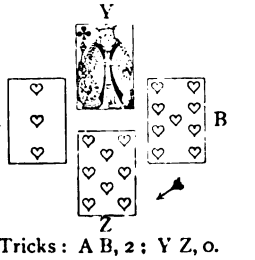
block the suit. To many players it would have seemed to be quite impossible to bring them in, as the ace of hearts was the only possible card of entry, but the dealer, who was a very fine player, conceived the idea of discarding dummy's ace and king of clubs on the second and third round of hearts, and so leaving his own hand with the command of the club suit, when he came in with the ace of hearts on the third round. This was the first interesting feature in the hand.

TRICK 1.



Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 0.

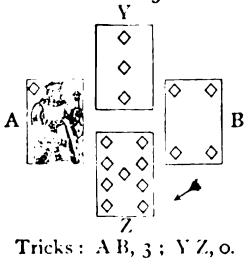
TRICK 2.



Tricks: A B, 2; Y Z, 0.

B's natural method of procedure at trick 3 would have been to go on with the heart suit, and he was on the point of doing so—in fact, he had the card in his hand ready to play—when the discard of the king of clubs from dummy's hand pulled him up short. He stopped at once, and asked himself what possible object Z could have in discarding a certain winning card from dummy's hand, and the position was quite clear to him. Z was marked with one more heart, which must be the ace, and he clearly must have several winning tricks in clubs and no other card of entry—that was the turning point of the situation—*no other card of entry*. If Z held any other card of entry, it would not have been necessary to get rid of the two winning clubs from Y's hand; therefore, from B's point of view, the king of diamonds was plainly marked in A's hand. That was the second interesting feature of the hand—B realizing the situation, and recognising the fact that his partner must hold the king of diamonds. B then altered his plan of attack altogether and led a small diamond, instead of continuing the heart suit.

TRICK 3.



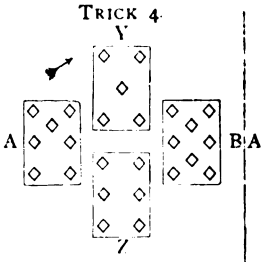
Tricks: A B, 3; Y Z, 0.

B's inference proved quite right, and his partner had the king of diamonds. The dealer refused to win the trick with dummy's ace, as he had no desire to lead away from dummy's hand, and also, although B had refused to be tempted, there was just a chance that, if the lead was left with A, he, who was not such a strong player as his partner, might fall into the trap and go on with the heart suit. That was another interesting feature, the allowing A, the weaker player, to remain with the lead on the chance of his playing badly.

I should like to be able to say that A also recognised the situation, and returned the diamond suit at once, as he ought to have done, but the truthfulness of my nature compels me to relate that, as the hand was actually played, A hesitated for a long time, and fingered the heart and the diamond alternately, and then led the heart, on which Z discarded dummy's ace of clubs and made all his six clubs, and won three by cards and the game, and B's good play was all to no purpose.

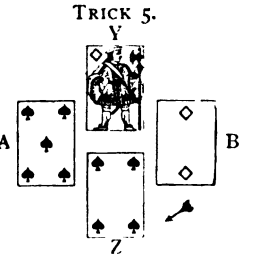
For the sake of illustrating the curious features of the hand, I will continue it as it ought to have been played, not as it was played.

TRICK 4.



Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 0.

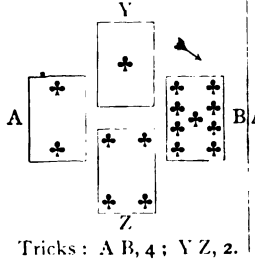
TRICK 5.



Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 1.

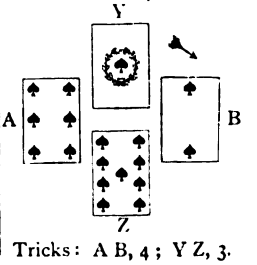
At Trick 5 B's lead is a very awkward one, as he is obliged to lead up to one of Y's tenaces; but, having two certain entry cards in spades, he is bound to make his long diamond eventually, and the one thing which he must studiously avoid is going on with the heart suit.

TRICK 6.



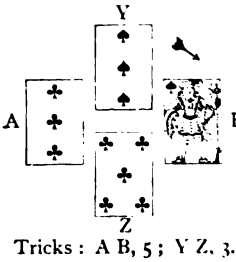
Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 2.

TRICK 7.



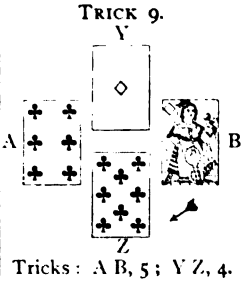
Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 3.

TRICK 8.



Tricks: A B, 5; Y Z, 3.

TRICK 9.



Tricks: A B, 5; Y Z, 4.

B makes the king of spades and the last diamond, and wins the odd trick and the game. It was one of the most interesting bridge hands which I ever came across; or, rather, it would have been if A had played with any ordinary intelligence at Trick 4. Z and B both played the hand exceptionally well, and it was a case of "when Greek meets Greek" as far as they were concerned, but, unfortunately for B, his partner was not a true-bred Greek, and he failed to appreciate the situation.

A friend of mine, of great bridge experience, has kindly sent me the particulars of a hand which occurred in a rubber in which he was taking part on board ship, in which the placing of the cards led to very curious results.

The four hands were :—

Hearts—Queen, knave.
Diamonds—King, queen, knave, 10, 8.
Clubs—Knave, 7, 5, 3.
Spades—Queen, knave.

Hearts—8, 6, 5, 2.
Diamonds—6, 2.
Clubs—10.
Spades—King, 10, 9, 6, 4, 3.

Y (dummy)
A B (dealer) Z

Hearts—Ace, king, 10, 9, 7, 4.
Diamonds—9, 4, 3.
Clubs—None.
Spades—Ace, 7, 5, 2.

Hearts—3.
Diamonds—Ace, 7, 5.
Clubs—Ace, king, queen, 9, 8, 6, 4, 2.
Spades—8.

Z dealt and declared No Trumps on eight winning clubs and the ace of diamonds. A said, "Shall I play?" and B, who was a short suit conventionist, hesitated for a moment, and then said, "Yes, please." A led the fourth best of his long suit, the six of spades, and A B made six tricks in spades and six in hearts and won the small slam. My correspondent, who was the dealer, says that his partner, Y, was very much disgusted at losing a slam on such a hand as he put down, and well he might be. If ever there was a hand which looked like rendering useful assistance to a No Trump call, it was surely Y's hand, and well might the holder of it be annoyed at losing six by cards on it, and yet the original declaration was quite a sound one. A "one suit" No Trump declaration must always be attended by a certain amount of danger, but this was rather an exceptionally strong one suit call, as the dealer had nine practically certain tricks in his own hand directly he could get in.

The hand was a curious one in several ways. B very nearly doubled, and there are many players who would always double on B's hand. If he had done so, under the short suit convention, the dealer would at once have laid down a grand slam, good against the cards, whichever A had elected to open of his two short suits. By refraining from a rather tempting double B won the small slam, instead of losing the grand slam.

If the heart convention had been in force B would certainly have doubled, and again he and his partner would have won the small slam, but a double under the short suit convention must have resulted in the doubler losing the grand slam. Slams seem to have been the fashion on board that ship.

The above hand would seem to afford a strong argument for the heart convention as against the short suit convention, but one hand proves nothing, and it would be quite easy to quote many other hands on which a double under the heart convention proved equally disastrous. I have a lively recollection of one such hand which occurred to me personally. My partner declared No Trumps, the third player doubled under the heart convention, my partner redoubled, and we won the grand slam and 100 for aces. The four hands in this case were :—

Hearts—7, 4, 3.
Diamonds—King, queen, 6, 5, 4, 2.
Clubs—9, 8, 4.
Spades—Queen.

Hearts—5.
Diamonds—Knave, 10, 9.
Clubs—10, 7, 2.
Spades—Knave, 10, 9, 6, 4, 2.

Y (dummy)
A B (dealer) Z

Hearts—King, queen, 10, 9, 8, 6.
Diamonds—8.
Clubs—King, 6, 5.
Spades—King, 8, 3.

Hearts—Ace, knave, 2.
Diamonds—Ace, 7, 3.
Clubs—Ace, queen, knave, 4.
Spades—Ace, 7, 5.

A heart was led according to convention, and my partner won the first trick with the ace. He then put my hand in with a diamond, took the finesse in clubs, and the rest was easy. My diamonds were all good, and my partner discarded his two losing spades and the knave of hearts, and then made his three remaining clubs. B was obliged, at the finish, to either unguard his king of spades or throw his last heart. He elected to do the latter, and my partner made the two of hearts and won the grand slam.

This double would never have been made

under the short suit convention, but it appeared to be so important to have the heart suit opened at once that the double was quite a sound one under the heart convention, although the result of it was very dire.

It sometimes happens that a very bad hand which appears to be quite hopeless will succeed in winning unexpected tricks, and will produce most unlooked-for results. I once held such a hand myself—a hand which I should imagine to be unequalled in the annals of the game of bridge. Not unequalled in its badness—although I sincerely hope that I may never hold a worse hand—but unequalled in the extraordinary number of tricks which it won. We were 18 up, and our opponents nothing. The player on my right dealt and left it to his partner, who declared No Trumps. My hand was:—

Hearts—9, 7, 5, 4, 3.
Diamonds—10, 9, 8, 2.
Clubs—3, 2.
Spades—Knave, 2.

This was an appallingly bad hand, and I could see no likelihood of winning a single trick on it, with every probability of losing the game, and yet, incredible as it may appear, this hand actually won five tricks against a No Trump declaration, and against a very strong No Trump declaration with 100 aces. I can take no credit to myself for this extraordinary result. It was not brought about by any cleverness on my part, but simply by the placing of the other cards and by the way in which the dealer elected to play the hand. He cannot even be said to have played it badly, or to have made any great blunder. He only played it unfortunately, and took a perfectly legitimate finesse when he would have done better not to have taken it.

My hand was so hopelessly bad that it did not seem to matter what I led, but I like to abide by rule, so I opened my numerically strongest suit, leading the four of hearts. The dummy hand was put down, and any glimmer of hope of saving the game that I may have entertained vanished at once into thin air.

Just look at the two hands side by side:—

Y's Hand (Dummy).
Hearts—Ace, queen.
Diamonds—Ace, king, queen, 5.
Clubs—Ace, 10, 8, 5.
Spades—Ace, 7, 4.

A's Hand (Mine).
Hearts—9, 7, 5, 4, 3.
Diamonds—10, 9, 8, 2.
Clubs—3, 2.
Spades—Knave, 2.

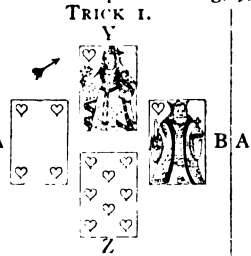
Dummy's hand contained six absolutely certain tricks, with potentialities of several more, while my hand could hardly be said to contain one possible trick, certainly not a probable one, and yet my miserable hand won five tricks, while dummy's magnificent hand only won six. It would be quite an interesting study for problem-solvers to try to place the remaining cards so that it would be possible to win five tricks with A's hand, and I fancy that they would find it very difficult to do, but it actually occurred, and there was no phenomenal placing of the cards to assist the process. The cards were fairly evenly divided, and the dealer's hand, although not a good one, was an infinitely better one than mine.

The other two hands were:—

Z's Hand (Dealer).
Hearts—Knave, 8.
Diamonds—6, 4, 3.
Clubs—Queen, 9, 6.
Spades—Queen, 10, 8, 6, 3.

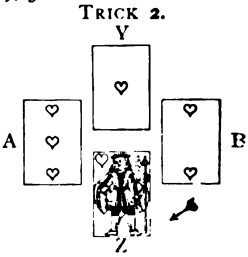
B's Hand.
Hearts—King, 10, 6, 2.
Diamonds—Knave, 7.
Clubs—King, knave, 7, 4.
Spades—King, 9, 5.

Trick 1.



Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 0.

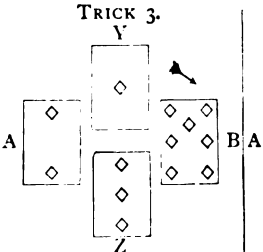
Trick 2.



Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 1.

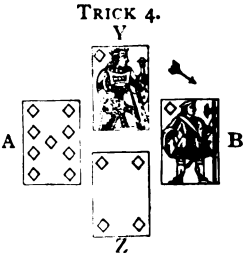
The outlook then was not quite so hopeless. It was clear that we had three winning tricks in hearts if we could ever get in again, and it was possible that the game might be saved if my partner had both the other kings, but he had to have them both in order to save it.

Trick 3.



Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 2.

Trick 4.

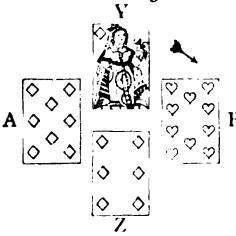


Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 3.

At Trick 4 I played a false card in diamonds. There was not much point in it, but it could do no harm, and it was just possible that it might confuse the dealer, and so it did. He spread the trick out in front of him and studied it carefully before turning it, and then said: "Somebody must be playing a

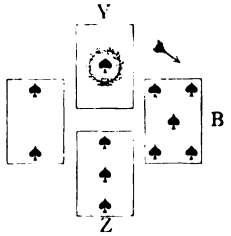
false card." This was obvious to the meanest capacity, but a good deal depended upon which of us had done so, and, luckily for us, he took a wrong view of the situation and placed my partner with the eight, and me with the ten, and he led the queen of diamonds thinking that the other two would both fall.

TRICK 5.



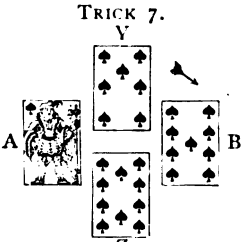
Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 4.

TRICK 6.



Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 5.

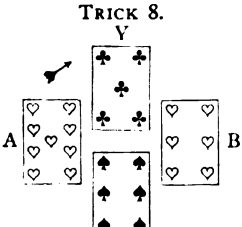
TRICK 7.



Tricks: A B, 2; Y Z, 5.

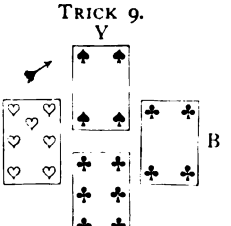
I had now won one trick, and was left with four winning cards in my hand, three winning hearts and the best diamond, which gave me my five tricks on that apparently impossible hand. Moreover, I could now see that the game was not only safe, but that it could actually be won, if my partner held the king of clubs, which looked probable. I played out my winning cards, and my partner's discards were easy, as the dummy had to discard before he did, and we succeeded in winning the game against dummy's cast-iron No Trump hand.

TRICK 8.



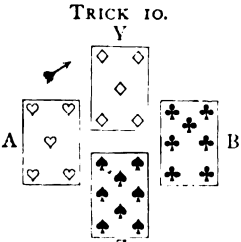
Tricks: A B, 3; Y Z, 5.

TRICK 9.



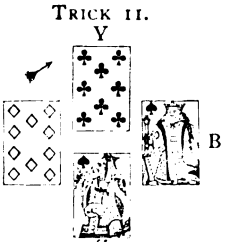
Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 5.

TRICK 10.



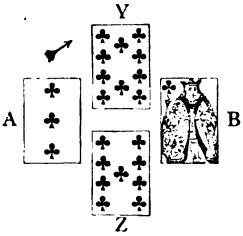
Tricks: A B, 5; Y Z, 5.

TRICK 11.



Tricks: A B, 6; Y Z, 5.

TRICK 12.



Tricks: A B, 7; Y Z, 5.

At Trick 7, when his spade finesse went wrong, the dealer's prospects tumbled all of a sudden from a fine chance of winning the game to a struggle to save it, and he took the only chance of doing so at Trick 11 by speculating on my last two cards being king and another club, but the cards lay very badly for him. Even at double dummy he could never have won the game, as the cards happened to lie, as we were bound to make four hearts and one of the other kings, but he might have won two by cards, although it would require a very good double dummy player to do even that, but it could be done against any possible defence. Do you see how? It does not amount to a problem, but it would be quite an interesting double dummy hand, and there are not many players who would win two by cards on it.

The above was a wonderful instance of an unexpectedly good result on a bad hand. I will now show the reverse side of the medal by quoting a hand which I did not see myself, but which I can vouch for having occurred, in which a still more unexpectedly bad result was brought about on a good hand. The dealer passed the declaration, and his partner declared No Trumps, holding:—

Hearts—Ace, 7.
Diamonds—Ace, knave, 5.
Clubs—King, queen, knave, 9, 4.
Spades—Queen, 10, 6.

This was quite a good hand, and the holder, when he put it down, probably entertained strong hopes of winning the game, but his hopes were doomed to bitter disappointment.

The leader doubled, holding seven hearts, headed by king, queen, knave, and the two black aces. The result of the hand was that the dealer lost the small slam, but that was by no means the worst of the trouble. Not only did he "go to bed" with the ace of diamonds, but the two of hearts was lurking among the diamonds in his own hand, and he revoked five times in No Trumps doubled, thereby losing the enormous amount of 524 points on that one hand—360 points for the five revokes, 144 points for six by cards, and 20 for the small slam, amounting to 524 points altogether. This actually occurred, and if anyone has ever seen a worse mess made of a hand I should be glad to hear the particulars of it.

The Birth of Felicity Frankland.

By C. C. ANDREWS,

Author of "A Wedding Journey," etc., etc.

BETWEEN the birth of Felicity Frankland and the death of the Countess of Glenvalloch and Mull there was this in common—that they took place at practically the same moment. Otherwise, the two events differed widely, for whereas only two persons were aware of the birth of Felicity, many noble and titled families throughout the United Kingdom were declared to be plunged into poignant grief by the death of the Countess. (The drowning of big Dugald was a detail that affected nobody, unless his sweetheart out in the States, who certainly displayed small concern at the loss of him—indeed, she was understood to have married shortly afterwards, very callously.) The remarkable and romantic circumstances added to the sensation of the tragedy. It occurred at the dead end of an abnormally dull season, and the newspapers were prodigal of headlines, and very grateful.

Tradition had it that when the church was built (the date of 1328 was still legible on the cracked stone tablet above the porch) the islet was not only joined to the mainland, but was, moreover, very much larger. Now it was so very tiny that, seen from the shore, it appeared to consist of nothing but the church and the churchyard. Indeed, the outskirting margin beyond the latter was so narrow that at high tide the waves lapped against the rugged wall, and left great tangles of seaweed to dry upon its green-stained granite, while in anything like stormy weather the painted windows in memory of dead-and-gone Kirkmichaels would be washed by showers of spray. At such wild times the dark little church would have but a dozen or so of sea-bitten, sun-tanned worshippers dotted about in its ancient oaken pews, with perhaps a discontented servant or two from great Glenvalloch, towering upon the low cliff opposite, grim and frowning and grey.

Mrs. Kirkmichael was a woman large, rustling, aggressive, and masterful, with a good solid foot that tramped with square-toed resolution over most things that came in her way, an ear as keen as her sense of duty, and an eye that was apt to make the timid or sensitive quail. "Your eyes is like a goat's, Auntie Rhoda — why is they like a goat's?" the little Countess, at the age of three or thereabouts, had once demanded, wonderingly, and perhaps Mrs. Kirkmichael had never forgiven the question —certainly she had pushed away with some violence the small, investigating finger that strove to probe the "goat's" eye.

Sometimes the great pew of "the great house" would be brightened by the presence of Ronald Kirkmichael, her son and heir, handsome, well-groomed and smiling, but with something of the heavy jaw and hard mouth that his mother had brought into the family along with a fortune running almost into seven figures when she had married the impecunious brother of the Earl of Glenvalloch and Mull. But not often, since he preferred his clubs and Piccadilly flat, only finding Scotland endurable for a week or two of shooting in the autumn. So it mostly happened that the Countess would go alone to church, with only Dugald Rossie, her foster-brother—big Dugald, her most devoted slave and henchman since he had first carried her in his arms, a baby—to row her.

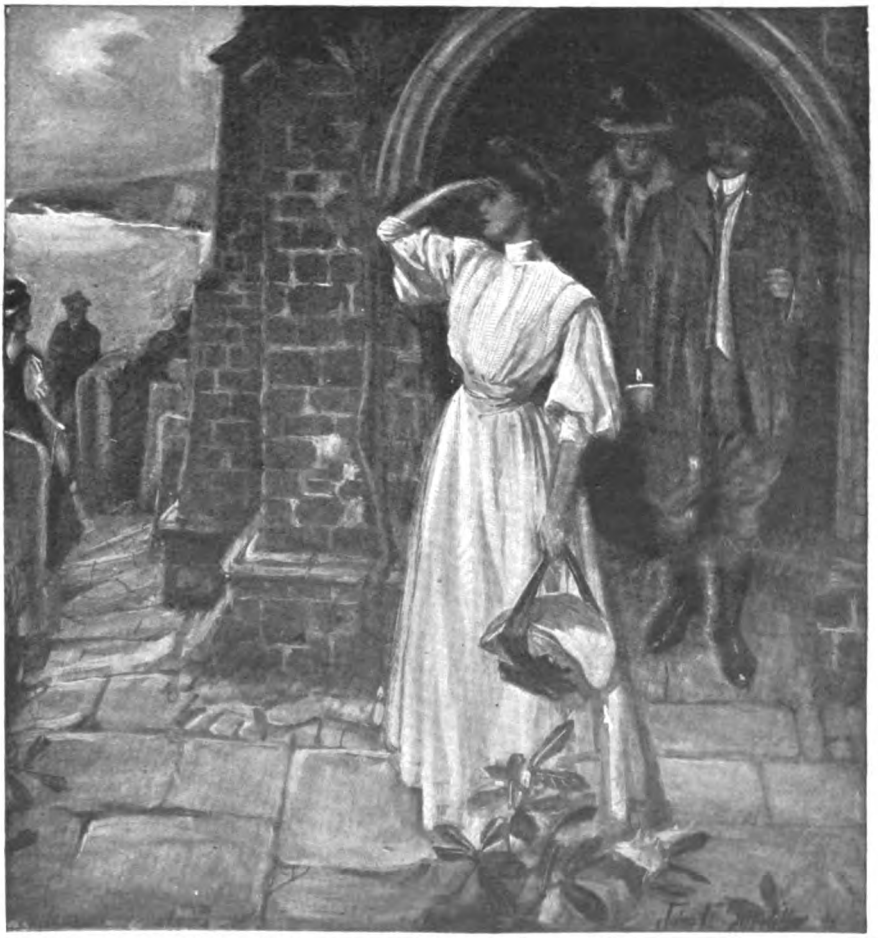
The church was not dark to-day; it wore an aspect of alien gaiety and brightness—crimson carpets had replaced the worn matting in the aisles; flags and banners were draped between the painted windows; the altar and chancel were embowered in white blossoms and greenery. In the doorway Mrs. Kirkmichael, her son beside her, stood and surveyed it—not too graciously. "I suppose it will do," she said.

"Don't see why not. Looks rather well, I think."

"It looks as well as it can be made to look. But such a stuffy little hovel of a place! If it were not for that absurd family custom—— But I suppose it would never have done to break through it."

"Suppose not," Ronald Kirkmichael agreed.

He yawned, turning into the porch, and Mrs. Kirkmichael followed. At the gate of the churchyard stood her companion and factotum, Rosamund Chester, tall, dashing, her eyes and looking towards the island. It lay almost a mile away, and farther out to sea, though not much—quite a big island, compared with the islet. The day had been intensely hot, cloudy and overcast, and very still. But in a moment, as a languid puff of wind stirred, she saw something — a vivid flutter of scarlet—a flag was flying. Then she dropped her hand. It was as she did so that her cousin's eyes strayed that way. He yawned again.



"IN A MOMENT, AS A LANGUID PUFF OF WIND STIRRED, SHE SAW SOMETHING—A VIVID FLUTTER OF SCARLET."

blonde, and handsome, and beyond it, at the top of the worn, seaweedy flight of steps leading down to the water, big Dugald, with a great freckled disc of face under a cropped thatch of orange hair, stolidly waited until his mistress should want him. The little Countess herself, outside the porch, childishly slight and small in her muslin frock, her pretty, demure, dark head bare, stood shading

"What a little chit of a schoolgirl it is!" he said, lazily.

"Schoolgirl?" Mrs. Kirkmichael, too, looked towards her niece; the glance was hostile; perhaps she hardly knew how clearly it betrayed that the very existence of the gentle little figure was an offence to her. "Worse! There is not one in a thousand so inanely flat and insignificant and dull!" She

beat her foot with sudden sharp impatience. "Why in the name of misfortune was she ever born?" she said, bitterly.

"Oh, come!" He shrugged. "I thought we decided, while she was still in short frocks, upon the philosophy of making the best of things."

"I know. Short frocks? She might be in them still—she looks far more like sixteen than over twenty. Perhaps it has been a mistake to keep her shut up here at Glenvalloch all her life, but one never knows what a girl—even such a baby—may do if she is once given her head. I did not choose to risk it." She advanced, smoothing her voice to a tart suavity. "Are you ready, my dear?"

"I hope you mean to let me row you back again?" added her son.

"Oh, no, thank you, Ronald." The little Countess, turning, looked up at the two, certainly like a schoolgirl, and, moreover, a very timid one. "I thought—there isn't anything for me to do—that I would stay and practise a little, Aunt Rhoda."

"Oh, just as you like," said Mrs. Kirkmichael.

She went creaking down the steep path between the gravestones, with her son beside her; Miss Chester followed. In a moment the splash of oars announced that they were being rowed back to the shore. The Countess gave a cry when presently Dugald stood before her, for, though his step was heavy, she had not heard it come.

"I'm rowing ye the morn, my leddy," he said, quietly.

"In the morning?" the Countess faltered. "I—I don't know, Dugald. I—I think Mr. Kirkmichael——"

"I'm rowing ye!" Dugald repeated stolidly. "It's no' anyone but me that'll row ye, my leddy—me, that's tended ye sin' ye were a wee bit bairn. And I ken weel enough that it's like to be a lang time before——"

"A long time? No, no!" For a moment she caught her servitor's huge hand and clung to it. "What—what nonsense, Dugald! I am going away for a little while—I must—but I am coming back. Things will be just the same as ever—almost the same. No, no, they never will! Never any more."

Her eyes brimmed; she covered them, sobbing, a little childish, forlorn figure. Big Dugald stood helplessly looking at her, an immense distress, terror, tenderness in the broad, florid face that had grown as white as it could grow. In a moment she looked up, composed again.

"I'm silly, Dugald," she said, quietly. "You must not tell anyone that I was silly. And you shall row me in the morning—I promise you I won't come with anybody else. You may tell Mrs. Kirkmichael so."

"It's no' anyone but me that'll row ye, my leddy," the big fellow repeated sturdily, and turned away. "Ye'll be coming now, my leddy?"

"No; I will stay for a little while. But you must go, Dugald, you may be wanted, and there is a boat. I'll row myself back when I am ready."

Dugald went. The Countess stood looking towards the island very steadily and very pale. Presently another faint puff of wind blew out the red flag, and she gave a cry and kissed both her hands to it, and her whole little face was flooded with scarlet from brow to chin. Then she went into the church, her feet dragging heavily over the gay carpet, and sat down before the organ. But the old fugues and chants she loved came in stumbling discord; her hands ceased to move, and she was motionless, looking at the altar as though she saw it in a dream. All kinds of fantastic forms, steel-clad, warlike figures and fair shapes of dead beauty, thronged before it in her eyes. For they had all been married there, all the Kirkmichaels of Glenvalloch since 1328—it was a tradition that never once had the family custom been broken. The last pair had been her own parents—the girl-mother who had died at her birth a twelvemonth later; the father who had lingered a heartbroken year or two and followed her—so it was that she had become the Countess of Glenvalloch and Mull. The next pair to stand there. . . . She looked away from the altar in its jungle of white and green, and shivered and shut her eyes, for the church seemed suddenly very cold. And her face dropped down and was hidden in her hands upon the keys.

When she lifted it the church was not only cold but dark, and her limbs were cramped and stiff—she had slept, and for a long time, she thought, confusedly. She ran to the door.

"Oh!" she cried, dismayed.

It was quite dark—very dark; the sky was black and lowering. But for the line of white foam she would not have known where shore and sea met, and the island was a great, shapeless blot of shadow on the water. There was a storm coming; looking, she felt her heart throb faster. Would she be able to row herself in the darkness? If the storm burst, as at any minute it might do, with horrible jagged flashes and awful crashings

and mutterings—a storm always reduced her to piteous, abject terror—would she dare to try? Could she venture to stay in the solitary church while the storm raved and tore and flashed — the church where the red carpets were spread and the flowers were clustered, ghost-white, about the altar? Better the brooding silence of the dark sea than that; the mere thought sent her flying blindly down the steep path and out upon the steps. They were all wet with slippery green slime, for the tide was ebbing, but, clinging to the hand-rail, she got down them safely, stepped into the boat, and cast it off, hardly waiting, in her scared haste, to grope for and drag round her the thick cloak that lay in the bows.

She took the oars, rowing frantically, wildly, for even as she pushed off a blue flicker of lightning shot through the darkness like a flying torch, and a rumble of thunder followed. It came again, broader, brighter, nearer; for a moment she saw sky and sea all quivering in the flame, the deafening crack of the thunder seemed to split the air above her head, and as though it were a signal the storm broke with a roar, the rain rushed down like a shower of bullets. She screamed, forgetful of all but her desperate terror, and flung her hands over her eyes, crouching, shuddering. The peal died away in hoarse mutterings; she looked up, feeling for the oars, and they were gone.

She struggled up on her knees, and her terror found voice in a piercing scream. She shrieked and shrieked again distractedly; the thunder burst and drowned the cry. It rumbled into silence, and in a momentary slackening of the furious downpour a cry seemed to come back to her. She shrieked again, wildly, and now there was no doubt—a voice answered in a cheerful shout—a man's voice, strong as hers was weak. The boat sank in a hollow, rose on a crest, and, darker than the dark water, she saw another being pulled towards her with vigorous strokes. The voice came again—this time in articulate words.

"Right—right! Coming—coming! What's the matter?" it shouted, and she threw all her strength into her answering call.

"I've lost my oars—I'm drifting!" she cried.

Thunder drowned the reply, if one followed. The boat came closer, closer; her own jerked as a boat-hook caught it, and she clutched at the hand that gripped the gunwale, bringing the two alongside.

"'I WAS DRIFTING—I THOUGHT I SHOULD BE DROWNED!' SHE CRIED."

"Oh, I've lost my oars! The lightning frightened me; I let them go—they floated away. I was drifting—I thought I should be drowned!" she cried.

The lightning flashed again, illuminating each to the other—she drenched and bare-headed—her hat had been left in the church in her frightened flight—with dark hair beaten all dank and soaked about her little, pale face and large, scared eyes, piteous enough; he—she saw him, and gave a gasp of wordless wonder. He shifted his hand to grip hers, raising himself, and clutching her gunwale with the other.

"You had best come into my boat—you'll feel safer. You know how to step—lift yourself—be ready—now!"

The Countess stepped — even in her trembling panic the practice of years stood her in good stead—her foot was true, the quick, lithe balance of her body steady and sure; with the aid of the hand holding hers the transit was quite easy—in a moment she was in the seat to which it guided her, and he was securing her deserted boat to his. Then his long, powerful strokes were taking them through the water. Either the storm was passing or there was a lull in it; there was a cessation in the thunder and lightning; the furious violence of the rain was abating. His voice came quite clearly to her ears, brisk and cheerful.

"You're all right now—we'll be ashore before long—you hadn't drifted far. Lucky I was pretty close by; I hadn't reckoned on the storm bursting so soon, though I saw it coming, or I shouldn't have been out with the boat. I almost thought it was my fancy, or a sea-bird, when you screamed the first time. Pretty badly scared, weren't you? Poor little girl, no wonder! . . . . Ah, keep cool—sit down!" he cried.

The words were shouted, for more than her shrill cry drowned them. With frightful suddenness the sinister lull in the storm was broken; the thunder burst and rolled over their heads like a roar of cannon; flash upon flash of lightning, blinding and incessant, turned sea and sky to fire; the rain fell in a hissing torrent, the wind rose, shrieking, and, beside herself with terror, she half rose from her seat.

"Good heavens—you'll be over! You'll swamp us! Sit down!" he shouted once more; but, little less than mad in her frenzy of fear, she screamed again and was upon her feet. The boat heeled violently; only just in time he gripped at and dragged her down.

But it seemed that with the furious squall the main force of the storm had spent itself—the thunder rolled farther and farther away, the lightning flashes were fainter, the rain grew less and less. The Countess presently raised her head; it was only then she realized that her companion's arm was still about her as they half-crouched, half-knelt in the bottom of the boat.

"Is it over?" she asked, faintly. "Is it over now?"

"Yes, I think it's over now," he answered.

"I thought it would kill me—kill me!" She pushed herself a little from him, looking round confusedly; her wits were still astray. Then, suddenly, "Ah! we're drifting!" she cried.

"Yes, we're drifting." His voice was very quiet.

"But why—why? Why are we drifting?" She stared bewildered up at the face that was only a featureless blot in the darkness. "We shall be carried out farther and farther! We shall never get ashore at all unless you row! Why don't you row?"

Her tone was shrill, a nameless panic sharpened it. He laughed, not very steadily, and his clasp tightened round her.

"I'm afraid I can't, dear. You see—you mustn't be frightened—you see, the oars are gone."

"The oars are gone!" Why, this was a joke, she thought, vaguely; of course it was a joke! It had been true before—horribly true—when she was alone, but, of course, it was a joke now. Then understanding rushed upon her—she clutched him. "Ah," she cried, "it was when I stood up? You let them go then?"

"There wasn't time to save both—it was a close call as it was."

"The oars are gone! And we must just drift! We can do nothing!" she gasped.

"Yes—we must drift—till the tide turns."

"And then——"

"Why, then we shall be carried ashore."

"We may not—we may drift right out to sea! And if the wind rises——" Her voice rose in a wail. "If we are drowned—if we die—I shall have killed you—killed you!"

"We're not going to die, dear!" His tone was full, confident; there was even a suggestion of laughter in it, perhaps because he knew how near death might be lurking; his arm drew the slender, trembling figure closer, and to the little Countess it seemed that all her terror died. "You know me, little girl, don't you?" he whispered.

"Yes," she whispered back.

"Who am I?"

"You are the American."

"That's sort of vague—there's a considerable crowd of us. What American?"

"The fisherman from the island. You brought back my hat that day it blew away when I was rowing to the islet."

"You knew I hadn't gone away?"

"Yes. I've seen your flag. And——"

"And——"

"Sometimes I've seen you."

"When have you seen me?"

"I think—sometimes—you have listened while I practised in the church."

"Sometimes! I guess it's been nearly always! And you knew me, to-night, directly I came?"

"Yes," the little Countess whispered, as before.

He said nothing to that, but laughed again softly, and with great gentleness and caution raised her so as to place her on a seat, presently contriving to free her from her sodden cloak and replace it with his own oil-skin coat, so that she was almost warm and dry. Then, side by side, silently, with the comfort and support of his arm about her, they drifted, waiting for the turning of the tide.

Exhausted by her terror, lulled by the gentle motion of the boat, the girl's head drooped little by little against her companion's shoulder and she slept soundly—so the hours went by. She was sleeping still, when, at a cessation of the motion and a grinding sound, her eyes flashed open and she saw him on his feet.

"We are ashore!" she cried, but half awake.

"Yes — we're ashore!" He restrained her when she would have started up, peering through the pale gloom, for now the stars were fading and the moon was gone; it was the colourless cold hour before the dawn. "Wait—wait—I think—good heavens, yes! It's not the shore. It is the island!"

"The island?" She was still dazed. "You —you mean——"

"The island—my island—yes. We're on the farther seaward side. Oh, it's great luck —we're close to the cove—close to my tent—close to the yacht—everything! Wait—it's deep water; I must carry you up the beach."

He was over the gunwale with the words and in water to the knees; in a moment he had lifted her out of the boat and was carrying her up a steep pebbly slope that slipped and twisted under his feet. Riding at anchor in a tiny, sheltered cove, the shape of a little yacht was dimly visible; across the stretch of rough grass at the head of the slope, backed by a great protecting wall of rock, was a large, gaily-striped tent, the scarlet flag above it fluttering out like a flame—it seemed that the Fates had drifted their boat very kindly.

Set upon her feet before the tent, the little Countess looked up into the eyes that she knew were so blue in the American's tanned, boyish face; it was not light enough for her to see more than the outline of his cropped, fair head.

"I didn't know you had a yacht."

"Didn't you? She's a motor, and a daisy —only wants two to manage her. My man's away now, though; I didn't have any use for him while I stayed here." He turned to the tent door. "I'll row you ashore as soon as the tide serves—about two hours. I'll light a fire and get you warm and dry. You're shivering your poor little self almost to pieces now."

It was true enough; even when she was in the tent, sitting wrapped in the rug with which he quickly replaced the oilskin, she could not at first keep her teeth from chattering or control the trembling of her limbs. But she drank the brandy that, after lighting a lamp, he hurried to bring her, and presently was quite glowing and rosy in the great soft wrap, watching while he deftly kindled a fire in the convenient American stove whose smoke escaped through a pipe and a hole in the canvas, put on a kettle filled from a shining tank in the corner, and, spreading a cloth on the camp table, produced all sorts of things to eat from all sorts of places—it seemed a marvellously well-equipped tent. And all the while he talked gaily, telling of a score of queer shifts and incidents of his prolonged picnic upon the island. Did she know he had been there five weeks? Yes, she knew—and she, listening, laughed and questioned and commented, a metamorphosed Lady Glenvalloch whom Mrs. Kirkmichael would hardly have known. In the future, afterwards, in a time she would not look at, secretly, alone, behind locked doors, with everyone shut away, she would live every minute of this over and over again. But that would be wicked! Wicked, because —— The thought was like the unexpected clutch of a cold hand — she shuddered violently, and he looked round, all eager concern.

"You're cold still — I hoped you were warm. Perhaps it's your hair—it must be dripping—I didn't think of that. Take it down and let it dry, won't you? There's a lot of heat now from the stove."

Yes, but she was not cold, she said, faintly, and pulled down the dark hair that was so long and thick and heavy she was always at some trouble to dispose of it all, shaking it out over her shoulders and her crushed, tumbled muslin frock. It began to dry and curl and shine in the warmth of the stove presently, while she drank the hot coffee he brought her and ate the nondescript viands with which he piled her plate. But she did not laugh again, although she listened eagerly to his talk, especially to his description of his home on the shores of Lake Erie—as new and sunny and comfortable, it seemed, as Glenvalloch was old and grim and grey. The two hours had dwindled to their last minutes, and the light of the new morning was almost bright outside the tent door when she glanced that way.

"I think you could row me now," she said; and he rose reluctantly.

"Yes, I guess so. Are your shoes quite dry? May I put them on for you?"

The shoes had been placed by the stove to dry; he brought them, and put them on and tied them. And then, kneeling at her side, suddenly, passionately, before she knew, he had caught up a handful of her streaming hair and kissed it. He was on his feet the next moment, flushed and a little shamefaced, and she was staring up at him, white, and shrinking back in her chair.

"Don't be angry," he said, very eagerly and humbly. "I wouldn't make you angry for the world, you know I wouldn't. And don't be frightened—I won't say a word you

"SUDDENLY, PASSIONATELY, BEFORE SHE KNEW, HE HAD CAUGHT UP A HANDFUL OF HER STREAMING HAIR AND KISSED IT."

don't want me to—now. But you don't mind my saying, do you, how tremendously I've wanted to speak to you again, ever since that first time? I should have done long ago, only I was so desperately afraid of vexing you, or scaring you, perhaps—you—you're such a shy little girl! I've only stayed here, on the island, because of you. And I've waited because I thought that I'd maybe have a better chance afterwards. I knew you knew I was around; I guess the grass outside that church window you can see the organ from is trampled pretty well! I wouldn't go near Glenvalloch; I thought Mrs. Kirkmichael looked the sort to give you a scolding if she saw me."

"Afterwards?" the Countess repeated, helplessly—she hardly heard the rest. She was trembling because, although he stood away from her, every word seemed to touch her like a caress, and that was terrible. It had not been terrible in the boat, for in the boat she had not remembered—no, not once. But it was terrible now. He laughed.

"Why, yes. I know that when my sister was getting married everything else had to take a back seat!" He paused. "I won't ask you a thing, dear—I won't say another word—I'll row you ashore right away. But first you might just give me a name to think of you by."

"A name? I—I have a string of names," she faltered.

"Have you? What a little girl for a string of names!" He laughed again, and she trembled more. "Tell me the one they call you by mostly. Won't you? Do!"

"Felicity," she said, faintly.

"Felicity? I've thought that it might be a dozen things, but I've never thought of that. So you're Felicity Chester?"

"Chester?" She sprang up with a look of terrified dismay. "Oh, you don't know!" she cried, piteously; "I felt you didn't know! It's—it's a mistake. Miss Chester is Mrs. Kirkmichael's companion. I—I'm Lady Glenvalloch."

"Lady Glenvalloch? The Countess? You?" She nodded and put out her hands towards him with a little sharp cry because she saw his face go strained and white. "You? It's you who are going to be married to-morrow?"

"Yes," she said, breathlessly.

She stood and watched him helplessly as he turned away and went to the tent door. In a minute he turned back again.

"Yes, it's a mistake," he said, slowly. "My fault, of course. I—don't know how I came to be such a fool." He stopped. "You see, after that first day I waited about trying to see you again, and when you came out with Miss Chester, and I asked who you were, and they told me the Countess and Mrs. Kirkmichael's companion, I never had any doubt as to which must be you. You—you're such a little girl! . . . So it's gone on. . . And you're going to marry your cousin to-morrow? . . . No—it's to-day!"

"Yes—I must." She began to speak with a feverish rapidity. "I must. I promised I would, long ago, when I was old enough—I ought—it's the only thing I can do. You see, when Aunt Rhoda married my uncle she thought she might be Lady Glenvalloch before long; perhaps she would not have married him but for thinking so. And when it didn't happen she was quite sure that anyhow Ronald would be the earl. Nobody expected that my father would marry; he was almost getting old! I think she was very angry when he did, and more so still when I was born. They care a great deal about the title—that and Glenvalloch—perhaps because they are the only things they can't buy. I would give them both if I could, instead of marrying him; they are what they want—not me. There's nothing else, because I am so poor."

"Poor? You?"

"Very poor—quite poor. My father speculated; I have hardly anything! Glenvalloch would have to be shut up if it were not for Aunt Rhoda—she is very, very rich, you know." She shivered. "I think sometimes, when people are so very rich, it makes them cruel . . . . I promised to marry Ronald when I was sixteen."

"Sixteen?" He groaned. "You were a child—good heavens, you're nothing but a child now! How dared he ask you?"

"Ronald? He didn't." There was faint surprise in her face. "He has hardly ever spoken to me about it—of course, it isn't as if he really wanted to marry me. It was Aunt Rhoda—she said in my position I owed it to them, and that it was the best thing for me. So I promised. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes, I understand." Indeed, older than she and quicker witted, he did understand entirely—Mrs. Kirkmichael secured the coronet for which she had bargained, if not for her son, for her son's son. She had risen and was looking at him; he moved nearer to her. "Yes, I understand that you're to be married to-day! Married to a man you don't care a cent for. To a mar

who hasn't even condescended to ask you. Good heavens, who hasn't asked you!" Then suddenly his hands were on her shoulders. "And if you could you'd rather marry me, dear, wouldn't you?"

"They—they would never let me!" the little Countess gasped.

"No; they'll never let you! Have they ever let you do anything in your poor little starved slave's life that they haven't chosen you should do? But if you weren't tied hand and foot—if you weren't the Countess—if you were just the little girl I'm holding—you would, wouldn't you?"

"Ah, what's that? Listen!" she cried.

She had been quicker than he to catch the sound of voices. She ran to the tent door, clutching it, swaying, hardly able to keep her feet, staring at the two approaching figures. The one in advance gave a cry—there was a strange sound in it. Only Ronald Kirkmichael himself knew whether it was wholly with relief that he saw her standing there. He hurried forward, but it was big Dugald, with face all haggard and lined from his night of sleepless searching, who, pushing him aside with a rough thrust of his great shoulder, caught her as she fell forward, and carried her, cold and senseless, down to the boat.

As the storm had been succeeded by a placid night of moon and stars, so the bright morning was followed by gloom and mist—mist that, drifting over the water, thickened and thickened and grew and grew until sky and sea were hidden.

At Glenvalloch they dressed a bride as white as the satin and lace in which they robed her; a bride who stood dumb amidst her chattering bridesmaids, and whose dark eyes were wide and dazed beneath her frost-like veil; a bride at whom the servants about her stared doubtfully askance, and of whom more than one of the wedding-guests whispered that her fright of last night might have turned the girl's brain. Indeed, one lady, plump, kindly, excitable, and the mother of a troop of daughters, burst into explosive tears as she watched the small figure descending the great staircase, declaring, with hysterical vehemence, that "the child looked like death."

The fog was very dense—so dense that a portion of the wedding-guests declined the risk of the row to the islet; so dense that, although the church was illuminated, not the faintest sign of its lights was visible from the shore; so dense that the boats that pushed off from the Glenvalloch landing-stage were lost at half their own length away. The bride's was the last. Big Dugald stooped and drew the heavy brocaded cloak, that covered her from head to foot, more closely round her as he placed her in her seat.

"Ye'll no' be minding the bit mist, my leddy? Ye'll ken it's me that's rowing ye," he said.

"Yes," the little Countess answered. She glanced up from the shrouding hood at the huge figure standing above her. "I shall know it's you, Dugald," she said.

"Ye'll ken fine it's me," Dugald repeated, and turned away to get the oars. In a minute, as she waited, she heard the wet, rasping sound of a boat being pushed off from the shingle, and wondered vaguely who it might be—but only vaguely. It seemed that all her senses were numbed and dull, and she was shivering pitifully in the great white cloak. She did not look up when Dugald stepped into the boat.

How very thick the fog was! So thick that it seemed to muffle the very sound of Dugald's oars. So thick that, although they must now be drawing near to the islet, there was still no sign of the lighted church. So thick that nothing broke its woolly density but one great yellow blur. But that was still far away, and was too low down for the church, though it seemed to be drawing nearer, nearer—Dugald was rowing very fast. The fog was getting thinner—surely a little thinner; the yellow blur shot out red darts like flames—they had lighted a fire in the churchyard. Dugald ceased rowing; the boat ran grinding in. It could not be by the steps! He sprang out and came round to her, and she stood up, trying to put back her hood.

"Where are we?" she said, bewilderedly.

He said nothing, but lifted her out, carried her a little way, and set her down. And as he did so she gave a cry, and the cloak slipped from her hold and fell in a rustling heap, so that she stood in her white wedding dress with the fog-wreaths curling about her.

"Ah—you are not Dugald!" she cried.

"No, I am not Dugald." He stood before her, strong, dear, eager; she could hardly see him for amazement and the desperate, wild beating of her heart. "Oh, my little Felicity—my little white girl—don't look like that! You're not frightened now that you are here, dear, with me? You shall never be frightened again. No, I'm not Dugald, but he's here waiting for us—waiting for you. Bless the fates that he is in love, too, with his sweetheart in the States and he aching to

see her again, or he might never have helped me to steal you."

"Steal me?" the little Countess echoed. This was not the islet, but the island, and the fog stood around it like a wall. The church with the red carpets and the flowers, her bridegroom, Aunt Rhoda, all were shut away. "Steal me, Dugald?" she said, dazed.

"Abduct you—kidnap you! What does it matter what we call it so that it's done? I followed you on shore this morning—did you think I'd leave you helpless to be tied and shackled like a little slave? After last night—after what I'd almost made you say? I had to let them take you, but . . . . I made Dugald speak to me—I think I almost went on my knees to him—I dared him, if there was any girl he cared for, to tell me he believed you were happy. He broke out then and swore, and owned how you had cried to him. Cried to him! Good heavens! I would have gone to the church and dragged you away from them after that, unless he had promised to help me. He told me he was to row you, and that gave me the idea. I was to bring the yacht round close to the islet and wait ready to hoist anchor, and he was to row you out to her—I couldn't get near you; it seemed the only way." He took her hand and kissed it humbly. "I believed that if you were once with me, dear, you would stay, even if they followed—even if they caught me before we could get clear. But when the fog came it altered things; I wouldn't trust anyone but myself to row you then. I know this bit of water as well as Dugald does, and I trusted to it—the fog—to keep you from seeing who had got you. So he put you in the boat, and then pushed off for the island by himself—didn't you hear him?—and I took his place. I've promised him that he shall marry his Maggie as soon as they can fix it, and that both of them shall help me to look after you. We'll make for Liverpool first, and cross in the first liner that sails. You'll come, dear—you'll trust me and come? You shall never——"

"Ah—what's that? They will come—they will take me!" the Countess cried.

Since setting her down he had not touched her save when he kissed her hand, but now he laughed happily and clasped her close, for with her cry she clutched him, and in the little clinging fingers there was an answer to all questions. Both knew what was the sound to which they listened, deadened by the fog though it was—the church bell was ringing out a jerking, clangorous peal—there were fright and wonder on the islet where they waited for the bride. But it was only for a moment that they heeded it, because they were whispering cheek to cheek; probably from him there came nothing but the asseveration that he loved her—loved her; perhaps from her there faltered the confession of how she had yesterday kissed her hands in farewell to the flutter of his scarlet flag. Then, wrapped snugly in a great cloak which she vaguely comprehended that Dugald must have filched for her, tremulous and trembling, but not afraid—never afraid—she was left alone beside the piled fire of brushwood that had guided them. What he did she could not see, but there was a sound of grinding over pebbles, of tearing, and a crack as of snapping wood. And all the time the bell from the islet clanged out its muffled jangle of warning and alarm. Then he was visible through the floating mist-wreaths, was at her side again, and caught the hands she stretched out and held them.

"I have overturned the boat and sent it drifting," he told her, "but first I tore your cloak and fixed it in the thwarts. I have broken an oar too. You know what that means?"

"No," she said, perplexed.

"Don't you?" He laughed, holding her. "Oh, my little rosy girl, don't you? It means that the tide will wash them ashore. It means that they may search and search and never find Felicity. It means that they will think she is drowned and her precious little body carried out to sea. It means that to-morrow your cousin and his mother will have all they want—all you are willing to give them—he will be the Earl of Glenvalloch and Mull, and you will be—who?"

"Who? Oh," she cried, and laughed softly at the wonder of it. "I don't know your name!"

He whispered his name and she whispered it back to him. "What else?" she asked, and he told her—Frankland. Could my lady the Countess of Glenvalloch and Mull be only Felicity Frankland for the rest of her life and bear it?—a question at which she laughed again in scorn, a most wondrously transfigured and perfectly-named Felicity. And he, because he was young and a lover, because he was in a tumult of happiness and delight and triumph, laughed too, and kissed the little face that glowed like a rose under the frosty veil. "Oh, but it's great! What a scoop for the papers!" he cried.

And then, hand in hand, like children running away, they hurried across the island towards the cove, and the fog, the kindly, the

blessed, the protective fog, stood up like a very rampart and hedged them in. It was when they presently halted that the little Countess uttered the only question concerning himself besides the asking for his name that it occurred to her to put to her lover.

"You are not rich," she said, seeming to shrink; "not really rich, like Aunt Rhoda, are you?"

"No, dear," he answered, simply.

They had halted because they had come to the sloping, pebbly beach, and he lifted her as he had done last night and carried her down to the water's edge, where Dugald, looming gigantic through the mist, took her from him and placed her in the waiting dinghy. In a few minutes they were upon the yacht's deck. And then the American took the Countess's cloak away, so that she stood in her white array, rosy, shy, and smiling—a most fair little bride. He drew a ring from his finger—a ring absurdly large—and placed it upon hers, his young face very grave. "We are in Scotland; this must do until we can do more, Dugald," he said, and kissed the hand and the gold circle together. "I take you for my wife, sweetheart, and pledge myself your husband," he declared, and big Dugald, listening for his mistress's soft, responding murmur, looked from her radiant face to his and back again. "Man, but ye kent fine!" he said, solemnly, and with that chuckled and turned to the engine-room—he was a taciturn person. In a moment the little vessel began to move; the deadened clang of the bell from the islet was still faintly audible as she cut her way through the fast-thinning fog-wreaths into the bright water beyond and stood out to sea.

"SHE STOOD IN HER WHITE ARRAY, ROSY, SHY, AND SMILING."

So it happened that Felicity Frankland was born, and that Fleet Street, greatly rejoicing, flung itself wildly into lurid headlines and hysterical adjectives concerning the tragical death of the Countess of Glenvalloch and Mull.

Butterflies at Christmas.

By JOHN J. WARD,

Author of "Some Nature Biographies," etc. *Illustrated from Original Photographs by the Author.*

WHEN damp days come and icy-cold winds commence to blow, man is so busily occupied at such times in attending to his own creature comforts that he rarely gives a thought to what is happening to the frail life-forms that appear summer after summer. For instance, there is the familiar Large White Butterfly (Fig. 1), which the Londoner may sometimes see even in the busy thoroughfare of the Strand; or, indeed, in almost every spot in the British Isles, so abundant is this insect in both town and country; yet how few of those who know the insect well could tell how it spends the winter!

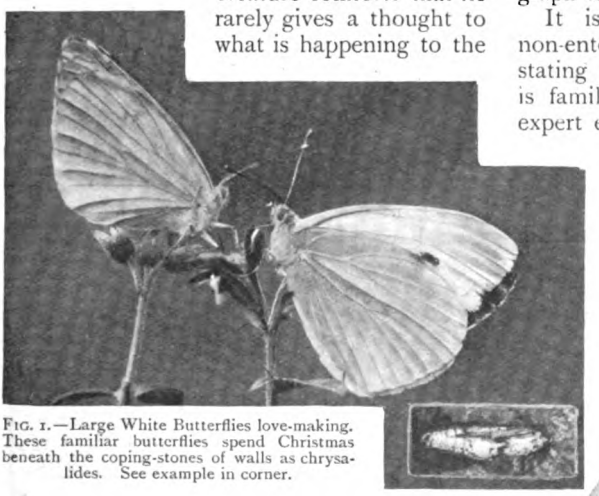


FIG. 1.—Large White Butterflies love-making. These familiar butterflies spend Christmas beneath the coping-stones of walls as chrysalides. See example in corner.

In this article, therefore, I propose to consider how Christmas will be passed by some of the more familiar butterflies of summer-time. I would say, furthermore, that, with one exception (Fig. 10), each of the butterflies illustrated here has been photographed from life, *i.e.*, in its natural pose, just as my readers might see it in its wild state. This class of photography is beset with many difficulties, as those who have attempted it will know well. It may interest readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE to learn that, to secure some of the pictures shown here, the writer had often to spend four or five hours of careful watching with camera all in readiness, so rarely could the insects be caught in a pose that would show their characteristic features and at the same time sufficiently at rest for a life-size photograph to be made.

It is not at all surprising that the non-entomologist should find a difficulty in stating how the butterflies with which he is familiar pass the winter season, for even expert entomologists cannot speak with any certainty regarding some of the most common species. The butterflies shown in Figs. 2 and 3 present examples of such doubtful character.

The Red Admiral is one of the commonest and most striking of British butterflies; its velvety, black forewings, striped boldly

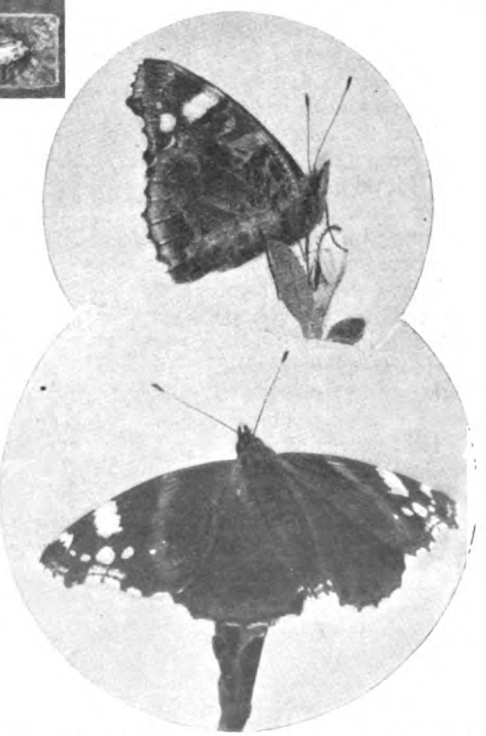


FIG. 2.—The Red Admiral alights and exposes to the sunlight its handsome and striking colours.

with scarlet and heavily spotted with white, together with its large size, readily distinguish it as it feasts amongst the autumn flowers. Likewise, the Clouded Yellow Butterfly, with its orange-coloured wings broadly edged with black (Fig. 3), is equally striking, and sometimes even more abundant, although in some seasons it is quite scarce. Now, both these butterflies may abound in late autumn, but at the first signs of frost they entirely disappear. Late in the following spring both species are often seen again, but as isolated individuals or, at all events, in small numbers. From these facts it was concluded that the butterflies hibernated for the winter and that the cold killed off most of them. There is, however, good reasons for thinking that the butterflies seen in spring are not the same as those that showed in autumn. The spring butterflies are, most probably, immigrants from the Continent blown here by suitable winds; and it is the offspring of these immigrant species that develop into the larger broods seen at autumn; but even some of these may be new arrivals. In the same manner, too, the large autumn broods, at the approach of cold, drift with warm winds to more congenial climes.

This theory of immigration certainly is more plausible than that of hibernation, as it would account for the fact that the butterflies are never found hiding during winter, and also that remains of perished individuals of the large autumn broods are never met with. Another point which lends colour to the immigration theory is that the Painted Lady Butterfly, which is a first cousin to the Red Admiral, has an established reputation as a notorious migrant. Furthermore, the two species are often found associating on the slopes and summits of hills.

FIG. 3.—The Clouded Yellow Butterfly, who spends its Christmas abroad.

It may be said, then, of these handsome species that they do not "spend the winter" anywhere, but evade it, or, rather, they spend their Christmas abroad.

Although only some sixty-seven or sixty eight butterfly species are found in the British Isles, yet they have solved the winter problem in quite a variety of ways. Though some of our most handsome butterflies have to winter abroad, other species, more hardy in constitution, are able to survive throughout our months of frost and snow.

That such a frail creature as a butterfly, whose life activities are essentially associated with warmth and sunlight, should be able to endure several months of damp and snowy weather alternating with periods of freezing temperatures, and then, at the first approach of mild weather, take to its wings as if it had only rested in its flight awhile, seems a remarkable fact; nevertheless, this is true of several of the most familiar British butterflies.

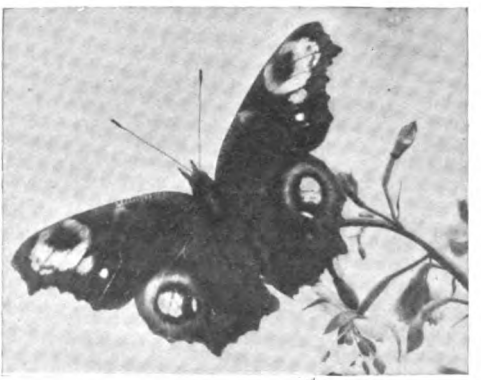


FIG. 4.—Showing how the Peacock Butterfly closes its "eyes." This butterfly may be seen flying in mid-winter and even when snow is upon the ground.

In Figs. 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 some of these hibernating species are shown. The familiar Peacock Butterfly (Fig. 4) is readily distinguished by its bold "eyes" (resembling those of the tail feathers of the peacock) glittering on the upper surface of its velvety brown wings as it moves amongst the thistle-flowers in autumn. There is always the possibility that this insect may be seen flying on any day in mid-winter. Even during a walk on a snowy Christmas Day

FIG. 5.—Small Tortoiseshell Butterfly. This butterfly is the one most likely to be met with during winter.

that possibility exists, for it has been observed on more than one occasion flying over snow-covered pastures.

Likewise the Small Tortoiseshell (Fig. 5), one of the prettiest and perhaps the most familiar amongst all our British butterflies that bear red and orange-coloured wings. This insect is easily recognised by its orange and red hues, together with the pale blue splashes that decorate the edges of its wings. On any mild day throughout the winter this butterfly is likely to be tempted from its hiding-place to stretch its wings in a short flight in the sunlight. Often that flight results in disaster in winter's fickle sunshine, which may disappear as quickly as it came, and leave the butterfly numbed and cold before it can find its hiding-place again; nevertheless, sunshine is irresistible to this merry little insect, and of all the butterflies that hibernate for the winter this is the one most likely to be observed.

In the spring the tortoiseshell is always one of the earliest butterflies abroad, and it is this insect, therefore, that provides the crop of newspaper paragraphs that invariably turn up about February or early March, stating that a butterfly has been seen on the wing, attesting the "abnormal mildness of the weather." There is, of course, in this nothing abnormal; the butterfly might have been seen in December or January for that matter. Before one can be justified in describing as "abnormal" any phenomenon connected with insects he should first be fully acquainted with the habits of the insects; but more on this point later.

A somewhat similar insect to the tortoiseshell is the Comma Butterfly (Fig. 6). This insect is not nearly so common as the former, and may be readily distinguished by the edges of its wings being much more jagged and by the absence of the blue spots at their edges. Sometimes on a winter's day this insect may be seen sailing along like a bit of tattered leaf; its cut wings, however, are perfectly natural.

Now, in the cases of the peacock, the small tortoiseshell, and also the comma, while the upper sides of the wings are brilliantly coloured, the lower sides are dull and dingy. The peacock illustrated in Fig. 4 presents a good example of this. One moment the insect is a gorgeous display of colour; it closes its wings, and instantly its colours are obliterated. The advantages that these hibernating species derive from this characteristic are obvious.

With wings open the insects are most conspicuous, but it would need keen eyes to distinguish them when, with wings closed, they rest against the dark roof of a barn or beneath the ledge in a hollow tree, where they have retreated for their winter sleep. The curious wavy and irregular markings of the lower wings harmonize so perfectly with the dusty thatching of the roof, or the fallen and shrivelled leaves that lodge in the crevices of the tree, that the insects become completely lost amidst their surroundings.

How efficient this protection is I have endeavoured to show in Fig. 7. The photograph represents two comma butterflies resting in their natural attitudes (for the insects were living when photographed) on a branch bearing shrivelled leaves. I wonder how many readers of this magazine would have observed these butterflies had they seen the branch amidst ordinary surroundings?

Even their pale-coloured legs and the conspicuous white comma-like marking in the

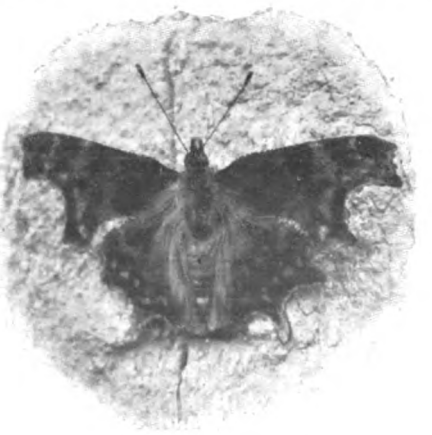


FIG. 6.—The Comma Butterfly resting on the bark of a tree with wings open.

centre of the lower wings have their meaning, and, as the photograph shows, appear only like damaged parts and insect-eaten spots in the tissues of the apparent leaf. Probably, too, the contrasting whiteness of the legs and the comma-like marking serve to momentarily distract the eye of an approaching enemy, and divert it from the general contour of the insect, but they remain immovable, and the eye of the foraging mouse or bird is soon turned in other directions. Thus it would neglect to give its usual close scrutiny to that particular spot. It is from the comma-like marking referred to that the butterfly derives its popular name.

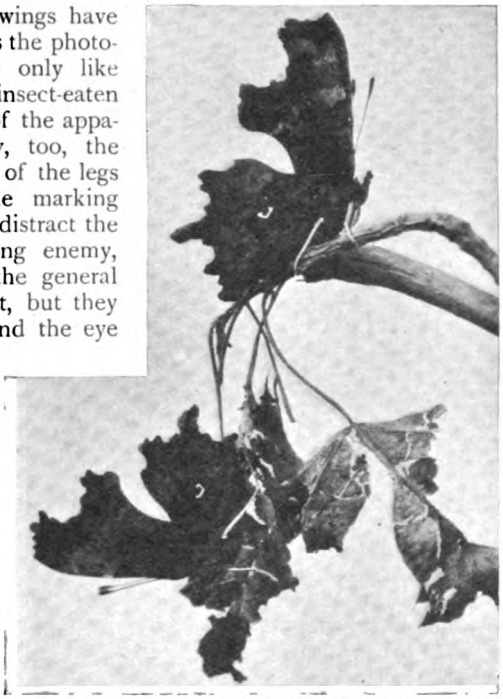


FIG. 7.—Two Comma Butterflies resting with closed wings, and showing their resemblance to shrivelled leaves.

Then there is the Brimstone Butterfly (Fig. 8), the male of bright daffodil yellow and the female of primrose hue. This is another insect that may

FIG. 8.—The Brimstone Butterfly, which may surprise the country rambler any sunny day in winter.

surprise the country rambler any sunny day during winter. Its colours are very striking, and one naturally wonders how with such colours it can remain unseen during the period of its hibernation; however, a little thought will recall to the mind that this yellow colour is found amongst many evergreens, such as variegated laurels, barberries, privets, and hollies, and as such bushes would serve as good shelter, these shrubs probably offer suitable hiding-places; also the leaf-like aspect of the wings tends to suggest such a probability.

About a dozen of British butterfly species select the chrysalis stage as a means of solving the winter problem. This particularly applies to the various species of white or cabbage butterflies, so familiar throughout the summer months. The Large White (Fig. 1) may be taken as an example. That insect generally spends its Christmas under the coping of the garden wall, or between the angles of palings and fences, fixed in a horizontal position as shown in the corner of Fig. 1; held there by a delicate silken girdle it awaits an atmosphere more congenial for its destructive work amongst the cabbages.

In Fig. 9 a female Orange-tip Butterfly is shown, a familiar insect in May and June, and easily recognised by the mottled green and white underwings (shown in photograph), which are white above, the fore wings being tipped and spotted with black. In the male insect the fore wings bear a bright patch of

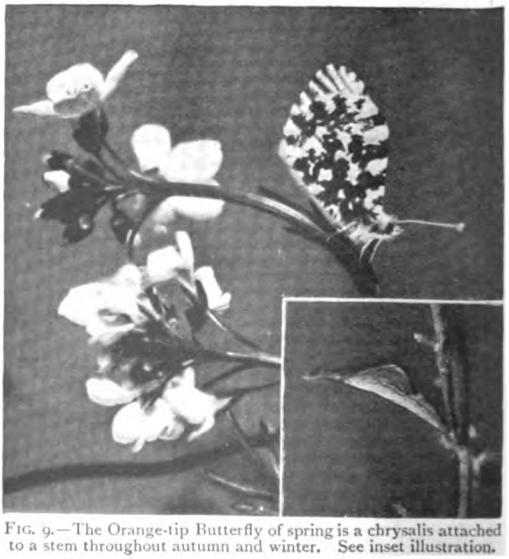


FIG. 9.—The Orange-tip Butterfly of spring is a chrysalis attached to a stem throughout autumn and winter. See inset illustration.

orange colour at their tips, hence the popular name "orange-tip." In July the caterpillar of this butterfly gives up feeding and attaches itself to the stems of the lady's-smock, on whose seed-pods it feeds. Then it moults its skin, and so changes into a chrysalis like that shown below the butterfly in Fig. 9. The chrysalis in shape resembles the seed-pods amongst which it is placed, and possibly by this means it is protected from the eyes of its enemies during this longest period of its life, for it remains in the chrysalis stage from the end of July until May of the following year. During all this time the tender chrysalis remains exposed; it is subjected to drenching rains, and becomes frozen and thawed many times, but at the end of it all the delicate butterfly breaks from its frail, protective shell and greets the sunlight. It is interesting, too, to note that at the first the chrysalis is green, like the seed-pods; later in the autumn, when the pods become browned, the chrysalis likewise assumes that colour; thus the chrysalis remains inconspicuous.

FIG. 10.—The Swallow-tail Butterfly in summer and in winter.

The famous Swallow-tail Butterfly (Fig. 10), also remains throughout the winter in the chrysalis state; the chrysalis is attached to the stems of the reeds in an upright position, as shown in Fig. 10. This insect, however, is now only to be found in the Eastern counties in a few districts amongst the undrained fens. Drainage and cultivation seem to have driven it from many of its old haunts; it is, however, a familiar insect on the Continent.

Now it is obvious that if either the large white butterfly, the orange-tip, or the swallow-tail were seen flying in February or March, that fact might then reasonably be put forward as evidence of the "abnormal mildness of the weather," for these butterflies rarely emerge until winter is well past. Thus, as I have previously mentioned, the writers of the weather paragraphs should first look to the butterfly before offering its advent as proof of a mild season. Even then mistakes may be made, for it often happens that a caterpillar forms its chrysalis against a greenhouse chimney or in some similar warm quarters, and so its butterfly arrives prematurely into a cold and desolate world, only to perish quickly. However, when a few butterflies of a species known to spend the winter in the chrysalis stage are seen in the course of a ramble early in the year, then it is a true sign of winter's retreat. The sexes necessarily must appear together, and when several butterflies are seen moving about it is at least evidence of a milder temperature.

The most general method of wintering amongst British butterflies is in their caterpillar stage; more than thirty of our sixty-odd native species so spend the winter. The Speckled Wood Butterfly (Fig. 11), however, varies its proceedings, and is sometimes a caterpillar and at other times a chrysalis during the winter period. Probably, when the autumn is mild, the caterpillars continue their development and complete their feeding, and thus attain the chrysalis stage before winter.

FIG. 11. — The Speckled Wood Butterfly. It sometimes spends Christmas in the chrysalis stage, suspended to grass blades, as shown in corner.

When the caterpillars hibernate they are usually very small, and hide amongst the leaves low down on the ground. The familiar Small Copper Butterfly shown in Fig. 12 presents a good example. The caterpillars are like tiny green slugs (see

inset illustration Fig. 12), which conceal themselves beneath dock-leaves; early in the year they continue their feeding, and by April or May they have completed their development and become butterflies.

The same method is adopted by most of the species of the charming little blue butterflies

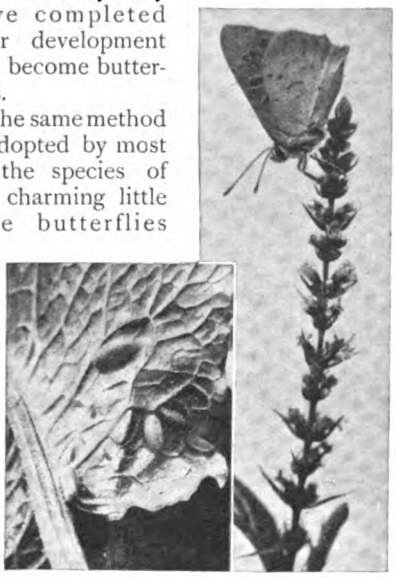


FIG. 12.—The Small Copper Butterfly at Christmas is a tiny green, slug-like caterpillar, hiding beneath a dock-leaf.

that flit from flower to flower and make gay the grassy roadsides at midsummer. The Chalk Hill Blue (Figs. 13 and 14) is a very familiar example, being found in most of the Southern counties. The species known as the Silver-studded Blue, however, spends its winter in the egg stage. The eggs are deposited amongst the stems of heather during July and August and remain through the winter, the young caterpillars hatching from them in April of the following year. In Fig. 15 two of these eggs are shown as they appear when magnified four hundred times.

There are some eight species of British butterflies that pass the winter in the egg stage, but most of these are familiar only to entomologists; four of them are known as Hairstreaks, and three of them belong to the Skippers; the eighth is the more familiar silver-studded blue just mentioned. There is also a ninth species, which seems to compromise the matter of egg and caterpillar stage. This is the High Brown Fritillary, which deposits its eggs in July, and although these do not hatch out their caterpillars until the following April, yet the young caterpillars are perfectly formed within the egg before winter.

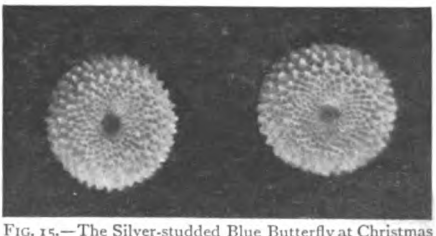


FIG. 15.—The Silver-studded Blue Butterfly at Christmas is an egg. Two examples are shown here (magnified four hundred times).

FIG. 13.—The female Chalk Hill Blue Butterfly reveals her silvery-blue colour when——

(FIG. 14)——She opens her wings.

Thus it is clear that it is not an easy matter to state definitely how British butterflies spend their Christmas. It is obvious, though, that the various methods adopted by the different species all have a direct connection with the timely development of the insect; each species appears in its due season—when its food-plants are to be found.

PRIZE MONEY

BY

W·W·JACOBS

THE old man stood by the window, gazing at the frozen fields beyond. The sign of the Cauliflower was stiff with snow, and the breath of a pair of waiting horses in a wagon beneath ascended in clouds of steam.

"Amusements?" he said slowly, as he came back with a shiver and, resuming his seat by the tap-room fire, looked at the wayfarer who had been idly questioning him. "Claybury men don't have much time for amusements. The last one I can call to mind was Bill Chambers being nailed up in a pig-sty he was cleaning out, but there was such a fuss made over that—by Bill—that it sort o' disheartened people."

He got up again restlessly, and, walking round the table, gazed long and hard into three or four mugs.

"Sometimes a little gets left in them," he explained, meeting the stranger's inquiring glance. The latter started, and, knocking on the table with the handle of his knife, explained that he had been informed by a man outside that his companion was the bitterest teetotaller in Claybury.

"That's one o' Bob Pretty's larks," said the old man, flushing. "I see you talking to 'im, and I thought as 'ow he warn't up to no good. Biggest rascal in Claybury, he is. I've said so afore, and I'll say so agin."

He bowed to the donor and buried his old face in the mug.

"A poacher!" he said, taking breath. "A thief!" he continued, after another draught. "I wonder whether Smith spilt any of this a-carrying of it in?"

He put down the empty mug and made a careful examination of the floor, until a musical rapping on the table brought the landlord into the room again.

"My best respects," he said, gratefully, as he placed the mug on the settle by his side and slowly filled a long clay pipe. Next time you see Bob Pretty ask 'im wot happened to the prize hamper. He's done a good many things has Bob, but it'll be a long time afore Claybury men'll look over that.

It was Henery Walker's idea. Henery 'ad been away to see an uncle of 'is wife's wot had money and nobody to leave it to—leastways, so Henery thought when he wasted his money going over to see 'im—and he came back full of the idea, which he 'ad picked up from the old man.

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"We each pay twopence a week till Christmas," he ses, "and we buy a hamper with a goose or a turkey in it, and bottles o' rum and whisky and gin, as far as the money'll go, and then we all draw lots for it, and the one that wins has it."

It took a lot of explaining to some of 'em, but Smith, the landlord, helped Henery, and in less than four days twenty-three men had paid their tuppences to Henery, who 'ad been made the seckitary, and told him to hand them over to Smith in case he lost his memory.

Bob Pretty joined one arternoon on the quiet, and more than one of 'em talked of 'aving their money back, but, arter Smith 'ad explained as 'ow he would see fair play, they thought better of it.

"He'll 'ave the same chance as all of you," he ses. "No more and no less."

"I'd feel more easy in my mind, though, if 'e wasn't in it," ses Bill Chambers, staring at Bob. "I never knew 'im to lose anything yet."

"You don't know everything, Bill," ses Bob, shaking his 'ead. "You don't know me; else you wouldn't talk like that. I've never been caught doing wrong yet, and I 'ope I never shall."

"It's all right, Bill," ses George Kettle. "Mr. Smith'll see fair, and I'd sooner win Bob Pretty's money than anybody's."

"I 'ope you will, mate," ses Bob; "that's what I joined for."

"Bob's money is as good as anybody else's," ses George Kettle, looking round at the others. "It don't signify to me where he got it from."

"Ah, I don't like to hear you talk like that, George," ses Bob Pretty. "I've thought more than once that you 'ad them ideas."

He drank up his beer and went off 'ome, shaking his 'ead, and, arter three or four of 'em 'ad explained to George Kettle wot he meant, George went off 'ome, too.

The week afore Christmas, Smith, the landlord, said as 'ow he 'ad got enough money, and three days arter we all came up 'ere to see the prize drawn. It was one o' the biggest hampers Smith could get; and there was a fine, large turkey in it, a large goose, three pounds o' pork sausages, a bottle o' whisky, a bottle o' rum, a bottle o' brandy, a bottle o' gin, and two bottles o' wine. The hamper was all decorated with holly, and a little flag was stuck in the top.

On'y men as belonged was allowed to feel the turkey and the goose, and arter a time Smith said as 'ow p'r'aps they'd better leave off, and 'e put all the things back in the hamper and fastened up the lid.

"How are we going to draw the lottery?" ses John Biggs, the blacksmith.

"There'll be twenty-three bits o' paper," ses Smith, "and they'll be numbered from one to twenty-three. Then they'll be twisted up all the same shape and put in this 'ere paper bag, which I shall 'old as each man draws. The chap that draws the paper with the figger '1' on it wins."

He tore up twenty-three bits o' paper all about the same size, and then with a black-lead pencil 'e put the numbers on, while everybody leaned over 'im to see fair play. Then he twisted every bit o' paper up and held them in his 'and.

"Is that satisfactory?" he ses.

"Couldn't be fairer," ses Bill Chambers.

"Mind," ses Smith, putting them into a tall paper bag that had 'ad sugar in it and shaking them up, "Number 1 wins the prize. Who's going to draw fust?"

All of 'em hung back and looked at each other; they all seemed to think they'd 'ave a better chance when there wasn't so many numbers left in the bag.

"Come on," ses Smith, the landlord. "Somebody must be fust."

"Go on, George Kettle," ses Bob Pretty. "You're sure to win. I 'ad a dream you did."

"Go on yourself," ses George.

"I never 'ave no luck," ses Bob; "but if Henery Walker will draw fust, I'll draw second. Somebody must begin."

"O' course they must," ses Henery, "and if you're so anxious why don't you 'ave fust try?"

Bob Pretty tried to laugh it off, but they wouldn't 'ave it, and at last he takes out a pocket-'andkerchief and offers it to Smith, the landlord.

"All right, I'll go fust if you'll blindfold me," he ses.

"There ain't no need for that, Bob," ses Mr. Smith. "You can't see in the bag, and even if you could it wouldn't help you."

"Never mind; you blindfold me," ses Bob; "it'll set a good example to the others."

Smith did it at last, and when Bob Pretty put his 'and in the bag and pulled out a paper you might ha' heard a pin drop.

"Open it and see what number it is, Mr. Smith," ses Bob Pretty. "Twenty-three, I expect; I never 'ave no luck."

Smith rolled out the paper, and then 'e turned pale and 'is eyes seemed to stick right out of his 'ead.

"He's won it!" he ses, in a choky voice.

"HE'S WON IT!' HE SES, IN A CHOKY VOICE. 'IT'S NUMBER ONE.'"

"It's Number 1. Bob Pretty 'as won the prize."

You never 'eard such a noise in this 'ere public-'ouse afore or since; everybody shouting their 'ardest, and Bill Chambers stamping up and down the room as if he'd gone right out of his mind.

"Silence!" ses Mr. Smith, at last. "Silence! How dare you make that noise in my 'ouse, giving it a bad name! Bob Pretty 'as won it fair and square. Nothing could ha' been fairer. You ought to be ashamed o' yourselves."

Bob Pretty wouldn't believe it at fust. He said that Smith was making game of 'im, and, when Smith held the paper under 'is nose, he kept the handkerchief on his eyes and wouldn't look at it.

"I've seen you afore to-day," he says, nodding his 'ead. "I like a joke as well as anybody, but it ain't fair to try and make fun of a pore, 'ard-working man like that."

I never see a man so astonished in my life as Bob Pretty was, when 'e found out it was really true. He seemed fair 'mazed-like, and stood there scratching his 'ead, as if he didn't know where 'e was. He come round at last, arter a pint o' beer that Smith 'ad stood 'im, and then he made a little speech, thanking Smith for the fair way he 'ad acted, and took up the hamper.

"'Strewth, it is heavy," he ses, getting it up on his back. "Well, so long, mates."

"Ain't you—ain't you going to stand us a drink out o' one o' them bottles?" ses Peter Gubbins, as Bob got to the door.

Bob Pretty went out as if he didn't 'ear; then he stopped, sudden-like, and turned round and put his 'ead in at the door agin, and stood looking at 'em.

"No, mates," he ses, at last, "and I wonder at you for asking, arter what you've all said about me. I'm a pore man, but I've got my feelings. I drawed fust becos nobody else would, and all the thanks I get for it is to be called a thief."

He went off down the road, and by and by Bill Chambers, wot 'ad been sitting staring straight in front of 'im, got up and went to the door, and stood looking arter 'im like a

man in a dream. None of 'em seemed to be able to believe that the lottery could be all over so soon, and Bob Pretty going off with it, and when they did make up their minds to it, it was one o' the most miserable sights you ever see. The idea that they 'ad been paying a pint a week for Bob Pretty for months nearly sent some of 'em out of their minds.

"It can't be 'elped," ses Mr. Smith. "He 'ad the pluck to draw fust, and he won; anybody else might ha' done it. He gave you the offer, George Kettle, and you, too, Henery Walker."

Henery Walker was too low-spirited to answer 'im; and arter Smith 'ad said "Hush!" to George Kettle three times, he up and put 'im outside for the sake of the 'ouse.

When 'e came back it was all quiet and everybody was staring their 'ardest at little Dicky Weed, the tailor, who was sitting with his head in his 'ands, thinking, and every now and then taking them away and looking up at the ceiling, or else leaning forward with a start and looking as if 'e saw something crawling on the wall.

"Wot's the matter with you?" ses Mr. Smith.

Dicky Weed didn't answer 'im. He shut his eyes tight and then 'e jumps up all of a sudden. "I've got it!" he says. "Where's that bag?"

"Wot bag?" ses Mr. Smith, staring at 'im.

"The bag with the papers in," ses Dicky.

"Where Bob Pretty ought to be," ses Bill Chambers. "On the fire."

"Wot?" screams Dicky Weed. "Now you've been and spoilt everything!"

"Speak English," ses Bill.

"I will!" ses Dicky, trembling all over with temper. "Who asked you to put it on the fire? Who asked you to put yourself forward? I see it all now, and it's too late."

"Wot's too late?" ses Sam Jones.

"When Bob Pretty put his 'and in that bag," ses Dicky Weed, holding up 'is finger and looking at them, "he'd got a bit o' paper already in it—a bit o' paper with the figger '1' on it. That's 'ow he done it. While we was all watching Mr. Smith, he was getting 'is own bit o' paper ready."

He 'ad to say it three times afore they understood 'im, and then they went down on their knees and burnt their fingers picking up bits o' paper that 'ad fallen in the fireplace. They found six pieces in all, but not one with the number they was looking for on it, and then they all got up and said wot ought to be done to Bob Pretty.

"You can't do anything," ses Smith, the landlord. "You can't prove it. After all, it's only Dicky's idea."

Arf-a-dozen of 'em all began speaking at once, but Bill Chambers gave 'em the wink, and pretended to agree with 'im.

"We're going to have that hamper back," he ses, as soon as Mr. Smith 'ad gone back to the bar, "but it won't do to let 'im know. He don't like to think that Bob Pretty was one too many for 'im."

"Let's all go to Bob Pretty's and take it," ses Peter Gubbins, wot 'ad been in the Militia.

Dicky Weed shook his 'ead. "He'd 'ave the lor on us for robbery," he ses; "there's nothing he'd like better."

They talked it over till closing-time, but nobody seemed to know wot to do, and they stood outside in the bitter cold for over arf an hour still trying to make up their minds 'ow to get that hamper back. Fust one went off 'ome and then another, and at last, when there was on'y three or four of 'em left, Henery Walker, wot prided himself on 'is artfulness, 'ad an idea.

"One of us must get Bob Pretty up 'ere to-morrow night and stand 'im a pint, or p'r'aps two pints," he ses. "While he's here two other chaps must 'ave a row close by his 'ouse and pretend to fight. Mrs. Pretty and the young 'uns are sure to run out to look at it, and while they are out another chap can go in quiet-like and get the hamper."

It seemed a wunnerful good idea, and Bill Chambers said so; and 'e flattered Henery Walker up until Henery didn't know where to look, as the saying is.

"And wot's to be done with the hamper when we've got it?" ses Sam Jones.

"Have it drawed for agin," ses Henery. "It'll 'ave to be done on the quiet, o' course."

Sam Jones stood thinking for a bit. "Burn the hamper and draw lots for everything separate," 'e ses, very slow. "If Bob Pretty ses it's 'is turkey and goose and spirits, tell 'im to prove it. We sha'n't know nothing about it."

Henery Walker said it was a good plan; and arter talking it over they walked 'ome all very pleased with theirselves. They talked it over next day with the other chaps; and Henery Walker said arterwards that p'r'aps it was talked over a bit too much.

It took 'em some time to make up their minds about it, but at last it was settled that Peter Gubbins was to stand Bob Pretty the beer; Ted Brown, who was well known for his 'ot temper, and Joe Smith was to 'ave the quarrel; and Henery Walker was to slip in

and steal the hamper, and 'ide the things up at his place.

Bob Pretty fell into the trap at once. He was standing at 'is gate in the dark, next day, smoking a pipe, when Peter Gubbins passed, and Peter, arter stopping and asking 'im for a light, spoke about 'is luck in getting the hamper, and told 'im he didn't bear no malice for it.

"You 'ad the pluck to draw fust," he ses, "and you won."

Bob Pretty said he was a Briton, and arter a little more talk Peter asked 'im to go and 'ave a pint with 'im to show that there was no ill-feeling. They came into this 'ere Cauliflower public-'ouse like brothers, and in less than ten minutes everybody was making as much fuss o' Bob Pretty as if 'e'd been the best man in Claybury.

"Arter all, a man can't 'elp winning a prize," ses Bill Chambers, looking round.

Bill Chambers caught 'old of him by the coat and asked 'im to have arf a pint with 'im.

Bob had the arf-pint, and arter that another one with Sam Jones, and then 'e said 'e really must be going, as his wife was expecting 'im. He pushed Bill Chambers's 'at over his eyes —a thing Bill can't abear—and arter filling 'is pipe agin from Sam Jones's box he got up and went.

"Mind you," ses Bill Chambers, looking round, "if 'e comes back and ses somebody 'as taken his hamper, nobody knows nothing about it."

"I 'ope Henery Walker 'as got it all right," ses Dicky Weed. "When shall we know?"

"He'll come up 'ere and tell us," ses Bill Chambers. "It's time 'e was here, a'most."

Five minutes arterwards the door opened and Henery Walker came staggering in. He was as white as a sheet, his 'at was knocked

"THE DOOR OPENED AND HENERY WALKER CAME STAGGERING IN."

"I couldn't," ses Bob.

He sat down and 'elped hisself out o' Sam Jones's baccy-box; and one or two got up on the quiet and went outside to listen to wot was going on down the road. Everybody was wondering wot was happening, and when Bob Pretty got up and said 'e must be going, on one side of his 'ead, and there was two or three nasty-looking scratches on 'is cheek. He came straight to Bill Chambers's mug—wot 'ad just been filled—and emptied it, and then 'e sat down on a seat gasping for breath.

"Wot's the matter, Henery?" ses Bill, staring at 'im with 'is mouth open.

Henery Walker groaned and shook his 'ead.

"Didn't you get the hamper?" ses Bill, turning pale.

Henery Walker shook his 'ead agin.

"Shut up!" he ses, as Bill Chambers started finding fault. "I done the best I could. Nothing could ha' 'appened better—to start with. Directly Ted Brown and Joe Smith started, Mrs. Pretty and her sister, and all the kids excepting the baby, run out, and they'd 'ardly gone afore I was inside the back door and looking for that hamper, and I'd hardly started afore I heard them coming back agin. I was at the foot o' the stairs at the time, and, not knowing wot to do, I went up 'em into Bob's bedroom."

"Well?" ses Bill Chambers, as Henery Walker stopped and looked round.

"A'most direckly arterwards I 'eard Mrs. Pretty and her sister coming upstairs," ses Henery Walker, with a shudder. "I was under the bed at the time, and afore I could say a word Mrs. Pretty gave a loud screech and scratched my face something cruel. I thought she'd gone mad."

"You've made a nice mess of it!" ses Bill Chambers.

"Mess!" ses Henery, firing up. "Wot would you ha' done?"

"I should ha' managed diff rent," ses Bill Chambers. "Did she know who you was?"

"Know who I was?" ses Henery. "O' course she did. It's my belief that Bob knew all about it and told 'er wot to do."

"Well, you've done it now, Henery," ses Bill Chambers. "Still, that's your affair."

"Ho, is it?" ses Henery Walker. "You 'ad as much to do with it as I 'ad, excepting that you was sitting up 'ere in comfort while I was doing all the work. It's a wonder to me I got off as well as I did."

"'WHERE'S HENERY WALKER?' HE SES, IN A LOUD VOICE."

Bill Chambers sat staring at 'im and scratching his 'ead, and just then they all 'eard the voice of Bob Pretty, very distinct, outside, asking for Henery Walker. Then the door opened, and Bob Pretty, carrying his 'ead very 'igh, walked into the room.

"Where's Henery Walker?" he ses, in a loud voice.

Henery Walker put down the empty mug wot he'd been pretending to drink out of and tried to smile at 'im.

"Halloa, Bob!" he ses.

"What was you doing in my 'ouse?" ses Bob Pretty, very severe.

"I—I just looked in to see whether you was in, Bob," ses Henery.

"That's why you was found under my bed, I s'pose?" ses Bob Pretty. "I want a straight answer, Henery Walker, and I mean to 'ave it, else I'm going off to Cudford for Policeman White."

"I went there to get that hamper," ses Henery Walker, plucking up spirit. "You won it unfair last night, and we determined for to get it back. So now you know."

"I call on all of you to witness that," ses Bob, looking round. "Henery Walker went into my 'ouse to steal my hamper. He ses so, and it wasn't 'is fault he couldn't find it. I'm a pore man and I can't afford such things; I sold it this morning, a bargain, for thirty bob."

"Well, then there's no call to make a fuss over it, Bob," ses Bill Chambers.

"I sold it for thirty bob," ses Bob Pretty, "and when I went out this evening I left the money on my bedroom mantelpiece—one pound, two arf-crowns, two two-shilling pieces, and two sixpences. My wife and her sister both saw it there. That they'll swear to."

"Well, wot about it?" ses Sam Jones, staring at 'im.

"Arter my pore wife 'ad begged and prayed Henery Walker on 'er bended knees to spare 'er life and go," ses Bob Pretty, "she looked at the mantelpiece and found the money 'ad disappeared."

Henery Walker got up all white and shaking and flung 'is arms about, trying to get 'is breath.

"Do you mean to say I stole it?" he ses, at last.

"O' course I do," ses Bob Pretty. "Why, you said yourself afore these witnesses and Mr. Smith that you came to steal the hamper. Wot's the difference between stealing the hamper and the money I sold it for?"

Henery Walker tried for to answer 'im, but he couldn't speak a word.

"I left my pore wife with 'er apron over her 'ead sobbing as if her 'art would break," ses Bob Pretty; "not because o' the loss of the money so much, but to think of Henery Walker doing such a thing—and 'aving to go to jail for it."

"I never touched your money, and you know it," ses Henery Walker, finding his breath at last. "I don't believe it was there. You and your wife 'ud swear anything."

"As you please, Henery," ses Bob Pretty. "Only I'm going straight off to Cudford to see Policeman White; he'll be glad of a job, I know. There's three of us to swear to it, and you was found under my bed."

"Let bygones be bygones, Bob," ses Bill Chambers, trying to smile at 'im.

"No, mate," ses Bob Pretty. "I'm going to 'ave my rights, but I don't want to be 'ard on a man I've known all my life; and if, afore I go to my bed to-night, the thirty shillings is brought to me, I won't say as I won't look over it."

He stood for a moment shaking his 'ead at them, and then, still holding it very 'igh, he turned round and walked out.

"He never left no money on the mantelpiece," ses Sam Jones, at last. "Don't you believe it. You go to jail, Henery."

"Anything sooner than be done by Bob Pretty," ses George Kettle.

"There's not much doing now, Henery," ses Bill Chambers, in a soft voice.

Henery Walker wouldn't listen to 'em, and he jumped up and carried on like a madman. His idea was for 'em all to club together to pay the money, and to borrow it from Smith, the landlord, to go on with. They wouldn't 'ear of it at fust, but arter Smith 'ad pointed out that they might 'ave to go to jail with Henery, and said things about 'is licence, they gave way. Bob Pretty was just starting off to see Policeman White when they took the money, and instead o' telling 'im wot they thought of 'im, as they 'ad intended, Henery Walker 'ad to walk alongside of 'im and beg and pray of 'im to take the money. He took it at last as a favour to Henery, and bought the hamper back with it next morning—cheap. Leastways, he said so.

THE STAGE.

MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT, as Stasia, the servant, in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," has a part somewhat out of her usual range, but she plays it with a naturalness and sense of character that are of the greatest help to the play. It will be remembered that the "slut" of the first act becomes, through the influence of the Mysterious Stranger, the "slavey" of the second and the "servant" of the third act, and in indicating this transformation Miss Elliott is particularly successful. Mr. Forbes-Robertson did a courageous thing when he produced such an unconventional play, but, happily, his temerity received its reward, and this modern Morality Play has been one of the successes of the season.

MISS DAGMAR WIEHE, who plays the part of Ethel Parker-Jennings in the London production of "Jack Straw," has a part which does not provide any great scope for powerful acting, but she invests the character with such charm as to add considerably to the attraction of the play.

MISS EVELYN MILLARD has so endeared herself to the public by her performances in "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," "Monsieur Beaucaire," and other romantic plays, that her venture into management was watched with the keenest interest. The result has been a most gratifying success, for she has in "Idols" a play which seems likely to serve her for some time to come. The part of Irene Merriam is one which gives Miss Millard some opportunities for really powerful acting, and in the great trial scene she rouses the audience to the highest enthusiasm.

MISS HILDA TREVELYAN'S performance as Maggie in "What Every Woman Knows" is one of the delights of London. Though it may be true that good plays make good players, nothing can detract from the merit of an impersonation which is as near perfect as can be. It is a fit companion to her Wendy in "Peter Pan," and the two characters are an accomplishment of which any actress might well be proud.

MISS MARIE TEMPEST has a part in "Mrs. Dot" which fits her like the proverbial glove. And when so suited what a delightful actress she is to watch! Overflowing with humour and good spirits, her personality and infectious laughter act as a tonic on the most jaded of nerves. If only we could hear her sing more often our happiness would be complete.

MISS DENISE ORME makes her first stage appearance since her marriage in "The Hon'ble Phil," and, as Marie, sings and acts with all her well-known charm. Miss Orme's experience of the stage has been a singularly happy one, as she has had none of the long years of waiting which are the lot of most aspirants to leading parts. On her very first appearance in musical comedy she played one of the name-parts in "The Little Michus," and from the good start thus made she has never looked back.

MISS MARIE LÖHR, who has made such a success as Margaret in Mr. Tree's splendid production of "Faust," possesses one great qualification for the part—she looks it to perfection. Miss Löhr is one of the youngest leading ladies in London, being still under twenty years of age. The daughter of that well-known actress, Miss Kate Bishop, hers is clearly a case of inherited talent, though success has not been won without much hard work. This is not Miss Löhr's first appearance at His Majesty's—most playgoers will remember what a pretty picture she made as Rosey Mackenzie in "Colonel Newcombe." Few theatrical careers have opened so auspiciously, and her future will be watched with the liveliest interest.

MISS ISABEL JAY, with her beauty and high spirits, makes an ideal Princess for such a pretty love story as runs through "The King of Cadonia," the subject of our last illustration. There are few better voices than hers on the musical comedy stage to-day, and her method still bears evidence of the training received at the Savoy, where her first great success was gained.

MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT,

And a scene from "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," in which she appears.

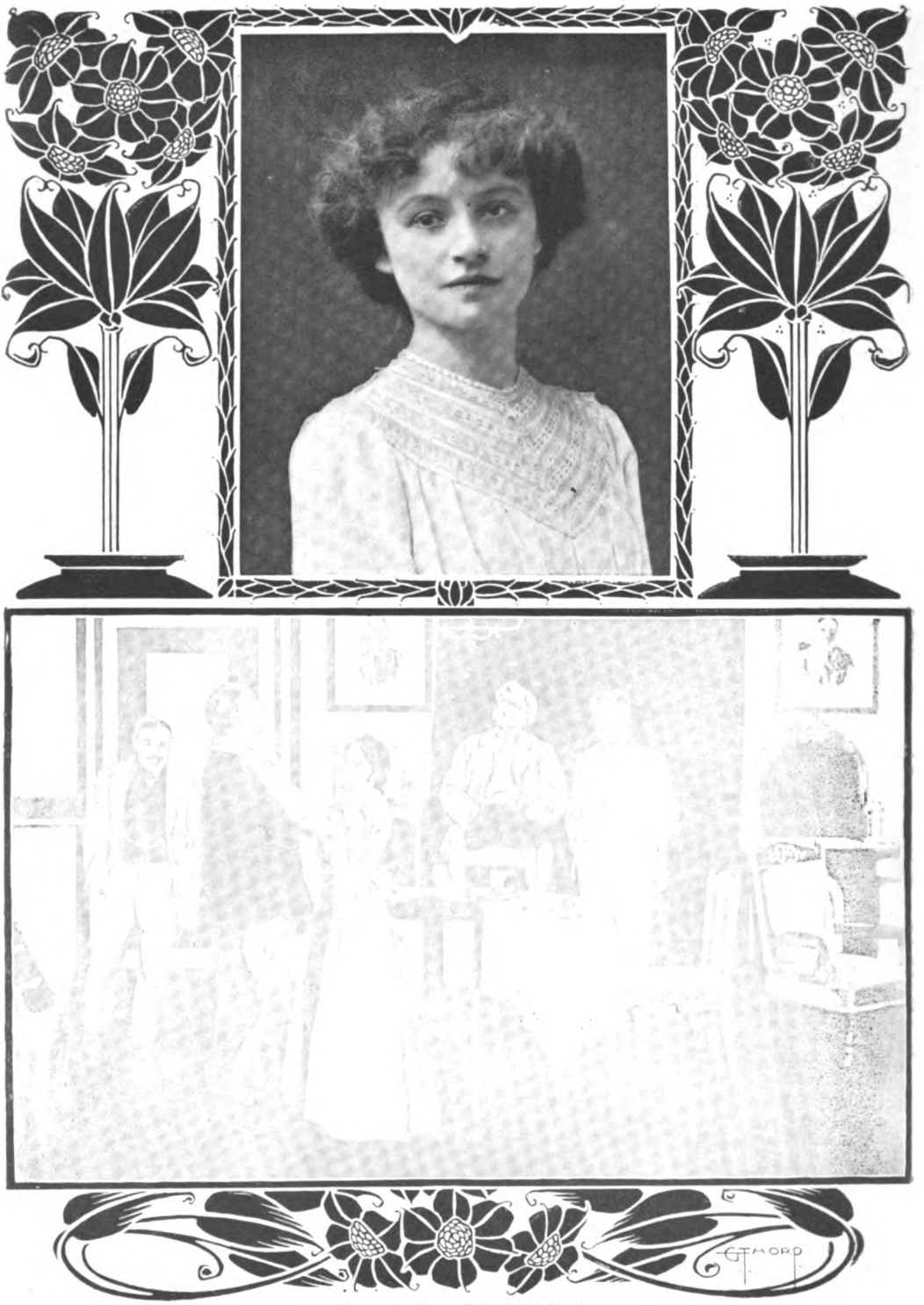
From Photographs by Foulsham & Banfield and Dover Street Studios.

MISS DAGMAR WIEHE,
And a scene from "Jack Straw," in which she appears.
From Photographs by Mme. Lallie Charles and Dover Street Studios.

MISS EVELYN MILLARD,

And a scene from "Idols," in which she appears.

From Photographs by Ellis & Walery and Dover Street Studios.



MISS HILDA TREVELYAN,
And a scene from "What Every Woman Knows," in which she appears.
From Photographs by Ellis & Walery.

MISS MARIE TEMPEST,
And a scene from "Mrs. Dot," in which she appears.
From Photographs by Dover Street Studios.

MISS DENISE ORME,
And portion of a scene from "The Hon'ble Phil," in which she appears.
From Photographs by Dover Street Studios and Bassano, Ltd.

MISS MARIE LÖHR,
And a scene from "Faust," in which she appears.
From a Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

MISS ISABEL JAY,
And a scene from "The King of Cadonia," in which she appears.
From Photographs by Foulsham & Banfield.

Reminiscences of Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

(From the Diaries of his friend—John H. Watson, M.D.)

By ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

The Adventure of the Bruce-Partington Plans.

IN the third week of November, in the year 1895, a dense yellow fog settled down upon London. From the Monday to the Thursday I doubt whether it was ever possible from our windows in Baker Street to see the loom of the opposite houses. The first day Holmes had spent in cross-indexing his huge book of references. The second and third had been patiently occupied upon a subject which he had recently made his hobby—the music of the Middle Ages. But when, for the fourth time, after pushing back our chairs from breakfast we saw the greasy, heavy brown swirl still drifting past us and condensing in oily drops upon the window-panes, my comrade's impatient and active nature could endure this drab existence no longer. He paced restlessly about our sitting-room in a fever of suppressed energy, biting his nails, tapping the furniture, and chafing against inaction.

"Nothing of interest in the paper, Watson?" he asked.

I was aware that by anything of interest Holmes meant anything of criminal interest. There was the news of a revolution, of a possible war, and of an impending change of Government; but these did not come within the horizon of my companion. I could see nothing recorded in the shape of crime which was not commonplace and futile. Holmes groaned and resumed his restless meanderings.

"The London criminal is certainly a dull fellow," said he, in the querulous voice of the sportsman whose game has failed him. "Look out of this window, Watson. See how the figures loom up, are dimly seen, and then blend once more into the cloud-bank. The thief or the murderer could roam London on such a day as the tiger does the jungle, unseen until he pounces, and then evident only to his victim."

"There have," said I, "been numerous petty thefts."

Holmes snorted his contempt.

"This great and sombre stage is set for something more worthy than that," said he. "It is fortunate for this community that I am not a criminal."

"It is indeed!" said I, heartily.

"Suppose that I were Brooks or Woodhouse, or any of the fifty men who have good reason for taking my life, how long could I survive against my own pursuit? A summons, a bogus appointment, and all would be over. It is well they don't have days of fog in the Latin countries—the countries of assassination. By Jove! here comes something at last to break our dead monotony."

It was the maid with a telegram. Holmes tore it open and burst out laughing.

"Well, well! What next?" said he. "Brother Mycroft is coming round."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Why not? It is as if you met a tram-car coming down a country lane. Mycroft has his rails and he runs on them. His Pall Mall lodgings, the Diogenes Club, Whitehall—that is his cycle. Once, and only once, he has been here. What upheaval can possibly have derailed him?"

"Does he not explain?"

Holmes handed me his brother's telegram.

"Must see you over Cadogan West. Coming at once—MYCROFT."

"Cadogan West? I have heard the name."

"It recalls nothing to my mind. But that Mycroft should break out in this erratic fashion! A planet might as well leave its orbit. By the way, do you know what Mycroft is?"

I had some vague recollection of an explanation at the time of the Adventure of the Greek Interpreter.

"You told me that he had some small office under the British Government."

Holmes chuckled.

"I did not know you quite so well in those days. One has to be discreet when one talks of high matters of State. You are right in thinking that he is under the British

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Government. You would also be right in a sense if you said that occasionally he *is* the British Government."

"My dear Holmes!"

"I thought I might surprise you. Mycroft draws four hundred and fifty pounds a year, remains a subordinate, has no ambitions of any kind, will receive neither honour nor title, but remains the most indispensable man in the country."

"But how?"

"Well, his position is unique. He has made it for himself. There has never been anything like it before, nor will be again. He has the tidiest and most orderly brain, with the greatest capacity for storing facts, of any man living. The same great powers which I have turned to the detection of crime he has used for this particular business. The conclusions of every department are passed to him, and he is the central exchange, the clearing-house, which makes out the balance. All other men are specialists, but his specialism is omniscience. We will suppose that a Minister needs information as to a point which involves the Navy, India, Canada, and the bimetallic question; he could get his separate advices from various departments upon each, but only Mycroft can focus them all, and say offhand how each factor would affect the other. They began by using him as a short-cut, a convenience; now he has made himself an essential. In that great brain of his everything is pigeon-holed, and can be handed out in an instant. Again and again his word has decided the national policy. He lives in it. He thinks of nothing else save when, as an intellectual exercise, he unbends if I call upon him and ask him to advise me on one of my little problems. But Jupiter is descending to-day. What on earth can it mean? Who is Cadogan West, and what is he to Mycroft?"

"I have it!" I cried, and plunged among the litter of papers upon the sofa. "Yes, yes, here he is, sure enough! Cadogan West was the young man who was found dead on the Underground on Tuesday morning."

Holmes sat up at attention, his pipe halfway to his lips.

"This must be serious, Watson. A death which has caused my brother to alter his habits can be no ordinary one. What in the world can he have to do with it? The case was featureless as I remember it. The young man had apparently fallen out of the train and killed himself. He had not been robbed, and there was no particular reason to suspect violence. Is that not so?"

"There has been an inquest," said I, "and a good many fresh facts have come out. Looked at more closely, I should certainly say that it was a curious case."

"Judging by its effect upon my brother, I should think it must be a most extraordinary one." He snuggled down in his arm-chair. "Now, Watson, let us have the facts."

"The man's name was Arthur Cadogan West. He was twenty-seven years of age, unmarried, and a clerk at Woolwich Arsenal."

"Government employ. Behold the link with brother Mycroft!"

"He left Woolwich suddenly on Monday night. Was last seen by his *fiancée*, Miss Violet Westbury, whom he left abruptly in the fog about 7.30 that evening. There was no quarrel between them and she can give no motive for his action. The next thing heard of him was when his dead body was discovered by a plate-layer named Mason, just outside Aldgate Station on the Underground system in London."

"When?"

"The body was found at six on the Tuesday morning. It was lying wide of the metals upon the left hand of the track as one goes eastward, at a point close to the station, where the line emerges from the tunnel in which it runs. The head was badly crushed—an injury which might well have been caused by a fall from the train. The body could only have come on the line in that way. Had it been carried down from any neighbouring street, it must have passed the station barriers, where a collector is always standing. This point seems absolutely certain."

"Very good. The case is definite enough. The man, dead or alive, either fell or was precipitated from a train. So much is clear to me. Continue."

"The trains which traverse the lines of rail beside which the body was found are those which run from west to east, some being purely Metropolitan, and some from Willesden and outlying junctions. It can be stated for certain that this young man, when he met his death, was travelling in this direction at some late hour of the night, but at what point he entered the train it is impossible to state."

"His ticket, of course, would show that."

"There was no ticket in his pockets."

"No ticket! Dear me, Watson, this is really very singular. According to my experience it is not possible to reach the platform

of a Metropolitan train without exhibiting one's ticket. Presumably, then, the young man had one. Was it taken from him in order to conceal the station from which he came? It is possible. Or did he drop it in the carriage? That also is possible. But the point is of curious interest. I understand that there was no sign of robbery?"

"Apparently not. There is a list here of his possessions. His purse contained two pounds fifteen. He had also a cheque-book on the Woolwich branch of the Capital and Counties Bank. Through this his identity was established. There were also two dress-circle tickets for the Woolwich Theatre, dated for that very evening. Also a small packet of technical papers."

Holmes gave an exclamation of satisfaction.

"There we have it at last, Watson! British Government—Woolwich Arsenal—Technical papers—Brother Mycroft, the chain is complete. But here he comes, if I am not mistaken, to speak for himself."

A moment later the tall and portly form of Mycroft Holmes was ushered into the room. Heavily built and massive, there was a suggestion of uncouth physical inertia in the figure, but above this unwieldy frame there was perched a head so masterful in its brow, so alert in its steel-grey, deep-set eyes, so firm in its lips, and so subtle in its play of expression, that after the first glance one forgot the gross body and remembered only the dominant mind.

At his heels came our old friend Lestrade, of Scotland Yard—thin and austere. The gravity of both their faces foretold some weighty quest. The detective shook hands without a word. Mycroft Holmes struggled out of his overcoat and subsided into an arm-chair.

"A most annoying business, Sherlock," said he. "I extremely dislike altering my habits, but the powers that be would take no denial. In the present state of Siam it is most awkward that I should be away from the office. But it is a real crisis. I have never seen the Prime Minister so upset. As

"THE TALL AND PORTLY FORM OF MYCROFT HOLMES WAS USHERED INTO THE ROOM."

to the Admiralty—it is buzzing like an overturned bee-hive. Have you read up the case?"

"We have just done so. What were the technical papers?"

"Ah, there's the point! Fortunately, it has not come out. The Press would be furious if it did. The papers which this wretched youth had in his pocket were the plans of the Bruce-Partington submarine."

Mycroft Holmes spoke with a solemnity which showed his sense of the importance of the subject. His brother and I sat expectant.

"Surely you have heard of it? I thought everyone had heard of it."

"Only as a name."

"Its importance can hardly be exaggerated. It has been the most jealously guarded of all Government secrets. You may take it from me that naval warfare becomes impossible within the radius of a Bruce-Partington's operations. Two years ago a very large sum was smuggled through the Estimates and was expended in acquiring a monopoly of the invention. Every effort has been made to keep the secret. The plans, which are exceedingly intricate, comprising some thirty separate patents, each essential to the working of the whole, are kept in an elaborate safe in a confidential office adjoining the Arsenal, with burglar-proof doors and windows. Under no conceivable circumstances were the plans to be taken from the office. If the Chief Constructor of the Navy desired to consult them, even he was forced to go to the Woolwich office for the purpose. And yet here we find them in the pockets of a dead junior clerk in the heart of London. From an official point of view it's simply awful."

"But you have recovered them?"

"No, Sherlock, no! That's the pinch. We have not. Ten papers were taken from Woolwich. There were seven in the pockets of Cadogan West. The three most essential are gone—stolen, vanished. You must drop everything, Sherlock. Never mind your usual petty puzzles of the police-court. It's a vital international problem that you have to solve. Why did Cadogan West take the papers, where are the missing ones, how did he die, how came his body where it was found, how can the evil be set right? Find an answer to all these questions, and you will have done good service for your country."

"Why do you not solve it yourself, Mycroft? You can see as far as I."

"Possibly, Sherlock. But it is a question of getting details. Give me your details, and from an arm-chair I will return you an excellent expert opinion. But to run here and run there, to cross-question railway-guards, and lie on my face with a lens to my eye—it is not my *métier*. No, you are the one man who can clear the matter up. If you have a fancy to see your name in the next honours list——"

My friend smiled and shook his head.

"I play the game for the game's own sake," said he. "But the problem certainly presents some points of interest, and I shall be very pleased to look into it. Some more facts, please."

"I have jotted down the more essential ones upon this sheet of paper, together with a few addresses which you will find of service. The actual official guardian of the papers is the famous Government expert, Sir James Walter, whose decorations and sub-titles fill two lines of a book of reference. He has grown grey in the Service, is a gentleman, a favoured guest in the most exalted houses, and above all a man whose patriotism is beyond suspicion. He is one of two who have a key of the safe. I may add that the papers were undoubtedly in the office during working hours on Monday, and that Sir James left for London about three o'clock, taking his key with him. He was at the house of Admiral Sinclair at Barclay Square during the whole of the evening when this incident occurred."

"Has the fact been verified?"

"Yes; his brother, Colonel Valentine Walter, has testified to his departure from Woolwich, and Admiral Sinclair to his arrival in London; so Sir James is no longer a direct factor in the problem."

"Who was the other man with a key?"

"The senior clerk and draughtsman, Mr. Sidney Johnson. He is a man of forty, married, with five children. He is a silent, morose man, but he has, on the whole, an excellent record in the public service. He is unpopular with his colleagues, but a hard worker. According to his own account, corroborated only by the word of his wife, he was at home the whole of Monday evening after office hours, and his key has never left the watch-chain upon which it hangs."

"Tell us about Cadogan West."

"He has been ten years in the Service, and has done good work. He has the reputation of being hot-headed and impetuous, but a straight, honest man. We have nothing against him. He was next Sidney Johnson in the office. His duties brought him into daily personal contact with the plans. No one else had the handling of them."

"Who locked the plans up that night?"

"Mr. Sidney Johnson, the senior clerk."

"Well, it is surely perfectly clear who took them away. They are actually found upon the person of this junior clerk, Cadogan West. That seems final, does it not?"

"It does, Sherlock, and yet it leaves so much unexplained. In the first place, why did he take them?"

"I presume they were of value?"

"He could have got several thousands for them very easily."

"Can you suggest any possible motive for taking the papers to London except to sell them?"

"No, I cannot."

"Then we must take that as our working hypothesis. Young West took the papers. Now this could only be done by having a false key——"

"Several false keys. He had to open the building and the room."

"He had, then, several false keys. He took the papers to London to sell the secret, intending, no doubt, to have the plans themselves back in the safe next morning before they were missed. While in London on this treasonable mission he met his end."

"How?"

"We will suppose that he was travelling back to Woolwich when he was killed and thrown out of the compartment."

"Aldgate, where the body was found, is considerably past the station for London Bridge, which would be his route to Woolwich."

"Many circumstances could be imagined under which he would pass London Bridge. There was someone in the carriage, for example, with whom he was having an absorbing interview. This interview led to a violent scene, in which he lost his life. Possibly he tried to leave the carriage, fell out on the line, and so met his end. The other closed the door. There was a thick fog, and nothing could be seen."

"No better explanation can be given with our present knowledge; and yet consider, Sherlock, how much you leave untouched. We will suppose, for argument's sake, that young Cadogan West *had* determined to convey these papers to London. He would naturally have made an appointment with the foreign agent and kept his evening clear. Instead of that, he took two tickets for the theatre, escorted his *fiancée* half-way there, and then suddenly disappeared."

"A blind," said Lestrade, who had sat listening with some impatience to the conversation.

"A very singular one. That is objection No. 1. Objection No. 2: We will suppose that he reaches London and sees the foreign agent. He must bring back the papers before morning or the loss will be discovered. He took away ten. Only seven were in his pocket. What had become of the other three? He certainly would not leave them of his own free will. Then, again, where is the price of his treason? One would have expected to find a large sum of money in his pocket."

"It seems to me perfectly clear," said Lestrade. "I have no doubt at all as to what occurred. He took the papers to sell them. He saw the agent. They could not agree as to price. He started home again, but the agent went with him. In the train the agent murdered him, took the more essential papers, and threw his body from the carriage. That would account for everything, would it not?"

"Why had he no ticket?"

"The ticket would have shown which station was nearest the agent's house. Therefore he took it from the murdered man's pocket."

"Good, Lestrade, very good," said Holmes. "Your theory holds together. But if this is true, then the case is at an end. On the one hand the traitor is dead. On the other the plans of the Bruce-Partington submarine are presumably already on the Continent. What is there for us to do?"

"To act, Sherlock—to act!" cried Mycroft, springing to his feet. "All my instincts are against this explanation. Use your powers! Go to the scene of the crime! See the people concerned! Leave no stone unturned! In all your career you have never had so great a chance of serving your country."

"Well, well!" said Holmes, shrugging his shoulders. "Come, Watson! And you, Lestrade, could you favour us with your company for an hour or two? We will begin our investigation by a visit to Aldgate Station. Good-bye, Mycroft. I shall let you have a report before evening, but I warn you in advance that you have little to expect."

An hour later Holmes, Lestrade, and I stood upon the Underground railroad at the point where it emerges from the tunnel immediately before Aldgate Station. A courteous, red faced old gentleman represented the railway company.

"This is where the young man's body lay," said he, indicating a spot about three fee

from the metals. "It could not have fallen from above, for these, as you see, are all blank walls. Therefore it could only have come from a train, and that train, so far as we can trace it, must have passed about midnight on Monday."

"Have the carriages been examined for any sign of violence?"

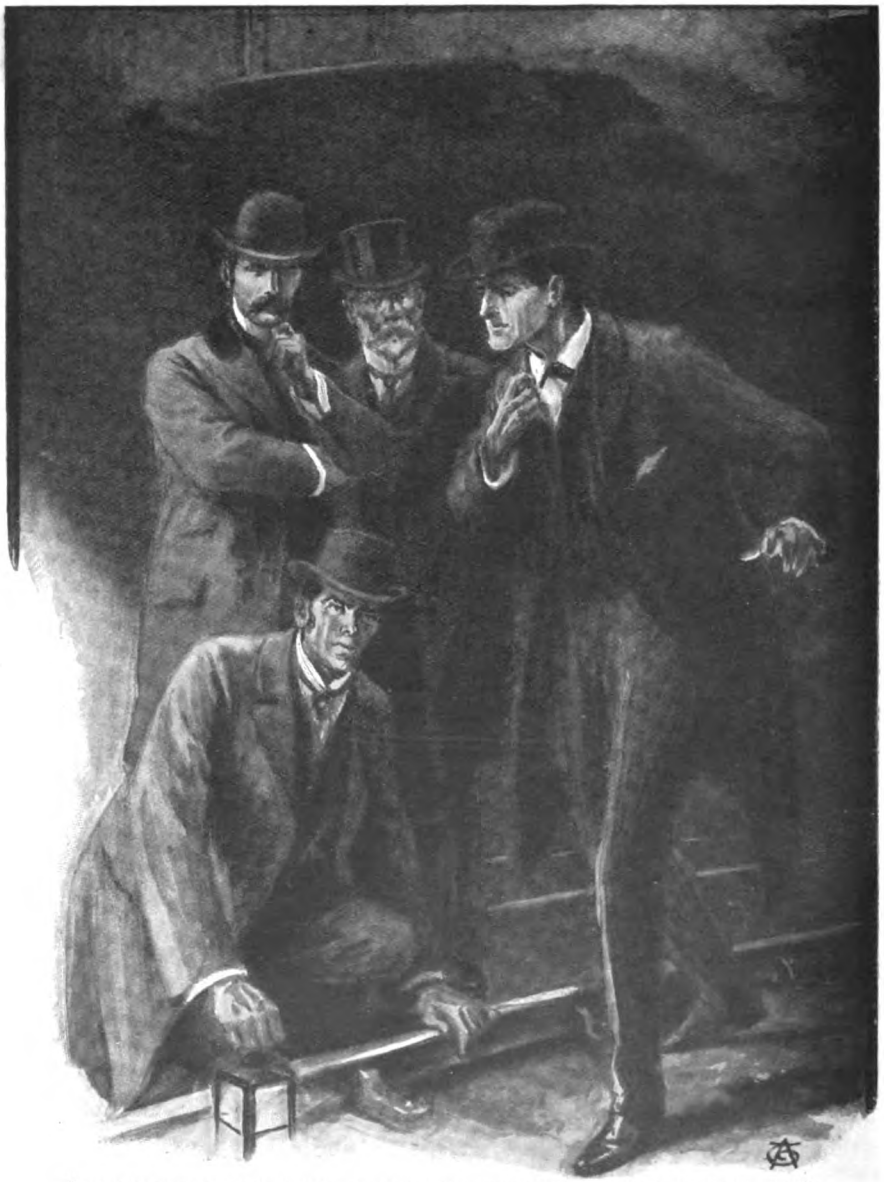
"There are no such signs, and no ticket has been found."

"No record of a door being found open?"

"None."

"We have had some fresh evidence this morning," said Lestrade. "A passenger who passed Aldgate in an ordinary Metropolitan train about 11.40 on Monday night declares that he heard a heavy thud, as of a body striking the line, just before the train reached the station. There was dense fog, however, and nothing could be seen. He made no report of it at the time. Why, whatever is the matter with Mr. Holmes?"

My friend was standing with an expression of strained intensity upon his face, staring at



"MY FRIEND WAS STANDING WITH AN EXPRESSION OF STRAINED INTENSITY UPON HIS FACE."

the railway metals where they curved out of the tunnel. Aldgate is a junction, and there was a network of points. On these his eager, questioning eyes were fixed, and I saw on his keen, alert face that tightening of the lips, that quiver of the nostrils, and concentration of the heavy tufted brows which I knew so well.

"Points," he muttered; "the points."

"What of it? What do you mean?"

"I suppose there are no great number of points on a system such as this?"

"No; there are very few."

"And a curve, too. Points, and a curve. By Jove! if it were only so."

"What is it, Mr. Holmes? Have you a clue?"

"An idea—an indication, no more. But the case certainly grows in interest. Unique, perfectly unique, and yet why not? I do not see any indications of bleeding on the line."

"There were hardly any."

"But I understand that there was a considerable wound."

"The bone was crushed, but there was no great external injury."

"And yet one would have expected some bleeding. Would it be possible for me to inspect the train which contained the passenger who heard the thud of a fall in the fog?"

"I fear not, Mr. Holmes. The train has been broken up before now, and the carriages redistributed."

"I can assure you, Mr. Holmes," said Lestrade, "that every carriage has been carefully examined. I saw to it myself."

It was one of my friend's most obvious weaknesses that he was impatient with less alert intelligences than his own.

"Very likely," said he, turning away. "As it happens, it was not the carriages which I desired to examine. Watson, we have done all we can here. We need not trouble you any further, Mr. Lestrade. I think our investigations must now carry us to Woolwich."

At London Bridge Holmes wrote a telegram to his brother, which he handed to me before dispatching it. It ran thus:—

"See some light in the darkness, but it may possibly flicker out. Meanwhile, please send by messenger, to await return at Baker Street, a complete list of all foreign spies or international agents known to be in England, with full address.—SHERLOCK."

"That should be helpful, Watson," he remarked, as we took our seats in the Woolwich train. "We certainly owe brother Mycroft a debt for having introduced us to what promises to be a really very remarkable case."

His eager face still wore that expression of intense and high-strung energy, which showed me that some novel and suggestive circumstance had opened up a stimulating line of thought. See the foxhound with hanging ears and drooping tail as it lolls about the kennels, and compare it with the same hound as, with gleaming eyes and straining muscles, it runs upon a breast-high scent—such was the change in Holmes since the morning. He was a different man to the limp and lounging figure in the mouse-coloured dressing-gown who had prowled so restlessly only a few hours before round the fog-girt room.

"There is material here. There is scope," said he. "I am dull indeed not to have understood its possibilities."

"Even now they are dark to me."

"The end is dark to me also, but I have hold of one idea which may lead us far. The man met his death elsewhere, and his body was on the *roof* of a carriage."

"On the roof!"

"Remarkable, is it not? But consider the facts. Is it a coincidence that it is found at the very point where the train pitches and sways as it comes round on the points? Is not that the place where an object upon the roof might be expected to fall off? The points would affect no object inside the train. Either the body fell from the roof, or a very curious coincidence has occurred. But now consider the question of the blood. Of course, there was no bleeding on the line if the body had bled elsewhere. Each fact is suggestive in itself. Together they have a cumulative force."

"And the ticket, too!" I cried.

"Exactly. We could not explain the absence of a ticket. This would explain it. Everything fits together."

"But suppose it were so, we are still as far as ever from unravelling the mystery of his death. Indeed, it becomes not simpler, but stranger."

"Perhaps," said Holmes, thoughtfully; "perhaps." He relapsed into a silent reverie, which lasted until the slow train drew up at last in Woolwich Station. There he called a cab and drew Mycroft's paper from his pocket.

"We have quite a little round of afternoon calls to make," said he. "I think that Sir James Walter claims our first attention."

The house of the famous official was a fine villa with green lawns stretching down to

the Thames. As we reached it the fog was lifting, and a thin, watery sunshine was breaking through. A butler answered our ring.

"Sir James, sir!" said he, with solemn face. "Sir James died this morning."

"Good heavens!" cried Holmes, in amazement. "How did he die?"

"Perhaps you would care to step in, sir, and see his brother, Colonel Valentine?"

"Yes, we had best do so."

We were ushered into a dim-lit drawing-room, where an instant later we were joined by a very tall, handsome, light-bearded man of fifty, the younger brother of the dead scientist. His wild eyes, stained cheeks, and unkempt hair all spoke of the sudden blow which had fallen upon the household. He was hardly articulate as he spoke of it.

"It was this horrible scandal," said he. "My brother, Sir James, was a man of very sensitive honour, and he could not survive such an affair. It broke his heart. He was always so proud of the efficiency of his department, and this was a crushing blow."

"We had hoped that he might have given us some indications which would have helped us to clear the matter up."

"I assure you that it was all a mystery to him as it is to you and to all of us. He had already put all his knowledge at the disposal of the police. Naturally, he had no doubt that Cadogan West was guilty. But all the rest was inconceivable."

"You cannot throw any new light upon the affair?"

"I know nothing myself save what I have read or heard. I have no desire to be discourteous, but you can understand, Mr. Holmes, that we are much disturbed at present, and I must ask you to hasten this interview to an end."

"This is indeed an unexpected development," said my friend when we had regained the cab. "I wonder if the death was natural, or whether the poor old fellow killed himself! If the latter, may it be taken as some sign of self-reproach for duty neglected? We must leave that question to the future. Now we shall turn to the Cadogan Wests."

A small but well-kept house in the outskirts of the town sheltered the bereaved mother. The old lady was too dazed with grief to be of any use to us, but at her side was a white-faced young lady, who introduced herself as Miss Violet Westbury, the *fiancée* of the dead man, and the last to see him upon that fatal night.

"I cannot explain it, Mr. Holmes," she said. "I have not shut an eye since the tragedy, thinking, thinking, thinking, night and day, what the true meaning of it can be. Arthur was the most single-minded, chivalrous, patriotic man upon earth. He would have cut his right hand off before he would sell a State secret confided to his keeping. It is absurd, impossible, preposterous to anyone who knew him."

"But the facts, Miss Westbury?"

"Yes, yes; I admit I cannot explain them."

"Was he in any want of money?"

"No; his needs were very simple and his salary ample. He had saved a few hundreds, and we were to marry at the New Year."

"No signs of any mental excitement? Come, Miss Westbury, be absolutely frank with us."

The quick eye of my companion had noted some change in her manner. She coloured and hesitated.

"Yes," she said, at last. "I had a feeling that there was something on his mind."

"For long?"

"Only for the last week or so. He was thoughtful and worried. Once I pressed him about it. He admitted that there was something, and that it was concerned with his official life. 'It is too serious for me to speak about, even to you,' said he. I could get nothing more."

Holmes looked grave.

"Go on, Miss Westbury. Even if it seems to tell against him, go on. We cannot say what it may lead to."

"Indeed, I have nothing more to tell. Once or twice it seemed to me that he was on the point of telling me something. He spoke one evening of the importance of the secret, and I have some recollection that he said that no doubt foreign spies would pay a great deal to have it."

My friend's face grew graver still.

"Anything else?"

"He said that we were slack about such matters—that it would be easy for a traitor to get the plans."

"Was it only recently that he made such remarks?"

"Yes, quite recently."

"Now tell us of that last evening."

"We were to go to the theatre. The fog was so thick that a cab was useless. We walked, and our way took us close to the office. Suddenly he darted away into the fog."

"Without a word?"

"He gave an exclamation; that was all. I waited, but he never returned. Then I walked home. Next morning, after the office

opened, they came to inquire. About twelve o'clock we heard the terrible news. Oh, Mr. Holmes, if you could only, only save his honour! It was so much to him."

Holmes shook his head sadly.

"Come, Watson," said he, "our ways lie elsewhere. Our next station must be the office from which the papers were taken.

"It was black enough before against this young man, but our inquiries make it blacker," he remarked, as the cab lumbered off. "His coming marriage gives a motive for the crime. He naturally wanted money. The idea was in his head, since he spoke about it. He nearly made the girl an accomplice in the treason by telling her his plans. It is all very bad."

"But surely, Holmes, character goes for something? Then, again, why should he leave the girl in the street and dart away to commit a felony?"

"Exactly! There are certainly objections. But it is a formidable case which they have to meet."

Mr. Sidney Johnson, the senior clerk, met us at the office, and received us with that respect which my companion's card always commanded. He was a thin, gruff, bespectacled man of middle age, his cheeks haggard, and his hands twitching from the nervous strain to which he had been subjected.

"It is bad, Mr. Holmes, very bad! Have you heard of the death of the chief?"

"We have just come from his house."

"The place is disorganized. The chief dead, Cadogan West dead, our papers stolen. And yet, when we closed our door on Monday evening we were as efficient an office as any in the Government service. Good God, it's dreadful to think of! That West, of all men, should have done such a thing!"

"You are sure of his guilt, then?"

"I can see no other way out of it. And yet I would have trusted him as I trust myself."

"At what hour was the office closed on Monday?"

"At five."

"Did you close it?"

"I am always the last man out."

"Where were the plans?"

"In that safe. I put them there myself."

"Is there no watchman to the building?"

"There is; but he has other departments to look after as well. He is an old soldier and a most trustworthy man. He saw nothing that evening. Of course, the fog was very thick."

"Suppose that Cadogan West wished to make his way into the building after hours; he would need three keys, would he not, before he could reach the papers?"

"Yes, he would. The key of the outer door, the key of the office, and the key of the safe."

"Only Sir James Walter and you had those keys?"

"I had no keys of the doors—only of the safe."

"Was Sir James a man who was orderly in his habits?"

"Yes, I think he was. I know that so far as those three keys are concerned he kept them on the same ring. I have often seen them there."

"And that ring went with him to London?"

"He said so."

"And your key never left your possession?"

"Never."

"Then West, if he is the culprit, must have had a duplicate. And yet none was found upon his body. One other point: if a clerk in this office desired to sell the plans, would it not be simpler to copy the plans for himself than to take the originals, as was actually done?"

"It would take considerable technical knowledge to copy the plans in an effective way."

"But I suppose either Sir James, or you, or West had that technical knowledge?"

"No doubt we had, but I beg you won't try to drag me into the matter, Mr. Holmes. What is the use of our speculating in this way when the original plans were actually found on West?"

"Well, it is certainly singular that he should run the risk of taking originals if he could safely have taken copies, which would have equally served his turn."

"Singular, no doubt — and yet he did so."

"Every inquiry in this case reveals something inexplicable. Now there are three papers still missing. They are, as I understand, the vital ones?"

"Yes, that is so."

"Do you mean to say that anyone holding these three papers, and without the seven others, could construct a Bruce-Partington submarine?"

"I reported to that effect to the Admiralty. But to-day I have been over the drawings again, and I am not so sure of it. The double valves with the automatic self-adjusting slots are drawn in one of the papers which have been returned. Until the foreigners had invented that for themselves

"DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT ANYONE HOLDING THESE THREE PAPERS, AND WITHOUT THE SEVEN OTHERS, COULD CONSTRUCT A BRUCE-PARTINGTON SUBMARINE?"

they could not make the boat. Of course, they might soon get over the difficulty."

"But the three missing drawings are the most important?"

"Undoubtedly."

"I think, with your permission, I will now take a stroll round the premises. I do not recall any other question which I desired to ask."

He examined the lock of the safe, the door of the room, and finally the iron shutters of the window. It was only when we were on the lawn outside that his interest was strongly excited. There was a laurel bush outside the window, and several of the branches bore signs of having been twisted or snapped. He examined them carefully with his lens, and then some dim and vague marks upon the earth beneath. Finally he asked the chief clerk to close the iron shutters, and he pointed out to me that they hardly met in the centre, and that it would be possible for anyone outside to see what was going on within the room.

"The indications are ruined by the three days' delay. They may mean something or nothing. Well, Watson, I do not think that Woolwich can help us further. It is a small crop which we have gathered. Let us see if we can do better in London."

Yet we added one more sheaf to our harvest before we left Woolwich Station. The clerk in the ticket office was able to say with confidence that he saw Cadogan West—whom he knew well by sight—upon the Monday night, and that he went to London by the 8.15 to London Bridge. He was alone, and took a single third-class ticket. The clerk was struck at the time by his excited and nervous manner. So shaky was he that he could hardly pick up his change, and the clerk had helped him with it. A reference to a time-table showed that the 8.15 was the first train which it was possible for West to take after he had left the lady about 7.30.

"Let us reconstruct, Watson," said Holmes, after half an hour of silence. "I am not aware that in all our joint researches we have ever had a case which was more difficult to get at. Every fresh advance which we make only reveals a fresh ridge beyond. And yet we have surely made some appreciable progress.

"The effect of our inquiries at Woolwich has in the main been against young Cadogan West; but the indications at the window would lend themselves to a more favourable hypothesis. Let us suppose, for example, that he had been approached by some

foreign agent. It might have been done under such pledges as would have prevented him from speaking of it, and yet would have affected his thoughts in the direction indicated by his remarks to his *fiancée*. Very good. We will now suppose that as he went to the theatre with the young lady he suddenly, in the fog, caught a glimpse of this same agent going in the direction of the office. He was an impetuous man, quick in his decisions. Everything gave way to his duty. He followed the man, reached the window, saw the abstraction of the documents, and pursued the thief. In this way we get over the objection that no one would take originals when he could make copies. This outsider had to take originals. So far it holds together."

"What is the next step?"

"Then we come into difficulties. One would imagine that under such circumstances the first act of young Cadogan West would be to seize the villain and raise the alarm. Why did he not do so? Could it have been an official superior who took the papers? That would explain West's conduct. Or could the thief have given West the slip in the fog, and West started at once to London to head him off from his own rooms, presuming that he knew where the rooms were? The call must have been very pressing, since he left his girl standing in the fog, and made no effort to communicate with her. Our scent runs cold here, and there is a vast gap between either hypothesis and the laying of West's body, with seven papers in his pocket, on the roof of a Metropolitan train. My instinct now is to work from the other end. If Mycroft has given us the list of addresses we may be able to pick our man, and follow two tracks instead of one."

Surely enough, a note awaited us at Baker Street. A Government messenger had brought it post-haste. Holmes glanced at it and threw it over to me.

"There are numerous small fry, but few who would handle so big an affair. The only men worth considering are Adolph Meyer, of 13, Great George Street, Westminster; Louis La Rothière, of Campden Mansions, Notting Hill; and Hugo Oberstein, 13, Caulfield Gardens, Kensington. The latter was known to be in town on Monday, and is now reported as having left. Glad to hear you have seen some light. The Cabinet awaits your final report with the utmost anxiety. Urgent representations have arrived from the very highest quarter. The whole force of the State is at your back if you should need it.—MYCROFT."

"I'm afraid," said Holmes, smiling, "that all the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men cannot avail in this matter." He had spread out his big map of London, and leaned eagerly over it. "Well, well," said he, presently, with an exclamation of satisfaction, "things are turning a little in our direction at last. Why, Watson, I do honestly believe that we are going to pull it off after all." He slapped me on the shoulder with a sudden burst of hilarity. "I am going out now. It is only a reconnaissance. I will do nothing serious without my trusted comrade and biographer at my elbow. Do you stay here, and the odds are that you will see me again in an hour or two. If time hangs heavy get foolscap and a pen, and begin your narrative of how we saved the State."

I felt some reflection of his elation in my own mind, for I knew well that he would not depart so far from his usual austerity of demeanour unless there was good cause for exultation. All the long November evening I waited, filled with impatience for his return. At last, shortly after nine o'clock there arrived a messenger with a note:—

"Am dining at Goldini's Restaurant, Gloucester Road, Kensington. Please come at once and join me there. Bring with you a jemmy, a dark lantern, a chisel, and a revolver.—S. H."

It was a nice equipment for a respectable citizen to carry through the dim, fog-draped streets. I stowed them all discreetly away in my overcoat, and drove straight to the address given. There sat my friend at a little round table near the door of the garish Italian restaurant.

"Have you had something to eat? Then join me in a coffee and curaçoa. Try one of the proprietor's cigars. They are less poisonous than one would expect. Have you the tools?"

"They are here, in my overcoat."

"Excellent. Let me give you a short sketch of what I have done, with some indication of what we are about to do. Now it must be evident to you, Watson, that this young man's body was *placed* on the roof of the train. That was clear from the instant that I determined the fact that it was from the roof and not from a carriage that he had fallen."

"Could it not have been dropped from a bridge?"

"I should say it was impossible. If you examine the roofs you will find that they are

slightly rounded, and there is no railing round them. Therefore, we can say for certain that young Cadogan West was placed on it."

"How could he be placed there?"

"That was the question which we had to answer. There is only one possible way. You are aware that the Underground runs clear of tunnels at some points in the West-end. I had a vague memory that as I have travelled by it I have occasionally seen windows just above my head. Now, suppose that a train halted under such a window, would there be any difficulty in laying a body upon the roof?"

"It seems most improbable."

"We must fall back upon the old axiom that when all other contingencies fail, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth. Here all other contingencies *have* failed. When I found that the leading international agent, who had just left London, lived in a row of houses which abutted upon the Underground, I was so pleased that you were a little astonished at my sudden frivolity."

"Oh, that was it, was it?"

"Yes, that was it. Mr. Hugo Oberstein, of 13, Caulfield Gardens, had become my objective. I began my operations at Gloucester Road Station, where a very helpful official walked with me along the track, and allowed me to satisfy myself not only that the back-stair windows of Caulfield Gardens open on the line, but the even more essential fact that, owing to the intersection of one of the larger railways, the Underground trains are frequently held motionless for some minutes at that very spot."

"Splendid, Holmes! You have got it!"

"So far—so far, Watson. We advance, but the goal is afar. Well, having seen the back of Caulfield Gardens, I visited the front and satisfied myself that the bird was indeed flown. It is a considerable house, unfurnished, so far as I could judge, in the upper rooms. Oberstein lived there with a single valet, who was probably a confederate entirely in his confidence. We must bear in mind that Oberstein has gone to the Continent to dispose of his booty, but not with any idea of flight; for he had no reason to fear a warrant, and the idea of an amateur domiciliary visit would certainly never occur to him. Yet that is precisely what we are about to make."

"Could we not get a warrant and legalize it?"

"Hardly on the evidence."

"What can we hope to do?"

"We cannot tell what correspondence may be there."

"I don't like it, Holmes."

"My dear fellow, you shall keep watch in the street. I'll do the criminal part. It's not a time to stick at trifles. Think of Mycroft's note, of the Admiralty, the Cabinet, the exalted person who waits for news. We are bound to go."

My answer was to rise from the table.

"You are right, Holmes. We are bound to go."

He sprang up and shook me by the hand.

"I knew you would not shrink at the last," said he, and for a moment I saw something in his eyes which was nearer to tenderness than I had ever seen. The next instant he was his masterful, practical self once more.

"It is nearly half a mile, but there is no hurry. Let us walk," said he. "Don't drop the instruments, I beg. Your arrest as a suspicious character would be a most unfortunate complication."

Caulfield Gardens was one of those lines of flat-faced, pillared, and porticoed houses which are so prominent a product of the middle Victorian epoch in the West-end of London. Next door there appeared to be a children's party, for the merry buzz of young voices and the clatter of a piano resounded through the night. The fog still hung about and screened us with its friendly shade. Holmes had lit his lantern and flashed it upon the massive door.

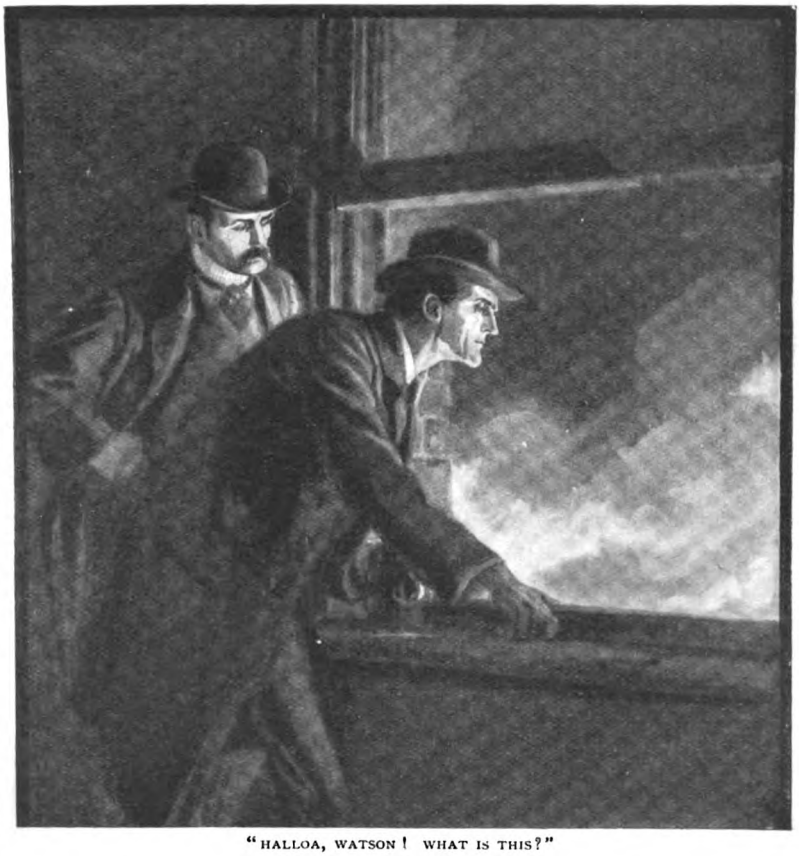
"This is a serious proposition," said he. "It is certainly bolted as well as locked. We would do better in the area. There is an excellent archway down yonder in case a too zealous policeman should intrude. Give me a hand, Watson, and I'll do the same for you."

A minute later we were both in the area. Hardly had we reached the dark shadows before the step of the policeman was heard in the fog above. As its soft rhythm died away Holmes set to work upon the lower door. I saw him stoop and strain until with a sharp crash it flew open. We sprang through into the dark passage, closing the area door behind us. Holmes led the way up the curving, uncarpeted stair. His little fan of yellow light shone upon a low window.

"Here we are, Watson—this must be the one." He threw it open, and as he did so there was a low, harsh murmur, growing steadily into a loud roar as a train dashed past us in the darkness. Holmes swept his light along the window-sill. It was thickly coated with soot from the passing engines,

but the black surface was blurred and rubbed in places.

"You can see where they rested the body. Halloa, Watson! what is this? There can be no doubt that it is a blood mark." He was pointing to faint discolorations along the woodwork of the window. "Here it is on the stone of the stair also. The demonstration is complete. Let us stay here until a train stops."



"HALLOA, WATSON! WHAT IS THIS?"

We had not long to wait. The very next train roared from the tunnel as before, but slowed in the open, and then, with a creaking of brakes, pulled up immediately beneath us. It was not four feet from the window-ledge to the roof of the carriages. Holmes softly closed the window.

"So far we are justified," said he. "What do you think of it, Watson?"

"A masterpiece. You have never risen to a greater height."

"I cannot agree with you there. From the moment that I conceived the idea of the body being upon the roof, which surely was not a very abstruse one, all the rest was inevitable. If it were not for the grave interests involved the affair up to this point would be insignificant. Our difficulties are still before us. But perhaps we may find something here which may help us."

We had ascended the kitchen stair and entered the suite of rooms upon the first floor. One was a dining-room, severely furnished and containing nothing of interest. A second was a bedroom, which also drew blank. The remaining room appeared more promising, and my companion settled down to a systematic examination. It was littered with books and papers, and was evidently used as a study. Swiftly and methodically Holmes turned over the contents of drawer after drawer and cupboard after cupboard, but no gleam of success came to brighten his austere face. At the end of an hour he was no further than when he started.

"The cunning dog has covered his tracks," said he. "He has left nothing to incriminate him. His dangerous correspondence has been destroyed or removed. This is our last chance."

It was a small tin cash-box which stood upon the writing-desk. Holmes prised it open with his chisel. Several rolls of paper were within, covered with figures and calculations, without any note to show to what they referred. The recurring words, "Water pressure" and "Pressure to the square inch" suggested some possible relation to a submarine. Holmes tossed them all impatiently aside. There only remained an envelope with some small newspaper slips inside it. He shook them out on the table, and at once

I saw by his eager face that his hopes had been raised.

"What's this, Watson? Eh? What's this? Record of a series of messages in the advertisements of a paper. *Daily Telegraph* agony column by the print and paper. Right-hand top corner of a page. No dates—but messages arrange themselves. This must be the first:—

"'Hoped to hear sooner. Terms agreed to. Write fully to address given on card.—Pierrot.'

"Next comes: 'Too complex for description. Must have full report. Stuff awaits you when goods delivered.—Pierrot.'

"Then comes: 'Matter presses. Must withdraw offer unless contract completed. Make appointment by letter. Will confirm by advertisement.—Pierrot.'

"Finally: 'Monday night after nine. Two taps. Only ourselves. Do not be so suspicious. Payment in hard cash when goods delivered.—Pierrot.'

"A fairly complete record, Watson! If we could only get at the man at the other end!" He sat lost in thought, tapping his fingers on the table. Finally he sprang to his feet.

"Well, perhaps it won't be so difficult after all. There is nothing more to be done here, Watson. I think we might drive round to the offices of the *Daily Telegraph*, and so bring a good day's work to a conclusion."

Mycroft Holmes and Lestrade had come round by appointment after breakfast next day, and Sherlock Holmes had recounted to them our proceedings of the day before. The professional shook his head over our confessed burglary.

"We can't do these things in the force, Mr. Holmes," said he. "No wonder you get results that are beyond us. But some of these days you'll go too far, and you'll find yourself and your friend in trouble."

"For England, home, and beauty—eh, Watson? Martyrs on the altar of our country. But what do you think of it, Mycroft?"

"Excellent, Sherlock! Admirable! But what use will you make of it?"

Holmes picked up the *Daily Telegraph* which lay upon the table.

"Have you seen Pierrot's advertisement to-day?"

"What! Another one?"

"Yes, here it is: 'To-night. Same hour. Same place. Two taps. Most vitally important. Your own safety at stake.—Pierrot.'"

"By George!" cried Lestrade. "If he answers that we've got him!"

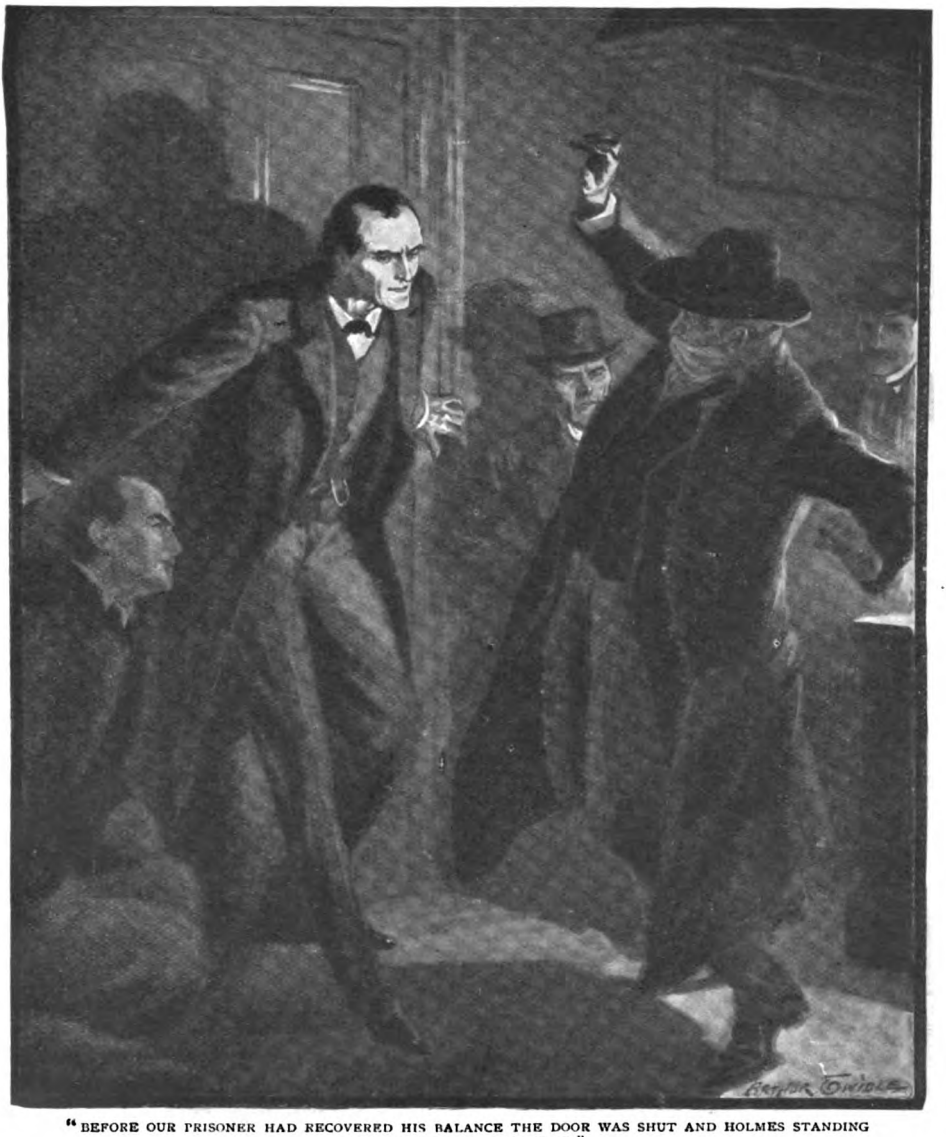
"That was my idea when I put it in. I think if you could both make it convenient to come with us about eight o'clock to Caulfield Gardens we might possibly get a little nearer to a solution."

One of the most remarkable characteristics of Sherlock Holmes was his power of throwing his brain out of action and switching all his thoughts on to lighter things whenever he had convinced himself that he could no longer work to advantage. I remember that during the whole of that memorable day he lost himself in a monograph which he had undertaken upon the Polyphonic Motets of Lassus. For my own part I had none of this power of detachment, and the day, in consequence, appeared to be interminable. The great national importance of the issue, the suspense in high quarters, the direct nature of the experiment which we were trying, all combined to work upon my nerves. It was a relief to me when at last, after a light dinner, we set out upon our expedition. Lestrade and Mycroft met us by appointment at the outside of Gloucester Road Station. The area door of Oberstein's house had been left open the night before, and it was necessary for me, as Mycroft Holmes absolutely and indignantly declined to climb the railings, to pass in and open the hall door. By nine o'clock we were all seated in the study, waiting patiently for our man.

An hour passed and yet another. When eleven struck, the measured beat of the great church clock seemed to sound the dirge of our hopes. Lestrade and Mycroft were fidgeting in their seats and looking twice a minute at their watches. Holmes sat silent and composed, his eyelids half shut, but every sense on the alert. He raised his head with a sudden jerk.

"He is coming," said he.

There had been a furtive step past the door. Now it returned. We heard a shuffling sound outside, and then two sharp taps with the knocker. Holmes rose, motioning to us to remain seated. The gas in the hall was a mere point of light. He opened the outer door, and then as a dark figure slipped past him he closed and fastened it. "This way!" we heard him say, and a moment later our man stood before us. Holmes had followed him closely, and as the man turned with a cry of surprise and alarm he caught him by the collar and threw him back into the room. Before our prisoner had recovered his balance the door was shut and Holmes standing with his back against



"BEFORE OUR PRISONER HAD RECOVERED HIS BALANCE THE DOOR WAS SHUT AND HOLMES STANDING WITH HIS BACK AGAINST IT."

it. The man glared round him, staggered, and fell senseless upon the floor. With the shock, his broad-brimmed hat flew from his head, his cravat slipped down from his lips, and there was the long light beard and the soft, handsome, delicate features of Colonel Valentine Walter.

Holmes gave a whistle of surprise.

"You can write me down an ass this time, Watson," said he. "This was not the bird that I was looking for."

"Who is he?" asked Mycroft, eagerly.

"The younger brother of the late Sir James Walter, the head of the Submarine Department. Yes, yes; I see the fall of the cards. He is coming to. I think that you had best leave his examination to me."

We had carried the prostrate body to the sofa. Now our prisoner sat up, looked round him with a horror-stricken face, and passed his hand over his forehead, like one who cannot believe his own senses.

"What is this?" he asked. "I came here to visit Mr. Oberstein."

"Everything is known, Colonel Walter," said Holmes. "How an English gentleman could behave in such a manner is beyond my comprehension. But your whole corre-

spondence and relations with Oberstein are within our knowledge. So also are the circumstances connected with the death of young Cadogan West. Let me advise you to gain at least the small credit for repentance and confession, since there are still some details which we can only learn from your lips."

The man groaned and sank his face in his hands. We waited, but he was silent.

"I can assure you," said Holmes, "that every essential is already known. We know that you were pressed for money; that you took an impress of the keys which your brother held; and that you entered into a correspondence with Oberstein, who answered your letters through the advertisement columns of the *Daily Telegraph*. We are aware that you went down to the office in the fog on Monday night, but that you were seen and followed by young Cadogan West, who had probably some previous reason to suspect you. He saw your theft, but could not give the alarm, as it was just possible that you were taking the papers to your brother in London. Leaving all his private concerns, like the good citizen that he was, he followed you closely in the fog, and kept at your heels until you reached this very house. There he intervened, and then it was, Colonel Walter, that to treason you added the more terrible crime of murder."

"I did not! I did not! Before God I swear that I did not!" cried our wretched prisoner.

"Tell us, then, how Cadogan West met his end before you laid him upon the roof of a railway carriage."

"I will. I swear to you that I will. I did the rest. I confess it. It was just as you say. A Stock Exchange debt had to be paid. I needed the money badly. Oberstein offered me five thousand. It was to save myself from ruin. But as to murder, I am as innocent as you."

"What happened, then?"

"He had his suspicions before, and he followed me as you describe. I never knew it until I was at the very door. It was thick fog, and one could not see three yards. I had given two taps and Oberstein had come to the door. The young man rushed up and demanded to know what we were about to do with the papers. Oberstein had a short life-preserver. He always carried it with him. As West forced his way after us into the house Oberstein struck him on the head. The blow was a fatal one. He was dead within five minutes. There he lay in the hall, and we were at our wits' end what to do. Then Oberstein had this idea about the trains which halted under his back window. But first he examined the papers which I had brought. He said that three of them were essential, and that he must keep them. 'You cannot keep them,' said I. 'There will be a dreadful row at Woolwich if they are not returned.' 'I must keep them,' said he, 'for they are so technical that it is impossible in the time to make copies.' 'Then they must all go back together to-night,' said I. He thought for a little, and then he cried out that he had it. 'Three I will keep,' said he. 'The others we will stuff into the pocket of this young man. When he is found the whole business will assuredly be put to his account.' I could see no other way out of it, so we did as he suggested. We waited half an hour at the window before a train stopped. It was so thick that nothing could be seen, and we had no difficulty in lowering West's body on to the train. That was the end of the matter so far as I was concerned."

"And your brother?"

"He said nothing, but he had caught me once with his keys, and I think that he suspected. I read in his eyes that he suspected. As you know, he never held up his head again."

There was silence in the room. It was broken by Mycroft Holmes.

"Can you not make reparation? It would ease your conscience, and possibly your punishment."

"What reparation can I make?"

"Where is Oberstein with the papers?"

"I do not know."

"Did he give you no address?"

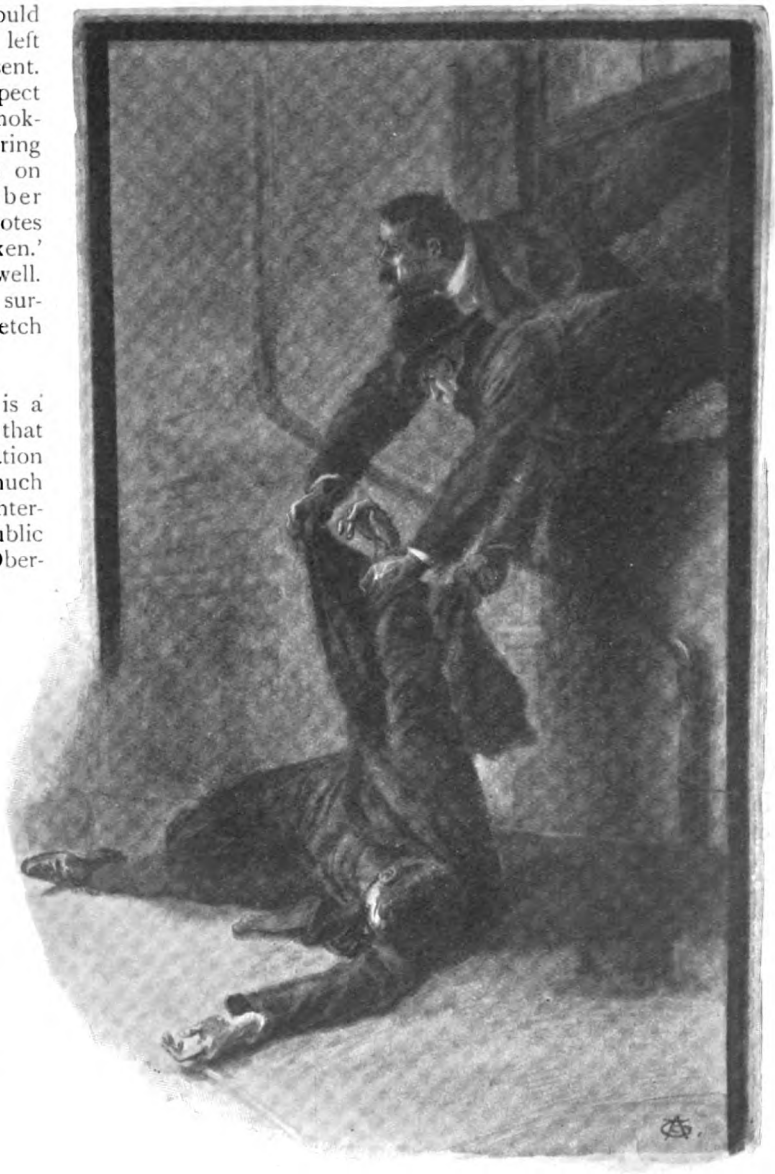
"He said that letters to the Hôtel du Louvre, Paris, would eventually reach him."

"Then reparation is still within your power," said Sherlock Holmes.

"I will do anything I can. I owe this fellow no particular good-will. He has been my ruin and my downfall."

"Here are paper and pen. Sit at this desk and write to my dictation. Direct the envelope to the address given. That is right. Now the letter: 'Dear Sir,—With regard to our transaction, you will no doubt have observed by now that one essential detail is missing. I have a tracing which will make it complete. This has involved me in extra trouble, however, and I must ask you for a further advance of five hundred pounds. I will not trust it to the post, nor will I take anything but gold or notes. I would come to

you abroad, but it would excite remark if I left the country at present. Therefore I shall expect to meet you in the smoking-room of the Charing Cross Hotel at noon on Saturday. Remember that only English notes or gold will be taken.' That will do very well. I shall be very much surprised if it does not fetch our man."



"THAT WAS THE END OF THE MATTER."

And it did! It is a matter of history — that secret history of a nation which is often so much more intimate and interesting than its public chronicles — that Oberstein, eager to complete the coup of his lifetime, came to the lure and was safely engulfed for fifteen years in a British prison. In his trunk were found the invaluable Bruce - Partington plans, which he had put up for auction in all the naval centres of Europe.

Colonel Walter died in prison towards the end of the second year of his sentence. As to Holmes, he returned refreshed to his monograph upon the Polyphonic Motets of Lassus, which has since been printed for private circulation, and is said by experts to be the last word upon the subject. Some weeks afterwards I learned incidentally that my friend spent a day at Windsor, whence he returned with a remarkably fine emerald tie-pin. When I asked him if he had bought it, he answered that it was a present from a certain gracious lady in whose interests he had once been fortunate enough to carry out a small commission. He said no more; but I fancy that I could guess at that lady's august name, and I have little doubt that the emerald pin will for ever recall to my friend's memory the adventure of the Bruce-Partington plans.

"My Reminiscences."

I.

By ADELINA PATTI (Baroness Cederström).

In this article, written expressly for "The Strand Magazine," the greatest singer of this or any other age furnishes the world with a few charming fragments of that autobiography which has been awaited with eager and universal interest for so long. Although born in 1843, the Baroness Cederstrom only retired fr m her profession two years ago, having amassed a great fortune by her art. She has dwelt for many years at her princely castle and estate of Craig y Nos, in Wales. Her wonderful voice is still occasionally heard in the cause of charity. Only last month the Baroness sang at Father Bernard Vaughan's concert at Albert Hall, London.

FOR many years past my friends all over the world have been urging me to write my reminiscences. In truth, to them it must seem a very simple thing to sit down at leisure with a pen in one's hand and write of the people one has seen and known, and the experiences one has enjoyed. But to me it is not at all so simple. I fear I should not be content with a mere chronicle of what has happened to me, and how kind the great musical public all over the world has been to me. That would not be enough; I fear I should not stop there. I should want to express my opinions on art—the art that is as dear to me as life itself—to reveal to the world what the experience of sixty years has taught me of the value of our modern musical culture, of critics and criticism, of this or that school of singing.

Supposing I thought that the prevailing fault in musical criticism in the present day is ignorance—that most of the critics cannot discriminate a good singing style from a bad one, how could I tell the world so? How could I say that critics are influenced by what pleases them at the moment, perhaps by a good dinner or by pleasant surroundings? It may be that they do not always stop to reflect that the style of singing they encourage may exert a very evil effect on young vocalists and establish generally a false standard of excellence; and, if so, how could I write and not speak of all this? Whenever I go to hear one of the new school who is so full of *acrobati* and vocal fireworks I really almost feel tempted to say to him or her, "My dear, you have beautiful furniture, you have pretty curtains at the windows, and charming pictures, but, *ma foi*, you have no house to put them all in!" One goes nowadays so often

SALVATORE PATTI. CATHERINE CHIESA.

From Miniatures (THE PARENTS OF ADELINA PATTI.) [*at Craig y Nos.*

And then what would happen? Some of my friends would be offended at my plain-speaking, and perhaps rebuke me for my temerity. And the critics—ah, what would the critics say?

to the opera to be fed on sweets, sweets, sweets! How one longs for something more substantial, for, believe me, in music as in life man cannot live by sweets alone.

I always say to my young friends, not

PORTRAIT BY WINTERHALTER OF MADAME PATTI IN PRIVATE LIFE.

In a cabinet in my boudoir my glance often rests on two beautiful miniatures of my parents in their youth. My mother was a well-known Roman singer, Catherine Chiesa, who, when she was but fifteen years of age, married her teacher, Signor Barili. Her second husband was Salvatore Patti, a member of an old family in Catania, Sicily. There is a commune called Patti to this day, which was formerly the seat of his family. He was not a professional singer, nor had any member of his family ever had any connection with the stage; but as the possessor of a beautiful voice he was drawn, like the great Mario, into a musical career.

In 1843, the year of my birth, my parents arrived in Madrid to sing in opera, and there on the 19th February I was born. Afterwards my parents returned to Italy for three years, and then, taking the younger members of their family with them, set sail for New York, where I remained until I was sixteen. There I went to school, and was also taught by my private teacher, who

MADAME PATTI IN THE SECOND ACT OF "OTHELLO."
Painted by Steinhardt.

Can you shake? Can you trill? Can you imitate a lark or a mocking bird? but—Can you sing a simple ballad in honest, straightforward fashion, such a ballad, for example, as "Home, Sweet Home"? That is the real test. A great many people think so much rests with the words, the sentiment of that song, no matter how it is sung. Of course, association counts for a great deal. But I shall never forget that at Buenos Ayres I sang "Home, Sweet Home" to an audience which did not understand a word of English, yet an audience with, as I was told afterwards, the tears running down their faces, and which demanded it again and again.

But, there, you see now some of the difficulties I should have to surmount in writing my autobiography. As to the leading events of my career, I am sure my friends are not likely to let the world forget them, I see them in print so often; and I myself am in as little danger, from the multitude of tangible souvenirs which greet my eyes on every hand at Craig y Nos.

From a] MADAME ADELINA PATTI WITH HER FATHER, SISTER, AND BROTHER. *[Photograph.*

always accompanied me on my tours. My earliest recollections are associated with the trials and triumphs of my parents on the stage.

Once when I was only six years of age I remember decking myself out in one of my mother's stage dresses. I then ranged all my dolls on a row of chairs in front of me to represent an audience, and was dancing and singing and occasionally interjecting a "Brava, Adelina!" when lo, the door opened and my mother appeared. She was not alone; with her were two famous fellow-artistes, Sontag and Alboni. I can remember Alboni's great surprise at my voice and her telling my mother that I would be a great singer some day.

But that some day seemed so far distant that, child as I was, I resolved to take matters in my own hands and help my dear father and mother out of their difficulties. I can still see my father's troubled, tear-dimmed face as he said to me: "No, little one, what you ask is impossible."

Even when at last he gave in and consented to my making a first appearance in public, a *prima donna* of seven summers must have struck the habitués of Niblo's Garden, New York, as an odd phenomenon. After I had sung in "Una Voce," and while the people were clapping and waving their handkerchiefs, I remember my dear father catching me up in his arms and kissing me, and my mother petting me as if I had done something very wonderful indeed.

From a] MADAME PATTI'S MOTHER. *[Photograph.*

My father was present at all my early successes, and it was a source of great pride and pleasure to me to know that I had done something to retrieve the fortunes of my family and to fulfil their expectations of me as a singer.

In later years my mother went to live in Rome, leaving my father and M. Strakosch to accompany me on my

European tours; but we enjoyed periodical reunions, usually at Paris. This picture before me is a memento of one of those family reunions.

It is of my father in his old age, my sister, my brother, and myself. I have also my mother's portrait, taken about the time of my first professional appearance in Madrid, my birthplace. At that time there was no railway going direct to the Spanish capital, but at Bayonne we had to take a carriage over the Pyrenees. The agitation I felt over my *début* in my native town may easily be imagined. For days before our arrival all the places at the opera-house had been bought up. But it turned out a great success—greater than I could have hoped for. Queen Isabella, who honoured my *début* with her presence, afterwards sent for me, together with my father, and we had a long informal chat, in the course of which she addressed me as her "dear countrywoman," just as the Empress Eugénie had done when I first sang in Paris.

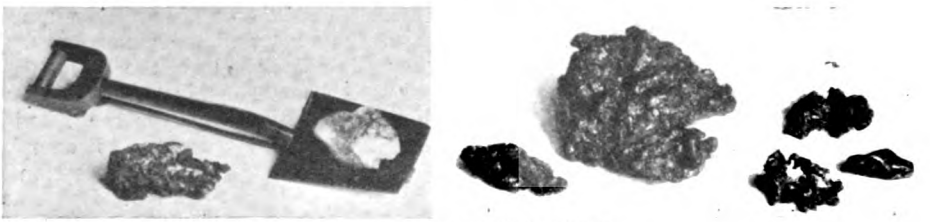
MARIE ANTOINETTE'S CHATELAINE—PRESENTED BY THE LADIES OF NEW YORK.

It was at Madrid, at the close of a gala night, that, to my astonishment, two hundred beautiful canaries were, at a signal, released and fluttered towards me. Each was adorned with a coloured bow at its throat, and made a wondrously beautiful spectacle. I managed to capture two of these charming little songsters and press them to my lips. This was not all of my triumph. The Duke of Alba presented me from his box with a beautiful wreath, while the Countess Montijo, the Empress Eugénie's mother, threw me an exquisite bouquet, and the members of the Jockey Club launched on the stage twelve laurel wreaths made of velvet and satin leaves with golden berries. So, you see, I had no reason to complain of my reception in Madrid. I have had, perhaps, more tumultuous receptions elsewhere, but never, I think, any which touched me more. My dear father's happiness was very great.

On my benefit night the Queen gave me a splendid cameo brooch, surrounded by forty large pearls, and before my departure overwhelmed me with her praise of my singing.

Later on I again saw Her Majesty, when travelling by train in Spain, on the occasion of the wheels of the compartment in which I was travelling taking fire, when she graciously asked me if I would transfer myself and belongings to her own private carriages on the train in which she was travelling in the same direction.

I think my father would have enjoyed the cordial greetings his daughter received on her return to New York as well as the many tokens of my triumphs there and elsewhere in that New World associated with my early youth. One of the tributes took the form of naming a gold mine after me, and the presentation to me of some of the first nuggets. But the time was at hand when I was to lose my father. I was singing in the "Figlia del Reggimento" at Hamburg in the summer of 1869, when they brought me a message from Paris telling me that my father was no more. I was over-



NUGGETS FROM THE "PATTI" MINE.

whelmed with grief, for I had lost not only a father, but a close and dear friend.

I was in London with my husband, the Marquis de Caux, when the Franco-Prussian War broke out, but my sister Amalia and her husband were in Paris at that critical time, and naturally I became very anxious concerning their safety. Fancy my relief when I heard that their apartments had actually been visited by the soldiers, who, seeing my portrait on the walls, made inquiry, and, finding that the apartments belonged to me, departed peacefully.

About this time my life was suddenly darkened by a despatch from Rome announcing my mother's death.

On my first appearance in Moscow an exciting event occurred. Just previous to going on to the platform I approached the cheval glass in my dressing-room to arrange the blossoms in my hair, when the long muslin skirts I was wearing suddenly caught fire from a spirit-lamp. Fortunately, I had the presence of mind to keep perfectly still whilst those in the room extinguished the flames with rugs and shawls.

The danger was over and I naturally felt upset, but managed to make my appearance and sing my *rôle* in the usual way. However, on returning to the dressing-room the extra excitement was too much, and caused me to faint. The news of the mishap spread quickly, and the manager, with the artistes, came and congratulated me on my escape, and there arose a contention for the pieces of muslin the fire had spared, which were carried off as trophies.

GOLD COFFEE CUP AND SAUCER, SET WITH PRECIOUS STONES, PRESENTED BY THE PEOPLE OF MOSCOW.

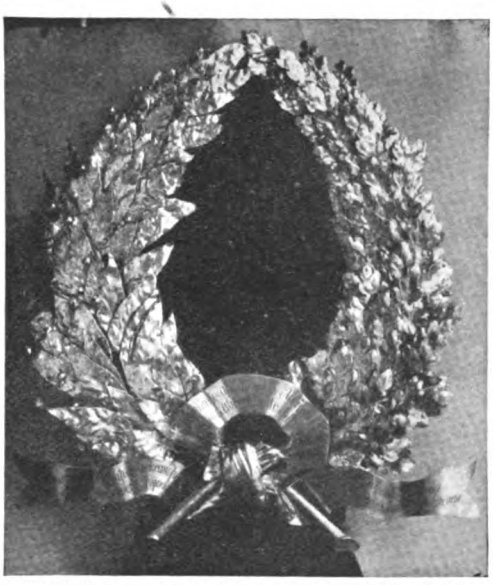
As a farewell gift, after the concerts, the people of Moscow presented me with a richly-gilt silver tea-service. On my second visit to the city the Muscovites presented me with five diamond stars and two coffee cups and saucers of massive gold inlaid with precious stones.

Another Moscow souvenir I cherish greatly is a gold wreath given to me by the Grand Duke Vladimir on the occasion of my singing in aid of the wounded Russian soldiers in the year 1904.

Amongst other souvenirs from Russia I have also a beautiful fan from the Emperor.

In the course of my long career I have met nearly all the great figures in all departments of life—Kings, statesmen, soldiers, authors—but it is of great composers and great singers that I cherish the dearest memories. I still keep the souvenirs given me by Rossini, Verdi, Gounod, Meyerbeer, Bülow, and the rest, but Rossini was my earliest and dearest friend. I was not yet twenty, in 1863, when the maestro gave a great dinner-party in Paris to signalize my departure for Vienna, at which many celebrated persons were present. On the right of the maestro sat "Pattina," as he insisted on calling me from the very first day of our acquaintance, while on my other hand sat a charming and witty man who, I could not help observing,

ate nothing, but seemed in excellent spirits. This was the famous composer, Auber, whose custom, Rossini told me, it was to partake of food only once a day, and that only by rule. How different was the case with poor, dear Rossini, who was a confirmed gourmet, preferring the Italian style of cooking, and always doing ample justice to our national macaroni!

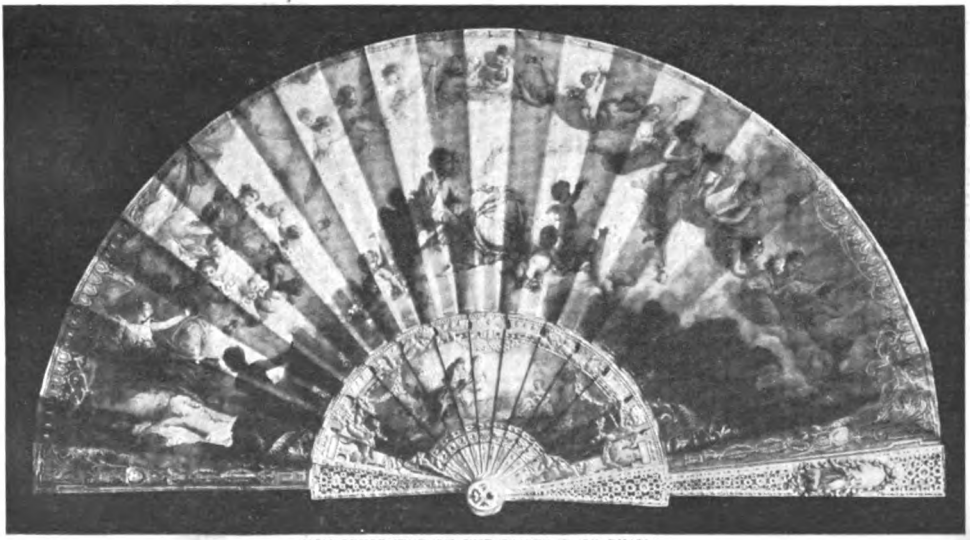


GOLD WREATH PRESENTED BY GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR.

It was at Rossini's house that I met Meyerbeer, who used to call on me frequently, and if I happened not to be at home he would sit down and wait for my return, amusing himself meanwhile by reading the newspapers. Afterwards I would find a heap of newspapers, the margins of which were covered with his written comments and notes. As for Rossini, when he called and found nobody in the drawing-room, he would announce himself in quite an original fashion by playing on the piano, with one finger, the old French air, 'J'ai du tabac dans ma tabatière.' When my ear caught that I knew exactly who was in the drawing-room, and instantly went down to greet him. Once he brought me a precious gift. It was a large parcel, and I was naturally very curious to know what was inside. He opened it himself and handed me the contents with great ceremony — a piece of Parmesan cheese he had just received from Pesaro!

Afterwards, when I first came to make my home in England, I took a charming little house in Clapham Park, and to this I gave the name of Rossini Villa. It quickly became the rendezvous of famous people in the world of music and literature. Here came the composer, Balfe, whose gaiety of spirits made him the life of the company; Mario and Grisi, and a host of others.

I shall never forget the shock I suffered at Rossini's death, nor the eagerness with which I desired to pay a last tribute of respect and gratitude to his memory, by singing at his funeral at the Eglise de Sainte Trinité. A magnificent performance of his own "Stabat Mater" had been arranged, and when Alboni and I sang the duet, "Quid est homo," I was told that loud sobs could be



FAN PRESENTED BY THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

heard vibrating throughout the church. I was as much moved as any.

Among several gold wreaths I possess there is one to remind me of my Vienna *début* in 1863. It is also a memorial of my twentieth birthday. I took leave of Rossini and my Parisian friends and arrived in the Austrian capital for the first time, only to find that public curiosity was very keen concerning me, and that great things were expected from the *débutante* of London and Paris. Naturally I was nervous, and as if my nervousness were not enough I caught a cold which kept me to my bed for three days. For a time I thought I should not be able to sing on the opening night. I had to face a phalanx of eminent critics, and I had heard that not all of the audience which packed the Karl Theater from floor to ceiling were disposed to be wholly friendly.

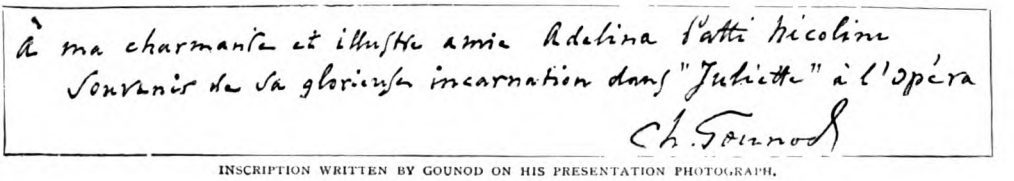
AUTOGRAPHED PORTRAIT OF VERDI.

But my alarms proved to be needless; I even succeeded in the andante "A non credea," where the least hoarseness would be detected, as it must be sung all through mezza-voce.

I remember trembling a little when I got to the upper F—that is all. Then, as the roses came pelting over the footlights until the stage was literally carpeted, to my surprise this massive wreath of gold was handed to me—for my birthday! And all the time I had supposed the day was a secret, and I was anxious to get back home to celebrate my birthday supper in the bosom of my family.

I was asked lately if I remembered Hans von Bülow. I was stopping at Warsaw, on my way from St. Petersburg to Vienna, arriving at the hotel at five o'clock in the morning. Sleep had just visited my eyelids when an overpowering noise emanated from the next room. It was a piano being pounded in all keys by a hand of iron, first slowly, and then with furious rapidity. A good deal alarmed, I sprang out of bed and stared helplessly at the wall through which came those sounds of the inferno. It was decided that an appeal *ad misericordiam* should be made to the mad virtuoso, and a message was accordingly conveyed from "a sick lady who had only just arrived" begging for a respite until eight o'clock. Instantly the portentous sounds of earthquake ceased, and we managed to

AUTOGRAPHED PORTRAIT OF MR. GLADSTONE.



INSCRIPTION WRITTEN BY GOUNOD ON HIS PRESENTATION PHOTOGRAPH.

SIGNED PORTRAIT OF H.M. THE QUEEN OF ITALY.

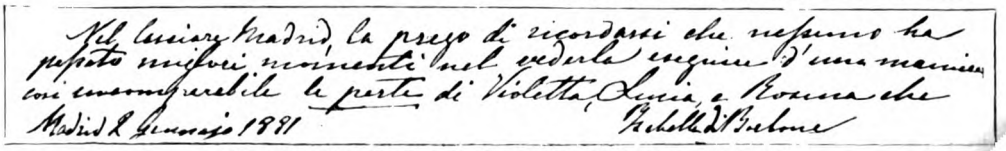
snatch a brief slumber. The Marquis having sent in his card to the peace-disturber by way of acknowledgment, a few moments later a gentleman made his appearance to inquire after the state of his neighbour's health. He turned out to be Von Bülow. "I am sorry I disturbed you," he said, calmly, "but it has been my custom for many years to run over my scales every morning from six to eight, even when I have performed at a concert the previous evening."

Gounod, of whom I have many pleasant recollections, once sent me an autographed photograph of himself after I had sung the part of Juliette in his opera, "Romeo and Juliette," inscribed, "To my charming and illustrious friend, Adelina Patti Nicolini, as a souvenir of her glorious incarnation of Juliette at the opera.—Ch. Gounod."

Of the great Englishmen I have met I was vastly impressed by Mr. Gladstone. Once in the midst of one of his strenuous political campaigns he came to hear me at Edinburgh, and afterwards appeared on the stage to thank me for the pleasure my singing had given him. He mentioned that he was greatly troubled with a cold, so I ventured to recommend some lozenges which I had found useful. That night I sent him a box of these lozenges, and got from the great statesman a delightful little note, which I still treasure, in which he says: "I am afraid that the use of your lozenges will not make me your rival. 'Voce quastanto d' ottant' anni non si recupera.'" He then went on to pay me the following great compliment: "It was a rare treat to hear from your Italian lips last night the songs of my own tongue, rendered with a delicacy of modulation and a fineness of utterance such as no native ever in my hearing has reached or even approached."

But if my head could be turned by compliments I fear it would have been turned long ago. Once a lady came especially from London to hear me sing in the oratorio, at the Birmingham

SIGNED PORTRAIT OF H.M. QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN.



INSCRIPTION WRITTEN BY QUEEN ISABELLA ON THE ABOVE PHOTOGRAPH.

Musical Festival, for she doubted whether "the little nightingale," as I was called, could manage sacred music.

After the performance this lady, herself a celebrated oratorio singer of world-wide renown, sent me a message, through M. Costa, expressing intense admiration of the masterly rendering of the oratorio. This dictum and praise coming from Jenny Lind herself gave me, as you may suppose, the utmost pleasure.

Perhaps that which touched me most was that which His Majesty King Edward, when Prince of Wales, paid me. It was at a dinner to the Duke of York and Princess May, just previous to their marriage, the host being Mr. Alfred Rothschild, one of my oldest friends. There were many Royalties and distinguished persons present, and I was chatting away gaily, when the Prince, to my surprise, proposed the health of his "old and valued friend, Mme. Patti." He then went on to tell the company that he had first heard me in New York, as long ago as 1860, in "Martha," and ever since then his own attendance at what he called my "victories in the realm of song" were his pleasantest memories. Another pleasant incident was in St. Petersburg, when, after having sung at the Court Concert, the grandmother of the present Czar brought down her grandchildren, including the Grand Dukes Sergius, Vladimir, and Paul, to kiss me, so that they might say in after life that they had kissed "the famous Mme. Patti." Now, wasn't that nice?

SIGNED PORTRAIT OF H.M. THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

In London one year, when the season was unusually long, I well remember an amusing incident connected with the then Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII.

His Royal Highness having been persuaded that jealous feelings would be aroused in the breasts of rival *prime donne* if they sang the wrangling trio from "Il Matrimonio Segreto," thought of having a joke at their expense, and so caused Lucca, Nilsson, and myself to receive an invitation to sing that piece. I, however, believed I could guess the Prince's intention, and arranged a counter-plot with my colleagues which succeeded perfectly.

At the matinée at Marlborough House we three conspirators drawled out the trio with such mournful, stolid faces that the whole audience, with their humorous and Royal host at their head, stared dumbfounded at the automatic trio.

On my return from Vienna to London I had the honour of a command to go to Windsor Castle, and of singing for the first time before Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria, who, since the death of her Royal consort, had not appeared at any public entertainment. Amongst the other items I sang "Home, Sweet Home," which delighted Her Majesty, and she presented me with a valuable brooch with my initials on it, and also another butterfly brooch in sapphires and diamonds.

I could not enumerate all the Royal personages who have graciously honoured me with their friendship, but as for reigning Queens, I profoundly admire Queen Alexandra of my adopted country and Queen Elena of my Fatherland, whose portraits now before me recall so much charm and kindness.

Amongst the gifts I am proudest of is the splendid casket containing the freedom of the city of Brecon. I love Wales and I love the Welsh people, and this is the tangible reminder that this love I have borne them for so many years is returned. Some of my friends of a very practical turn of mind occasionally ask me what is the good of having the freedom of a city, and I tell them it means that I pay nothing for anything in the good city of Brecon—that whenever I like I can become its honoured guest. My husband once suggested playfully that I should order all my dresses there instead of in Paris. But perhaps the corporation of Brecon would object to this.

CASKET CONTAINING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF BRECON.

Now that I have plenty of time for reflection I am intensely amused at the wonder of which I am the object. People wonder at what they are pleased to call my perpetual youth, and they wonder how I manage to kill time here at my castle in far-off Wales, away from society and social excitements. Such shoals of letters I receive, begging me to tell them the secret of my voice, my complexion, my figure, my animal spirits. They pledge their word that, if I will only tell them all, it will be held inviolable. As if there was any secret, unless *temperance* in all things is a secret! I never strain my voice, I avoid all pastries and rich dishes, and I am a slave to nothing; I endeavour to cultivate content. As for my supposed idleness, I rarely know an idle moment. I love to manage my own house, to call upon my neighbours, to entertain my friends—M. Jean de Reszke and his charming wife have just travelled all the way to visit me — to practise scales, and what is left over is devoted to reading and needlework. I do not feel the latter is quite time thrown away, for one of my pieces of embroidery was recently exhibited in public and sold for the benefit of charity, and I have truly revelled in embroidering many of the chairs at Craig y Nos with my own hand. And I still continue to sing occasionally for charity.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI AT THE PRESENT DAY.

One word more. Do not think I take the kindness of the world and the many honours I have received as paid simply to myself. I know it is only a tribute to the gift God has given me, and that in taking care of myself I have only cherished that which He has placed in my keeping.

"IF only I'd had an adventure of my own, I'd write it," said the editor of the *Piccadilly Magazine*, gloomily.

"Well, it couldn't be worse than these," replied Mivart, the assistant editor, meaning to be polite. But Pegram, his chief, snorted and went on with his loathsome work.

They were late in the office, and besides themselves there was no one in the building but O'Flanagan, the porter, and his wife. Outside the rain pattered and the rising wind howled almost as lugubriously as the *Piccadilly's* office Tom, who courted upon the leads the official cat of the *Cambrian*. The atmosphere inside was thick, and not the less so because Pegram, who rarely used unorthodox language till making-up day, was hunting through a pile of stories, sent to him by an agent, for one good enough to make a feature of in the Summer Number. Mivart, seated in the next room, was engaged on a batch contributed singly by such as may come from Peckham but will never reach Parnassus, and have not even reached so near it as to inspire any agent with the hope of ten per cent. Sometimes Pegram said "Pish!" as he threw a manuscript upon the floor, and occasionally Mivart muttered "Tosh!" as he did the same.

"I'm getting desperate," said Mivart, through the open door.

"I am desperate now," retorted Pegram.

"There's no spelling in half my lot," said Mivart.

"There's nothing but spelling in mine," said Pegram. "Are all the lively writers paralyzed, or have they retired on their ill-gotten gains? All I want is a yarn with some go in it, some characters remotely human, and writing which suggests that the author has at least once in his life seen a real man of letters."

"You want a precious lot," grumbled Mivart. "You'll never get the three at once."

"I must," said Pegram, "and I will."

"I wish I could write," murmured Mivart, as he slung another story on his pile.

"I wish to heavens you could," said Pegram, bitterly, perhaps too bitterly, for Mivart retorted:—

"Well, you can't, either."

"I can," said Pegram, as he lighted a cigarette. "I'm sure I can. But I've had no experience. Never had an adventure in my life! For two pins I'd sling the *Piccadilly* and go to Texas. But don't talk. I've got ten more ditches to wade through."

"I've got twenty," said Mivart; "and I'll bet my boots there's nothing but ditch-water in the lot."

"Well," said Pegram, striking the desk with the palm of his hand, "I'd give anything in reason, or out of reason, for a real good rattling adventure story with something, I don't care what, that was fresh in it."

"You would, would you?" said a loud voice behind him. "Then why the dickens did you reject 'How I Escaped from Hanwell'?"

The door clicked as the stranger spoke, and Pegram, turning round in a marvellous hurry, saw a very tall, thin man lock the door and put the key in his pocket.

"Who—why—what?" said the editor, fiercely, but before he could say anything else, and before Mivart understood what had happened, the intruder jumped at Pegram and fell with him across the desk. Forty manuscripts and typescripts fell upon the floor, the inkpot followed them, and Pegram with his new acquaintance did the same. For the desk promptly went to pieces, and Pegram found himself almost in the fireplace, with the long man grabbing his throat.

"I'll teach you to reject a story like that," said the stranger, in a horrid scream.

"Help, Mivart, help!" roared Pegram, while he could still speak; and Mivart, coming to his senses, ran in armed with a ruler.

"I'll kill the pair of you," said the stranger. He gave Pegram's throat a very disagreeable squeeze, bounded to his feet, grabbed Mivart by the collar, and hurled him across the editor. He seemed as strong as the most disagreeable novel of the year, and few things were stronger than that. His eyes bolted from his head, and were most unpleasant to see within six inches of one's own, as Pegram felt. For some thirty seconds after Mivart landed across his chief and the stranger fell upon the pair of them, there was a remarkable blind skirmish. No one could see anything, on account of the ancient dust which filled the whole room. Not even a mathematician and bacteriologist rolled together could have estimated the pathogenic germs to the cubic centimetre of space, but the meanest intelligence among the unlearned would have come to the conclusion that there was trouble of an unusual nature in the office. For Mivart was not weak, and Pegram, having recovered from his surprise and filled his lungs, was really very strong. The two editors got to their feet, grabbed each other and the intruder, and waltzed without music, but to the accompaniment of highly unpoetic words, three times round the room. Another desk was smashed, a large table, loaded with papers, which was weak on its legs, gave way with a bang; someone put his elbow through a window, and someone else knocked away the supports of some pigeon-holes. Mivart got a severe blow in the eye, which made him very angry, and he hit out blindly—which was natural, as he could not see—and nearly knocked Pegram over. Pegram, who was very cross by now, though he had remarkable self-control when dealing with printers and even with poets, let go and banged Mivart's head against the head of the writer of "How I Escaped from Hanwell." Then, as luck and the dust would have it, the new writer struck Mivart just as Mivart struck Pegram, which was exactly at the same moment that Pegram got in a real beauty on the new contributor. The result of this was that they all landed in different parts of the room, Mivart being close to the bell. Though he had not kept his legs he still kept his head, and rang the bell, hoping to bring up O'Flanagan, who had a reputation as a fighter of which Mrs. O'Flanagan was very proud, seeing that it helped her to speak the truth to her neighbours. But the interval for refreshment was short. It seemed as if nothing could destroy the new man's energy. Though his head had gone through a cupboard, he rose with a yell and unabated ardour as O'Flanagan came bounding upstairs. It was not so much the bell as a piece of window-glass which had fallen on him while he held up the outside wall that brought him so quickly.

"Phwat is ut?" roared O'Flanagan, when he found the door locked. "Oh, phwat is ut?"

"Burst the door in!" shrieked Mivart, as he hurled the inkpot at the advancing foe. "There's a madman here!"

Mivart thought later that this was no inducement for an ordinary man to interfere in the proceedings, but then O'Flanagan was Irish. He hurled himself against the door just as the inkpot, having missed its mark, went through the window, while Mivart dodged a blow from a table-leg with which the madman was armed. Pegram, now remembering that in his unadventurous life he had yet essayed the adventures of football, tackled the man low down, and they all went over with a crash that loosened the plaster of the room beneath, just as O'Flanagan, in his second attempt, came through the door like a mad bull through a gate. He was met by the unexhausted and inexhaustible stranger, who was once more on his feet, and,

THE

"I wish I'd had some real adventures," he murmured. "But they must be confoundedly fatiguing."

He shook his head and went into the other room, entirely forgetting to sport his oak. The rejected one from Hanwell had evidently disorganized him. Nevertheless he locked his bedroom door.

"I really want a rest," said Pegram. "I'm a little out of condition, evidently."

His one form of athletics was swimming, and he swam very well indeed. But lately he had done nothing but edit, which is not a sport, as some think, but very hard work.

"It was pretty nigh a knock-out," said Pegram, as he tumbled into bed. "I want a rest."

He was not to get it. Just as he fell asleep he woke up, as O'Flanagan might have said, and heard a noise which did not explain itself as any common noise of the night. At first he thought it was already morning, and that his laundress had come. But at that very moment the clock outside struck one.

"What was it?" said Pegram, raising himself on his elbow. He heard steps in the other room, and jumped out of bed much quicker than he had got in. His first impulse was to open the door, but his nerves had been shaken up too much to allow him to do that.

"I'm I'm scared," said Pegram, angrily, having had such little experience he could not distinguish between nervousness and natural cowardice.

"Who's that?" he called out loudly.

"It's I!" said someone.

"You?"

"The hatter! I'm on your track. I'll [illegible] you to reject work like mine with [illegible] Wait till I'm ready, and I'll cut your [illegible]"

"Cut what?" said Pegram, who did not [illegible] last words.

"Your throat, and deep! In fact, I'll cut [illegible] head off," said the hatter.

"I shall call the police if you do not go immediately," said Pegram, with considerable firmness, considering the situation. [illegible] can edit without firmness. It [illegible]sible to publish everything one's [illegible]rite. But editors are usually friend[illegible] sad and lonely.

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"Too late."

"At five pounds a thousand, say?"

"Not for fifty."

"Look here," said Pegram, "I'll not only do that, but print an interview with you about hats and Hanwell. Have you any photographs of yourself in your youth?"

"Thanks. I don't care about it. And I have no photographs. I prefer to cut your throat with this knife."

"With what knife?" asked Pegram.

"One that hung on your wall. I'm now sharpening it on my boot," replied the hatter. "It appears to be of Oriental make."

Pegram, who by this had lighted the gas, looked about for a weapon, but the only thing available to meet the knife was his cracked water-jug.

"Not good enough for a madman," he said. "If I can't escape I'm done for."

He turned to the window. It was a full forty feet drop to the pavement below, and it seemed that he had no time to knot his bedclothes together and slip down that way. Then in his desperation he recalled the fact that as a boy he had once climbed along a stable at home by the roof-gutter. The one outside his window had only just been renewed.

"I might get upon the ledge of the window of the next room. It is my only chance," said Pegram, dolorously.

He heard the hatter laugh very unpleasantly in the sitting-room.

"I dare say you wonder why I laugh," said the hatter.

"Oh, not at all," replied Pegram, fumbling delicately at the catch of his window.

"I thought I'd look about me to see if I could find anything which spoke well of your character," said the hatter, "but all I've come on is a bundle of slips saying that 'The Editor regrets he is unable to make use of the enclosed contribution.' You'll send no more of them."

Pegram undid the catch and put up the window as softly as possible. But his rooms were ramshackle and his window was assuredly an ancient light. It creaked sadly, and as he got out he heard the hatter swear and throw his weight against the bedroom door. Crazy as it was, it was not so crazy as the hatter, and held for a moment. At his second attempt it gave way at the hasp and hinges and the intruder fell headlong into the room. Pegram felt he was being hurried, but there was no help for it, and he laid hold

having been caught by his extended wrist and the slack of his jacket, went with a crash on the top of Mivart and the editor. The interloper calmed down when he had done this, and, walking to the door, stood there. He spoke, and they listened to the following remarkable pronouncement.

"One I despise," said he, "two I can manage easily, but three might not unreasonably be too many. Nevertheless, do not think you have done with me. I shall pursue you to the death, for I am a mad hatter."

With which dark saying he turned, leapt for the staircase, and clattered downstairs. They heard him slam the street door with a crash that shook the whole building.

"Phwat wuz the raison of this riot, sorr?" asked O'Flanagan from his position on the floor.

"I don't quite know," replied Pegram, somewhat weakly, for he had not yet recovered from his last contact with the wall. He, too, still sat where he had been hurled.

"I say—what?" remarked Mivart. It was not an illuminating saying, yet the others found it adequate in a way. It emphasized, by its very flabbiness, the impossibility of clothing the situation in exact and wonderful words.

"I should think the man was mad," said Pegram, solemnly.

"He seemed so to me, sorr," said O'Flanagan, rubbing his head.

"For the matter of that, he said he was," urged Mivart, "so we have it on good authority."

"Did you by any chanst do anything to him, sorr?" asked O'Flanagan.

"I rejected something he wrote, or, at least, he said so," replied Pegram.

"Thank hivin they're not all like that," cried O'Flanagan, fervently. "A fight's a fight, and I don't object to ut, and a riot is a riot—well in ut's place, which is me native counthry—but a row wid a lunattic isn't to me taste. I've seen many o' the great rejected since Oi tuk me presint job, but among thim all not one the likes o' him. Some o' thim that calls and goes away with a roll in their pockuts looks sad, and some as if they wuz sorry for th' editor not knowin' good stuff whin he saw ut—but to ut'ly wreck good old furniture like this and massacree us so shameful is past enjurance. What's the polis doin'?"

No one volunteered to say; but they rose from the floor.

"I think we've done for to-night, O'Flanagan," said Pegram, soberly.

"By the looks o' this room me and my missis haven't barely begun," said O'Flanagan.

"I shall go home," added Pegram. "I seem to want a rest. Mivart, you might look in at the police-station and tell them about this."

"I will," said Mivart.

"Say a man from Hanwell did it."

"Was he from Hanwell really?"

"Oh, look at the room!" said Pegram, wearily. "Good night."

"Th' editor seems shaken up a bit, sorr," said O'Flanagan.

"Aren't you?" asked Mivart.

"I've bin used to the likes of ut," said O'Flanagan, cheerily; "ut reminded me of th' ould counthry, and ut makes me deadly sick to be at a fair or a good lively wake"

Pegram on his way home went to the bar of the nearest hotel and took something to steady his nerves

"What is it all about?" asked the barmaid, who knew him.

"About—oh, about a story," said Pegram, rather dully.

"The first story?" asked the barmaid, who had some reputation for humour.

"I don't understand," replied Pegram.

"Well, you look as if you had fallen out of the fourth storey at the least," said the barmaid

"Good," said the editor, seriously; "but it was the twentieth, as a matter of fact. I'll tell you about it to-morrow."

But to-morrow was yet to come. It was eleven when he reached his chambers in the Inn and the rain was still falling heavily, while it blew the best half of a whole gale. He climbed to the third floor, sat down, filled a pipe, and smoked till he came to himself. He felt his head and found some new developments there.

"It was a good fight," he murmured. As an epicure of adventure stories he knew a good one when he came across it. "A deuce of a time Mivart and I had. I never thought that an editor's life could be so adventurous in England. I never had an adventure in my life till now. I'll go to bed."

He stood up, knocked his pipe out, and looked about his room as if he had never seen it before. A real shake-up such as he had had sometimes affects a man so. His eyes fell upon an old Moorish knife given him years ago by a war correspondent, and he saw new things in it. It perhaps had had adventures—had drunk blood. He touched it and nodded thoughtfully.

"I wish I'd had some real adventures," he murmured. "But they must be confoundedly fatiguing."

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"Open your window and I'll break the door in and cut your head off in the tenth of one tick of a chronometer," said the hatter, spiritedly.

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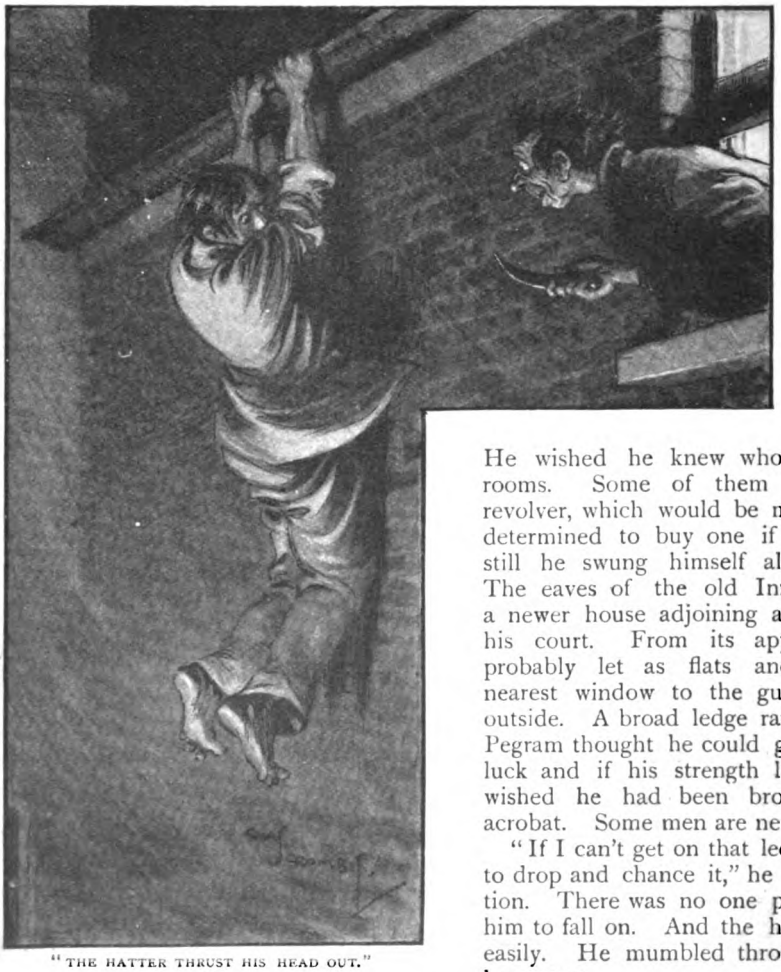
"A madman's after me!" gasped Pegram. Though this was not a complete explanation, it suggested that immediate action was necessary, and, if anyone could be pleased in such circumstances, she should have been gratified to see him tackle the situation. He slammed the window down, latched it, looked round for a weapon, and once more found nothing but a full water-jug. The hatter was now roaring on the ledge, and Pegram hurled the jug at him through the window. Want of practice with such projectiles made him miss his target, and the owner of the room, now out on the floor in her nightdress, saw one terrible hand come in armed with a knife, while the other fumbled with the catch. There was no time to lose, and Pegram did not lose any.

"'WHAT DO YOU WANT?' SCREAMED THE PRETTY GIRL."

"Come on!" he said, desperately. Catching hold of her round the waist, he dragged her to the door. There was a dressing-gown lying on a chair. He picked it up, threw it over her shoulders, and opened the door, taking the key as he did so.

"Oh! Oh!" said the young lady, as if in remonstrance. "My clothes, my clothes!"

"Not at all," said Pegram, firmly but hurriedly. "He'll kill you instead of me. I



"THE HATTER THRUST HIS HEAD OUT."

of the gutter, hoping fervently that the plumbers, masters and men, had done honest work. He put his weight on it, and was nearly three yards from the window when the hatter thrust his head out.

"All right," said the hatter, coolly. "That, I may remark, is one of the ways I escaped from Hanwell. You do not thus escape me."

It was evident to Pegram that he had possibly misjudged this man's work. The hatter had literary talent. No man who uses "thus" is without it. He got out on the window-ledge. Dark as it was, Pegram saw he had the knife in his hand, and more than ever regretted he had not accepted the "Escape from Hanwell." The hatter, before he grasped the gutter, put the back of the knife between his teeth. Then he laid hold of the guttering. It creaked horribly, and Pegram wished that that part of the work had been done by a dishonest plumber. But though it creaked it held, for Pegram was yards ahead and on another section. Yet he was not so far ahead as to give him time to land on any other window-ledge belonging to the Inn. He wished he knew who occupied these rooms. Some of them might have a revolver, which would be most useful. He determined to buy one if he lived. And still he swung himself along the gutter. The eaves of the old Inn ended against a newer house adjoining and over-looking his court. From its appearance it was probably let as flats and offices. The nearest window to the gutter had flowers outside. A broad ledge ran below it which Pegram thought he could get on if he had luck and if his strength lasted. He now wished he had been brought up as an acrobat. Some men are never satisfied.

"If I can't get on that ledge, I shall have to drop and chance it," he said, in desperation. There was no one passing below for him to fall on. And the hatter came along easily. He mumbled through his teeth as he swung.

"I've got you," said the hatter, almost cheerfully. Pegram said nothing. But the human mind works absurdly. He thought it ridiculous for the hatter to be bareheaded. No doubt it was ridiculous. But it would have been equally ridiculous to see him there in a high hat.

Pegram came to the end of the gutter. There was no pipe by which a descent could be made, and the ledge he arrived at was about two feet from the level of the eaves of the Inn, and, of course, at a right angle. It was six or eight inches broad. Letting go the gutter with his left hand, he laid that hand on the ledge and by a tremendous effort did a feat something like the muscle-breaking exercise known in gymnasiums as "the upstart," while his right hand was still on the gutter. He lifted himself, stretched his left foot out, got it on the ledge, and the next minute he stood there trembling, and

laid hold of the window-ledge which the flower-pots adorned. He wondered who was in the room to which the flowers belonged, and could not help feeling that anyone there was likely to be surprised in much less than half a minute.

"I'm after you," said the hatter, and Pegram leapt upon the window-ledge. One flower-pot went down into the court with a fearful crash, but Pegram seized another and burst in the window with it. The pot broke when the window did, and he hurled the shard at the hatter, but missed him. He put his hand inside the window, undid the catch, heard a shrill scream from the room, threw up the window, and jumped inside, bringing down the blind and a dressing-table as he did so, and just then an electric light was turned up.

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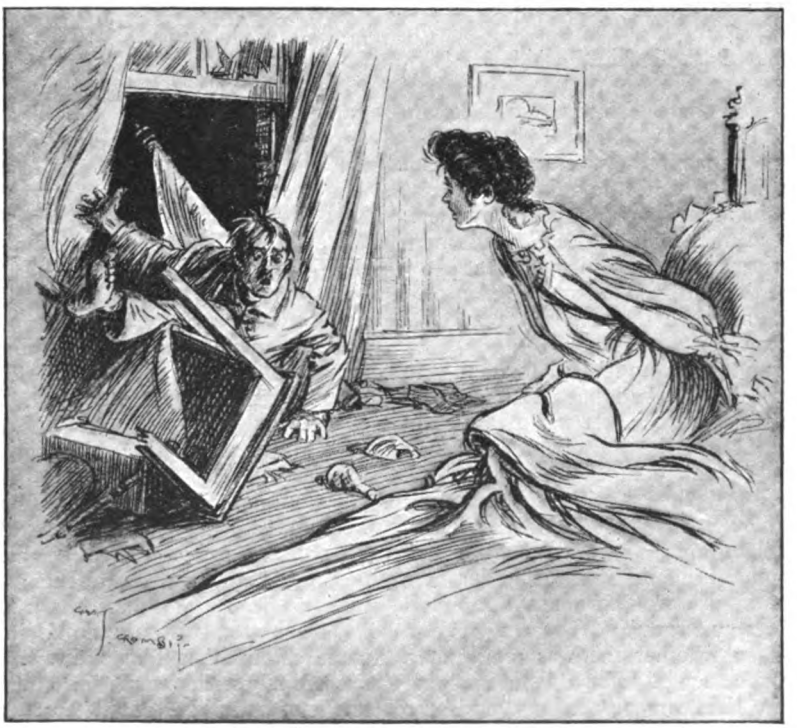

"'WHAT DO YOU WANT?' SCREAMED THE PRETTY GIRL."

As he disentangled himself from the blind he saw a bedroom, and in the bed a very pretty girl, though just then he was neither beautiful himself nor a judge of beauty. Still, he had a quick mind. One must have, to edit properly. Some editors have slow minds, and their Christmas stories come out in the Summer Number.

"Oh! Oh! What do you want?" screamed the pretty girl.

"Come on!" he said, desperately. Catching hold of her round the waist, he dragged her to the door. There was a dressing-gown lying on a chair. He picked it up, threw it over her shoulders, and opened the door, taking the key as he did so.

"Oh! Oh!" said the young lady, as if in remonstrance. "My clothes, my clothes!"

"Not at all," said Pegram, firmly but hurriedly. "He'll kill you instead of me. I

apologize; it's all my fault. Come on! Turn down the light!"

As the light went out the window opened and the hatter came in. The wrecked dressing-table delayed him for an instant, and Pegram was outside with his new acquaintance before the hatter rose to his feet. Pegram tried to lock the door, but, of course, his luck being what it was that night, could not even find the keyhole.

"Come on! Run!" said Pegram. And the girl ran, gasping.

"This is dreadful—dreadful!" she cried.

"Isn't it?" said Pegram. "Isn't it?"

The stairs were in front of them, and they bolted down, almost falling as they ran. The hatter, after some difficulty, found the door and opened it. They heard him roaring and padding on the landing above.

"Can you open the front door?" asked Pegram.

"Yes, but I shall faint," said the lady, gasping.

"Don't you dare faint," said Pegram, fiercely. "Here it is. Open it!"

The next moment they were in the street. The wind hurled and the rain was heavy, and not a single soul could be seen anywhere. The street went steeply to the Embankment and the river, and they turned that way. Once more the hatter failed at the slammed front door, and gave them a few seconds of precious time.

"Run, run! Buck up!" said Pegram. He quite forgot that he had been fatigued and required a rest. The hatter was a wonderful stimulant. A new hat has been known to renew a decayed character.

"Oh! Why, why?" said Pegram's new friend, vaguely.

"I'll explain later. At least I hope to," said Pegram. He put his arm under hers and almost lifted her off her feet. She found him comfortably strong and began to rely on him. By now, whether this was reality or a nightmare, she seemed to have been escaping madmen in the company of a handsome stranger for many hours. There are psychologic dream-illusions in waking.

"Here he comes," said Pegram, hurriedly.

"What, oh, what, shall we do?" asked the girl, as her bare feet pattered on the wet pavement.

"I don't know in the least," returned Pegram. "He's a mad hatter."

She gave an hysterical little laugh, as they heard him yell behind them, at the enormous irrelevancy of Pegram's information.

"A mad hatter!"

"He chased me along the gutter. I'm sorry for you, but it couldn't be helped," said Pegram, looking round. He saw the knife glitter in the light of a lamp, and increased his pace. They came to the broad Embankment, and saw nothing there but a distant cab's disappearing red light and the few lights of the sleeping hotels. The storm, for it was a full gale by now, had driven even the loafers of the night into shelter. They ran across the road and came to the parapet above the river as the long hatter charged down the last twenty yards of the sloping street.

"He'll kill us! Save me!" shrieked Pegram's new acquaintance, clasping him round the neck as if she loved him.

"Let go! Can you swim?" roared Pegram.

"No, no! I can't!"

"Thank Heaven, I can," said Pegram. He was almost fond of her as he picked her up in his arms and fairly slung her over the parapet into the river. He felt wonderfully strong as he jumped in and took hold of her in the most approved manner.

"Keep still and keep your mouth shut," said Pegram, as he swam into the strength of the early ebb. They saw the hatter come to the parapet, and heard him yell lamentably.

"I've done you," said Pegram. But he had done no such thing. The hatter sprang upon the parapet, uttered another yell, which might have been heard at Westminster, and plunged in after them with a tremendous splash.

"Oh, he can swim, too," moaned the girl, woefully.

"Confound him, and he's a hatter!" said Pegram, as bitterly as if no hatter ought to be able to swim. Then he added, "But there are two boats hereabouts; we'll get in one and keep him off and shout for help."

The hatter, with the knife in his teeth, came after them like a shark. He swam exceedingly well, though if Pegram had been unencumbered he could have swum rings round him. He came up with them fast, but just ahead of them Pegram saw the bows of two rowing boats, which he knew of old were usually moored there. They swept down upon them.

"Hold my shoulders," said Pegram, through his clenched teeth.

He caught hold of the bow mooring-rope of the first boat, swung from that to the gunwale, and went along it to the stern.

"Lay hold of the boat," he said, and climbed in over the stern, barking himself as

he did so. But he was in no mood to miss a little skin just then. In such a situation no one ever does. He bent down over the stern, got his hands under her arms, and drew her in. It is hardly necessary to say that by now she had lost the dressing-gown he put over her when they left her room. She tumbled on the wet bottom boards, gasping, and he laid hold of the stern mooring-

"Edith Sinclair," groaned the young woman.

"Mine's Pegram. I'm awfully sorry, you know. But you understand how it was."

"Not—not quite," said Miss Sinclair. "Why did he want to kill you?"

"I rejected a story of his," said Pegram, putting his back into his work and keeping well ahead of the pursuit.

"'I'LL HAVE YOU YET,' SAID THE HATTER."

rope. The hatter was within twenty yards of them when the rotten old rope parted under Pegram's powerful hands. He stumbled for'ard, was glad to see a pair of sculls were in her, and laid hold of the bow-rope, which at first defied him. He remembered having heard or read something which appeared useful, so he twisted the rope against the lay till it opened and got one strand by itself. That parted easily, and the other two yielded at once. They were adrift.

And so was the hatter. He got into the other boat with a leap like that of a fish, cut it adrift with his knife, and started after Pegram.

"I'll have you yet," said the hatter, as he laid hold of the sculls.

"He can even row!" said Pegram, bitterly. "Oh, he's a very useful hatter! By the way, what's your name?"

"A story! I don't seem to understand; at least, not quite," said Miss Sinclair.

"I'm an editor, you see."

"Oh, do they always do like this when you reject them?"

"Oh, no, not even often, I must say that for them," replied Pegram. "But he says he's a hatter from Hanwell. I'm sorry I came in as I did, Miss Sinclair, but you see I was in a difficulty."

"I thought you wouldn't have come in like that unless you were," said Miss Sinclair.

"I must have surprised you."

"You did—rather," said Miss Sinclair.

"And now you're wet."

"I'm afraid I am rather wet," said Miss Sinclair, apologetically.

"And cold?"

"Yes, I am rather cold," she admitted. "I lost the dressing-gown."

"I see," said Pegram; but he added hastily, for he was a man of delicacy, "At least, I don't see, but I understand."

And the hatter howled just as the gale did.

"Perhaps my teeth chatter as much from fright as from cold," said Miss Sinclair. "Is he catching us up?"

"I hope not," said Pegram. "He said he'd cut my head off, you know."

The tide ran fast, as fast as the events of that night, and the wind was very angry with everyone and everything. It whipped the river into foam and spurred Pegram and the hatter almost equally. Certainly the hatter was indomitable. "He must have been wonderful at hats," thought Pegram.

"But I wish I could run into or near a police-boat," said Pegram. "I'm hardly keeping my distance."

They went under Blackfriars Bridge with a swish and a swirl which made Edith Sinclair's heart come into her mouth. They missed an anchored barge by a hair's breadth and she screamed a little. Then the railway bridge was over them like a thunder-cloud. The thunder of a train deafened them. But the tide ran fast, and Pegram rowed like a hero, or a member of Leander, when they got into the open. Then suddenly they heard, mixed with the pursuing yells of the hatter, whose lungs seemed as strong as his arms, the sound of the engines of some steamboat. A black squall sang out again and blinded Pegram. He saw nothing for a minute. Then at last he did see that a fast little tug-boat was overhauling them, one of the tiny bulldog tugs of London's river. Its little red and green port and starboard eyes glared at him wickedly. Then he heard other yells than those of the hatter, and the next moment the tug was almost into them as the skipper roared, "Stop her; go astern!" The way of the reckless tug was checked, and Pegram's boat swung alongside. He grabbed at a buoy-shaped fender hanging almost to the water. The rail of the tug was there hardly two feet six from the water's edge, and as Pegram held on desperately Miss Sinclair lost her head and did what no one ought to do in any boat. But this time it fell out right, for she fell into the tug when she stood up, going right across the gunwale. One of the crew, a man with hands like clip-hooks, laid hold of Pegram by the arm and hauled him out of danger. The boat, which had had her side crushed in, promptly went astern and sank.

"Wot the blue blazes are you foolin' about here at two in the mornin'?" asked a very stout person who turned out to be the skipper.

"For Heaven's sake, don't pick up the hatter, and I'll tell you all about it," said Pegram, getting on his feet.

"The hatter—the hatter! And who the blue blazes is the hatter?" the other demanded. "Is he that bloke yonder in t'other boat yellin' like an 'andled pig?"

"That's him," said the editor, ungrammatically. *Non semper arcum tendit Apollo*, which can be translated: "A wet editor in a tugboat may forget his office." "Don't take him aboard, for Heaven's sake. He wants to cut my throat."

"Go ahead, Tom," said the skipper. Then he turned again to Pegram. "Now, young man in panjammers afloat wiv a young lady in a nightgown, what does that josser want to cut your throat for?"

"Oh, it's very complicated," replied the shivering young man in pyjamas, "but I rejected a story of his."

"Rejected a story! Wodyer mean? Wouldn't believe some whacker he told yer?"

"I'll explain it later," said Pegram. "Let me see how Miss Sinclair is first."

"Aye, we'll make 'er comfy. I'm glad she's not a married woman you're scootin' off wiv. When a chap wiv a knife is after two that's my first thought," said the skipper. He turned to his other passenger.

"You're wet, my dear?"

"Very," said Miss Sinclair, almost dryly.

"Come below, then. The cabin's small but snug, and a bit 'ot and stuffy. But 'otness and stuffiness ought to soot your complaint. This way, miss."

The lamp below was very dim. Indeed, it gave more smell than light. For this Miss Sinclair was grateful. Nevertheless the skipper spoke simply and to the point.

"Why ain't you got more on?" he asked.

"I lost my dressing-gown when Mr. Pegram flung me in the river," said Miss Sinclair.

"Flung you in the river? Blimy, wot for?"

"To save my life."

The skipper scratched his head.

"To save yer life! 'Ere—I say—well, never mind now. You're in need o' clothes and there's no ch'ice."

He raked in a locker and produced some pyjamas.

"Don't wear 'em myself, but my mate does," he said. To these gifts he added a heavy pair of trousers and a pilot-jacket.

"Do your best as I've done mine," he said kindly, as he turned to go on deck again, with another jacket for Pegram. As he put his head out, Bill, his mate, said hurriedly :—

"Simpson's ketching of us up, Tom! 'Ear 'im 'oller?"

They looked aft in the drift of wind and rain and saw close astern the lights of another tug.

"That ain't 'is voice, not by a long chalk," said Captain Tom.

"No, it's the hatter—it's the hatter—our madman!" cried Pegram. "They must have picked him up. There he is—there!"

They saw a wild figure in the bows of the pursuing tug, and Pegram fancied he saw his own knife brandished.

"Will they catch us?" he asked, anxiously.

"Well, they might," owned the skipper. "Simpson's tug is uncommon fast when 'is old engines steam well."

"Don't let them—don't!" urged Pegram. "Am I never to get rid of him?"

"Stop—stop!" roared the hatter in a lull of the gale. "They're two murderers and flung me in the river!"

"Says 'e, you flung 'im in the river," remarked the skipper.

"Doesn't it look likely that I and a young girl, dressed as we are, flung him in the river?" retorted Pegram, bitterly.

"The less said as to wot the pair of you 'ad on, the better," said the skipper, "but it's all a mystery to me. Fire up, Bill! Jump Jones, and make 'er jump! I never did like to 'ave Simpson get a'ead o' me. 'Ow's the young lady, I wonder?"

"Yes, I wonder, too," said Pegram, still with an anxious eye astern.

"'Ow did you come in the river? Are you old pals?"

"Not at all. I never saw her before to-night."

"Blimy! Then where did you find her?"

"In her room. I broke in through the window with a flower-pot," said Pegram, distractedly. There are situations which distract the calmest intelligences, the greatest editors.

"Wiv a flower-pot! Oh, my sainted aunt!" said the skipper.

"How he howls!" said Pegram, referring to the hatter.

"Don't he just! I fair admire that voice," said the skipper. "But why did you break in through the pore girl's winder wiv a flower-pot?"

"He was after me, you see."

"Not much I don't," said the curious, confused skipper.

"He chased me along the guttering of the roof, you see," said Pegram.

"Don't say I see! Wot was you doin' on a roof such a night? It ain't an 'abit of yours, is it?"

"I got out of my window," said Pegram, crossly. "I say, are they catching us?"

"They might, and again they mightn't," said the skipper, coolly. "But why did you get out o' your winder? And what was 'e doin' on the roof?"

"He was in my room, saying he'd cut my throat, so I got out," replied Pegram, dancing to keep warm.

"Wot for did you 'ave a man like that in your room?"

"He broke in—burst my door open," said Pegram, savagely.

"And all about a story?"

"Yes," said Pegram.

"Well, I never 'eard a more unlikely, 'posterous yarn in all my born days," said the skipper.

"But here we are!" retorted Pegram. "You can't deny what you've seen!"

"True, true! That's so, and I own it," said the skipper. "And there 'e is, 'owling 'orrid! I wonder wot tale 'e's pitched to Simpson? Is there anythin' about flower-pots in it, I wonder?"

"Oh, never mind that now," said Pegram. "Where are we?"

"Don't you know Lim'us Reach when you see it?" asked the skipper.

"Not in the least," returned Pegram. "Where are we going?"

"To Greenwich, to pick up some barges, and so's Simpson."

"The deuce he is!" said Pegram. "I say, if that chap catches us there'll be bloodshed"

"By the tremenjus 'owls of 'im the bloke *does* mean biz," said the skipper.

"If he doesn't kill me I shall kill him," said Pegram, ferociously. "There must be an end to it, there must!"

"So there must," said the skipper, thoughtfully. "You take my advice and kill him. You ain't got no weapon. Take this old shovel. I gives it you. As a shovel it's no good, on account of the worn-out jags of it, but as a weapon it's all right. I've seen uncommon good work done in a fight wiv a worse shovel than this."

"Thanks very much," said Pegram, grasping his shovel firmly.

"I'll put you and the pore gal ashore at Greenwich right at the hotel. You nips into a boat, and 'urries and knocks 'em up. They'll be some surprised at your rig-out, but

say Captain Tom Smith, of the *Sunbeam* tug, sent you. Everyone knows Tom Smith and, though I says it, likes 'im. But I believe we're gainin' on the 'owler! I'll 'ear wot Simpson 'as to say later. I wonder 'ow the lady is? Pretty gal she is, too!"

"Is she? Oh, yes; I believe I thought so when I saw her first," said Pegram.

"You'll 'ave to marry 'er now," said the skipper, "so it's all to the good 'er bein' 'andsome!"

"Marry her!" said the astounded Pegram.

"I'm a father myself, and if any young man, I don't care if 'e was a lord, threw one o' my daughters in 'er nightgown into London River, I'd insist on 'is makin' a square deal of it if I 'ad to negotiate the biz wiv a fire-bar," said the skipper, sternly.

"Would you now?" asked Pegram, who thought perhaps this was the proper view to take.

"Plump and plain, I would," said the skipper. "If any gay young spark off of a roof bust into my gal's winder wiv a flower-pot, dragged 'er into the street, and 'ove 'er into London River, 'e'd wed 'er or I'd 'ave the last lingerin' drop of 'is blood."

"Perhaps you're right," said Pegram, weakly.

"I know I'm right," said the skipper, warmly. "I'll fix things up for you. We'll be in Greenwich Reach, opposite the hotel, in two twos, and we'll get a boat and put you ashore afore the 'owler can screech two 'owls."

"Thanks," said Pegram, vaguely, for he hardly knew where he was or what he was. It seemed impossible that he should be the mere editor of a magazine. But he felt that he had now some insight into the nature and truth of romance. He cursed the writers of it fluently as he shivered on the classic deck of the heroic vessel, ennobled in a thousand tales, wherein he bore the heroine from danger. Meantime the skipper, who was also in his way a classic, bound in Bermondsey leather, went to pay his duty to the lady.

"Are you dressed, my dear?" he demanded at the cabin door.

"As far as I can be," said Miss Sinclair, sombrely.

"Then I'll come in and let you know wot I've fixed up for you," said the skipper. He found her in the pilot jacket. Under her nightdress she wore the mate's pyjamas. They were at any rate dry.

"I've daughters of my own," said the skipper, as he sat down and drew forth a pipe, which he filled from loose tobacco in his pocket.

"Have you? I'm—I'm so glad," she murmured, thinking she was half an idiot.

"And I'll be a father to you," added the skipper. "In fact, I've been one already."

"Already!" cried Edith Sinclair.

"'E's agreed to marry you," said the skipper, triumphantly.

"To marry me!" echoed Edith; "to marry me!"

"Aye, I insisted on it," said the skipper, puffing at his pipe till an expert might have fancied it was filled with crude tar and Newcastle coal. "As I said, I'm a father myself, 'ave two girls of your own age, my dear, and I allow no josser, whatever 'is weight, could 'eave either of 'em into London River at midnight or thereabouts, in their nightgown, and then back out of the affair, 'owever polite and apol'getic, to say nothin' of bustin' in their winders wiv flower-pots—the reason of which flower-pots I ain't yet got the 'ang of—and 'aulin' of the pore gal out of bed. Oh, no, there's nothin' else for it, and the lad's agreeable, I must say that. For 'e owned you was pretty, and so you are, uncommon pretty, and 'e said so wiv the shovel in 'is 'and!"

"The shovel?" asked Edith. "The shovel?"

"I give it 'im in case, you see," said the skipper.

"Yes, of course, in case——" said Edith. "But, if you please, it is all so confusing."

She burst into tears.

"Ah! you allow it's confusin'," said the skipper, warmly; "but it ain't 'alf so confusin' for you as for me. You was in at the start, and I comes in at the tangle. 'Owever, he's a bold young chap, specially since I give 'im that jagged shovel, and I reckon 'e'll fix the other bloke if they comes 'andy to each other. And 'e's very henterprising, aint 'e?"

"I—I think so," said Edith; "very. Oh, yes."

"And so's the other gay spark in the tug astern, wot belongs to Simpson, and 'e's 'ollerin' blue murder now, wavin' a knife," said the skipper.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," cried Edith, clasping her hands; "you won't let him kill Mr. Pegram, will you?"

"Wot—me! After fixin' up as 'e's to marry you! Not by a jugful of the best, my dear. I'll put you two ashore at Greenwich, and you can go to the hotel while I tell Simpson to 'old the other gay Johnny," said the skipper, rising from his seat. And just then the tug's whistle said "hoot-toot-toot." He jumped on deck and grabbed Pegram by the arm.

"The light's bad below," said he, "and she's not ezactly dressed to kill, but she's a pretty piece, my lad; I never saw a prettier. She's agreeable to marry; not to say hover-anxious, but, still, ready. So there you are."

"Yes, there I am," said Pegram.

The skipper, leaving pleasure, turned to business.

"Stop 'er! Now—go astern!" he roared, as if the engineer was a mile off. "'Ard-a-port, Bill! Leggo the anchor! And 'ere we are!"

He jumped to where Pegram stood.

"This is Greenwich, my son. Where's a boat? Oh, there you are, Sam! Come alongside, quick, you drowned water-rat. I've a job for you."

A prowling midnight waterman, on the look-out for the quick or dead, came alongside the tug.

"Now, then, miss," roared the skipper, and Edith ran up on deck.

"'Ere you are, both of you! Tumble in—tumble in and get to the hotel. Don't forget you've my clothes on. This 'ere tug's the *Sunbeam*, and I'm Captain Smith. 'Ave a 'ot barf when you gets in, miss. Don't forget I fixed you both up. Now, quick, quick!"

Edith fell into the boat, and Pegram followed her just as Simpson's tug rounded to against the half-ebb and let go her anchor. The hatter ran from the bows to the stern, while the others got out of the way alertly. He yelled most ferociously.

"Don't let him escape!" he roared. "I've got to cut his throat from ear to ear."

"Why don't you put the kibosh on that bloke, Simpson?" asked the skipper of the *Sunbeam*.

"Come aboard and do it yourself," roared Simpson, angrily. "He's got a knife, and, moreover, 'e allows they 'ove him in the river."

"Well, if you're afraid, don't let him 'ave a boat," said Smith; "give the gal a chance. Oh, hang it, he's overboard!"

For the hatter, seeing the boat making for the steps, sprang into the water and swam

"'DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE!' HE ROARED."

with amazing energy after the boat, where Edith was weeping in Pegram's arms.

"Don't, don't, my dear!" said Pegram. He felt wonderfully soft towards her, but with his right hand he still grasped his trusty shovel.

"I—I can't help it," sobbed Edith. "It's all so sudden!"

"What did the skipper say?" he asked. Then he cried out, "Oh, here he comes after us!"

"The skipper?" asked Edith, hopefully.

"No, no, the hatter," said Pegram, fiercely. "If he comes near I'll knock his brains out."

Then he asked the waterman which was the hotel, and the man pointed it out with natural scorn. "Wot sort of a bloke was it as didn't know that?" he asked himself.

"'Oo's the bloke after hus?" he inquired, in his turn.

"He's a madman," said Pegram, and before any more questions could be asked they ran alongside the steps. Pegram grabbed hold of Edith and, without letting go his shovel, fairly lifted her from the boat and began to go up the steps.

"Where's my fare?" yelled the waterman.

"Come to the hotel," shouted Pegram.

"Stop him! I'll have his blood!" roared the hatter, as he scrambled out of the water with a yell that made the boatman's blood run as cold as a January tide.

When the hatter got to his feet, Pegram and Edith were at the top of the steps, and they fairly fell down those on the land side, sprawling on the pavement. Luckily for them, or for himself, as Pegram's blood was up, the madman slipped on the river steps and came a real cropper there. This gave Pegram and Edith time to spring to their feet, and Pegram, who had let go his wonderful shovel, got hold of it again. They saw the lights of the hotel on their left hand, and as it chanced they also saw a man, who turned out to be the landlord, letting himself in at the side door. Just as he got it open Pegram and Edith were upon him. Pegram fairly hurled him inside and, dragging Edith after him, slammed the door to and bolted it securely.

"What the deuce?" said the landlord, as he scrambled to his feet.

"No; it's a madman," gasped Pegram.

"So I thought," said the landlord, who was much upset. No one can help being so when he is knocked down.

"He's outside—outside, I tell you!" said Pegram. It was not the truth, for at that instant the wood and glass of the door gave way with an awful crash and the hatter came through like a cannon-ball. He rolled over and over three times, still holding his knife. After the third roll, which coincided with Edith's third scream, he sprang to his feet from the wreck of the hall-table and a case of stuffed parrots. "Take that!" said Pegram. "That!" was a heavy and well-directed "biff" with the shovel, which after all came in useful, for naturally Pegram was angry and excited, and did not care whether he killed anyone or not. The hatter said nothing, but went down and lay as quietly as if he were sleeping. Perhaps he needed rest and quiet.

"Where's the telephone?" asked Pegram.

"It's there," said the landlord. "Have anything you like—anything!"

Pegram rang up Hanwell, and after a reasonable time (for a telephone) got it. Edith and the landlord heard one side of the conversation.

"Is that Hanwell? . . . Has anyone escaped lately? . . . Yes, he says he's a hatter. . . . He tried to murder me. I'm the editor of the *Piccadilly Magazine*. . . . I'm at Greenwich, at the Ship. . . . Yes, please, as soon as you can. He's insensible now. . . . I did it with a shovel. . . . Very well; we'll tie him up and get a doctor. . . . You'll come as soon as you can? Thanks."

He hung up the receiver and turned to the landlord. The whole of the hotel staff filled the stairs by now.

"Two rooms, please. If you've any hot water give this lady a bath."

"Certainly," said the landlord. "Oh, yes, of course."

"And help me to tie this chap," said Pegram.

"Glad to do it," said the landlord; "but look at my door!"

"Put it in the bill," said Pegram, "and send for a doctor."

By the time they had the hatter helpless he came to, and looked up so meekly that Edith was quite sorry for him.

"Didn't I cut your throat from ear to ear?" he asked Pegram.

"No, I think not," said Pegram.

"Have I done nothing, nothing at all, after all this?" asked the hatter, mournfully.

"You've done a good deal," said Pegram, dryly. "For one thing, you've given me a remarkable story, and you may have done more, much more."

He turned to Edith, who smiled and looked down.

"Good night," she said, bashfully.

The Three Mothers.

By E. BLAND.

THE hearse and the mourning-coach went out at a demure foot-pace; they came back at a trot that was almost gay. It did not matter. The hearse was now only a smart empty showcase, bright with plate-glass and silvered fittings, and in the mourning-coach the mother sat alone.

This was the end.

When she should be once more in the empty house she might cry, scream, laugh, go mad. Nothing would make any difference. There was no one to be awakened. There was no white presence that must be lapped in silence and horrible flowers. The cook and the maids had brought the flowers. Her gift to the dead had been the silence.

They were talking about her in the warm, pleasant kitchen, where the fire glowed redly and tea and toast scented the air.

"Poor soul," said the cook, "but she's borne up wonderful, I must say."

"Heartless," was the housemaid's epithet; and she added, "She might have cried a bit when they carried it out, if only for the look of the thing."

"You don't understand," said the cook, heavily. "You'll see, she'll break down soon as ever she gets back from the burying. I shouldn't wonder if she was to go right off of her head, or something."

"Ain't she got never a friend to turn to, a time like this?" asked the cook's niece, who had dropped in to tea.

"Not a single one, if you'll believe me. It's my belief she's done something she hadn't ought, and this is a judgment on her. Sin always comes home to roost." So the parlourmaid.

"You be quiet with your texts," the cook admonished; "if you come to texts, people that live in glass houses shouldn't quote Scripture. I know more about you than you think, my lady."

The parlourmaid flushed and scowled.

"No, but," said the niece, "hasn't she really got e'er a friend?"

"Father dead," said the cook. "Mother in India 'long of her other friends. Husband burnt to death under her very nose, as you might say, just before the baby came. Only married a year when he was taken. And now the baby. Cruel hard, I call it."

"She tell you all that?" the parlourmaid sneered.

"Not she! Catch her telling us anything. She's a good mistress, she is, and quite the lady. Keeps herself *to* herself."

"Then how . . . ?"

"She's got a book," said the cook, only very slightly embarrassed, "a die-airy, where you write down what happens every day. I jest happened to glance into it one day I was doing the dining-room grate—not knowing what it was, d'you see?"

"She'll marry again all right," said the niece.

"With that face?" said the housemaid.

The niece asked how she came to be like that, and the cook told her.

"It was the fire, what her good gentleman lost his life in. She was near done for herself. Wishes to God she had—in the book, I mean. Ah, she's had some trouble, she has." The written record of another woman's agony was poignant even to remembrance, and the cook sniffed. "Well, God help us all's what I say. There she is. I'll make her a nice cup of tea."

But the woman who had lost everything left the tea on the table in the dining-room, where the clock ticked, "Emp-ty, emp-ty, emp-ty," and wandered through the house. And still she kept silence. There was the room where the child had lived—its cot, its soft woolly toys, its little gowns. And the room where it had lain dead, among the flowers and the silence, and the scent of camphor and eau de Cologne.

"Nothing," she said, "nothing, nothing. I suppose," she said, dry-eyed and detached, "I suppose I ought to cry. Or pray, perhaps?" She fell on her knees by the bed—it was an experiment.

But no tears came and no prayers. Only

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the insistent silence filled her ears and battered at her brain.

"*Oh*, my baby, my baby!" she said, and a sob caught in her throat. But she did not cry.

So then she got up from her knees like one with a purpose new-born, and went very quickly and quietly down the stairs and out at the front door. It slammed behind her.

"There! If she hasn't gone out! To make away with herself, I shouldn't wonder," said the housemaid, in pleasant excitement.

"You oughter let the police know," said the niece.

"You leave her be," said the cook. "I don't know as it wouldn't be the best thing for her, poor thing. What's she got to live for?"

"I call that heathen, that's what I call it," said the parlourmaid; "it's wrong to make away with yourself, whatever goes wrong. It's our duty to bear whatever's laid upon us."

"Ah," said the cook, "it's easy enough to see *you've* never 'ad nothing to bear. If she comes back I'll make a excuse to go up and say a kind word. You see if I don't."

"I do wonder where she's gone, though," said the housemaid.

"It'll be in all the papers if she does make away with herself," the parlourmaid pointed out.

"If *you* ever get in the papers," said the cook, "it won't be for anything so 'armless and innocent. So now you know. I'd give a crown to be sure that she ain't come to no 'arm."

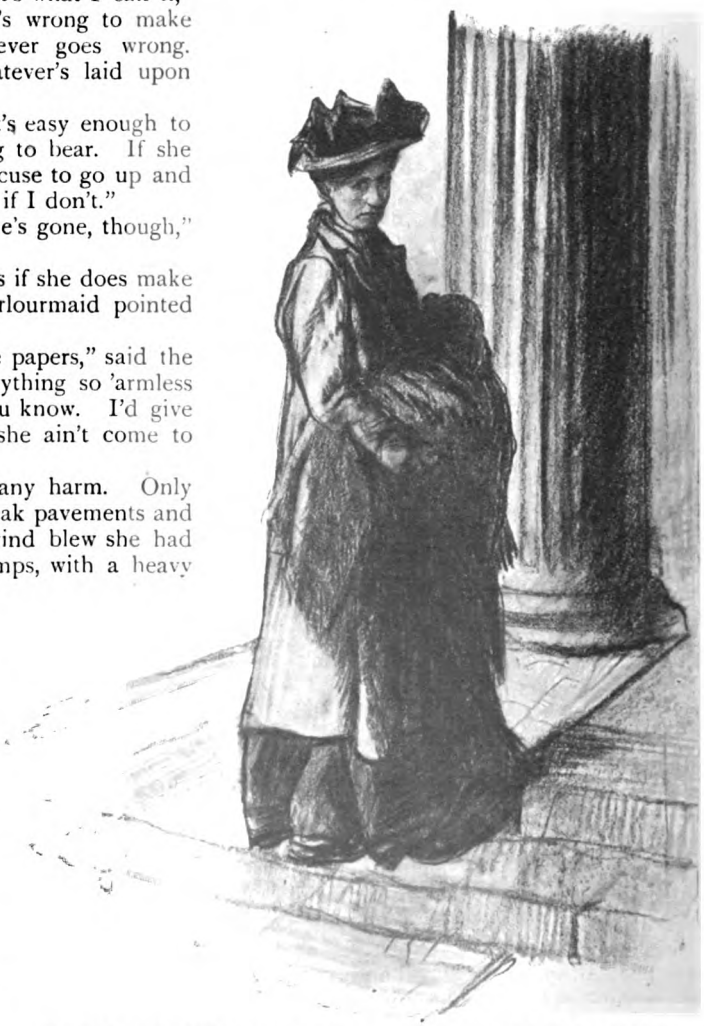
She had not come to any harm. Only after a blind treading of bleak pavements and streets where an unkind wind blew she had come to wide steps and lamps, with a heavy swing-door through which a priest had just passed. She was not a Catholic, not even a Christian. The early days of her life had been too sweet for her to need peace; the later days too bitter for her to find it. But the gnawing chill of the December evening drove her, without any conscious will of hers, towards the shaft of light that had shown as the door opened. In there it would be warm and quiet. And it would not be the house where the child had lived and died.

She went up the steps, and as she went a hand touched her and someone spoke low in her ear.

"Lady, lady, won't you spare me a trifle? I 'aven't tasted food since yesterday morning—so 'elp me God, I haven't!"

She turned. A woman stood beside her—very shabby, very pale, with a horrible flattened hat and dreadful clothes. In her arms, under a shawl thin as a nun's veil, she held a baby.

"You're luckier than I am," said the woman whose veil was on her face, and her eyes were greedy with the rounded outline under the shawl. "I haven't got my purse—yes, here's a penny, loose in my pocket."



"IN HER ARMS, UNDER A SHAWL THIN AS A NUN'S VEIL, SHE HELD A BABY."

The voice of the policeman broke through the other woman's thanks—such thanks for such a gift.

"Now, then, at it again!" he said. "You give me your name and address," he added, sternly.

The woman muttered some formula.

"We can't 'ave you beggin' all over the place," he went on. "On the church steps and all. You'll hear of this again, I shouldn't wonder. 'Ere, you be off outer this! Hear?"

The woman with the child looked at him and crept away.

"Oh, don't!" said the mother who had no child. "You wouldn't prosecute her for that?"

"Course not, mum," the man reassured her. "But you 'ave to keep 'em up to the mark or you wouldn't be able to get into the church for the crowds of them there'd be. It's only encouraging them to give to beggars."

"I only gave her a penny," said the mother.

"Gin—that's what it'll go in," said the majesty of the law.

She went into the church. It was almost dark, except for a brightness that shone between thick pillars far away to the right.

The altar rose up into shadows. The red light burned before the altar. Here and there a kneeling figure. She kneeled also. Here, perhaps, one might be able to cry: tears made things easier, people said. She herself had thought so once. But no tears came. And her agony was wound like a cord about and around her heart, so that she could not pray. She kneeled there a very long time. The great calm, splendid silence, the atmosphere of devotion, the presence of a great love and understanding that filled it, gave to her tortured mind the rest that a couch in a darkened room might give to limbs strained with the rack and to eyes scorched by the flames that lick round the stake. Life was all torture still, but this was a breathing space. At first she thought of the woman on the steps—the mother who had her child—and envy and pity fought in her. She might get the address from the policeman and go and see the woman—help, perhaps. No, no. It was all no use. What was the good of helping one woman in a world where any woman might at any moment have this to bear?

Gradually peace, like an incoming tide, lapped in small waves round her soul. Or the exhaustion of prolonged agony, calling itself peace. She could no longer think—could hardly feel. Intense pain was becoming itself an anæsthetic. The shadowy pillars seemed to move as shadows do, and the little red light, nung between earth and heaven, swam before her eyes. A little more it seemed and she would forget everything.

But she roused herself. There was something in the world that she must not forget. Something beyond herself and her anguish. Her own mother. She must not forget. She was to her mother what that which she had lost had been to her. She rose and walked down the aisle. The soft yellow glow from behind the pillars seemed brighter than ever, to eyes that had rested so long on the twilight that surrounds the altar.

"I wonder what that light is!" she said, and was glad for her own mother's sake that she could still wonder about anything. She walked towards the light, and presently perceived that the light, coming from some unseen place, shone full on a picture—no, a group of figures of wax or wood.

It was a rocky cave, as tradition tells that the stable was where Christ was born. Ivy wreathed about the stones. There was the straw, and the ox and the ass among it; also those two travellers for whom there was no room in the inn. They bent in adoration over the manger where the Hope of the World lay cradled.

Outside were the kneeling kings with their gifts, and the star-led shepherds, and beyond, in the deep eastern sky, the star that had led them.

It was the scene that has inspired Raphael and Correggio, set forth with ingenuous realism, as loving peasant children might have set it.

And the centre of it all—that on which was concentrated the light of the lamps, and the light of love in the eyes of the Holy Mother, of the angels, the adoring kings, and the shepherds—was the Child, the waxen image of the Child who was born and laid in a manger, the image which the Catholic Church sets up at Christmas to remind simple people how the King of Heaven came down and was a little child. The very simplicity of it made a more direct appeal than could have been made by all the Raphaels and Correggios in the world. That wooden image of the Holy Mother bore on its face the light of love and joy the human mother herself had known—and the shadow of a greater sorrow even than this of hers, which was greater than all sorrows in the world.

The mother who had no child found that

"THE CHILD AWOKE AND SMILED."

she was kneeling again, her arms on the wooden rail worn smooth by the arms of the many who had knelt there to realize, at sight of this picture, the meaning of Christmas. There was no one kneeling there now but she. She felt herself alone among the kneeling shepherds and kings; and her eyes, like theirs, were turned on the child.

The image was very life-like. The Holy Child lay covered in soft, white draperies that showed only the little round head and one tiny hand. Just so, so many times, the mother has seen her baby sleep curled up, warm and safe in the kind firelight, her baby that now lay so straight and white and cold in a very dark place, alone.

"My baby, my baby," she said, and hid her face. And then she knew that she was crying, and praying, too. The tears were hot and many, and the prayer was only a cry for help.

"Oh, God," she murmured, "help, help, help!" And again, and yet again: "Oh, God, help!"

All the dear memories of the past, that made up the desolation of the present, she had put away because she could not bear to look at them; now she reached out her hands to them, clasped them, pressed the sharp thorns against her heart, that she might call for help from the lowest depths of her sorrow.

Her face was against the wooden rail, wet with her tears. She crouched there. Faith could move mountains. Perhaps it was true about miracles. If she only prayed hard enough, perhaps she might go home to find her baby asleep in his cot—perhaps all this would be only a dream. No, that was nonsense, of course; but——

"Oh, my baby, my baby! Oh, God, help!" she moaned, almost aloud.

And then the miracle happened. She never doubted that it was a miracle. A little soft sound crept to her ears—not a sigh, not a cry, not a sob—the contented, crooning murmur that a little child makes at the end of sleep, the little lovely sound that had drawn her so often to the cot-side in the pleasant fire-lit room when life was there.

She looked round. No one had come in—no happy mother with a baby in her arms, such as she had thought, from that soft sound, to find close behind her. She was

all alone, with the Holy Family, and the shepherds, and the angels, and the kings.

She dried her eyes and listened. Again the little beautiful sound, and then . . . . It was no fairy story but the true truth. The mother who had no child saw, in the crib where pious folks had laid a waxen image, the movement of a living child. The little dark head stirred on the pillow, the little pink hands stretched out, the little arms thrust back the draperies, and amid the soft whiteness of them the child awoke and smiled—no cold image of the Divine infant, but a little, live, naked, human thing.

The human mother glanced round—the quick glance of a hunted animal that reassures itself. Next moment she had crept under the wooden rail and caught up the baby.

Its limbs moved in slow softness as her own child's had moved. It lay contented against her, wrapped in the white woollen folds, and covered with her furs.

The wind was wild as she reached the swing-door. It tried to uncover the child, and blew great flakes of snow in the mother's face. She held the baby very closely.

She does not know how she got home. The next thing she remembers is pushing past the housemaid and carrying up those stairs, down which others had carried her baby, this new baby that was not hers.

"Brought home a baby? Says she's adopted it? Well, then, it's the best day's work she could ha' done, an' I'm going straight up to tell her so."

So the cook goes, leaving the housemaid and the parlourmaid and the niece to sniff in concert.

Upstairs there is firelight and warmth, with two women worshipping a naked child.

And in the church much talk and wonder and grief for the bambino that has been stolen—the little image of wood and wax so like life, that cost so much, and was so useful in reminding the faithful what the gift from Heaven was that came to a human mother on Christmas Day.

For three days the mother had fed her hungry heart on the miracle-baby; it was three days before she remembered that other mother and that other baby on the steps outside the church. Then she bestirred herself, found the policeman, and got from him the address that he had so severely noted.

"I doubt you'll not find it a deserving case, mum," he said. "I frightened her off

"UPSTAIRS THERE IS FIRELIGHT AND WARMTH, WITH TWO WOMEN WORSHIPPING A NAKED CHILD."

this beat. Ain't been here since. That shows she wasn't up to no good."

It was a narrow street, where the house doors are never shut, and the children play in the gutter with such toys as they have—rags and bones and bits of broken wood The door-posts are grimed to the level of a man's shoulder by the incoming and outgoing of tired people in greasy clothes. The stairs were foul, and a cold wind blew down them.

"Top floor," a dirty painted woman told her—"top floor, left hand. But I fancy she's made a bolt—that's what I think. She was stony, I know, and three weeks' owing. I did take 'er up a nice cup of tea yesterday, but I couldn't make no one hear. She ain't much class, anyhow."

It was the man on the second floor—the man without collar and without shoes—who broke the door open. He protested that it was agin the law. But the mother who had found the miracle-baby found for the man a pretty little golden argument.

"Well, if you say so," he said; "but if there's any rumpus—well, you're a lady, and you'll say it was you. An' if you don't, I shall—see?"

"Yes, yes—there won't be any fuss. It's all right. Only do make haste. For certain there's something wrong. And just feel how the wind blows under the door. The window must be open."

It was. And now the door hung crookedly from a broken hinge.

Of course, you have known all the time, as the mother knew, that the woman would be dead.

She was. Her empty arms outstretched, she lay very cold and stiff on a bed that was old iron and sacking. The casement window had blown open and the snow had drifted half across the room and lay in a frozen streak like a shaft of dead-white moonshine. You know all that. It shows itself. What you do not know perhaps—what at any rate the mother did not know who looked fearfully through the broken door—is that it was this woman who had stolen the waxen Christ Child, stripped her own baby, and laid it, with who knows what desperate incoherence of hope and love and faith, in the Holy Manger, and had gone away hugging the waxen babe that could not feel the bitter night under that shawl, thin as a nun's veil.

She had taken the Christ Child home; she called it home, one supposes. And, once safely there, some scruple, some forgotten reverence, must have come to her.

For she had set up an altar in that bare place.

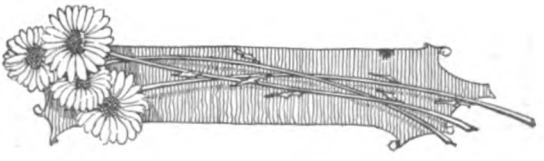
Over the old sugar-box that used to serve her for table she had laid the greenish shawl that was thin as a nun's veil. She had wrapped the Image of the New Born Saviour in a blue and white neckerchief that must have had to her the value of a relic, for it was clean, and its creases showed that it had long lain folded.

She had set up two candles in chipped beer bottles and lighted them. They must have burned bravely, illumining that shrine, till the wind thrust itself through the window and made everything dark and cold again.

And the last lean alms that Life had given she had spent on those two candles.

So the image of the Mother of God got back its bambino. And the mother who had no child got the miracle-baby. And the mother who made the shrine with her last coin and her last warmth and her last love-relic, got . . .

"Good thing for her she went off like she did," said the policeman. "She'd a got a month for nicking of that image, sure as I'm a sinner. Theft *an'* sacrullidge. It's serious, that is. Lucky let-off, I call it."



Now

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A Compendium of Short Articles.

I.—"That Reminds Me."

MANY and varied are the methods to which busy men have recourse in order, as the Yankees put it, to keep their memory "peeled."

Very simple is the mnemonical system of a well-known journalist, who merely ties a small piece of ribbon round his walking-stick. Many a Benedict has a penchant for tying his handkerchief into a series of knots to remind him of the numerous little domestic duties he has faithfully promised to perform during the day.

A very successful plan is that of a shrewd City man, who has recourse to the use of pepper or snuff to jog his memory. A liberal dose spread over his handkerchief greets his olfactory nerves whenever he extracts it from his pocket, and, as he himself says, then "that reminds me." It is a somewhat uncomfortable plan, but, it must be admitted, it is decidedly effective.

1.—A piece of ribbon tied to your stick is a good reminder.

It is not for safety that the individual in one of our illustrations has taken the precaution to pin his kerchief to his coat. It is merely his peculiar form of reminder.

Doubly effective is the method adopted by some astute people who place their finger-rings on their key-ring. By this means they are not only reminded of something by the absence of their rings from their hands, but every time they use their keys the fact is forced upon their attention.

A message placed loosely inside one's hat is not likely to be overlooked, as it will probably drop out and attract attention the moment the owner removes his headgear.

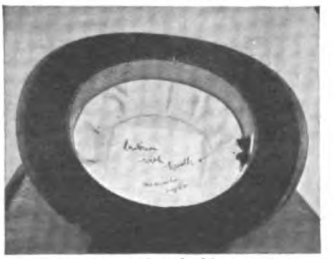
There is one old Government clerk in Whitehall who is an amusement to all the juniors. When he has any matter of urgent importance to attend to in the morning he invariably ties two of his fingers together with a small piece of red tape.

2.—So is the well-known plan of tying knots in your handkerchief.

3.—While a little pepper or snuff on the handkerchief is sure to jog the memory.

4.—Another good plan is to pin your handkerchief to the lining of your pocket.

5.—If all these fail, try placing a ring on your key-ring—



6.—Or a memorandum inside your hat—

7.—Or, as a last resource, tie two of your fingers together.

From Photos. by Clarke & Hyde Press Agency.

II.—Every Man's Musical Instrument—The Hand-Horn.

By F. Gilbert Smith.

THE interesting fact that every member of the human race possesses, in its two hands, an embryo musical instrument which, when developed, is capable of holding its own against any artificial wind instrument of similar capacity, has not hitherto been dreamt of, or, if dreamt of, not scientifically demonstrated.

I wish, in the first place, to make perfectly clear these two points. Firstly, that the instrument I am about to describe is a wind instrument, and is to be treated as such. It is manifestly as unfair to take the hand-horn and blow into it and expect it to immediately produce melodious music as to expect any other wind instrument to do the same. Secondly, that the moment you produce a sound, however husky, with your closed hands, that moment you have discovered for yourself "every man's" musical instrument; and that, with this article to guide you, it is a moral certainty that before long you will be able easily to separate notes up to one and a half octaves. I will not add the usual qualification, "if you carefully carry out my instructions," for once you find that you can produce a note, and that not a fixed note, the gradual development of the instrument becomes a fascination.

How to Make the Instrument.—Figs. 1, 2, and 3 give side, front, and back views respectively of the instrument as it appears when the lowest note is being produced; while Fig. 4 gives a view of the interior of the left hand. Note particularly the following points: That the aperture between the thumbs for blowing is as narrow as possible; that the maximum distance obtainable must be secured between points "A" and "B" (Fig. 2); that the tips of the fingers of the right hand do not extend lower over the left than is necessary to cover the space "C"; and that in the left hand the fingers somewhat overlap one another, in order to fill up the spaces between. In a word, that the largest possible cavity, with a single opening (between the thumbs), is obtained. As a help to securing the right form of the instrument it is useful to take several apples, and to select the largest that you can contain in your hands without there being any crevices (Fig. 6). Then practise forming the hands round it until you are satisfied that the shape is correct.

How to Hold It.—Figs. 1 and 5 illustrate the position in which the instrument is held to the mouth and the disposition of the arms. Note particularly that the end joints of the thumbs are pressed against the upper lip, while the bottom lip is loose and is thrown somewhat forward to cover the joints of the thumbs and the extreme top end only of the aperture.

How to Play It.—The hand-horn, as here described, is a one-keyed instrument, the second finger of the left hand being the key. This key is manipulated, as shown in Figs. 7 and 8, from the root joint, and the slightest possible movement of this finger produces a variation in tone in the lower register; while the movement is more marked in the higher. With the exception of the third finger, which may move in sympathy with the second, the remainder of the instrument must not be altered in the smallest degree for the production of different notes. When the key is raised to its highest possible elevation, as in Fig. 8, a considerable cavity should be revealed underneath it, and care should be taken that the outer edge of the right hand does not tend to get nearer to the palm of the left, and so reduce this cavity, which must be as large as possible for the production of the higher notes.

As regards breathing, take deep inspirations, as in singing, when little or no effort will be required to produce full and clear notes. Articulation is best obtained by jerking the air from the back of the throat, as when one says "who, who," sharply. "Tongueing," as in the flute, does not appear to me practicable.

Its Range.—The hand-horn, as I at present know it, has a range of slightly under two and a half octaves, and in my case rises to somewhat below top C on the piano. As far as this article is concerned, however, it has a range of about one and a half octaves, which will be pitched higher or lower according to the smallness or largeness of the hands.

How I Discovered It.—It will doubtless be of interest to describe how I discovered the hand-horn. Well, it was in this way. When a boy my father taught me in a crude way to imitate the cuckoo's call with my hands. I soon improved on what he taught me, and you may judge how closely I mimicked the bird by the two

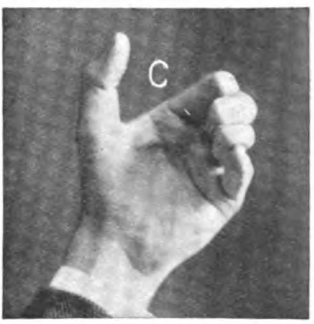
following incidents. One day I was hiding behind a bush, practising the cuckoo's call, when suddenly two young sportsmen peered round the bush, one whispering to the other, "Stand still; I'll pot him!" Needless to add, he didn't. On another occasion I hid myself under a bush and called my supposed mate, or rival—I know not which—on to the branches immediately over my head. The poor bird, being unable to locate me, worked himself into a perfect fury of rage.

I did not stop at imitating the cuckoo, but gradually, over a period of nearly twenty years, evolved the hand-horn — or, more correctly speaking, the hand-horn evolved itself. Muscles, and the nerves controlling them, which hitherto had been little used, were gradually developed, until now I have almost perfect control over the second finger on the left hand. This is the most important thing to achieve—at any rate, as regards the first octave and a half. I do not hope myself ever fully to master the muscles which must be controlled to produce the highest notes, as I have begun too late in life. My son, however, who has mastered the instrument as here described, simply from watching me play it, has a much better chance to do so.

1.—Side view of the hand-horn.

2.—As it appears from the front.

3.—Back view of the instrument.



4.—Interior of the left hand.

5.—How the arms should be held.

6.—Practising the formation of the hand with an apple.

7.—The second finger of the left hand is used as a key.

8.—How the key is manipulated.
From Photos. by John Burrows, Prestatyn, N. Wales.

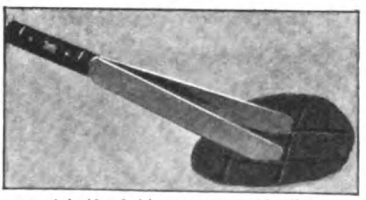
Evolution has practically finished its work on man's artificial musical instruments, but it has hardly commenced to operate on his natural and universal one. Perhaps it may not be too much to hope that before long the hand-horn will prove its right to the title of "every man's musical instrument."

III.—Wouldn't It Be Funny If——

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES SCOTT.

THERE are dozens of common things used daily in a household to the sight of which people have become so accustomed that any alteration, combination, or transposition of them would appear almost ludicrous, if not wholly inconvenient. The objects now dealt with are really very little modified, yet what strange aspects they present!

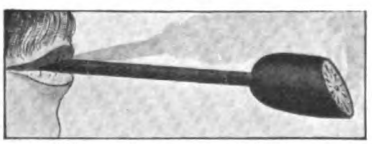
When we are cutting up our dinner with an ordinary knife it is impossible to cut a piece of meat or potato into more than two sections at one stroke; but by using a double blade, as in Fig. 1, we should secure three sections at every movement. The number of portions is, of course, increased as additional cuts are made. With a common knife the rates successively would be, by making symmetrical cross cuts, two, four, six, eight, etc., instead of three, nine, fifteen, twenty-five (or even more), *with precisely the same attempts.*



1.—A knife of this pattern would relieve you of much hard work.

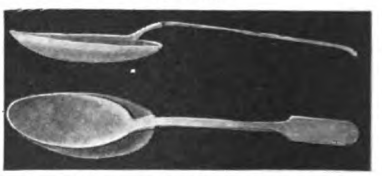
2. The proper position for a saucer.

3.—A combined brush and comb would prove very useful.



4.—Why not have pipes made in this way?

5.—An accommodating egg-cup.



6.—With spoons like these nothing need be spilled.

Why are saucers used? No one seems to know with full certainty. Some people say that they are intended to keep the table-cloth clean by catching spilled liquid; others declare that they should be used for cooling the drink. As it is universally considered to be bad form to follow the latter practice, I will assume that the first suggestion is correct. But even in the event of the second belief being right, the illustrated notion seems to be equally effective (Fig. 2). To anyone who imagines that such an arrangement would be unsteady and awkward, I advise fixing a common saucer in such a position, and making a rough test. With this utensil, however, a saucer-bowl would be permanently attached to the edge of the cup, and would be, of course, quite firm. No liquid could be spilt on the table-cloth; nor would drinking from this queer-looking affair be at all troublesome; indeed, I believe it would be rather pleasant.

7.—Tea, coffee, and cocoa in one pot.

Simple as is the idea of a combined comb and brush (Fig. 3), I do not think that anything of the kind is on the market. The mother—we will leave the critical father out of the question—would be less worried if she had only to look for one article instead of two, where children have access to them.

Turning to men, I am reminded that I have a device—or rather the design of one—associated with one of their own customs. Now, except among navvies, a pipe-bowl is held with its orifice upwards, being made for that position. By just turning a bowl so that its mouth is directed frontwards a great change is effected, and I dare say that many people would laugh at a man who paraded the streets smoking such a curious pipe. Why should this be so? The bowl would be as suitable so placed, supposing it had a perforated lid, and it is clear that such a pipe would be much more

easily kept clean, as a brush could be so readily passed through the stem and bowl.

The egg-cup is so trivial a thing as to seem to call for no treatment or interference; yet it should be amenable to improvement in the interests of one's temper. It does not need telling that the dimensions of eggs are various —very various indeed! Notwithstanding this fact, a standard size egg-cup has to do duty, as a rule, for both large and small. This is not as it should be. Suppose we construct a four-sided egg-cup, having a screw in the middle part, by means of which the valves could be opened to suitable distances or squeezed tightly together (Fig. 4). In a case of this kind, provided the inner surfaces were somewhat roughened, every size of egg could find a temporary shelter, being neither so propped up as to topple over nor so much concealed as to make one feel foolish when cracking it.

Everybody who uses a spoon knows quite well that, whether medicine is being measured or fine sugar ladled out, some of the stuff is bound to drop. By affixing a secondary bowl beneath the ordinary one (Fig. 5), trouble of this character could be avoided.

Family people know what an awful confusion occurs when father wants coffee, mother wants tea, and the sons and daughters divide their preferences between these two and cocoa. Breakfast and tea times are made uncomfortable in consequence of the number of utensils and the successive waiting for the water. By having a large pot divided into three compartments, each communicating with a spout, the three beverages could be made at the same time, and so save trouble. Now who will be the first to use so awkward-looking, though useful, a contrivance?

IV.—Some Queer Champions.

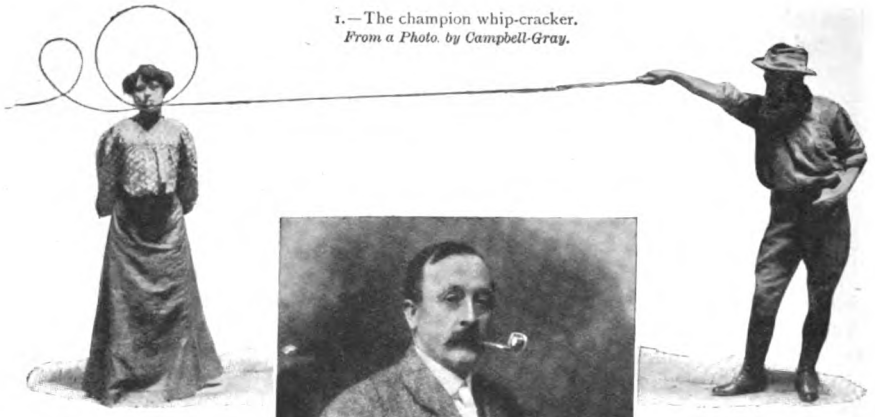
By Aubrey Gentry.

MANY people will be surprised to learn that there are scores of championships held in all parts of England—and, indeed, of the world—of which they have no knowledge. When the news is read that such-and-such a man has won the championship in, say, the faggot-eating competition, the true significance that this man is really entitled to be described as a champion rarely enters into the reader's head.

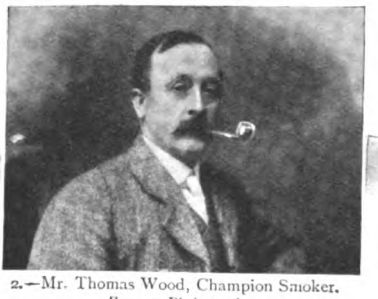
Yet a host of these champions exist—many of them unknown, all of them unapplauded by the multitude and neglected by the Press generally.

A champion brought to this country for the purpose of giving exhibitions of his skill was Mr. Fred Lindsay, who can wield with a most marvellous display of dexterity the Australian stock-whip. The fact of being able to crack a whip does not appear, on the face of it, a very extraordinary feat, but the Australian stock-whip is a very different article from ours, the stock being eighteen inches and the thong twenty-four feet in length. At a distance of twenty-five feet Mr. Lindsay can cut a cigarette in half, the cigarette during the operation being held in the mouth of an attendant. Other of Mr. Lindsay's feats are: the extinguishing of a lighted candle; then, with a different twist of the whip, cutting it in half; taking the ash from a cigar whilst the weed is being smoked; and cutting an ordinary wine-bottle in two. Yet, dangerous as his weapon may appear, Mr. Lindsay can make it perfectly harmless. To prove the perfect control he has over the whip, Mr. Lindsay will flog a man with apparently terrific force, yet the man is not injured in any way; he will tie the thong round a man's arm, a feat which, if the judgment were to err in the slightest, would cut the arm in half. Then he can wind the thong round a lady's neck, but the lady would not feel it and no marks would be visible. All of which performances show that Mr. Lindsay is just what he claims to be—the champion whip-cracker of the world.

The sight of one hundred and fifty men calmly puffing at pipes and seated at tables with judges watching their every action is a strange one, yet it has been seen in London. The rules for this contest, which carried with it the championship of the pipe-smoking world, were that each man would be provided with one-eighth of an ounce of tobacco; that the competitor must furnish his own pipe, to be passed by the judges before being loaded; that pipes were to be filled once only, and that forty seconds would be allowed for the purpose of lighting up, no relighting to be allowed. The smoker who made his pipe last for the longest period won the first prize (a thirty-guinea piano) and, incidentally,



1.—The champion whip-cracker.
From a Photo. by Campbell-Gray.



2.—Mr. Thomas Wood, Champion Smoker.
From a Photograph.

3.—The faggot-eating champion is the figure on the extreme right.
From a Photograph.

4.—This barber, even when blindfolded, can shave you in twenty-seven seconds.
From a Photo. by R. W. Smith.

5.—A winner of the shoeblacks' championship.
From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

6.—A weight-carrying champion of Paris.
From a Photograph

7.—A record-breaking axe-wielder.
From a Photo. by Campbell-Gray.

the championship. Two hours and twelve minutes proved to be the winning time, and a new champion was proclaimed in the person of Mr. Thomas Wood, a painter by trade and a smoker from choice.

What may be termed a substantial supper was recently partaken of by a man at a public-house in Exmouth Street, London. The cause of the supper was a bet made between two men that Mr. Eugen Bowden could not consume a tin of faggots. A tin of these delicacies, it may be mentioned, contains thirty-six, each of the weight of six ounces. The faggots (which have been called the poor man's rissole) were supplied by a firm of butchers, Barnett Brothers, and were guaranteed to be of good weight. The contest took place in front of a large and appreciative audience. Not only did Mr. Bowden justify the faith placed in him by his backer, but he added to the original number by having two faggots crushed and made into gravy, and over and above this added a half-quartern loaf to the supper. The victor, who is undoubtedly entitled to term himself the faggot-eating champion, was apparently none the worse for entering the arena.

The quick-shaving champion of England, and possibly of the world, is Mr. Robert Hardie, of Shepherd's Bush. Mr. Hardie's record of shaving five men in one minute fifteen seconds stood for some years, but not long ago the champion of the razor thought he would try for new and better times, so he managed to shave six men in one minute twenty-nine seconds. Mr. Hardie a little time back issued a challenge to the world for five hundred pounds, and this money can be won by anybody who will take up the cudgels at either quick or blindfold shaving, and is able to beat the existing champion's times.

Mr. Hardie can shave one man, no matter how harsh his beard, in twelve seconds, or he will allow himself to be blindfolded and then make a clean job of it in twenty-seven seconds. Besides these times, which are accomplished by the aid of an ordinary razor, Mr. Hardie will give any man a perfectly satisfactory shave with the aid of a carving-knife in forty-five seconds, and with a pen-knife in twenty-eight seconds.

The shoeblacks' championship — held among members of the Central (Reds) Shoeblack Society — was first inaugurated in 1902. Out of the fifty boys who constitute the staff of the home, six are annually chosen to represent the school. The boys themselves vote for their favourites. They have no false pride about the matter, and if they fancy they are good enough to enter the competition they do not hesitate to put their own names down. Three factors are taken into consideration. They are: time, quality, general style of the work done. The contest is judged by well-known men, the superintendent of the school and the managing director of Messrs. Day and Martin being among the number. The championship takes place every May, and the conditions are the same as those prevailing in the streets—that is to say, the boys come direct from their stations and with the same tools enter for the fight.

The "Bancroft" gold medal, which the championship carries, is held for one year only, and is in the custody of an official of the society, but the silver watch which goes with the medal is the winner's absolute property. Three other prizes are given. The honour of holding the gold medal is much coveted, and the yearly struggle is always a very keen one.

Leaving for awhile the queer champions of England, we go for one "out-of-the-way" champion to the shores of La Belle France, and in the person of M. Jean Ricaud, a market porter, we find the weight-carrying champion of Paris. The weight, as will be seen from the illustration, is obtained by carrying on the head a number of sacks, filled with we know not what. M. Ricaud won the 1907 championship by supporting a burden weighing about six hundredweight on his shoulders. The distance was about sixty yards, and the victor's time was fifty-eight seconds.

Tree-felling contests are very few and far between in England, if, indeed, one has ever been held. But we recently had a visit from two axe-wielders, Messrs. Harry Jackson and Peter Maclaren by name, both Australians by birth, who are champions in this direction. Mr. Jackson once cut through a tree of sixty-three inches circumference in one minute eleven seconds; he also sawed through a tree seventy-six inches in girth in two minutes twelve seconds. The two partners won the double-handed saw championship by sawing through a tree seventy-six inches in circumference in forty-two seconds. Both these champions appeared at the Hippodrome in London. Their performances in Australia are vouched for, and are not mere reports. Naturally, they have both won many prizes by their skill, but the event upon which Mr. Jackson is most fond of dwelling is when he won the contest held before the now Prince of Wales (then the Duke of York) in Hobart, Tasmania.

V.—"Drapery Figures."

By Walter Goodman.

THESE sketches were done from studio draperies and costumes thrown carelessly in a heap, suggesting, by their folds, classic or fanciful figures as they appeared to the eye of the artist, as in case of faces seen in the fire, and similar objects. A special interest attaches to these studies from the fact that they were done fifty-four years ago by the late J. M. Leigh, father of the late Henry S. Leigh, author of "The Carols of Cockayne," and founder and master of the famous School of Art in Newman Street, Oxford Street, where Sir Edward J. Poynter, P.R.A., and many other artists studied drawing. The writer was also a student there and can vouch for the accuracy of the accompanying fanciful designs, having seen them done. It is not an uncommon thing for artists to receive suggestions from random blots or smudges of ink, or from the paint-smears left on the palette, which may often be developed by a lively imagination into weird and wonderful results. But there is something extraordinary in the effect of these "Drapery Figures" which makes them quite unique.

A SNAPSHOT.

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

(THE HON. MRS. ALFRED FELKIN).

"SO you have escaped the all-devouring religious appetite of our esteemed hostess and have not gone to church after all?" remarked Sir Edgar Larrington from the depths of his chair, as Miss Cumnor came slowly across the lawn to join him. She made a pretty picture in her white serge dress and large black hat, a rose-coloured sunshade screening her flower-like face from the fierce morning light. So Sir Edgar thought; and he was a connoisseur on the subject of women's beauty. "I commend you," he added.

Maud Cumnor laughed softly as she attained the shadow of the cedar tree on the far side of the lawn, and sank into another chair beside his. "Yes, I have escaped; but I had a hard fight for freedom, for Lady MacBannock was set on my attending her beloved church this morning. I suppose she thinks I need it."

"So you do—from the excellent woman's point of view. To my unregenerate eyes, your need of church-going is your greatest and most compelling charm. I cannot endure religious women." Maud winced. She was by no means strait-laced, but she now and then shrank from Sir Edgar's freely-avowed distaste for anything connected with what Lady MacBannock called "good things." Such irreligion might be very amusing in a mere acquaintance, but there seemed something terrible in it in connection with a possible husband.

"So our worthy MacBannock tried to influence you for good, did she?" Larrington continued.

"YES, I HAVE ESCAPED; BUT I HAD A HARD FIGHT FOR FREEDOM."

Copyright, 1908, by the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Felkin (Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler).

"She did. She tried all her arts and blandishments, such as they are, to lure me into the church-going omnibus; but in vain. At first she almost succeeded in guiding my erring feet aright; but I remembered you and the sunshine and the shadow of the cedar tree, and was strong to resist." Maud might in her heart of hearts disapprove of her suitor's flippancy; but she had not the moral courage to express this disapproval in words. She was a sweet-natured girl, and clever withal; but she lacked the strength of character necessary to make a stand against the follies and foibles of her particular set.

He lazily lit a cigarette. "How dear and sweet of you to disappoint Janet MacBannock and your guardian angel and all the religious influences for my poor sake! I feel immensely flattered. I remember when I was a child I was taught that everybody had a guardian angel watching over him or her, as the case might be, whose special business it was to prevent the patient from 'falling into sin or running into any kind of danger.'"

"I used to believe that, too, when I was little," said Miss Cumnor. "It was a most comforting and soothing belief, and I'm sorry I've outgrown it. It used to make one feel so safe in the dark."

"And so confoundedly uncomfortable in the light," added Larrington. "I should much dislike to feel that an angelic eye was on all my comings and goings. And my comings and goings are such that I doubt if the angelic eye would enjoy the process any more than I should. So I am thankful that I have outgrown that particular illusion."

"I'm not. I'm awfully sorry that I can't go on believing all the nice, impossible, absurd things that I believed when I was a child. Now that I've grown up, life seems so dull and sordid and matter of fact, and nothing seems really to signify except having plenty of money."

"Thank Heaven that it is so, and that the reign of the guardian angel is over and Mammon is enthroned in his place!" Sir Edgar was perfectly aware that Mammon, rather than any guardian angel, would stand his friend in his suit for the hand of the beautiful Miss Cumnor. He knew well enough that he was no fit husband for any high-souled and pure-minded girl; but he also knew that half the fashionable mothers of Mayfair were keen on his track, in the hope that they should secure him as a match for their respective daughters, for he was one of the richest commoners in England.

"I expect that your guardian angel had a pretty rough time of it," said Maud, with her soft laugh.

"Rather! He said at last that it was more than one angel's work, and that he must either have a cherub in buttons under him or else throw up the situation. I really couldn't stand the racket of two guardian angels, so I gave him a month's notice on the spot."

Maud laughed again. Although instinctively she shrank from him, Sir Edgar never failed to amuse her. "Now, I should think Lady MacBannock's guardian angel has an easy time," she remarked, "because she never wants to do anything that the most narrow-minded angel could possibly object to."

"An easy time of it? I should just think he had! Never thwarted in anything, but has his own way from morning till night. Getting stout and masterful, as all old servants do, and suffering from a swelled head! By the way, did my lady drag those two wretched little boys to church with her?"

"Of course she did. Didn't you notice their Eton suits and white collars at breakfast, in honour of the intended ceremony?" replied Maud.

"I did, now you mention it. I forgot it was Sunday, and wondered why those horrid twins were so clean. It didn't occur to me that they were youthful victims already robed in their sacrificial garments. I wonder if they took their beastly camera with them?"

"Good gracious, no! Their mother would never have allowed such sacrilege as taking a camera into church. You don't know your MacBannock, or you would never have asked such a question. But it's a comfort—isn't it?—to feel that they are safe for the present, and can't be snapshotting us in all sorts of unbecoming attitudes."

"It is," replied Larrington, with a sigh of relief. "Of all pernicious animals on the face of this earth, I think that an intelligent boy with a camera is the most pernicious. And this particular boy—being twins—is the worst case I ever came across."

"I know. Aren't they too dreadful for words? They photographed me walking across the lawn on a windy day, and I look like a dancing Mænad. And they snapshotted their mother shaking hands with the Presbyterian minister, which looks exactly like a Bank-holiday couple making love."

Sir Edgar laughed. "You don't say so? How more than delightful!"

"You see," Maud went on to explain, "it appears as if the pair were holding—not shaking—hands, and as if they had been at it for the last hour. That is the worst of

snapshots; they permanently preserve a temporary state of things. Like an isolated quotation from a conversation without the context, they give an utterly false impression while sticking to the absolute truth."

"Of course they do; that is their *raison d'être* in both cases. Do you think that our friends would trouble to repeat our words in order to convey a correct impression? Not they! It is only when they wish to create a false impression that they stoop to quote us verbatim. Humanity never tells the truth except when it finds the truth more misleading than a lie."

Again Maud winced, and yet laughed at the same time.

"But how delicious of those dear boys thus accurately to represent and yet utterly to misrepresent their estimable mother! I can forgive their existence—even their temporary absence from Eton—on account of this. But don't let us talk any more about the excellent MacBannocks; let us talk about ourselves, a much more interesting and instructive subject. Have you forgotten that I am going away from here at six o'clock this evening, and that I have something very important to say to you before I go?" Maud's face fell. She knew well enough that she had come to a turning-point in her life's story, and she hated to be reminded of it. The inherent weakness of her nature shrank from taking any decided action either one way or another; she preferred to let things drift, and to leave other people to settle her affairs for her. But now the time had come for her to take her life into her own hands, and to decide once and for ever what course her future was to take. And she quailed before the ordeal.

Among her various admirers there was one who had always stood a head and shoulders above all the others in Maud Cumnor's estimation—namely, Eric Golding, a young officer, whom she had known and loved from her earliest girlhood. Eric was straight and manly and honourable—the ideal of all that an English soldier ought to be; also he was deeply religious, with the silent and unemotional religion of the typical well-bred Englishman. Maud had known Eric ever since they were big boy and little girl together, and she had never heard him say a word or express a thought that offended against the most exalted ideals of enthusiastic girlhood. Just as Edgar Larrington stimulated the lower side of her intellectual nature, Eric Golding stirred the higher and more spiritual side. With him she was always at her very best; and she knew that he was capable of drawing out and expanding the very highest of which her character was susceptible.

The only quality which Eric lacked to make him a perfect husband was the quality of wealth; but, unfortunately, that was a quality which loomed large in the eyes of Maud Cumnor and her circle. He had enough to make a wife comfortable in a moderate way, as he had small private means in addition to his pay; but comfort in a modest way was by no means a thing to which Maud had been taught to believe her beauty entitled her. Love in a cottage—or rather in a seven-roomed villa—with two or three women-servants as his handmaidens, was not at all the style of thing which the beautiful Miss Cumnor had been brought up to expect of fate; nay, she demanded—and had been taught by her mother that she had every right to demand—one town and two or three country houses, and a large retinue of men-servants and maid-servants, and horses and asses, with several motor-cars thrown in.

With her accustomed weakness of character, Maud had neither refused nor accepted Eric Golding. She had followed her own inclinations to the point of accepting his devotion and telling him that she returned it, and permitting a sort of understanding between them that eventually, after she had had her fling of pleasure, she would settle down and marry him; and, on the other hand, she had drifted with the current of her mother's wishes to the extent of insisting upon Eric's keeping their engagement a secret, and in her own mind regarding her lover as bound and herself as still free.

Such was the state of things when Sir Edgar Larrington appeared upon the scene and singled out the lovely Miss Cumnor for his special attentions. He was an extremely wealthy man, having amassed his pile in South Africa and come home to England to enjoy it upon the death of an uncle from whom he inherited the baronetcy. There was no doubt that, from a worldly point of view, he was a splendid match for any girl; and that was the only point of view which ever intruded itself upon Mrs. Cumnor's notice. She did not trouble to inquire into the character or past history of so desirable a suitor for her daughter's hand; he had great wealth and an ancient title; and that was enough, and more than enough, for her. But Maud was clearer-sighted than her mother, and possessed quicker perceptions; and she knew instinctively that Sir Edgar was not a "nice" man in the sense that Eric was "nice." She had hoped that things would

go on drifting as they had drifted for so long, and that she could still continue to carry on a flirtation with both Sir Edgar Larrington and Captain Golding; but Sir Edgar was leaving Castle MacBannock that very evening, and she had seen a look in his eyes that told her she must finally choose between him and Eric before he went.

"Have you forgotten that I am leaving Castle MacBannock to-night?" he repeated.

"I am trying to forget it, because it will be so dull when you are gone," replied Maud, still temporizing with her fate. She was one of those women who cannot help flirting with any man, however much she may dislike his attentions. "And I think it is very unkind of you to remind me, just when I was enjoying myself with your instructive conversation," she added.

"But *I* cannot forget it," said the man; and there was a sound in his voice which frightened Maud, and yet—little flirt that she was!—made her decide that she must use all her arts until she heard it again.

"We've got on so well together from the very first, haven't we, Miss Cumnor?"

"Awfully well; and that's because you are so understanding. I don't think I ever met anyone more understanding than you are."

Larrington smiled. He understood Maud through and through—far better than she thought he did—and he knew exactly the doubts that were passing through her mind. Like a cat playing with a mouse, he enjoyed to see the duplex natures warring in the girl's soul and striving for the mastery; and the fact that he felt sure of winning in the end, made his relish of the struggle all the keener. He was as modern and as complex and analytical as Maud herself.

"I have a theory that the people we get on well with here are the people whom we knew in a former existence," continued Maud; "the people who understand our ways and talk our language. There are people we know quite intimately, who never talk the same language as we do; while we sometimes meet absolute strangers who not only talk the same language, but the same *patois*."

"You and I talked the same *patois* the first time we met, if you remember," said Sir Edgar, still with that frightening tone in his voice; "and we've talked it ever since." He could play upon Maud as a man plays upon a musical instrument—he knew all her moods, and could call them up at will. And this strange affinity between them was—perhaps even more than her undoubted beauty—the reason of her attraction for a man who had the pick of London to choose from. Now he played with her varying moods and adapted himself to them; but when they were married, he said to himself, he would mould her character to his will. He did not like her idealistic and romantic side; he knew that it was at war with him, and that he failed to satisfy its demands; but this evil would soon be cured after marriage, for he knew that—given time and opportunity—he could utterly crush and destroy Maud's higher nature, and make her as complete an atheist and a worldling as himself. And he meant to do it.

"I am sure you and I must have belonged to the same country in a former state," said Maud.

"To the same country, my dear Miss Cumnor? Say rather to the same county, the same district, the same village street. Neither of us has a single soul-idiom that is not to the other as household words."

"I am sure I never knew Lady MacBannock in a former state. Did you?"

"Heaven forbid! I wouldn't know her in this if she wasn't a relation," replied Larrington, with a laugh. Then suddenly his face changed. "Good gracious!" he exclaimed. "There is the lovely Miss Black-Smith coming to join us. I thought she was safe in church, under the all-seeing eye of the MacBannock."

"So did I," groaned Maud.

"I fondly believed that you and I were the only survivors of the church-going omnibus," said Sir Edgar.

"That was my impression. But my noble example must have emboldened her also to rebel."

Larrington sat up in his chair. "I cannot say good-bye to you with the eyes of Europe and Miss Black-Smith upon us, because I have something very particular to say to you as well as good-bye. Come up to the waterfall with me this afternoon, and let me say it there."

"Won't it be rather too hot for such a long walk?" demurred Maud.

"I don't think so, as it is in the shade all the way. But we can select a cool spot in the woods if you prefer it."

"Can't we say good-bye on the lawn as everybody else does?" persisted Maud, still struggling feebly for freedom.

"Certainly not. We shall say good-bye either at the waterfall or in the woods; you can decide which."

As usual, Maud succumbed to the stronger will. "Very well, then; let it be the waterfall."

Sir Edgar smiled to himself under his moustache. He knew he could always conquer her if he wished. And as he was a masterful man, and likewise an unscrupulous one, this sense of power was very pleasant to him. "The waterfall it shall be," he agreed; and then the Philistines in the form of Miss Black-Smith were upon them, and no more could be said except such as was suitable for the ears of that inquisitive damsel.

Maud soon withdrew herself from the other two and went into the house and up to her own room. She did not feel in the mood for idle conversation just then, when she knew that her future life was hanging in the balance. With the quick intuition of womanhood, she was perfectly aware that Edgar Larrington intended to leave Castle MacBannock as her accepted lover. She would have liked the present state of things to continue indefinitely, and was sorry that the inevitable time had come. It was very nice to have a wealthy suitor at her beck and call, laying motor-cars and opera-boxes and various gewgaws at her feet whenever she deigned to accept them, as Sir Edgar had been doing all through the last season.

But, in spite of her short tale of years, Maud was wise enough to realize that the indefiniteness which delights a woman is in no way agreeable to a man, and that Edgar had stood the dangling process as long as he would. True, Eric Golding had stood it for as many years as the baronet had endured it for months; but then Eric loved her better than he loved himself, and Sir Edgar did not —which made all the difference, as Miss Cumnor was clever enough to see. Larrington had got to the point when she must either take him or let him go; he was tired of dangling at her apron-strings and impatient of her temporary rule over him, and Maud was sharp enough to recognise this fact and to face it. She knew she must make up her mind either to become Lady Larrington, with all the sacrifice of freedom and idealism which that (to some people) enviable position entailed, or else to fling this magnificent chance of an exceptionally brilliant match to the winds, and to count the world well lost for love of Eric Golding. And the question had to be decided by her this very afternoon.

She knew well enough that she could not both eat her cake and have it. Her marriage with Sir Edgar would finally and irrevocably close her friendship with Captain Golding, for Eric was far too true a man ever to stoop to play the *rôle* of tame cat to any woman. But though Eric and his love meant a great deal to her, the snares of rank and wealth and luxury meant a great deal also; and, for the life of her, Maud could not make up her mind which she desired most, and which she should most deeply regret to lose.

Through her window she watched the omnibus return and discharge its pious load at the front door. Then she saw Sir Edgar strolling back from the stable with Miss Black-Smith, in whose company he had been to inspect the horses; and she felt a pang of jealousy as she wondered whether that young lady would be asked to accept the desirable position of Lady Larrington should she herself refuse it. She was not in the least jealous of any woman who might win Edgar's love and admiration; she knew too well what those were worth. But she was very jealous indeed of any woman who might eventually rule over his princely houses and wear his priceless family diamonds, since she computed with equal precision the worth of these also.

Then she saw the twins avoiding the eagle eye of their mother, and hovering about with their beloved camera, ready to prey upon anybody who was so misguided as to come within their merciless range. And finally she heard the gong sound, and went down to lunch with her mind, as she believed, still in doubt as to whether she should choose the higher or the lower road; but, in reality, slowly veering round in the direction of the latter.

When luncheon was over she failed—as usual—to resist Sir Edgar's wishes, and started obediently with him for the waterfall at the top of the glen. They had no difficulty in evading Lady MacBannock this time, as that worthy woman had retired to her room with a religious book, in order to indulge in a little surreptitious yet sanctified slumber. Of this blessed repose her ladyship's sons had likewise taken advantage, and had escaped from the enforced study of the Shorter Catechism, with the inevitable camera clumsily concealed inside one of their jackets.

It was an ideal day for amateur photographers. In the still, pure atmosphere and blazing sunshine photographs could almost take themselves, whilst objects invisible to the naked eye could be clearly reproduced upon the camera. Therefore the twins could hardly be expected to sacrifice so glorious an opportunity of practising their favourite art to the exigencies of their mother's principles.

Miss Cumnor and her lover walked slowly up the glen, talking at first upon indifferent

subjects. But Sir Edgar had soon had enough of this shilly-shallying, and he said abruptly:—

"Miss Cumnor, I have brought you here to say something very particular to you, and you are a less clever girl than I take you for if you cannot guess what that something is."

As was her custom, Maud tried to evade a straightforward question and answer. "I'm sure I can't, as I never was very good at guessing games. A double acrostic drives me to the verge of distraction, while a missing word competition produces in me the most aggravated symptoms of brain-fever. I never guessed anything correctly in my life."

"Then if you cannot guess my riddle I shall have to give you the answer and put it plain. The question I have brought you here to ask you is, will you be my wife?"

Maud shrugged her graceful shoulders. "Oh, dear, what a pity it is that men always will spoil pleasant conversations by introducing some dreadfully straightforward question!"

"We introduce the straightforward questions simply because we want straightforward answers. So please give me one."

"But I hate straightforward questions and answers. They always remind me of a funny, antiquated little book that a former governess of my mother's used to teach me when I was a small girl, called 'The Child's Guide to Knowledge.' *You'd* have enjoyed it; for it was full of straightforward questions and answers as to what bread is made of, and what are the three diseases of wheat, and things like that. There was no vagueness about it anywhere." Sir Edgar smiled again under cover of his moustache. It amused him to see his victim's pretty struggles against the snare he had laid for her; and he entertained no fears as to his final success. He knew Maud and himself too well to doubt that his will in the end would certainly subjugate hers.

"It is difficult to believe that you were trained in so definite a school," he said.

"I was; but I was too complex and indefinite and generally modern by nature for it to have any lasting effect upon me," replied Maud.

"Well, then, I am afraid you will have to fall back upon the effects of this early training, and strive to be definite just once again. Don't you see that I've stood this hanging-on business long enough, and I can't do with any more of it? I want you for my wife, and I mean to have you, Maud."

"But our friendship has been so pleasant——" Maud began.

The man, however, cut her short. "Not to me. Don't you know that you are far too attractive a woman for your friendship to be satisfying to any man? Men want either less or more. And now you must make up your mind whether you will become my wife or whether we must part altogether. I will be your husband or your enemy, but never your friend. I like you far too well for that."

The parting of the ways had come just as Maud had foreseen. And it was for her—and her alone—to decide which path she was going to take.

"I can give you everything you want," Edgar went on, "and you shall have a lovely time for the rest of your life. There is nothing that money can buy that shall not be yours. And you are very fond of the things that money can buy, you know you are, my dear little Maud!"

She was, and she knew it. So she smiled and did not speak, but Edgar felt that she was yielding.

"'With all my worldly goods I thee endow' will be no empty boast in my case," the man continued, knowing well wherein his chief claim to her consideration lay. He was wise enough to realize that if Maud married him it would be for money and not for love. But as long as he won her for his wife, he did not care what her motive might be in marrying him. He had not a high ideal of the sanctity of the holy estate.

They were at the top of the glen by this time, and close to the precipice down which the water dashed in rainy seasons; but after the dry summer the waterfall was reduced to a thread of silver. And as they reached the summit of the ascent, Edgar stood still with a look of triumph on his cynical features. "Maud, come to me, I want you, my dearest girl; and I can give you everything you want, if you will only come," he cried, stretching out both hands towards her in his intense longing to possess so exquisite a piece of youth and beauty.

For a second Maud turned involuntarily towards the outstretched hands, which were offering her all that her world considered worthy of acceptance; and her face, too, was full of triumph because she had served Mammon to such good purpose. Then, suddenly, one of those inexplicable changes came over her to which all impressionable natures such as hers are subject. She did not know what caused it; whether Sir Edgar

"MAUD, COME TO ME; I WANT YOU."

had appealed too obviously to her lower nature, and so had grated upon her higher susceptibilities; or whether his casual reference to the Marriage Service had reminded her of all the sacrament of marriage was meant to be, and of all that it could be with such a man as Eric Golding. She pictured herself standing at the altar with Edgar Larrington, and shuddered to think what a travesty the beautiful old form of words would be when exchanged between herself and him, with nothing but worldly ambitions upon the one side and mere physical attractions upon the other. All she knew was that in an instant, without apparent why or wherefore, a change had come o'er the spirit of her dream.

She experienced a sudden revolt against Sir Edgar, and for all that he stood for in her life; and a sudden longing for the true peace and happiness which a union with Eric Golding would entail. It seemed absurd, ridiculous, puerile, she knew, to change about in this way like a fickle child; but Sir Edgar had in some inexplicable manner suddenly ceased to dominate her; and with the remembrance of Eric there swept over her the memory how faithful and true he had been to her ever since she was a child, and how his devotion had never failed or faltered, and how good he was, and how manly and unselfish. And then she recalled all the dreams that she had dreamed about him in her romantic girlhood before the iron of worldliness had entered into her soul; and how in these dreams he had always played the *rôle* of the ideal fairy prince. All at once it seemed to be made clear to her that Eric Golding was the one man in the world for her, and that deliberately to break so true a heart as his would be a baseness of which even she at her worst was not capable.

Sir Edgar, quick to read her moods, saw the change in her face, and his spirits sank. "Come to me, Maud," he repeated. Surely it was impossible that he should lose her now; but at the mere thought of such a thing his desire for her increased tenfold.

Then at last she spoke, and he was more startled at the change in her voice than at the change in her face. There was a ring of firmness and decision in it that he had never heard before. "No, Sir Edgar; please don't ask me. I can never marry you—never."

"Why on earth not? I can give you what few men can give you, and can make you abundantly happy."

"You can give me everything that money can buy, I know, but you cannot make me happy. There are some things that money cannot buy, and those happen to be the things I want."

"But, my dear child, this is nonsense worthy of a sentimental schoolgirl."

"Perhaps; but it is what I think and mean. I don't love you, Sir Edgar; and that is the long and the short of it."

"But, my dear girl, I never asked you to love me; I only asked you to marry me. And if you will do that I promise you I will never bother you about your feelings. I am not a romantic boy, you know, who is always applying a thermometer to the state of his lady-love's affections."

"I couldn't marry a man I didn't love," replied Maud, with a persistence that surprised even herself, to say nothing of Sir Edgar.

"Why not? Most women in our rank of life do. Believe me, love in a cottage is a most *bourgeois* form of entertainment."

"I cannot marry you," persisted Maud, still with that unaccustomed firmness.

"Oh, yes, you can, and will. I know that I shall win you in the end and make you as happy as the day is long. I am not afraid. I shall go on asking you as long as you are free, till you are compelled to say 'yes' in order to silence me."

Maud drew herself up haughtily. "You are mistaken in the state of affairs," she said. "I am not free; I am engaged to be married to Captain Golding." The words seemed to speak themselves; she had not meant to say them. They came out without any volition on her part. And when she had said them, and knew that she had burnt her boats, she was filled with a strange gladness.

But Larrington was thunderstruck. It was inconceivable to him that any young girl, however clever, should have played with him in this way. "Engaged to Golding?" was all that he could say.

Again Maud felt impelled to speak as if by some power outside herself.

"Yes, I am engaged to Captain Golding; but for reasons of our own we have seen fit to keep the engagement secret for a time, so I must beg you to respect my confidence. I felt that I owed it to you to let you know, after the honour you have done me in asking me to be your wife; but I am sure I can trust you not to let it go any farther until Captain Golding and myself see fit to announce it publicly."

She had indeed burnt her boats now with a vengeance, and was elated with that sense of triumphant relief which such bonfires usually produce in those who have the courage to ignite them.

"Of course I will respect your confidence," replied Larrington, manfully struggling to conceal the rage and mortification which consumed him; "but I cannot help saying that I consider you have treated me very badly."

Maud was about to reply when a sort of war-whoop from the other side of the ravine startled them both, and they looked across the waterfall to see the dreaded twins swiftly beating a retreat.

"Confound those beastly boys!" exclaimed Edgar, angrily, thankful to find an object on which to vent his temper. "I'm blessed if they haven't had the impudence to take a snapshot of you and me! I should like to give them both a good hiding."

"They are rather tiresome," Maud agreed, quite coolly: "and now don't you think we had better be getting back again, or we shall be late for tea." Under his breath Edgar cursed the fickleness and uncertainty of the artistic temperament, and felt there was something to be said for stupid women after all; at any rate, you knew where you were with them. He understood Maud so well that he was fully aware she had intended to accept him, whatever her previous relations with Captain Golding might have been, and that suddenly and inexplicably she had changed her mind. But as to what had induced this rapid change of front he had not the slightest idea. Being a man of the world, he adapted himself to Miss Cumnor's altered attitude with as good a grace as he could muster; but nevertheless the homeward walk was decidedly uncomfortable. Under his calm exterior Sir Edgar was furiously angry with Maud for having made a fool of him, and with himself for having been made a fool of; and yet all the while he knew her well enough to perceive that she had been innocent of any deliberate intention to deceive him, and that her sudden alternations of mood were utterly beyond her own control. He was as certain as if she had told him so, that when she walked up the glen with him she intended to accept him and throw Golding over. But why had she so suddenly altered her mind? That he could not even dimly guess at.

As the two approached the garden the boys perceived them and rushed to meet them.

"A SORT OF WAR-WHOOP FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RAVINE STARTLED THEM BOTH."

"I say," cried the twins, simultaneously, "we've just got such a good snapshot of you two!"

"Delighted to hear it," replied Sir Edgar, dryly. "You caught us in a happy moment, when the wolf was unexpectedly playing the part of the lamb."

"You shall have a copy," promised the elder of the twins graciously, "as soon as it is developed and printed; and we can print awfully fast in such weather as this." Maud duly thanked them, and they flew back to their tea.

"Then, good-bye, Miss Cumnor," said Sir Edgar, as he opened the gate leading from the glen into the garden. "I doubt if we shall ever meet again, so I take this opportunity of thanking you for many a pleasant—and one extremely unpleasant—hour." And then they joined the rest of the party on the lawn.

When tea was over Sir Edgar took his leave; and Maud marvelled at her own indifference to the fact that she had let the great chance of her life, from a worldly point of view, slip by for ever. The evening came and passed in due course, and the next day dawned, but still she was upheld by a strange feeling of exaltation in this giving up of herself finally to Eric and Eric's love.

When she came back from her drive with Lady MacBannock in the afternoon, she found the twins awaiting her in the hall with white and scared faces.

"I say, will you come into the schoolroom for a minute?" asked Ian, the oldest twin, in a frightened whisper. "There's something awfully rummy happened."

"There's a chap at school," remarked Ivor, as they followed Maud down the passage leading to the schoolroom, "who tells queer tales about how cameras can see things that we can't see, don't you know?—ghosts and things like that. I thought he was only gassing; but now I'm blowed if there isn't something in it after all!"

"It makes a fellow feel queer when he finds he has photographed things that people can't see—gives him sort of creeps down the back, don't you know!" added Ian, as they all three entered the schoolroom, and he handed Maud a roughly-printed photograph that was lying on the table.

She took it and examined it carefully. There were she and Sir Edgar standing by

"SHE TOOK IT AND EXAMINED IT CAREFULLY."

the waterfall, as they had stood that afternoon. She knew the exact moment when the snapshot had been taken. It was when he held out his arms to her and she so nearly accepted him, just before that unaccountable rush of newly-awakened love for Eric suddenly flooded her soul. Yes; it was a very good likeness both of herself and of her discarded suitor.

But there was more on the film than that.

Midway between herself and Sir Edgar stood a dazzling and dimly-outlined figure of surpassing grace and dignity—a winged and radiant Presence surrounded by an aura of pure white light. Its left hand lay like a splash of sunshine upon Maud's shoulder, as if gently pushing her away from her companion's outstretched arms; while in Its right hand, thrust implacably between the man and the woman, was an upraised flaming sword.

The River of Light.

By RICHARD MARSH.

"I AM willing to bet you a hundred guineas, or a thousand, or any sum you like to mention, that I will steal some object of value, one which bulks largely in the public eye, and whose disappearance will set people's tongues wagging, and that the police will never bring home the theft to me, or prove that the article was ever in my possession."

Mr. Moore had brought Sir Arthur Kennard into his rooms at half-past two in the morning for a final drink. The fact that it was he who made the preceding remark seemed to show that he at least required nothing further of an exciting nature. Sir Arthur, smiling at him, glanced at the man-servant, who was placing certain liquid refreshments on the centre table. Presently, when the man left the room, Sir Arthur laughed outright.

"My dear Charles, you are doubly rash. First, in offering to make a bet of the kind; then in proposing it in the presence of your man."

"Who—Lobley? I'm not afraid of my servant. I'm willing, if you like, to bet that I diddle him as well as the police. Is it a wager?"

"What exactly are the terms of the wager you suggest?"

"I say that it is owing to want of capital that criminals are brought to book. A man generally steals because he is in immediate want of money; that necessity compels him to do something which gives the police the clue they want. Using ordinary precautions, the man who does not want money can take what he pleases, and, so long as he keeps his head, all the police in the world will not be able to prove he has it. Let us agree upon some article; the snuff-box which Lord Dewsnap gave three thousand guineas for the other day; old Fotheringam's collection of miniatures; the best bits out of the Duchess of Cheshire's collection of china; perhaps better still, Mrs. Turland's 'River of Light'—that diamond necklace she wears. They say that Jacob Turland gave fifty thousand pounds for them in the wholesale market. That ought to be worth stealing."

"I agree."

"Good. Then will you bet a thousand guineas, or a hundred, or what will you bet, that I don't steal Mrs. Turland's necklace, and that the police don't bring it home, even to the extent of casting the shade of a shadow of suspicion on me, say, inside six months? I'm obliged to fix a period because, of course, I don't want to deprive the lady of her necklace altogether. I merely want to have a bit of fun and win my bet. Is that a wager?"

"Emphatically no; the whisky has not gone to my head. I should be very sorry to see you try to do anything so insane from every point of view; and you wouldn't succeed if you did."

"Shouldn't I? Very well. You bear in mind those words of yours. It's no bet; but take my tip and keep an eye on the River of Light."

On the night after that conversation Mrs. Turland returned rather late to her house in Berkeley Square. She was accompanied by her sister, Miss Stanbury. They had been to two receptions and a ball. Each lady went straight to her own apartment. Mrs.

Turland said to her maid, who met her at the door of her bedroom :—

"I shall not want you, Paine, for a minute or two. I will ring when I do."

The maid retired. After a momentary interval, first looking round as if to make sure that she was alone, Mrs. Turland took out of her corsage a scrap of cardboard; which was, in fact, half of a supper menu. Some words in a feminine handwriting were scribbled in pencil on the back. "Frightfully sorry to worry you, but I'll have to have the money to-morrow, or, at latest, the day after. There are some horrible things which I *must* pay." Under the word "must" were four thick lines. As she read this scrawl she was standing before the dressing-table. Glancing up, the sight of her own face in the mirror seemed to startle her. There were those who thought it one of the most beautiful faces in England; on it at that moment was an expression which suggested acute physical pain. She put up her hands as if to veil it from her own contemplation. Presently, lowering them again, she exclaimed, "What a fool I have been! what a fool!" Her glance was caught by something else which she saw in the mirror—the glory of the glittering gems which she wore about her lovely throat. She was wearing, in honour of the Duchess of Cheshire's ball, to which she had been that night with her sister, the diamond necklace which her husband had presented to her on the occasion of her last birthday, on the understanding that she was not to regard it as her sole personal property, but rather as an heirloom which was to descend to her daughter, if she had one. It was such a fine ornament, even in these days of costly jewels, that one of her acquaintances had nicknamed it the River of Light. The name was regarded as such an appropriate one that it had stuck; Mrs. Turland and the River of Light were not uncommonly bracketed together. As she saw its reflection in the silvered plate of glass the expression of her countenance changed; she smiled — rather oddly. Unclasping it, she examined it stone by stone, with that odd smile on her face all the time. Laying it on the dressing-table, with the scrap of cardboard in her hand, she passed through the door on her left into the sitting-room, which was beyond. Out of a drawer in a writing-table, which she unlocked, she took a small cash-box. It contained a note, which she read, although she already knew every word in it by heart; it was a courteous intimation from a bank manager to the effect that her account was overdrawn to the amount of nearly a thousand pounds—the thing was phrased as civilly as possible, but the statement was clear. From the cash-box she took some notes—three for five pounds, two for ten pounds. On these she commented. "Thirty-five pounds! All the

"SHE SAW ITS REFLECTION IN THE SILVERED PLATE OF GLASS."

money I have in the world, with which to pay—how much?—to-morrow or the day after." She tore the bank manager's note and the scrap of cardboard into shreds.

"My good Mrs. McKnight, I doubt if you'll be paid till my ship comes home, and when that'll be goodness only knows! What a fool I've been!"

Replacing the bank-notes in the cash-box, and the box in her writing-table, she went back to the bedroom, with an expression on her face which lent it an appearance of age. She stood for some seconds staring about her with a dazed look, as if her thoughts had dulled her wits. Her gaze wandered towards the dressing-table. She gave a little exclamation. "Why, where's my necklace?"

She moved quickly forward. "I left it here; what can have become of it?"

There was no sign of a necklace on the table then, though she stared as if she doubted the evidence of her own senses. "That's funny. I laid it just here." She marked the spot with outstretched finger. "The door was wide open; I must have heard if anyone came in. Can it have dropped on to the floor?" There was nothing to be seen of it on the floor if it had. "It's queer. Where can it have gone to? Can Paine have come in and put it away without my hearing her? What's that?"

Swinging right round, she stared about her as if startled half out of her senses. All was still. In the radiantly-lighted room nothing was visible which pointed to anything unusual; yet she stood with both hands pressed against her left breast as if she hardly dared to breathe. All at once she called out, with a break in her voice, "Is there—is there anyone in the room?" Suddenly her voice rose almost to a scream: "Paine! Paine!"

Within five seconds the maid came hurrying into the room.

"Madame! what is the matter?"

"Paine, my necklace is gone! Is there—anyone in the room?"

"Anyone in the room? What does madame mean?"

"Hidden somewhere. Just now I could have sworn there was. Look and see."

The maid obeyed—looking under the bed, behind the hangings, moving the furniture, drawing aside the curtains from before the windows—without result. Having finished her examination the maid asked:—

"What made madame think that there was someone in the room beside herself?"

"I can't explain; I can't. Only, when I found that the necklace had gone, on a sudden I felt that someone was in the room, or something. You—you didn't look in the bathroom. Perhaps he's there."

Without a moment's hesitation the maid moved to the door on the other side of the room, opened it, passed through, and switched on the electric light beyond.

"There is no one here, madame, and no place for anyone to hide." The lady, following, saw that this was so; it was one of those delightful modern bathrooms which are a refreshment even to the eye—an artistic study in snow-white tiles and silver plating. It contained nothing which could conceal a mouse. The maid was standing by the door which led into the corridor. "You see, madame, no one could have gone through this door; it is locked on the inside, as it always is; apart from the fact that no one could have come this way without being seen by me."

"Then, Paine, if no one has been in my rooms except you and me, perhaps you will tell me how you propose to explain the disappearance of my diamond necklace."

"Send for the police!"

As the mistress echoed the maid's words an odd look came into her eyes as if they had startled her.

"If your necklace has been stolen, madame, the sooner the police are communicated with the better."

The lady turned away as if she were tired. A note of lassitude seemed to come into her voice.

"Perhaps Miss Stanbury has taken it—by way of a joke."

"Miss Stanbury? I don't know, madame, how that can be. I am certain Miss Stanbury has not been out of her room since she went into it."

"Anyhow, I'll go and ask her. You stay here and have a good hunt round; and take care that no one goes either in or out while I'm away."

When the mistress had left the room an instantaneous alteration took place in the maid's bearing. The self-possession which had marked it gave way to an air of feverish anxiety.

"If," she asked herself, "her necklace has disappeared, as she says, why doesn't she want to have the police sent for? She doesn't. What's it mean? If it has been stolen, I wonder——" As her mistress had done not long before, she hid her face with her hands and shuddered. A sound came from her which was very like a groan. "It can't be; it's impossible. Yet—if so!—what a joke's been played on me!"

Mrs. Turland, knocking at the door of her sister's bedroom, was invited to enter. The young lady, a vision of white draperies, received her with an air of surprise.

"Halloa, Olive! What's up? I thought you were going straight to bed?"

Paying no attention to her sister's words, Mrs. Turland asked a question.

"Are you sure that no one can overhear us?"

"Olive, what an idea! Of course no one can—unless you bellow! What have you been up to now, that you're so afraid of being overheard?"

"I've lost my necklace!"

"Lost your necklace!"

"I took it off, laid it on my dressing-table, went into my sitting-room, came back, and it was gone. It's still gone."

"Gone! You don't mean the River of Light?"

"What's supposed to be the River of Light."

"Olive, what do you mean? Will you talk plain English?"

"I mean, my dear Hetty, that I've lost the necklace which I wore to-night at the Duchess's ball. It appears to have vanished into nothingness."

"But that was the River of Light."

"Your remark merely shows that the untrained eye sees what it expects to see."

Miss Stanbury, clenching her small fists, glowered at her sister as if she would have liked to use her hardly.

"I dare say, Olive, you think yourself smart; but pray remember that I'm not smart, and please adapt your speech to my stupidity. If the necklace you wore at the Duchess's ball was not the River of Light, what was it, and where is the River of Light?"

"To the best of my knowledge and belief it is at the present moment reposing in Mr. Herbert Ross's safe. At least, he promised that it should not go out of his keeping."

Miss Stanbury gasped as if for breath.

"And who on earth is Mr. Herbert Ross?"

"I'm afraid I can't quite tell you. I doubt if his name is Herbert Ross. It's probably something like Mordecai. All I know of him is that he's a Jew gentleman who lends money to ladies in distress. It's no use your glaring at me like that, and making those funny little gasping noises as if something was going to burst."

"Oh, I quite realize that!"

"I'm glad you do; then kindly stop it. My dear Hetty, I was in a frightful financial muddle when Jacob give me that necklace."

"He didn't give it you absolutely; you were only to have a life interest in it; you told me so yourself."

"That was part of the nuisance. When he started for Africa he meant to be generous."

"He gave you a heap of money, besides your allowance; you told me so yourself."

"It may have seemed a heap to you, or even to him; but compared to what I owed it was like a drop in a bucket. To improve matters, when I was at Monte Carlo I dropped every penny of it at the tables, like the idiot I was."

"You were worse than an idiot."

"The result was that I was forced to pay a visit to Mr. Herbert Ross, who lent me five thousand pounds on the security of my necklace at forty per cent. interest, the understanding being that if the interest got a year behind he was to be at liberty to sell the necklace, pay himself out of the proceeds, and hand the balance to me."

"And the necklace was never really yours!"

"As if I didn't know! Mr. Ross deducted the first quarter's interest from the money he gave me, which is the only interest that has been paid; and as he's had the necklace nearly eleven months, according to him there are three instalments overdue, which means fifteen hundred pounds, which I have about as much chance of paying as I have of flying. Very shortly I shall be a year behind, and then, I suppose, he'll sell the necklace, and that'll be the end of me."

"What was that necklace you wore to-night?"

"That was a paste duplicate. I should never have dared to let Mr. Ross have my necklace had I not had an imitation one made to take its place. People have talked so much about the River of Light that I have to pretend to wear it sometimes. The copy is not a bad one; it cost me three hundred guineas; but even I can see the difference, and it wouldn't take Jacob in for a second. When he started he was to be back in three months; then he stopped another month; and he's been stopping ever since. Now he may be back any hour of any day, without notice—I know him! I haven't heard from him for more than a month; that alone is ominous. Think of what I've gone through, continually expecting his return, knowing that one of the first things he'll ask for will be the River of Light. Now I'm faced by the prospect that if he's not back soon it will be gone for ever. The other day you said I was getting to look

quite old; is it to be wondered at? I've been plunging in all directions, trying to get the money with which to redeem the necklace, and the more I plunge the deeper I get in the mire. I lost eight hundred pounds to Mrs. McKnight last week at bridge. And now, to crown all, I've lost my paste imitation of the River of Light."

"That can't have gone very far."

"Can't it? I'm not so sure. Hetty, I've been tricked; I don't know how, but I'm convinced that a trick of some sort has been played on me; the necklace has gone. I believe Mr. Herbert Ross to be capable of anything. I suspect him of having had a hand in it. If he could only get hold of the imitation as well as the real thing, how he could squeeze me! But suppose in some way I don't in the least understand it has been taken by a burglar, a professional thief! Paine talked just now of sending for the police. I shuddered at the thought. As if I dare send for the police! To start with, I should probably have to tell them the missing necklace was only paste; whatever might happen to the burglar, that would be the end of me. What's that?'

The excited lady had been fidgeting about the room as if in movement she found relief. All at once she stood still, listening, her agitated flow of words brought to a sudden stop. Miss Stanbury, who had been following her sister's flow of language with something in her manner which hardly suggested entire sympathy, transferred her attention to the sound which the other had heard.

"Wasn't it someone calling?"

"I—thought it was."

As the two continued to listen there came something which this time was unmistakable—a woman's scream. Not loud, but clear and penetrating, with a note in it which spoke of pain or terror, if not both. The listeners eyed each other.

"Who ever can that be?" asked Miss Stanbury.

"It sounded as if it were in the house, quite close to us."

"It was Paine's voice," said the girl. "Something's happening." There was a momentary pause, as if they were waiting for a sequel to the sound which they had heard; but none came; all was still. Miss Stanbury caught up a dressing-gown which was thrown over the back of a chair. "If that was Paine she would hardly scream like that except for some very sufficient reason; she's not a fool. Someone ought to see what's the matter. Aren't you coming?"

"Of course; only—didn't you hear anything besides Paine's scream?"

"What do you mean? What did you hear?"

"I heard something go past the door by which you're standing; something which I thought—sounded like the beating of wings."

"Olive, what nonsense are you talking? Come at once, and see what's the matter with Paine." Miss Stanbury, opening the door, made as if to go through it; then, seeing that her sister hesitated, she called to her, "Come!"

"Is there anything there?"

"Anything where?" Miss Stanbury, who was half out of the room, glanced quickly backwards and forwards over her shoulder, as if startled by something in her sister's tone. "What should there be? Olive, what a goose you are! What are you frightened at?"

Mrs. Turland made no immediate answer. She regarded her sister with a very curious expression in her eyes. Drawing herself upright, she seemed to try to shake off a burden which oppressed her. "Let us go and see what has happened to Paine."

The two women moved into the passage. So soon as they were out of the room Mrs. Turland called out:—

"Paine!" No one replied. She called a second time: "Paine!"

The sisters exchanged glances. Together they crossed the broad corridor towards Mrs. Turland's room. At the open door the mistress called a third time to her maid:—

"Paine!"

The same silence. They entered the room, moving, perhaps unwittingly, with cautious footsteps, glancing about them eagerly yet doubtingly. What they expected to find probably they could not themselves have said; assuredly it was not what they did find, which was nothing. The two sisters observed each other as if bewildered.

"It's very strange," said Miss Stanbury. "I could have declared that the sound of her scream came from your bedroom."

"It did."

"Then what can have become of her? Perhaps she's in her own room. I noticed that her door was open too."

"Perhaps she is. Let's go and see."

They seemed reluctant to quit each other's side, even for an instant. Together they crossed to the maid's own bedroom. The door was open; the lights were on. It was not a very large apartment; if she was in it she ought to have been in plain sight. But

"SHE CALLED A SECOND TIME: 'PAINE!'"

nothing of her was to be seen. Miss Stanbury gave utterance to her perplexity.

"Where can she have got to? Mine is the only other room upon this landing."

"Maybe she has gone after my necklace."

"Olive, what do you mean?"

"It's no use your keeping on asking me what I mean. I don't know myself. I am more and more persuaded that, as I told you, a trick has been played on me to-night; and it looks as if the trick was not yet finished."

"Do you suspect Paine of having had something to do with the disappearance of your necklace?"

"I suspect everyone and no one; how can I tell you whom I suspect? But this I can tell you—I'm going to sleep with you to-night in your room. I wouldn't sleep in my room for—for the necklace back again."

"But, Olive, you're not thinking of going to bed till you've ascertained what has become of Paine?"

"What do you propose that I should do? Go into every room in the house? I don't know how many rooms there are; I doubt if I have been into half of them."

"You might call Bates."

"Very well; call Bates!"

The butler was called, with difficulty.

It was a strange hunt which ensued; one which occupied some time. The puzzled, sleepy servants went over the huge house from garret to basement. The places in which a person might be concealed seemed innumerable; but in none of them was anything found which pointed to the missing maid, except—of all places!—in the principal drawing-room—a magnificent apartment nearly large enough to hold a regiment. As soon as he entered, Bates's foot struck against something which was lying on the carpet. Stooping with difficulty, he picked it up.

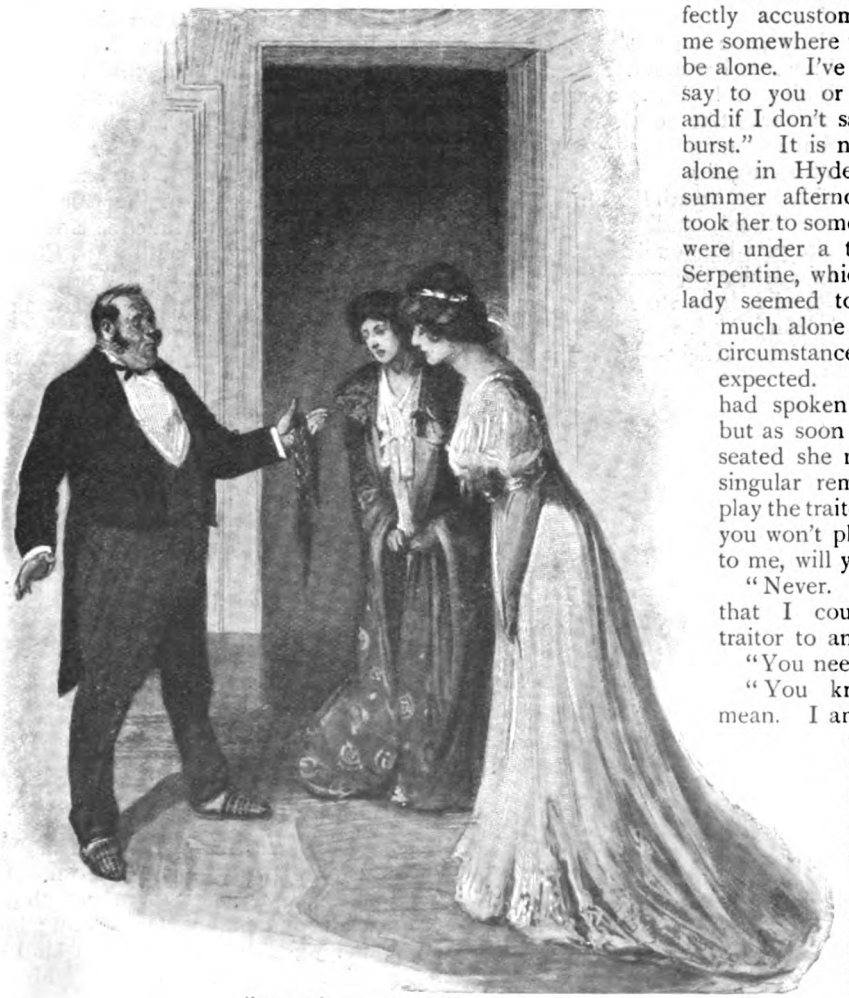
"What ever's this?" he asked Fowler.

Miss Stanbury's maid, who was standing outside the door, exclaimed: "Why, I do believe it's Paine's back hair."

It certainly was a long plait of hair which undoubtedly looked as if it might lately have been upon a feminine head. Indeed, there were two of those plaits which, in hair-dressers' parlance, are called "tails," or "switches." Mrs. Turland, advancing towards Bates, recognised them both.

"Fowler's right; that's Paine's hair. At least, it's some of the hair which was on her head when I saw her last." Her toe touched something. "There's something else on the floor. What is it?" It was a comb, which Mrs. Turland also recognised as having lately ornamented the maid's luxuriant tresses. "Since part of her hair is here, and her comb, it looks as if she herself were not far off!"

But no more traces were found of Paine, either in the drawing-room or anywhere else in the whole of the huge house.



"FOWLER'S RIGHT; THAT'S PAINE'S HAIR."

The following afternoon Sir Arthur Kennard was strolling in the Park when he perceived a certain young lady. At the moment when he saw her first she was with other persons; but directly their eyes met she quitted her companions and advanced alone to him. As she was not wont to show such readiness to be in his society he not unnaturally felt flattered; and something besides.

"Hetty!" he exclaimed. There was that in his tone and in the look with which he greeted her which pointed to the something besides. Almost in the same instant, however, both his tone and his look changed when he perceived the expression which was on her countenance. "Why, Hetty, whatever's up? You look——"

"Never mind how I look." The young lady cut him short with an unceremonious curtness to which he was perfectly accustomed. "Take me somewhere where we can be alone. I've something to say to you or to someone, and if I don't say it soon I'll burst." It is not easy to be alone in Hyde Park on a summer afternoon; but he took her to some chairs which were under a tree near the Serpentine, which the young lady seemed to feel was as much alone as, under the circumstances, was to be expected. Neither party had spoken on the way, but as soon as they were seated she made a really singular remark. "If I play the traitor to someone you won't play the traitor to me, will you?"

"Never. I'm not sure that I could play the traitor to anyone."

"You needn't say that."

"You know what I mean. I am certain that under no circumstances could I play the traitor to you."

"What I mean is that, if I tell you something which someone told me

in confidence, you'll keep my confidence better than I'm keeping someone else's?"

"I will."

"If I were a Roman Catholic I might say what I am going to say to a priest—my father confessor; though I'm not sure that he would be quite the sort of person I should like to say it to. He mightn't be sufficiently sympathetic. So as there's a remote possibility of your being my husband one of these days——"

"It's a certainty—at an early date."

"I'm not so sure of that; it depends; I prefer to call it a possibility. In view of that possibility, I think I am almost entitled to regard you as a father confessor, and to say to you what I am going to say under the seal of the confessional."

"You are, beyond a doubt."

"You think so?"

"Distinctly."

The young lady gave a great sigh, as if something had relieved her mind.

"Then that's all right! What a comfort! Because if I don't say it to someone soon I shall certainly burst!"

"Please don't do that."

"Arthur, hold your breath! I'm going to tell you three things; and, when you've heard them, quite possibly you'll burst—with surprise. The first thing is—now get ready!—Olive's necklace has been stolen."

"You don't mean it?"

"I do; the River of Light—last night, or, rather, early this morning."

The young lady's statement seemed to have produced all the effect she had expected, if not more. Kennard was not only staring at her with all his eyes; he had actually risen from his seat—apparently in the greatness of his surprise.

"Then—— Good God! The—the blackguard!"

"Who's a blackguard?"

"The—the fellow who stole it."

"He's a diddled blackguard, anyhow; I should just like to have seen his face when he got home, if a creature of that sort has a home. He thinks it's the River of Light he has stolen; but it isn't—it's a paste imitation."

"Hetty, you're joking!"

"My dear Arthur, do you imagine for a single instant that I should ask you to take me somewhere where we should be alone if I wished to joke? Do show a little common sense. That's the second thing I wanted to tell you, that while the wretch flattered himself that he was stealing the River of Light he was really only stealing a paste imitation."

"But—I don't understand."

"I'll make you understand before I've done. All in good time. First let me tell you the third thing. The third thing is that Paine has gone."

"Paine? Who's Paine?"

"Paine is Olive's maid. To begin with, the necklace vanished, and immediately afterwards the maid vanished also."

"But—I don't quite follow You can't be suggesting that—that scoundrel——"

"My dear Arthur, if you will sit down and try to keep still, and not glare at me as if I were your great-great-grandmother's ghost, I will endeavour, at the shortest possible length, in the plainest possible words, to tell you the most extraordinary story you ever heard in all your life, on the distinct understanding that you are not to breathe a single syllable of it to a living soul."

He endeavoured to meet her views on the subject of sitting down and keeping still and not glaring; and she told him, with amazing diffuseness, using the most extravagant language, the story—with which we are already familiar—of what took place in the middle of the night at Mrs. Turland's house in Berkeley Square. When the pair parted he hurried to Hyde Park Gate, hailed a taximeter cab, and drove straight to Mr. Charles Moore's rooms in Cavendish Square. Mr. Moore's servant said that his master was not in. Sir Arthur looked annoyed.

"I'll wait for him," he declared, and marched into the spacious apartment which Mr. Moore called his sitting-room. He called to the servant just as he was closing the sitting-room door: "Lobley!"

"Yes, Sir Arthur.'

"Er—what time did Mr. Moore come in last night?"

The man regarded his questioner as if he found the inquiry, or the tone in which it was put, a little surprising.

"It was latish, Sir Arthur. I had gone to bed."

"And what time did you go to bed?"

"I believe it was some time after two."

"Then—didn't you hear him come in?"

Again the man's looks suggested disapproval.

"I cannot say, Sir Arthur, that I did."

He retired before the visitor had another chance to stop him. Kennard felt snubbed.

"It's not nice trying to find out things about a fellow by pumping his servant; but, hang it all! when it comes to this kind of thing all measures are justifiable. Moore must be stark, staring mad; no other

hypothesis can explain his conduct. How long is he going to be?" He glanced at his watch. "I wonder—— He's not likely to keep a thing like that in his living room, though I'm not so sure. Granting that he's capable of such an action at all, I shouldn't be surprised if that was just the thing he would do. But I can't go prying into his private possessions, as if I were a detective."

The word "pry" may be explained in different ways. He did not open, or even try to open, drawers, cupboards, or other receptacles which were locked; but he did at least glance into such of them as were accessible without a key. He strolled leisurely round the room, examining closely all that it contained; not only peering into vases, but going so far as to turn some of them upside down. So thorough was his inspection that he had not yet finished his tour of the apartment when its owner returned.

"HE HAD NOT YET FINISHED HIS TOUR OF THE APARTMENT WHEN ITS OWNER RETURNED."

"Halloa, Kennard!"

At the moment the visitor was not only holding a tall, slender vase in his hand, but he had it upside down, and was trying to shake something out of it which apparently it did not contain. His host's entrance must have been unexpected, but he kept his presence of mind, and, restoring the vase to its original position, instantly assumed the aggressive.

"It is not necessary for me, Moore, to inform you why I am here. You know perfectly well. Upon my word, I am ashamed of you! This is really too much!"

Sir Arthur's words and manner both showed a tendency towards heat. Nothing could have been cooler than Mr. Moore.

"That's what I said just now at the club when I lost that last rubber. Do you know that I've now only one rubber, and that was quite a small one, during the whole of this last week? What you said is perfectly correct; it really is too much."

"Don't fence with me; I'm in no jesting

mood, whatever you may be. I don't fancy you realize what it is you have done. When you were using that wild language the other night, offering to bet any amount of money that you would steal with impunity this valuable or that, I never dreamt you were in earnest. I thought you were drunk. Charles, you have taken Mrs. Turland's necklace, the River of Light."

Mr. Moore glanced at the speaker, then turned to take a cigarette out of a silver box which stood on a side-table.

"Rather neat of me, wasn't it?"

"Don't talk like that, please don't. As I have already said, I cannot believe that you appreciate the gravity of your own action. Others may not be so lenient, as you will find. You have not only taken the necklace, you've taken the girl."

"When you've got a necklace you want a girl. The two go together."

"Whether the girl was, or was not, your accomplice, I don't know. I leave that to your own conscience. Before you carry this thing any farther I beg you to consider. We are old friends. I do not wish to apply to your conduct the language which I might be entitled to use. I only warn you that if you are not extremely careful you will place yourself in a most serious position."

"Life is made up of serious positions. It would be flavourless without them. By the by, I can place at your disposal an item of information which may possibly interest Mrs. Turland. Her husband, Jacob Turland, is on his way to London, if he is not in town already. I have had a note advising me that he proposes to favour me with a call. We are both of us interested in—a certain piece of property. I have an idea that it is that fact which prompts his visit."

"Jacob Turland is coming to London!—is perhaps here already! Then, for Heaven's sake, don't carry your jest any farther. You may take it from me that you don't know what it is you are doing; I give you my word you don't. Consequences may follow your action of which you have not the vaguest notion; consequences which may work irreparable mischief to persons who have always treated you well. I am aware that what you have done you have done for a joke; I will even concede that you have done it uncommonly well. But—let it stop now; what may follow will be no joke. As to the girl—that is your concern and hers; for her I care nothing. Give me the necklace—the River of Light—and I will undertake to so manage matters that no one shall suspect, either now or ever, your—connection with the joke. I will even admit that you have won your bet; and—we will consider the incident closed."

"Softly, my good man, softly. In such a case your admission would go for nothing. I have my own standard in such matters. Were I to do as you suggest I should lose my bet. Disgorge my booty as soon as I have made it mine? That would never do. You will remember that I undertook to keep—the trifle, without its being traced to my possession, for a period of at least six months. To that period I must stand. So far as I am concerned, I know nothing of the River of Light until, at least, six months from to-day."

Having lit his cigarette he blew out the match.

Kennard regarded him as if he would bring him, by the mere force of his glance, to a proper sense of the enormity of which he had been guilty; one rather gathered from his manner that he was conscious of failure.

"It's apparently no use trying to get you to listen to reason now; but let me tell you—and I say it seriously—that if the necklace is not forthcoming, at the very latest moment, by to-morrow morning, there will be no alternative but to place the matter in the hands of the authorities; and what that will mean you probably know better than I do."

The speaker flounced out of the room—"flounced" was the proper word. As Mr. Moore heard the front door bang he blew out the smoke of his cigarette and smiled.

"This is—funny! I wonder if the thing really has been stolen, and if he really thinks I stole it? If he actually does suppose me to be capable of an action of that sort, what a light it throws upon the kind of man one is in the estimation of one's friends. I do believe that when I came in he was looking about the room to see if he could find any traces of the stolen property. That—transcends anything. As if—if I were that kind of person—I should let my booty lie haphazard about the premises!"

As he communed with himself, taking some papers out of his breast-pocket, he opened the door of a Chinese cabinet, and then a drawer, with the seeming intention of putting the papers in it; but, instead, he continued to stand with the papers between his fingers, staring at the open drawer.

"What on earth is that?" He took something out of the drawer. "What in thunder does this mean?"

He was holding in his hand what looked like a string of glittering white crystals. A voice exclaimed behind him:—

"I — I beg your pardon, but I — I thought ——"

He turned; a feminine person was standing just inside the doorway, who was observing him with an air which was distinctly singular. He addressed her:—

"May I ask who you are?"

Instead of answering she came fluttering towards him across the room with a sudden eagerness which took him aback.

"It's the River of Light!" she cried. "But—how did you get it?"

While he glared at her, wholly and entirely at a loss, someone else intervened, this time in a voice which was familiar:—

"Now, Eliza, you have gone and done it!"

The speaker was his servant, Lobley, who had entered the room, in his usual noiseless fashion, at what was by way of being a dramatic moment. The feminine person turned to him. "Then—you didn't take it?"

"Now, Eliza, what's the use of behaving like this? Trust a woman to make a mess of things if she only gets a chance!"

"May I ask," inquired Mr. Moore, who possibly felt that he was being ignored, "who this person is?"

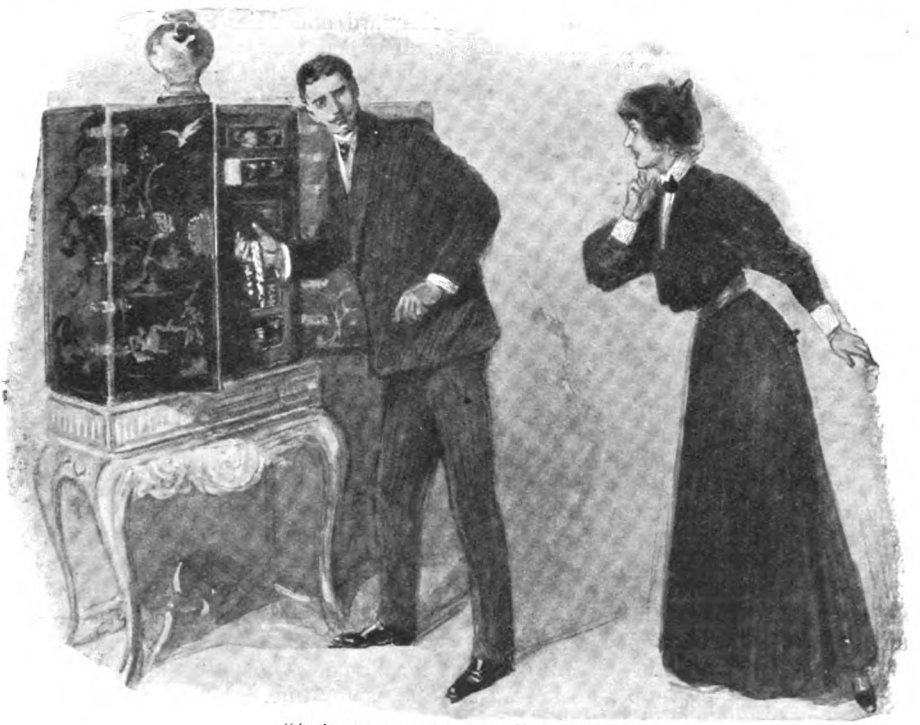
"Yes, sir, certainly, sir; she's my wife, sir —Mrs. Lobley, sir."

"Your wife? I didn't know you were married."

"No, sir; just so, sir. You see, sir, when a man's body-servant to a single gentleman it isn't always to his advantage to be married, and when a young woman's lady's-maid, the best ladies like her to be single—and that's how a little deception came to be practised. But perhaps, sir, you would like me to explain?"

"I should, if it would not be putting you to too much inconvenience."

"Not at all, sir. I intended to explain, but not at this exact moment. You remember the conversation you had the night before last, sir, in the course of which Mrs. Turland's diamond necklace was mentioned?"



"'IT'S THE RIVER OF LIGHT!' SHE CRIED."

"I recollect that something was said on the subject."

"As I was leaving the room I heard Sir Arthur call your attention to the fact that what had been said had been said in my presence. You told him that you were not afraid of me, and I was glad to hear that I possessed your confidence; then you added that you were willing to bet that you would diddle me as well as the police, and that hurt me. I decided to take advantage of the first opportunity which would enable me to prove to

you that I am not quite such a simpleton as you supposed. I chanced last night to call on my wife, who is Mrs. Turland's maid, and known to her as Paine, and, the family being out, I asked her if she'd give me a little treat and take me over the house."

"I told you distinctly that I would much rather not. I couldn't have expressed myself more clearly." This was the feminine person known as Paine. Mr. Lobley was all courteous agreement.

"I grant it; I admit it, Eliza, without the slightest reservation. All the same, I brought you to understand that there are moments when a husband must be obeyed. She took me upstairs and downstairs—I must say it's an uncommonly fine place—and we were literally in my lady's chamber when we heard Mrs. Turland coming along the passage with her sister. I nipped into the bathroom, which was adjacent. Presently, thinking I heard her leave the room, I opened the bathroom door, and, sure enough, the room was empty. On the dressing-table was what I guessed to be the diamond necklace which I had heard you speak of to Sir Arthur Kennard as the River of Light. I snatched it up."

"You wicked man! You declared to me that you had never seen or touched it."

"My dear Eliza, in such a situation what would you expect a man to say? Nipping back into the bathroom, perceiving that there was a door at the other end, I slipped through it into my wife's room, on the other side of the passage. When the loss had been discovered and the band had played, Mrs. Turland went into her sister's room, as I suppose to talk things over, and my wife, coming into her room, found me, and said things to me which I should repeat only with the greatest reluctance."

"I see now, plainly, that I didn't say half as much to you as you deserved."

"She actually threatened me—her husband! I resorted to extreme measures. Like most valuables, she is contained in a small parcel. I caught her up in my arms——"

"I screamed with all my might!"

"I bore her down the corridor, into the hall; thinking someone was coming I dodged through the door into what I believe was the drawing-room, where we had a little discussion which resulted in leaving part of her back hair behind."

"You villain!"

"Ultimately I got her out into the street. Hardly knowing what to do with her at that hour of the morning, I brought her here."

"Here! Do you mean to tell me that you actually brought the woman to this house?"

"Yes, sir. It is a respectable house, sir; and she is my wife. This morning I slipped the necklace into a drawer in the Chinese cabinet, anticipating a visit from Sir Arthur, sir, and thinking that that would give you an opportunity to win your wager."

"You're a pretty scoundrel, Lobley!"

"If it pleases you to say so, sir. But I would remind you, sir, that the wager was yours, not mine; that the original idea of the—abstraction was also yours; and that, had you not suggested it, it would never have occurred to me. Excuse me, sir, but there is someone at the front door; possibly callers for you. Now, Eliza, out you go!"

Presently Lobley ushered in Sir Arthur Kennard and Miss Stanbury. The gentleman explained.

"As I was just now leaving your house, Moore, I happened to meet Miss Stanbury; and it occurred to me that her words might have more weight with you than mine."

"Sir Arthur tells me," observed the lady, "that you know something about my sister's necklace. I don't in the least understand what it is you do know; but if you could only help us to get it back we should be so much obliged!"

"I was just going to send it to your sister when you came in."

He held out his hand, the necklace on the open palm. Her amazement was both comical and pretty.

"Mr. Moore! However did you get it?"

"Oh, the age of miracles is not yet passed, Miss Stanbury; you never can tell!"

"Upon my word of honour!" was all that Sir Arthur said; but he glared at his friend as if his feelings were of the very strongest kind.

When the visitors had departed Mr. Moore rang for his man. "Where's that woman?"

"Woman, sir? You mean my wife, sir? She is my wife. My wife, sir, has gone to stay for the present with an aunt, who is a widow of the highest respectability."

"Don't let this occur again—the sort of thing that has occurred—never. You understand?"

"I understand, sir. It never shall, sir."

"I'm dining at the club. Get out a dinner jacket."

"Dinner jacket, sir? Yes, sir."

When the man had gone to do his master's bidding, Mr. Moore, placing himself in a capacious arm-chair, smiled; and he continued to smile, as if in the enjoyment of an excellent joke.

The Comic Side of Crime.

IV.

Written and Illustrated by HARRY FURNISS.

A JUDGE has to depend upon what he is told, and, with the exception of judging the character of the prisoner or witnesses by their manner and expression, not by what he sees.

Still, there is the inevitable exception, and I think it is worth following Major Arthur Griffiths all the way to Malta to find it. Although it ended in an innocent man's torture and death, the crass stupidity of the judge is, perhaps (apart from the awful sequel), the most comic action in the annals of criminal procedure.

We have to go some way, I say, and also some way back in history to Malta, in the early part of the seventeenth century.

A judge of Malta, of the name of Cambo, rose from his bed one morning full of Christian feeling and charity and thankfulness, as all good judges ought, and, opening his window, saw to his astonishment directly under it one man stab another, who was killed on the spot. The assassin's cap fell off, and the judge had a good look at him. The assassin, observing he was watched, and by a judge, too, for everyone knew each other in Malta, threw the sheath of the knife away and took to his heels. The judge knew if the scoundrel was caught he would have to try him, so he watched the fellow run round the corner and disappear.

Still looking in the direction in which the murderer had run, the judge saw a baker coming along on his round with his loaves, merrily whistling, little knowing a crime had been committed in that street a moment before. He stopped as his eye fell on the sheath of a stiletto, and he stooped and picked it up and shoved it into his pocket. A little farther on he was startled by seeing a man evidently murdered lying across his path.

Terrified and frightened out of his wits the baker hid himself under a portico, fearing if the patrol came along and he was found near the body—as there was no one else by—he would be accused. The patrol did come up at that moment. It then flashed across the poor, timid baker that he would be arrested, so he foolishly dropped his basket and ran away as hard as he could. The patrol at once made after and arrested him. The sheath of the stiletto found in his pocket exactly fitted the blade found through the heart of the murdered man. He was the murderer!

All this the judge saw from his window. He made no sign, said nothing, closed his window-blinds, completed his toilet, and

"THE ASSASSIN OBSERVED HE WAS WATCHED."

went down to breakfast. Before he had finished it the police called to acquaint him of the tragedy. They had the murderer; he was to try him. The judge said nothing. He thought the matter out, and decided that, according to law, he was the judge—not a witness—and he must therefore await the case until it came before him, and then try it according to the evidence of the witnesses.

The case was not strong against the baker, so the judge "used every endeavour to make the accused confess his crime." Failing, he ordered the baker to be tortured until he did confess. Now the judge felt that, although he knew the prisoner was innocent, he having confessed his guilt, it was only left to him to pass sentence of death, and the poor, innocent man was duly put to death!

Has Sir William Gilbert, in all his extravaganza and topsy-turvyism of legal procedure, ever thought of a satire on the judicial mind more gruesome or more comic than that?

The sequel, perhaps, will be better enjoyed. The real culprit was subsequently brought before Judge Cambo on another charge, and condemned. The assassin then freely, and unsolicited, informed the Court that he had committed the murder for which the poor baker had wrongfully suffered, and called as a witness to his crime the judge, who, he knew, had seen him commit the murder. The judge tried to justify himself—he had only done his duty, and in sentencing the wrong man he avoided doing violence to his own legal scruples!

He had to pay for his scruples, for he was kicked off the Bench, and had to support the poor family the baker he had killed had left behind.

Here is another criminal comedy, surely a grim sort of comedy, too, which pervades the story of a young Cheshire farmer who sailed for Canada some thirty years ago, carrying with him a large amount of money wherewith to acquire land and commence operations in a considerable way in Manitoba. It was in the early days of the promise of the West, so far as concerned the Dominion, and Manitoba was not then the well known, the popular, or the well railway-served province it is now, but still it was an enterprising field, and men in earnest with clean hearts harked thither, and men, too, with evil consciences followed the same track.

Young Joseph Jackson, scarce out of his teens, was chummed up to on the voyage by a fair-speaking stranger, who was much interested in the plans of the lad, revealed without hesitation, doubt of his fellow men, or fear of any kind. Curiously enough, it turned out that he, too, was bound for the same land with the same design, and what could be better, happier, or more convenient than that the two should travel together, and matters were arranged accordingly.

The journey West was pleasant, and letters from Jackson crossed the Atlantic full of hopeful promise. Then communications ceased, and nothing more was heard of the young emigrant.

Eventual inquiries led to the discovery of the farmstead out in the wilds of Manitoba where Jackson and his companion had rested the night preparatory to essaying the final stretch of their march. They were well within reach of Jackson's destination, and early on a bright morn they set out together, each carrying his baggage.

At the farm where Jackson was expected the stranger arrived late at night, with his own and Jackson's impedimenta. He was weary and worried; Jackson, being done up, was, he said, following slowly along. As the latter did not arrive, the stranger next day set out to search for him, and, curiously, he never returned.

The mystery lasted seven days and more. It had all the elements of a romance such as novelists have often based their themes upon, from Charles Reade down to the hack who produces the errand lad's penny "blood."

A year passed and then, deep down in a gorge, in a lonely spot lying between the two farmsteads, a skeleton was found with only traces of clothing left. Great boulders partially concealed the remains, but the bed of the stream was dry, and thus Nature helped detection. Murder will out, and it was murder in this case, for the victim's skull was found to be smashed.

A small leather wallet, concealed in the murdered youth's apparel, had resisted the elements so well that it was possible to decipher parts of a letter contained therein, which established identity. The skeleton was that of Joseph Jackson, presumably done to death by the stranger friend who had so mysteriously disappeared, but not, it afterwards turned out, without having appropriated everything of value contained in the victim's baggage.

Now comes the comedy, grotesque, but still comedy of the true kind.

In a low-down shanty, in one of the worst quarters of 'Frisco, a crowd of men, most ne'er-do-wells, such as Fielding might aptly describe as "the sweepings of Newgate and the scum of hell," had foregathered at night

to play euchre by the aid of petroleum flares. Curses were deep, so was the drinking. The gambling went on regardless of arrivals and departures.

Presently one of the gamblers delayed the game while he cut up some tobacco. Not having completed the operation with sufficient promptitude, he was angrily told to pick up his cards, and he did so. His knife fell on the table. Under the bright petroleum flare it attracted all eyes, for its silver "hefts," elaborately engraved, shone brilliantly. Before the smoker could recover it, a strange hand had clutched the glittering thing.

Then the row began. A surly demand for its return was ignored, and then the smoker, with an oath, yelled, "Give me my knife."

"THE SMOKER, WITH AN OATH, YELLED, 'GIVE ME MY KNIFE.'"

"Your knife! You're not Joseph Jackson, eh? I rather fancy it a bit, so I think I'll stick to it," and the hand that held it passed it quietly into a pocket.

A blow, a struggle, tables overturned, lights sent swinging, and then a general mêlée. The police arriving ended matters, for the claimant to the knife and the one who had seized it were held till the morrow.

Then the truth came out. The gambler who claimed the knife was the companion of poor Joseph Jackson, whom he had murdered and robbed for his money. Like many other ruffians, he had been unable to resist temptation, and that temptation was the richly-decorated, silver-hafted champagne-knife which the murdered man had left to him by his father, who bore the same name. The inscription on the knife was, "Joseph Jackson, from his friend, John Rogers." And it came fra' Sheffield.

Let us pass to a story of a lighter kind. Monsieur Claude, Chief of the Paris Police in the Second Empire, gives a striking instance of how clever and quick-witted polished rogues can be. "There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip" is an old adage that should be written up in the office of every detective. Claude was ordered to arrest an escaped prisoner who had been punished for pretending to be a broker, and had obtained large sums from the credulous and ignorant public.

"Take care," said the Government; "that rascal is very clever; he has as many tricks as a monkey."

Now it is necessary to state that at that time Paris was mad over the songs of Pierre Jean de Béranger. This old poet was little seen by his admirers, being opposed to public acclaim. His songs were sung everywhere,

and his fame was at its height. I do not suppose the energetic Monsieur Claude, as he went off in search of his man, thought of the song-writer; his mind was concentrated upon catching the escaped prisoner, whom he had seen before. Single-handed, Claude penetrated into the haunts of vice, the dancing saloons in the lowest quarters. He thought

"THEY BOWED TO HIM AND EMBRACED HIM, AND THREW BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS OVER HIM."

it likely that the convict whom he was in search of would be leading a merry life; and he was right.

On entering the famous Closerie des Lilas, he found his man surrounded by a swarm of pretty girls, the bewitching *danseuses* of the Latin Quarter. Claude walked straight up to the corner where the convict was, his eyes fixed on his prey. The escaped prisoner saw him coming and turned pale. Claude felt he was his!

He was just close enough to capture him when he saw the wily one turn his head and whisper something into the ear of one of his companions. What he whispered was, "It is Béranger!"

In a moment all the beauties surrounded Claude, hemming him in. They bowed to him and embraced him, and threw bouquets of flowers over him. The music stopped, the dancers joined the throng, and with one voice cried, "Vive Béranger! Vive Béranger!"

Their delight at finding their song-writing hero in their midst intoxicated them, and poor Claude was powerless. He was so embarrassed by their embraces, and the flowers and compliments showered on him, that he could neither move nor speak, and the convict managed to escape before his clever trick was discovered.

Let me conclude this article with one or two stories within my own experience. There is no doubt that we artists are, without knowing it, occasionally detectives. By the way, it would be interesting to realize, now that photography has taken the place of the "Special Artist," how many little tragedies and comedies are detected by its means. The real amateur detective is the snapshot. In the very early days of photography that fruitful playwright, Dion Boucicault, utilized the camera for the detection of crime in his celebrated play, "The Octoroon." A man is taking a photograph—the plate is exposed; a murder is being committed at the moment an Indian, thinking the camera on a tripod is a gun, knocks it down. When the moment comes for the villain to be confounded, among the *débris* of the old smashed camera is found the negative, which being developed and printed provides a perfect picture of the tragedy!

Artists are pestered out of their lives by members of the great unemployed body of models knocking at their studio doors for work. I have always made it a rule never to employ a casual model. One runs all sorts of risks. Rightly or wrongly, I believe a real assassin once sat to me to represent a murder

I had to illustrate in fiction, and after that incident I never employed a model without knowing something about his or her antecedents. The man knocked at my studio door just as I had read the manuscript which had been sent to me to illustrate. He was an Italian, with a ferocious and diabolical expression, but with the bloom left by fair Italy's sun still upon his cheeks and a profusion of black hair. Excellent for a painter, but not much use to a black-and-white artist, who only requires a human lay-figure to hang clothes upon. Colour does not count, and long hair and beards and moustaches are obstacles, for we illustrators have to draw the characters we have in mind, and not the object in front of us. One model sat to me for all my work for nine years.

Well, I informed the Italian that if he cared to remain I would give him a sitting then and there. He was eloquent in his thanks, and almost embraced me when he saw a large representation of St. Mark's in Venice on my walls. He posed and spoke like an aristocrat, and smoked a cigarette I gave him with the air of a count such as Ouida might have described. There was such an air of distinction about the man that I almost apologized to him for requesting him to take off his coat — which I was careful to see he placed away from any draperies or furniture—turn up his soiled shirt-sleeves, and kneel down.

I was soon at work, roughing the design out quickly in pencil, he chattering all the time in broken English in a pleasant way about his love of art, of England and the English, and his deep regard for me in particular. He praised my studio, and assured me that it was an honour as well as a pleasure to pose in it for so distinguished a follower of Raphael. He was absolutely ignorant of everything about me. I did not believe one word he said. Probably he did not believe me either when I told him that I must just have one little drop of Italian blood left in my composition, as the Furnisses are descended from the Pope Furnese. He called me Signor Furnese from that moment, and may have thought it my name. What he evidently did not know was my profession, as I was not drawing on the paper on my easel, but writing notes from the MS. to guide me in the design. Then, rising, I dragged to a side window an old chest, posed the Italian in a kneeling position in front of it, placed a dagger in his left hand, which was holding the lid of the chest open, and taking the head of my lay figure I placed it in his right hand. Then I retreated to my easel to draw the group. When I looked up, to my astonishment the Italian's face and manner had entirely changed. The bloom of Italy had vanished from his cheeks, and a sickly greenish tint brought out more markedly than ever the blackness of his hair. Perspiration was on his brow and a frightened look in his eye. "What born actors these Italians are!" thought I. But he was trembling, too.

"Pardon me," I said, "do not be *too* realistic. You have, of course, murdered that woman, and you are hiding her head;

"PERSPIRATION WAS ON HIS BROW AND A FRIGHTENED LOOK IN HIS EYE."

but you are not acting, you know, so pray be still for a few minutes."

I worked—he was silent, but his agitation increased, and at last, jumping up, he gabbled furiously in Italian, not a word of which I understood. Putting on his dirty coat, taking up his hat, and still gesticulating, he left me hurriedly. I called to know if he was ill, if he was coming again to complete the sitting, and put my hand in my pocket to give him some remuneration, but without looking back he vanished quickly down the street. I never saw him again. Furthermore, I never heard of his calling upon any brother artist after that, although he was known as a model up to his visit to my studio, when no doubt he mistook me for a detective.

I could recall many instances in which artists have assisted in the discovery of crime. Caricaturists, I know, as regards character, must have often done so. We seize on the worst features of our subjects and emphasize them—that is caricature; perhaps we produce some bad and hidden trait in the character of a man or woman that sets their friends thinking, and so discover a phase of character not previously evident. Is it not Mark Twain who has said that the mission of humour is to make people reflect? I recall one amazing case in which I unconsciously played the part of an artist-detective, although not quite in the way of which I have been speaking. At one time I contributed to the *Illustrated London News* and other periodicals many illustrations seriously treating of passing events, such as are now supplied by the camera. It was my lot to act as special artist, and to sketch scenes and events week by week, and I travelled about to get material, constantly sketching crowds and "bits of character" in order to get, so far as might be, truth in the drawing of the passing show. I have more than once detected a man in the crowd I have fixed to sketch scowl and clear off, or watch me anxiously, change colour, and look uncomfortable, mistaking me for a detective taking notes; but in many cases the crowds in these scenes in illustrated papers were purely imaginary, and sometimes the event was drawn without "Our Special Artist" being on the spot at all.

It so happened that I had to draw the finish of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race. I had a sketch of the background; as for the rest—well, there had to be the man in the boat firing the gun, and, to balance the design, I gave him as companions in the boat a gentleman and a lady. Naturally, the lady was nervous of the gun being fired, and of course her companion supported her round the waist.

The sequel to this was a furious letter from a stranger to reprimand me for my gross impertinence in portraying him in such a position. I had little idea, he said, what such a liberty on my part had led to. The writer's wife knew he had gone to the race, and knew he was also in the boat with the man who invited him, and who had fired the gun, but when the scene appeared in print he had to own up that there was a lady in the affair as well, and now his domestic happiness had been destroyed. He wrote from a business firm, giving only his initials. I replied that had he known that I, the artist, had not been to the race—that, furthermore, the drawing was a purely imaginary one, and that it was not only drawn but actually engraved before the event—he need never have given himself away!

"WHEN THE SCENE APPEARED IN PRINT HE HAD TO OWN UP."

Filer the Faithless.

By ARTHUR MORRISON.

OF all the afflictions brought on a suffering civilization by the Limited Liability Acts as they stand in the statutes of this commercial country, few can exceed the troubles, pains, and harassments of Mr. Nathaniel Dowdall, consequent on his investment of an odd hundred pounds in Filer's Royal and Imperial Circus, Limited. It was no matter of a public issue of shares at the hands of a professional promoter, no case of a glowing prospectus with a titled directorate. Filer, of Filer's Royal and Imperial Circus, indeed, made fresh issues of shares whenever he found the opportunity, and wherever he fell across the confiding investor. He was managing director, and, it is to be presumed, the rest of the board also. He was Filer, and there was the long and short, the thick and thin, the beginning and end of it. From time to time the capital of Filer, Limited, was increased by just as much as some hopeful stranger might be persuaded to entrust to Filer, managing director, in exchange for an elegantly-printed certificate constituting him a partner (limited) in the joys and sorrows of Filer. Then Filer's Royal and Imperial Circus passed on, and if the new shareholder remained quiescent there was nobody in the world so ready to let bygones be bygones as the magnanimous Filer.

Mr. Nathaniel Dowdall did not remain quiescent. He followed Filer with letters, monthly, fortnightly, and then weekly. Some came back through the Dead Letter Office, a few vanished wholly into the unknown, but some caught Filer at towns where the circus pitched, and others overtook him, redirected; and that in sufficient numbers to grow, after a year or so, something of a nuisance to the otherwise unruffled Filer. So much so, that he went so far as to answer one or two of the later and more violent, in a tone of grieved affability. And then Mr. Dowdall wrote thus:—

Without Prejudice.

613, Bramblebury Road, Streatham Hill, S.W.,
May 15th.

SIR,—I will have no more of your evasions and promises. You have obtained my money by fraudulent misrepresentation, and I demand its instant return. Unless I receive by Thursday next your cheque for the sum of one hundred pounds, I shall place the whole affair in the hands of my solicitors to deal with as they consider best, with a view not only to the recovery of the money, but to the proper punishment of a disgraceful fraud. This letter is final.

Your obedient servant,
NATHANIEL DOWDALL.

It would be difficult, thought Mr. Dowdall (and Mrs. Dowdall agreed with him), to devise a more peremptory missive than this; though, indeed, since each of the last two letters had ended with the declaration that it was final, the concluding clause might be considered by now to have lost some of its force. But on the other hand, "Without Prejudice" was quite new, and very terrible to behold. Filer's answer, however, came in this form:—

Filer's Royal and Imperial Circus, Limited,
May 16th.

MY DEAR MR. NATHANIEL DOWDALL,—My natural delight at hearing once again from so highly esteemed a friend and partner as yourself was somewhat chastened by a suspicion that the tone of your letter was one of irritation. I need hardly assure you that it would afford me the highest and purest pleasure to comply with your thoughtful suggestion that I should send you my cheque for one hundred pounds, but I have reason to believe that the presentation of that cheque at the bank would result in a pang of disappointment which far be it from me to inflict upon you. The stream of wealth, in fact, which is destined inevitably to overtake our enterprise in time, and which I shall welcome chiefly because it will enable me to divert a large volume of it toward you, is meeting with a temporary obstruction. In the meantime permit me to thank you for the kind thought which prompted your charmingly original heading, and to rejoice to learn that you are still without prejudice against

Your devoted, though
temporarily embarrassed partner,
PLANTAGENET FILER.

Mr. Dowdall perused this letter with eyes that emerged steadily till they threatened to overhang his most prominent waistcoat-

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button. Speechless, he passed it across the breakfast-table to Mrs. Dowdall, who, having read it in her turn, barely mustered the words, "Well, I never did!"

This was Mr. Dowdall's rejoinder, written after an hour's interval of simmering wrath:—

Streatham Hill, S.W.,
May 17th.

MR. FILER,—I am not to be turned aside by impudent flippancy. I may remind you that, even though you may have made away with my money, you have goods which may be seized in satisfaction of my claim, and unless I receive the sum of which you have defrauded me before the end of the week I shall take steps to secure it by the means provided by law. This letter is final. NATHANIEL DOWDALL.

As Mr. Dowdall anticipated, this produced a change in Filer's attitude. His answer, though still amiable in tone, indicated surrender:—

Filer's Royal and Imperial
Circus, Limited,
May 18th.

MY DEAR MR. DOWDALL,—It grieves me to perceive, from your last letter, that my fear of a certain irritation on your part of late was well-founded, and I hasten to remove all occasion for an asperity which I feel sure you have already regretted. My sorrow is chiefly that you should cut yourself off from participation in the noble revenues which are shortly to accrue to this enterprise; but, rather than my honour should be in any way called in question, I will even encounter the bitterness of this disappointment. It would increase my distress if, in addition to your sacrifice of the golden opportunity, you were to incur legal expenses; and therefore I am now freely handing over to you a valuable part of the property of this company, more than equivalent to the sum you have invested. It should arrive in the course of a day or so, by rail, in a large case, carriage forward. I am now leaving England, with the enterprise, for an extended Continental tour, and take this opportunity of tendering you my heartiest farewells, and expressing my pleasure that our business connection terminates in friendly concord. Your late partner but eternal well-wisher,

PLANTAGENET FILER.

P.S.—The case should be handled with care. It is not a new one, and in some places it is not altogether what one might wish.—P. F.

This was far more satisfactory, and Mr. Dowdall beamed as he passed the letter to his wife, who beamed again as she handed it back. Plainly he had gone the right way to work to bring such a fellow as Filer to his senses. Clearly Filer had realized at last that Nathaniel Dowdall was not to be trifled with, and had offered the best composition in his power without waiting for a legal seizure. Perhaps, also, there was a little in Mrs. Dowdall's suggestion that some traces of honesty lingered in Filer's system yet; for, in truth, he might have left the country without notice, and so have removed his goods beyond the reach of bailiffs.

There were possible awkwardnesses to be considered, of course. Showmen's accessories were of little use to Mr. Dowdall, and might prove difficult to dispose of. But that was a matter best left till the goods arrived. For the rest of that day and for some part of the next Mr. Dowdall was patient and hopeful. And then the case arrived.

"'IT'S THE RAILWAY VAN, SIR,' ANNOUNCED SELINA."

Mr. Dowdall was sitting in the inconvenient little back room which the household was taught to call his study, and Mrs. Dowdall was consulting him on the eternal domestic question, beef or mutton, when the blank and bewildered face of Selina the housemaid appeared at the door, and the hand of Selina extended toward Mr. Dowdall a large biscuit-coloured delivery sheet.

"It's the railway van, sir," announced Selina; "and they've brought a tiger."

"A tiger!" gasped Mr. Dowdall, quite forgetting to shut his mouth after the utterance.

And "A tiger!" echoed Mrs. Dowdall, faintly, opening her mouth wider still.

"Yes, m'm," replied the housemaid. "It's in a big wooden cage, a-nowlin' an' stampin'

an' goin' on dreadful. And there's six pound four and eightpence to pay."

In the blank pause that followed, vague rumblings, shouts, and yelps from the direction of the street reached the ears of Mr. Dowdall, like the ancestral voices that prophesied war to Kubla Khan. He rose, murmuring helplessly; his murmurs increased as he reached the study door, and the burden of their plaint was, "Six pound four and eightpence!"

Then he turned suddenly on Selina. "I won't have it!" he exclaimed. "Send it away."

And Mrs. Dowdall, awakened to a sudden sense of danger, caught his arm, pushed Selina into the passage, and shut the door after her in one complicated spasm of presence of mind.

The noises from the street grew in volume, and it was clear that a public attraction had been scented, and the inevitable torrent of shouting boys had set in. Presently Selina returned with the report that, whether Mr. Dowdall paid the railway charges or waited to be sued for them, the tiger addressed to him would be delivered there and then. The men, it seemed, had given her to understand that the tiger's society was no longer desired, either by themselves or by any other person connected with the railway.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Dowdall, recovering something of his natural sense of civic propriety. "People can't be expected to take in any tigers anybody likes to address to them! It would undermine the whole fabric of society. I—I won't be bullied. Is the front door shut?"

The front door was shut, and with so much of assured security Mr. Dowdall betook himself to the drawing-room, the window whereof commanded the nearest view of the street and the area railings. Boys were competing for seats on those same railings, and the standing-room in the street was growing rapidly less. From the tail of a large van stout planks sloped, and down these planks slid a huge wooden, iron-bound case, lowered by many ropes in the hands of several excited men. From within the case came angry growls, and as it reached the pavement Mr. Dowdall observed that its front was a sort of door of stout iron-clamped planks with narrow intervals between them, through which intervals came glimpes of restless, fiery yellow fur.

The case came to rest before the railings, and the carman, perceiving Mr. Dowdall at the window, waved the biscuit-coloured delivery sheet and hailed him. Mr. Dowdall raised the sash and parleyed.

"Are you goin' to pay this 'ere money now, sir?" demanded the carman.

"Certainly not," retorted Mr. Dowdall. "I don't want a tiger—I didn't order one—the whole things a—a clerical error. Mark it 'Dead Parcels Office' and take it back!"

"Dead parcels!" repeated the carman, with withering scorn. "It's about the livest parcel *I* ever see, an' it's pretty near marked some of us gettin' it 'ere. Dead parcels! It's my orders to leave it 'ere, pay or not, sign or not; an' the comp'ny'll see you about the charges arterwards. Dead parcels! 'Ere, git up!"

And with that the carman sought his perch, and the van clattered away with its retinue of ropes, planks, and wholly untipped porters.

The crowd was bigger and noisier every minute, and the bolder among the boys were already tentatively pushing sticks between the planks, to the manifest disapproval of the tiger, and as he watched, Mr. Dowdall recalled the warning that the case was "not altogether what one might wish." He broke into a sweat of apprehension, wildly wondering what would be the legal charge for an ordinary street boy devoured by a tiger. And as he wondered there appeared, towering above the heads by the street corner, a policeman's helmet.

The policeman elbowed steadily through the crowd, sternly ordering it to "pass along there," without any particular result. He walked cautiously round the case and observed the direction on the label. Then he ascended Mr. Dowdall's front steps and was about to ring the bell, when Mr. Dowdall, with diplomatic resource, addressed him first from the window.

"Good morning, constable," he said. "There's a tiger down there I want cleared away from my doorstep."

This would not seem to have been a request for which the policeman was prepared. He paused, looked back at the case, and then again at Mr. Dowdall.

"It's your tiger, sir," he said at length.

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Dowdall, airily; "not at all. Somebody seems to have dropped it—out of a cart, I fancy." He inwardly congratulated himself on the conscientious accuracy of this conjecture. "Yes," he added, "I'm pretty sure it was dropped out of a cart."

"It's got your name and address on it, anyhow," retorted the policeman.

HE WALKED CAUTIOUSLY ROUND THE CASE.

"Ah, yes, yes; that's merely a—a coincidence. A tiger might have anybody's name on it, you know; not at all uncommon. Done to throw you off the scent. I should think there'd be quite a handsome reward for finding a thing like that, if you took it to the station."

The policeman, sternly contemptuous, disregarded the suggestion. "That tiger's causin' an obstruction," he said, severely.

"Yes," assented Mr. Dowdall. "Shocking. I give it in charge."

The constable, with rising wrath, surveyed the crowd that now filled the street, and turned once more to Mr. Dowdall. "That tiger's your property," he said, "and if you don't take it indoors it'll be my dooty to summons you." And with that he produced a notebook and wrote laboriously.

And now as he wrote a sergeant arrived, who positively ordered Mr. Dowdall to take his tiger indoors instantly. Mr. Dowdall desperately contemplated the prospect of standing a siege of public, police, and tiger combined; when there arrived on the heels of the others an inspector, a far better diplomatist than either of his inferior officers. He first carefully examined the case and its inscriptions, and then politely inquired if Mr. Dowdall were in any way connected with Filer's Circus. Mr. Dowdall was cornered. To deny Filer's Circus to a responsible police-officer meant to renounce hope of redress from Filer. Mr. Dowdall first hesitated, and then admitted his partnership; and straightway was deprived of all defence.

"Ah, just so," said the diplomatic inspector. "I see you've a nice wide carriage entrance in the side road—we'll see about getting him in there. Three or four men with rollers and crowbars can do it in no time. I should think you could get the men and the tackle too from Brady's in five minutes; I'll send a man to see about it for you."

Now, perhaps partly because of the soothing manner of the inspector, Mr. Dowdall was beginning to feel a little less alarmed at the state of affairs. The tiger had not killed anybody yet, and seemed to have grown a good deal quieter now that his not very roomy habitation had come to rest; and that same habitation had as yet shown no signs of giving way anywhere. The front planks were so strong, the padlock was so very large, and the air-spaces were so very narrow that the creature could scarcely see, let alone get out. And indeed a tiger was no doubt rather a valuable possession, if you could find a buyer. There would be no great risk in allowing the case and its prisoner to stand in the back garden with all doors locked for a little while—an hour or so—till he could get an offer for it. For by now Mr. Dowdall's natural business instincts were beginning to assert themselves, and he had formed a plan.

He calmed the natural agitation of Mrs.

Dowdall, and dispatched an urgent telegram to Padgebury, the eminent wild beast dealer of Shadwell, thus:—

To PADGEBURY, or anybody in charge, Shadwell. —Come instantly. Magnificent business opening. Unusual opportunity.—DOWDALL, 613, Bramblebury Road, S.W.

This done, Mr. Dowdall resigned himself, with comparative equanimity, to observing the exertions of half-a-dozen dishevelled men, who, with strong arms and much stronger language, shoved and hauled and scuffled the iron-bound case along the pavement and round the corner, and so through the gates at the side, amid the enthusiasm of the populace and to the newly-aroused growls and flops of the tiger. Somebody suggested a joint of beef to keep the beast quiet, and all the men suggested beer for other purposes, when at last the case rested in the farthest corner of the stable-yard. The joint of beef was found to be too large to pass between the planks, when presented at the end of a pole, and so had to be hacked into small pieces; but the only distinct complaint about the beer was that it was not large enough. On the whole, considering these things and the railway company's claim, Mr. Dowdall found himself making a considerable further investment in Filer.

Also he discovered that he had the honour of receiving the famous Wrestling Tiger, as announced by a bill which the thoughtful Filer had pasted on one side of the case; whereon it was made known that at Filer's Royal and Imperial Circus the gifted quadruped would wrestle a fall every night in its cage, with its trainer, or with any gentleman in the house who would oblige; having already killed fifteen champion wrestlers in sundry European capitals, with great applause from the discriminating public. Mr. Dowdall was somewhat gratified to find himself in possession of so valuable an animal, and inwardly blamed himself for his early anxiety to repudiate its ownership.

Early in the afternoon a man arrived from Padgebury's. He was a mild, colourless person in shabby corduroys, and he had come, he explained, because Mr. Padgebury and his head man were out on business, and the telegram seemed to be important.

"Yes," replied Mr. Dowdall, impressively, "it was—for Mr. Padgebury. The fact is, when I sent that telegram I had reluctantly

"THE JOINT OF BEEF WAS FOUND TO BE TOO LARGE."

decided to part with my tiger—the most magnificent and talented creature ever placed upon the market. I'm not so sure about it now, but a sufficiently good offer might tempt me. It's in the stable-yard; go and look at it while I wait here."

The man shook his head feebly. "Tigers ain't my department, sir," he said; "it's the

canaries what I look after. If it 'ad a-been a pipin' bullfinch, now——"

"Oh, but surely," protested Mr. Dowdall, "as a responsible man from Padgebury's—a leading man on the staff, you know—you can deal with just a simple matter of an ordinary tiger. Come, now; just go and run your eye over him."

But the man shook his head again. "I ain't no judge of a tiger," he replied. "I don't know 'is p'ints. Anythink in the way of a redpoll I could take on easy. An 'if you ain't sure you really want to sell 'im, p'r'aps you'd better think it over for a day or two."

"Oh, no—not at all," Mr. Dowdall interposed, hastily. "I'd rather get the parting over at once and have done with it. I'd like you to go and tell Mr. Padgebury about it as soon as he gets back. It's a most extraordinary tiger—wrestles, and does card tricks, and all that. When will Mr. Padgebury be back?"

The canary-tamer was not quite certain, but it was pretty sure to be some time in the afternoon.

"Very well, get him to come along at once with a van. But there's one thing you might tell me," Mr. Dowdall proceeded, confidentially. "You'd scarcely believe it, but some of my servants are foolishly nervous about that tiger. Now you are a man of experience. Couldn't you give it something to keep it quiet till Mr. Padgebury comes?"

"Beef?" suggested the canary-man, interrogatively.

"It's got beef," Mr. Dowdall replied "But I don't mean food. Something to send it to sleep, for instance?"

"Whisky," replied the shabby man, promptly. "They tame hedgehogs with that."

"But how can I give a tiger whisky?"

The canary-man rubbed his ear thoughtfully for a moment. Then he said, "Force 'is mouth open and pour it down 'is throat."

But a very little more conversation made it clear that neither Mr. Dowdall nor the man from Padgebury's was prepared to adopt this method personally; and after a little more negotiation it was agreed that Padgebury's retainer should visit the stable-yard with a view to devising a less adventurous means of administering the whisky.

Presently he returned and reported his plan. "There's precious little room between the planks," he said. "In fact, you can't properly see in without shoving your eye raythor too close to the door. But there's a bit of an iron trough fixed inside, with water, an' if I'd got a good large basinful o' whisky, an' the garden-squirt, I think I could get some of it into the trough."

A quart of whisky was produced accordingly, and the garden-squirt; and in five minutes more the canary-man returned to report complete success, and to receive a fee of half a crown. Furthermore, he received fervid injunctions to send the whole Padgebury tiger-staff at the earliest possible moment; and so departed.

Perfect silence fell upon the stable-yard. Not a growl could be heard by a listener from any window at the back of the house, and the boot-boy, reconnoitring the stable-yard, reported that the tiger was motionless at the bottom of the cage—probably asleep. The household excitement was relieved, and household affairs began to resume their course.

Half an hour—an hour—an hour and a half—two hours passed in peace and quiet; and then, with a sudden burst of frantic shrieks, the cook, the boot-boy, and Selina came up the kitchen stairs in a rush. The tiger! The tiger! The tiger was climbing through the scullery window!

Who was first and who was last of the whole household out of the front door will never be known; it is merely conjectured that Mr. Dowdall was *not* the last, because, foremost in this moment of peril, he was certainly first round the street corner, where he was so fortunate as to butt heavily into a policeman.

"Good evening, constable," gasped Mr. Dowdall, maintaining his balance by hugging the policeman's arm; "good evening! There's an interesting pet of my wife's gone astray in the house, and I think if you were to keep guard at the front door while I sent for Padgebury's——"

"Padgebury's?" repeated the policeman, suspiciously. "Padgebury's? What's this 'ere pet? Is it the tiger as there's been such a fuss about?"

"Well," admitted Mr. Dowdall, glancing back apprehensively, "as a matter of fact, it *is* what you might more or less call a tiger, so to speak, but there's no need to feel alarmed on that account. I give you full authority to use your truncheon."

"Oh, you do, do you?" observed the man, strangely ungratefully. Nevertheless, he looked cautiously round the corner, and then began to walk toward Mr. Dowdall's front door, followed by that gentleman at some little distance. For it chanced that this was an ambitious young policeman, anxious

to distinguish himself; and he hoped that there might be a possibility of doing it at no vast risk, after all. Wherefore it was with some irritation that he heard the shriek of a police-whistle farther up the road, where Mrs. Dowdall had taken refuge with a friend who always kept the instrument handy.

The whistle had the effect of hurrying the young policeman, who resolved, if he could not be the sole representative of the force on the spot, at any rate to be the first. He mounted the front steps, cautiously approached the open door, and looked in. He ventured as far as the mat, and then beyond it, listening intently. And then he cleared the doorstep in one bound, closing the door behind him with great agility, but turning instantly to peep through a clear part of the glass panel. For he had been scared by the apparition of a great yellow head rising over the lower stairs.

"It's gone upstairs!" he cried presently, for the information of anybody within hearing, which was nobody.

For the whistle was attracting stragglers to the house where its possessor, with distended countenance, was blowing it from the first-floor window, and Mr. Dowdall, in the doorway of a neighbour opposite, was dispatching a stream of telegrams to Padgebury, like minute-guns.

And in the midst of all this arrived Padgebury's van, with the great Padgebury himself and half-a-dozen stalwart retainers, and much tackle of iron and rope. Padgebury had started out immediately on the report of his canary-tamer, and so had escaped the fire of telegrams which Mr. Dowdall was still maintaining.

The wild beast dealer shook his head when he learned the state of affairs. "You didn't say he was loose in the house when you offered to sell him," he observed, solemnly.

"Well, I was thinking of allowing a discount in consideration of that," replied Mr. Dowdall; "a moderate discount."

Padgebury shook his head again. "In our trade," he said, "you'll find there's a deal of difference between a loose tiger and one in a cage. Loose tigers don't command any price to speak of. There's no demand for 'em."

Nevertheless, he consented to reconnoitre, with a view to securing Mr. Dowdall's specimen, on the understanding that if no deal resulted he should charge for his services. And so, slowly, with many precautions, the front door was opened, and Padgebury and his staff, listening anxiously, approached the stairs a few steps at a time.

After a pause of careful peeping, Padgebury, greatly daring, crept up the stairs and listened on the landing. Then he beckoned silently to his men, who followed with as little noise as possible, and found their principal pointing significantly at a bedroom door, standing ajar, from beyond which came distinct sounds of heavy breathing.

The men gathered on the landing, awaiting orders And then suddenly there arose from within the room the sound of a loud, horrible yawn, and following that, in a thick but cheerful voice, the chorus:—

> Put me among the girrls!
> Put me among the girrls!
> Do me a favour, do!
> I'll do the same for you;
> If you'll put——

Padgebury bounced into the room and the chorus broke off; and his men, crowding behind him, saw the tiger lying at length on the bed, fur and teeth and whiskers complete, with a decanter hugged under one paw.

"Whirroo!" cried the tiger. "Get out! 'Tis enough to give a man the palpitations to have yez jumpin' out av nowhere like that, an ugly crowd! An' me that unwell an' all! Get out wid yez!"

Padgebury turned one glance of amazement on his staff, and then, being a prompt man, seized the tiger by the jaw, forced it open, and peered into the cavernous skull. "Why, I believe it's Lanigan!" he said.

"What, Misther Padgebury!" cried the tiger. "'Tis the blessin' o' the wurrld to see ye, Misther Padgebury! Oh, Misther Padgebury, 'tis moighty lonely I am! Nobody loves me in this—this—this here outrajis integument. They trate me like a leper; an' 'tis drouthy worrk, growlin' like a tiger two days together, an' moighty poor conversation, wid no provisions but wan bag av biscuits. Misther Padgebury, is all av 'em you, or is there a dirthy crowd av ruffins in this room?"

"There's enough of us here to see you safely to the police-station, anyhow," answered Padgebury, grimly. "What's this game?"

"Misther Padgebury, dear, if ye shpake to me like that I'll cry like a babby, an' me that broken-hearted too. Take a drop from the decanther—'tis good stuff in this house. An' where's that gallows-hoppin' thief, Filer?"

"Filer? I don't know."

"Filer's Circus started for the Continent the day afore yesterday, so I heard," observed one of Padgebury's men.

"HIS MEN, CROWDING BEHIND HIM, SAW THE TIGER LYING AT LENGTH ON THE BED."

"What?" wailed the tiger. "The day before yesterday? Then I'm robbed to the skin an' bones av me! Sivin months have I been doin' the wrestlin' tiger an' makin' the fortune av the show, an' not two months' pay have I got out av it! An' now he's given me the shake afther all! The curse o' the wurrld on the ugly head av him! I'll tell ye, Misther Padgebury. The wrestling tiger was the only thing that brought the show a pinny, though 'tis mesilf thut says ut. Night afther night I towld Filer I'd give the swindle away in the middle av the show if I didn't get my money, an' night afther night he blarneyed me into goin' through onct more. Ye see, we'd thumpin' thick bars to the cage, an' 'twasn't likely anybody not b'longing to the show was goin' wrestlin' with a tiger; so we faced it out aisy enough till I threatened, an' thin Filer blarneyed me. But at last I'd be blarneyed no more, an' I got a rale paper summons for him; an' thin says Filer, frightened by the paper summons, 'I'm at the bottom av my finances, Lanigan, me boy, an' what I haven't got I can't pay. But we'll raise some,' says he, 'if ye'll do as I tell ye. Now, there's a troublesome ould parrty as calls himself a shareholder,' says he, 'an' I'll put ye in a close-nailed case and sind ye to him. An' I'll be along there as soon as you will an' sooner,' says Filer, 'bekase I'll go by passenger thrain an' you by goods. An' whin the old man's terrified into fits with havin' a rampin', ragin' tiger brought to his peaceful risidince, why I'll get him to pay a call on his shares on conditions av takin' you away again. Thin,' says Filer, 'I'll pay every cint av your money and a prisent to the top av it!' Misther Padgebury, I did ut; an' afther that niver again ask me to be a tiger, nor a package on any goods thrain! I'm bruised all over me like a toad, and the lovely feather-bed itself is hard to me bones."

"Well," remarked Padgebury, "you don't seem to have done much good for yourself since you left me, and you're in a bigger scrape now than ever. There's Mr. Dowdall and a policeman at the front door."

"Misther Dowdall's a jintleman," said the tiger. "He's the only man that iver gave me whisky out av a garden squirrt. Plensheous whisky. It was the whisky, an' nothing but ut, that gave me the courage to open the padlock and come to look for some more. Give my compliments to Misther Dowdall an' tell him he's a betther man than his partner, an' I'd rather dale with him. The firrm owes me thirty-wan pound ten an' six."

And the tiger pulled its mouth open with its right paw, and thrust the neck of the decanter once again between the cruel fangs.

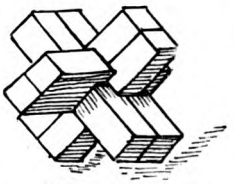
THE WORLD'S BEST PUZZLES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

Author of "The Canterbury Puzzles: and Other Curious Problems," etc.

THE complete history of puzzles has yet to be written, and it is a larger subject than the reader may suspect. It is not proposed to attempt such an account, even in a compressed form, in these pages, but merely to give some examples of the best puzzles of all ages. The word "best" is here used in the popular sense, the puzzles selected being those which have created, or are calculated to create, widespread interest. All good puzzles have a mathematical base, but, although mathematicians have a higher standard of excellence than is displayed in some of the examples I shall give, most of them are of a kind that may be appreciated by those who possess little or no knowledge of the most exact of sciences.

In the earliest records of man we find puzzles. The Chinese were familiar with arithmetic and geometry 4,000 years ago, and in the last number of this magazine I attempted a short account of the history of Tangrams, a form of puzzle invented by a Chinaman named Tan some 2,000 years before the Christian era. Everybody must also be familiar with the "Chinese Cross," which is sold in the toy shops and is of great antiquity (1). The six pieces are to be found cut in a variety of different ways.



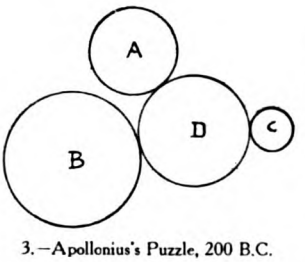
1.—The ancient "Chinese Cross Puzzle."

The most ancient puzzles of which we know the author's name (if we except the more or less mythical Chinaman, Tan) are contained in an old Egyptian papyrus in the British Museum, entitled "Directions for Knowing All Dark Things," written between the years 1700 B.C. and 1100 B.C., but believed to be a revised edition of an older treatise of about 3400 B.C. The author was a priest named Ahmes. Here is one of his arithmetical puzzles that should be immediately solved by any child who knows the rudiments of algebra. It is given by Mr. W. W. Rouse Ball in his "Short History of Mathematics." "Find a number which, when added to its seventh part, equals 19."

Here is a puzzle by Pappus, who lived at Alexandria about the end of the third century. I give it in the form that I presented it some years ago under the title "Papa's Puzzle," just to see how many readers would discover that it was by Pappus himself. "The little maid's papa has taken two different-sized rectangular pieces of cardboard, and has clipped off a triangular piece from one of them, so that when it is suspended by a thread from the point A it hangs with the long side perfectly horizontal, as shown in the illustration (2). He has perplexed the child by asking her to find the point A on the other card, so as to produce a similar result when cut and suspended by a thread." Of course, the point must not be found by trial clippings. A curious and pretty point is involved in this setting of the puzzle. Can the reader discover it?

2.—"Papa's Puzzle."

Puzzles are perpetually being re-invented that were known ages ago. Here is a good example. A correspondent recently sent me this as a new problem. "Describe a circle D that shall touch three given circles, A, B, and C" (3).

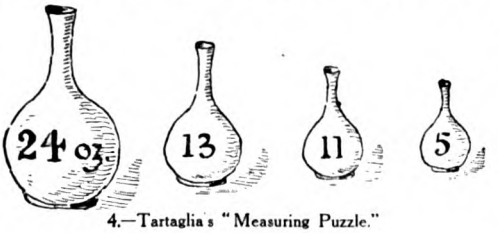


3.—Apollonius's Puzzle, 200 B.C.

Now this geometrical puzzle was first propounded by Apollonius (260–200 B.C.), was solved by Vieta in the sixteenth century, described by Fermat as "this famous and noble problem," and solved in a beautiful but quite different manner by Sir Isaac Newton himself. It is a difficult poser, and I merely refer to it as an example of the fact that a good puzzle never goes out of date or loses its freshness for successive generations.

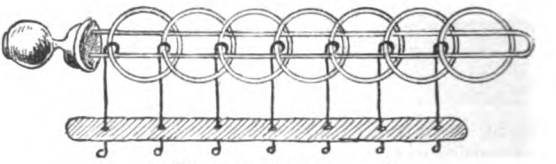
I should like to give examples of puzzles from Pythagoras, Zeno, Euclid, Archimedes, Brahmagupta the Hindu, and others, but the limits of this article will not permit. Readers will, however, be interested to know that the first English puzzlist whose name has come down to us was a Yorkshireman — no other than Alcuin, Abbot of Canterbury (A.D. 735–804). Here is a little puzzle from his works: "If 100 bushels of corn are distributed among 100 people in such a manner that each man shall receive three bushels, each woman two, and each child half a bushel, how many men, women, and children were there?" There are six different correct answers, if we exclude the case of 20 men, no women, and 80 children.

You frequently hear somebody ask the rather absurd question, "What would 10 be if 4 were 6?" though perhaps they may vary the actual numbers. Or one will put to you the problem of the "Turks and Christians," where the fifteen Turks are thrown overboard in a storm. Or you may be set the puzzle of the jealous husbands with their wives who have to cross a river in a boat that will only hold two persons. These and many other equally familiar puzzles, that are to be found in every modern collection, are derived from a book by Niccola Fontana (1500–1559), known as "Tartaglia," or the stammerer. Here is one of his puzzles — the first "measuring" puzzle on record. A gentleman is robbed of a vessel containing 24oz. of balsam, which the three robbers have to divide equally amongst them by means of three vessels, holding respectively 13oz., 11oz., and 5oz. (4). How are they able to do it?



4.—Tartaglia's "Measuring Puzzle."

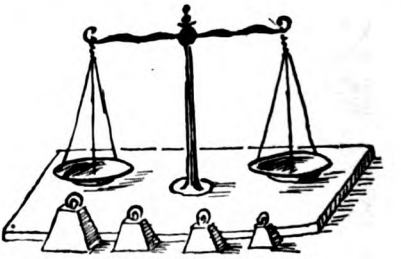
Very few readers will be unfamiliar with the old mechanical puzzle sold in the shops to-day under the name of "The Chinese Rings," though it is very doubtful whether it ever had its origin in China. Its old English



5.—The ancient "Tiring Irons."

name is "The Tiring Irons" (5), and specimens have been found in various parts of our country and abroad, made in iron by local smiths and sometimes deposited in strange places, such as a church belfry. It has been used largely in Norway as a lock for bags and boxes. I need not describe it, as it will be at once recognised. This puzzle was first written about by Hieronymus Cardan (1501–1576), the eminent mathematician.

Another puzzle that has achieved great fame is the "Weights Puzzle." A man has



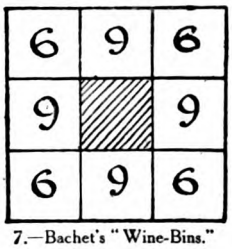
6.—Bachet's "Weights Puzzle."

four different weights which enable him to weigh any number of pounds (no fractions) from 1lb. up to 40lb. Any weight may be placed in either of the scale pans. What are the four weights? (6).

This first appeared in the "Problems Pleasant and Delectable," by Claude Gaspar Bachet de Méziriac (1581–1638), who was also one of the earliest writers to discuss the formation of magic squares.

Another puzzle that is widely known as "The Blind Abbess and Her Nuns," though it is always cropping up in a variety of different forms, is also due to Bachet. This is how he presents it. A gentleman had a

wine-bin of eight compartments, as in the illustration (7), containing 60 bottles, arranged as shown. His dishonest servant stole 4 bottles and rearranged the remainder. The gentleman noticed that the bottles had been redistributed, but as there were still 21 bottles on every side he innocently concluded that all the 60 were there. The servant, emboldened by his success, again stole 4 bottles and rearranged the remainder without discovery. In fact, on two more occasions he repeated his theft of 4 bottles, always leaving the remainder so arranged symmetrically that there were 21 on every side. How did he arrange them on the four occasions so as to steal the 16 bottles?

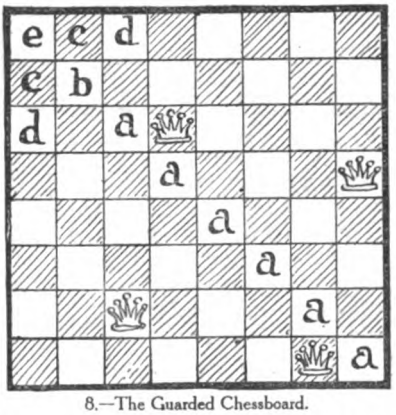


7.—Bachet's "Wine-Bins."

Practically all the collections of puzzles that I have mentioned are brought together in the "Mathematical and Philosophical Recreations" of Jacques Ozanam (1640–1717), which was revised with additions by Montucla in 1750 and 1790. There are various English editions, the last being that of 1840. Though the book has many errors, it is an interesting collection and contains hundreds of familiar old friends that are to be found in every little book of puzzles that has appeared during the last century.

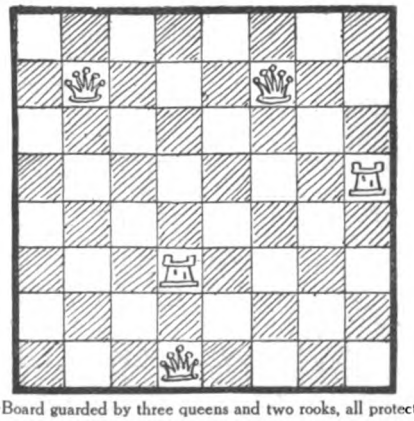
As in so many other ways, the past hundred years has been remarkably fruitful in the invention of puzzles. I will now give some examples from the most popular and successful of these. First of all there is "The Fifteen Schoolgirls," propounded by T. P. Kirkman in 1850. All the fifteen girls are to walk out in triplets every day for a week, but no girl may ever walk in company with any other girl more than once. Can you group the girls for the seven days?

The well-known "Eight Queens Puzzle"—to place eight queens on a chessboard so that no queen shall attack another—was first proposed by Nauck in 1850, and it has quite a little literature of its own. In 1863, C. F. de Jaenisch first discussed the "Five Queens Puzzle"—to place five queens on the chessboard so that every square shall be attacked or occupied—which was propounded by his friend, a "Mr. de R." As readers of this magazine have during the past year been made acquainted with certain variations of this puzzle, a few remarks respecting it may be acceptable. Jaenisch showed that if no queen may attack another there are 91 different ways of placing the five queens, reversals and reflections not counting as different. If the queens may attack one another, I have recorded hundreds of ways, but it is not practicable to enumerate them exactly. I pointed out in 1899 that if four queens are placed as shown in the diagram (8), then the fifth queen may be placed on any one of the twelve squares marked a, b, c, d, and e; or a rook on the two squares, c; or a bishop on the eight squares, a, b, and e; or a pawn on the square b; or a king on the four squares, b, c, and e. The only known

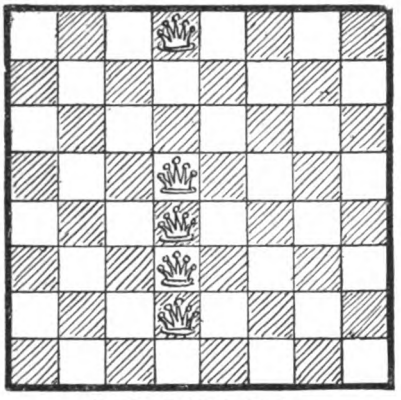


8.—The Guarded Chessboard.

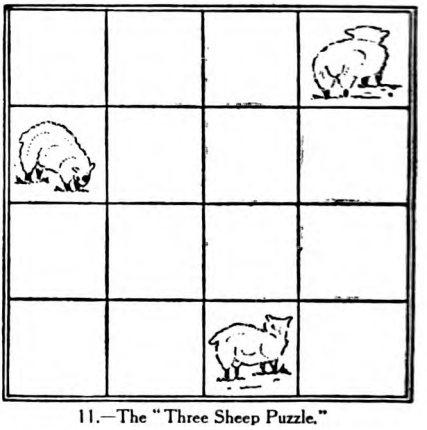
arrangement for four queens and a knight is that given by Mr. J. Wallis in THE STRAND for last August. I have recorded a large number of solutions with four queens and a rook, or bishop, but the only arrangement, I believe, with three queens and two rooks in which all the pieces are guarded is that of which I give an illustration (9), first published by Dr. C. Planck. But I have recently found a solution with three queens, a rook, and a bishop, though the pieces do not protect one another. Readers may like to try to find it.


9.—Board guarded by three queens and two rooks, all protected

Here is a five-queen puzzle that I gave in a fanciful dress in 1897 (10). As the queens were there represented as hats on sixty-four pegs, I will keep to the title, "The Hat-Peg Puzzle." It will be seen that every square is guarded. The puzzle is to remove one queen to a different square so that still every square is guarded, then move a second queen under a similar condition, then a third queen, and finally a fourth queen. After the fourth move every square must be attacked or occupied, but no queen must then attack another. Of course, the moves need not be "queen moves"; you can move a queen to any part of the board.



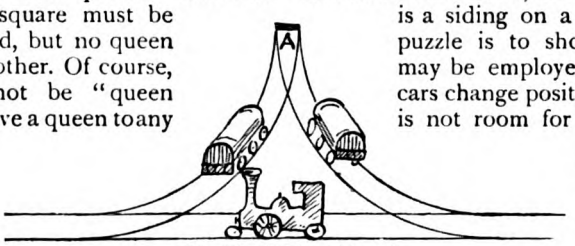
10.—The "Hat-Peg Puzzle.



11.—The "Three Sheep Puzzle."

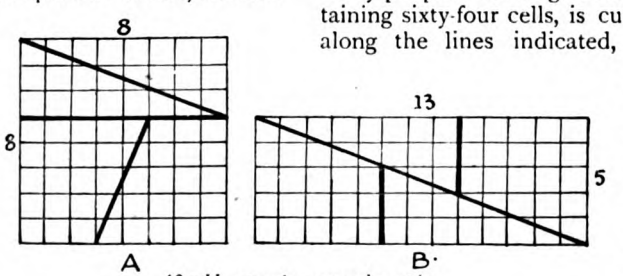
Some readers who do not play chess have a curious notion that these puzzles have something to do with the game, so they pass them by. That is why I sometimes dress them up in the following fanciful manner. A farmer had three sheep and an arrangement of sixteen pens, divided off by hurdles, as shown in the illustration. In how many different ways could he place those sheep, each in a separate pen, so that every pen should be either occupied or in line, horizontally, vertically, or diagonally, with at least one sheep? I give one arrangement (11). How many other arrangements can you find? Mere reversals or reflections in a mirror are not counted as different. The late "Lewis Carroll" produced some original puzzles, the best of which will be found in his book, "A Tangled Tale." But the most widely known is his "Monkey and Weight," which was discussed in the issue of this magazine for last May.

About twenty years ago a "Railway Puzzle" (12) was very popular, and was sold, in a mechanical form, in the toy shops. There is a siding on a main line, and the puzzle is to show how the engine may be employed to make the two cars change positions. Though there is not room for the engine to turn at the point A, it can enter on one side, push a car down to A, then return to the main line, enter the siding the other way, and pull the car back. No flying shunts are allowed. The puzzle is quite easy, but more difficult extensions of it have been made. The author of this little poser is not known.



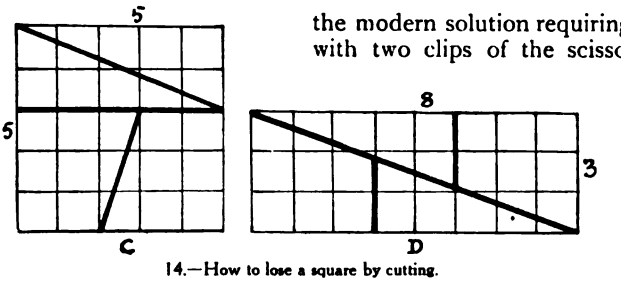
12.—The "Railway Puzzle."

A paradoxical puzzle, sometimes known as "The Dissected Chessboard" (13), is a great favourite, and it is surprising how it perplexes many people. In diagram A the square, containing sixty-four cells, is cut into four pieces along the lines indicated, and these four pieces are seen reassembled in diagram B, where there are now sixty-five cells. Where does the additional cell come from? It is not known



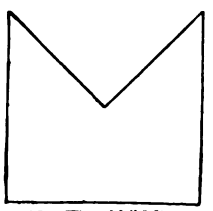
13.—How to gain a square by cutting.

who first discovered this particular paradox, but it was printed in a German work in 1868, and no earlier publication has been discovered, though Ozanam gives a puzzle on similar lines. The reader who is familiar with it may be interested in the companion that I now give (14). In diagram C the square, containing twenty-five cells, is cut into four parts, which are reassembled in diagram D.



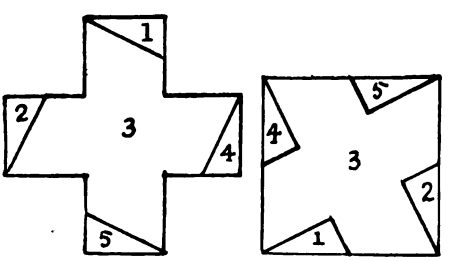
14.—How to lose a square by cutting.

But in this case instead of gaining a cell we lose one! Where has it gone?

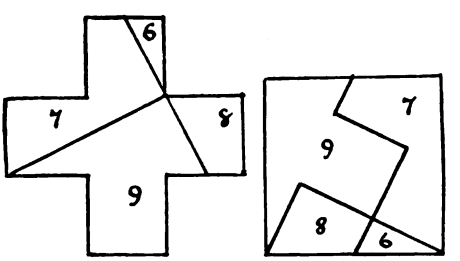

15.—The old "Mitre Puzzle," really impossible of solution.

The little "Mitre Puzzle" (15)—to cut a piece of paper of the shape indicated (a square with one quarter removed) into four parts of the same size and shape—I have not been able to trace to an earlier date than 1835. Strictly speaking, it is impossible of solution, but I will give the answer that is always presented, and that seems to satisfy most people.

The well-known puzzle of cutting a Greek cross into pieces that will fit together and form a square is believed to be of Indian origin, and I give the elegant Hindu solution in five pieces (16). But who first published the modern solution requiring only four pieces with two clips of the scissors, which I also give (17), is uncertain. I have from time to time given numerous extensions of this puzzle.

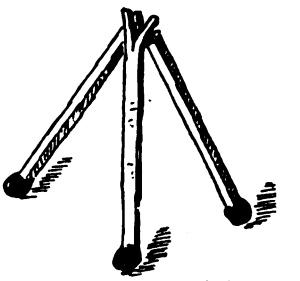


16.—Hindu Puzzle in five pieces.

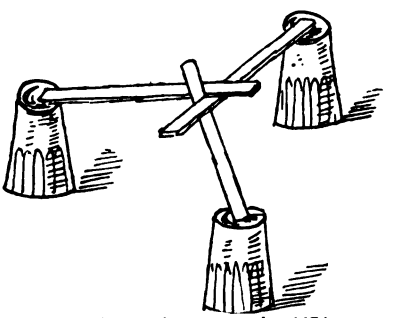


17.—Modern version in only four pieces.

If you split one end of a lucifer match, reduce the thickness of the end of another, and join them together, you can then stand them on end supported by a third match, as shown in the illustration (18). It is a favourite little puzzle now to lift the three matches all together with a fourth match. One is tempted to jump at the conclusion that this puzzle is probably not older than the date of the introduction of lucifer matches, but I have discovered it at an earlier date.


18.—Familiar Match Puzzle, known before matches were invented.

Then, again, three sticks may be placed together in the manner I have shown (19), with the exterior ends resting on three tumblers or other objects, so that they will support a heavy weight in the middle. This puzzle is at least as old as 1674, for I have it in a book of that date.


19.—This puzzle was printed in 1674.

The next puzzle was first propounded by P. G. Tait in 1884. Eight counters are placed together in a row, alternately black and white (20). In four moves, each time moving two contiguous counters, arrange them so

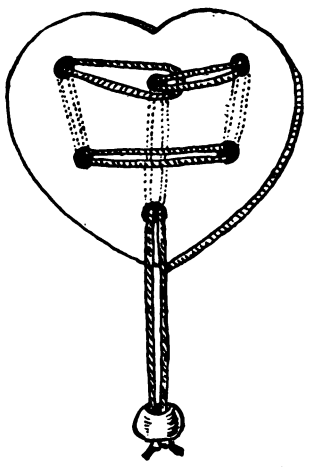
20.—Tait's "Counter Puzzle."

that they stand in an unbroken line with the four black counters together, and the four white ones also together. You are not allowed to reverse the order of a pair when sliding them to a new position, or to adjust the counters between the moves.

But who first invented the "Leaping Frogs" (21) is unknown. You place four black

21.—"Leap-Frog Puzzle."

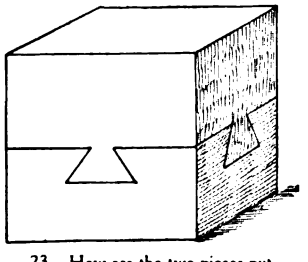
draughts and three white ones in a row as shown. The puzzle is to make the colours exchange sides. The blacks move only to the right and the white only to the left, but any draught may jump over one of the opposite colour, if the square beyond is vacant. An extension of this puzzle was given in my article, "Puzzles from Games," in THE STRAND MAGAZINE for March last. It was called "The Grasshoppers' Quadrille."



22.—The "Heart Puzzle." Juvenile favourite for generations.

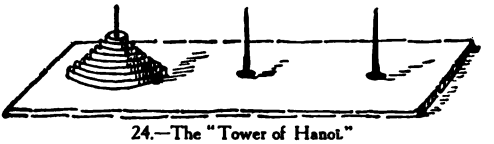
There are various string puzzles that for generations have been favourites with boys. One is "The Heart Puzzle" (22). It will be seen at a glance how the string with a loop at one end and a bead (too large to pass through a hole) is threaded through the holes in the wooden heart. The puzzle is to detach the string and bead from the heart. This is so easy that the puzzle was probably originally devised for the delectation of the infant in arms.

Here is a curious mechanical puzzle (23) that was given to me some ten years ago, but I cannot say who first invented it. It consists of two solid blocks of wood securely dovetailed together. On the other two vertical sides that are not visible the appearance is precisely the same as on those shown. How were the pieces put together? When I published this little puzzle in a London newspaper I received (though they were unsolicited) quite a stack of models in oak, in teak, in mahogany, rosewood, satinwood, elm, and deal, some half a foot in length, and others varying in size right down to a delicate little model about half an inch square. It seemed to create considerable interest.



23.—How are the two pieces put together?

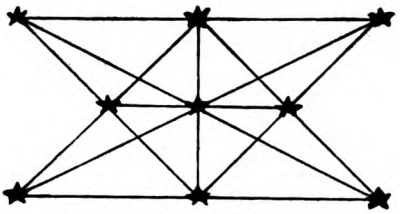
In 1883 M. Claus (an anagrammatic pseudonym of M. E. Lucas, the French mathe-



24.—The "Tower of Hanoi."

matician) brought out "The Tower of Hanoï" (24). There are eight discs of wood, of varying sizes, with holes in them. These are placed on one of three pegs in order of size, the largest being at the bottom and the smallest at the top. The puzzle is to transfer the eight discs to one of the other pegs, moving one disc at a time from peg to peg, but never putting a disc on one that is smaller than itself. M. de Parville gave the following fanciful account of the origin of the puzzle. In the great temple of Benares, beneath the dome that marks the centre of the world, is a brass plate in which are fixed three diamond needles, each a cubit high and as thick as the body of a bee. On one of these needles, at the Creation, were placed sixty-four discs of pure gold, the largest disc resting on the brass plate, and the others being smaller and smaller up to the top one. Day and night unceasingly the priests transfer the discs from one needle to another, according to the fixed and immutable laws of Bramah, which require that the priest must not move more than one disc at a time, and that he must place this disc on a needle so that there is no smaller disc below it. When the sixty-four discs shall have been thus transferred to another needle, tower, temple, and Brahmins alike will crumble into dust, and with a thunderclap the world will vanish. Of course, the point is to discover how many moves are necessary to remove all the eight discs, or the sixty-four, as

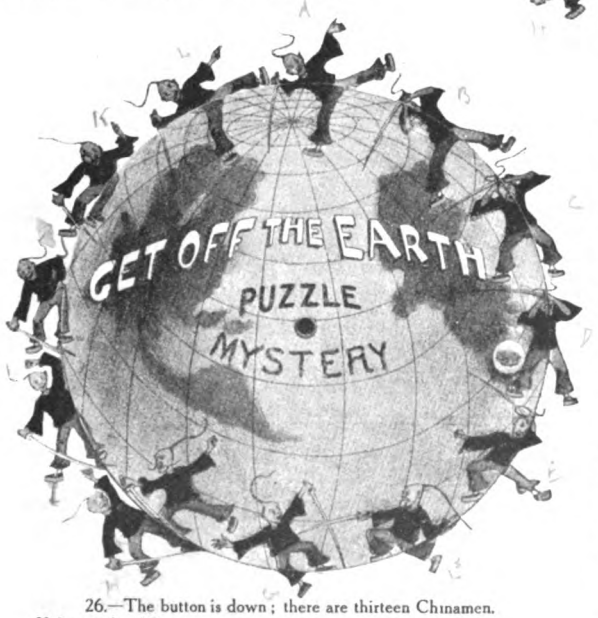
the case may be. I have given elsewhere the general solution for any number of needles.



25.—Sir Isaac Newton's "Tree Puzzle."

What are known as "Points and Lines" puzzles are found very interesting by many people. The most familiar example, to plant nine trees so that they shall form ten straight rows with three trees in every row (25), is attributed to Sir Isaac Newton, but the earliest collection of such puzzles is, I believe, in a rare little book that I possess—published in 1821. The Rev. Mr. Wilkinson showed some quarter of a century ago that eleven points may be arranged to form sixteen lines of three, and in 1897 I published an arrangement of sixteen points forming fifteen lines of four. Can you solve these two examples? No general method has yet been discovered.

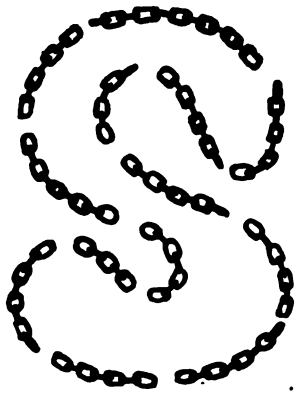
The "Fifteen Puzzle" and the "Pony Puzzle," creations of that veteran, Mr. Sam Loyd, are too well known to readers of this magazine to need more than mention. But his "Get Off the Earth" Puzzle, though perhaps not so widely known as it deserves to be, is, I consider, his best invention. It consists of a square card on which a disc is revolved, its revolution being restricted by a button, or paper-fastener, fixed in the disc and moving in a slot cut in the lower card. When the button is down (26) there are thirteen grotesque Chinamen striking very warlike attitudes round the edge of the globe; but when you move the button up (27), one of these has mysteriously disappeared. The puzzle is to discover what has become of him, and very few people are able to give an intelligible explanation of the matter. A certain humorist, on being shown the puzzle and asked, "Where does the Chinaman go?" could only supply the answer, "It depends on the life he leads!"



26.—The button is down; there are thirteen Chinamen.

27.—The button is up. There are now twelve men only. Which one has disappeared?

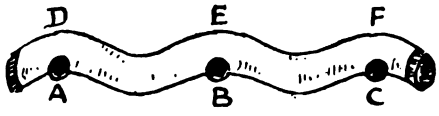
As an example of how a new and instructive little principle may be illustrated in a puzzle I give Mr. Loyd's "Chain Puzzle" (28) in a somewhat simplified form, so that every reader should be able to solve it and appreciate it. A farmer brought thirteen pieces of chain (one hundred links in all), as illustrated on the next page, to a blacksmith, to get them made into one endless chain. The smith charged



28.—Loyd's "Chain Puzzle" simplified.

one penny for each required mend. What was the amount of his bill? A mend includes opening a link and closing it.

Some years ago there was a craze for rolling pellet puzzles, though they are really more trials of patience than puzzles; and these were nearly all mere variations of the first one that was made, the "Pigs in Clover," by Mr. Sam Loyd. However, there was one that I remember, called "The Switchback" (29), that could be solved by a puzzle trick which I was surprised to notice how few people discovered. It will be seen from the illustration that there were three little nests or

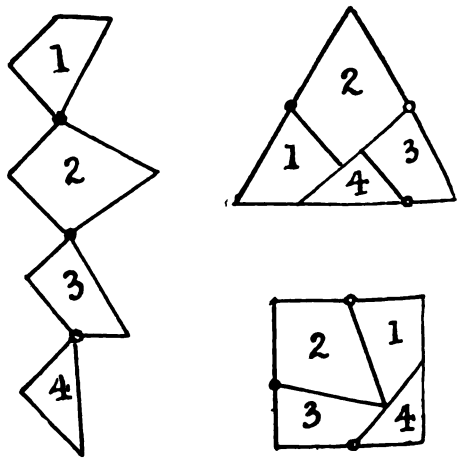


29.—The "Switchback Puzzle."

hollows at A, B, and C in the glass tube, into which the three shots or pellets had to be rolled. The trick was to first reverse the tube so that the three depressions, D, E, and F, were at the bottom. It was quite easy to get the shots into these hollows, and when you had them in position you had merely to twist the tube with a quick turn of the fingers, holding it at the ends, when the pellets would fall into the required positions. You could hardly fail once in a hundred attempts, yet I have seen people try the puzzle for hours without success, while this simple trick never occurred to them.

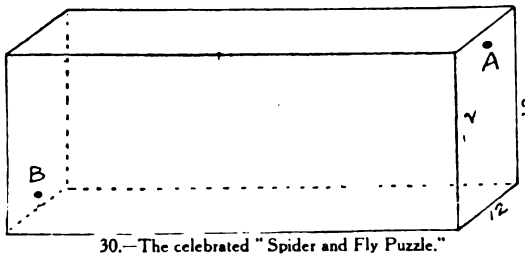
As the Editor of this magazine courteously insists that I shall include a few of my own puzzles, I add three little things that have aroused a certain amount of interest. The discussion in a London daily newspaper of "The Spider and the Fly" (30) a few years ago showed how startling to the general reader certain facts may be concerning the elementary laws of what, for want of a better word, are called geodesics. Inside a rectangular room, measuring 30ft. in length and 12ft. in width and height, a spider is at a point on the middle of one of the end walls, 1ft. from the ceiling, as at A in the illustration, and a fly is on the opposite wall, 1ft. from the floor in the centre, as shown at B. What is the shortest distance that the spider must crawl in order to reach the fly, which remains stationary? Of course, the spider never drops or uses its web, but crawls fairly. The large majority of people are confident that the answer must be 42ft. As a matter of fact it is exactly 40ft., and the spider's route actually takes him over five of the six sides of the room! The reader may like to find the actual route of the spider.

The "Triangle and Square" (31) is a more



31.—A practical demonstration of the "Triangle and Square Puzzle."

subtle thing. The puzzle is to cut an equilateral triangle into four pieces that may be put together to form a perfect square. The illustration shows the puzzle in a rather curious practical form, as it was made in polished mahogany with brass hinges for use by certain audiences. It will be seen that the four pieces form a sort of chain, and that when they are closed up in one direction they form the triangle,



30.—The celebrated "Spider and Fly Puzzle."

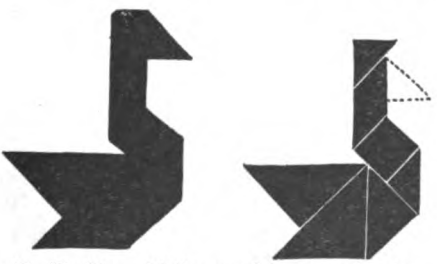
and when closed in the other direction they form a square. The solution is not merely approximate, but geometrically exact.

In "Catching the Mice" (32), the cat goes round and round the circle in the direction that they are looking and eats every thirteenth

32.—"Catching the Mice." How to eat the white mouse third.

mouse, reserving the white mouse for a tit-bit at the finish. At which mouse must she start her count? The answer to this is that she must begin her count at the seventh mouse (calling the white mouse the first)—that is, at the one nearest to the tip of the cat's tail. Make the count, striking out the mice as they are eaten and taking care not to include these again in your count, and you will find this is correct. Now try to discover what is the smallest number that the cat can count round and round if she must start at the white mouse (calling that "one" in the count) and make the white mouse the *third* eaten.

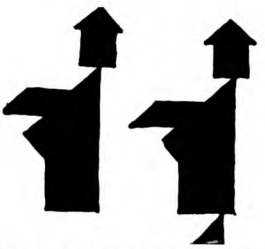
Before closing this article I will give, as promised, the solutions to the two special puzzles in the article, "Tales with Tangrams," in the issue of this magazine for last month. First, the design that cannot be formed with the seven Tangrams is the Swan. I repeat the design as it appeared (33), and give



33.—The "impossible" swan and the corrected version.

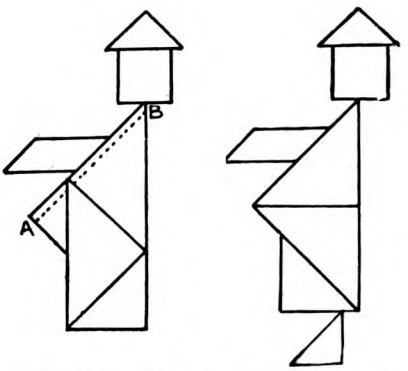
the nearest solution that is possible. In the corrected version the top piece might also be placed in the position indicated by dotted lines, but the result would more resemble a duck than a swan.

As to the paradox, the new diagrams will show how the figures are constructed—each with the seven Tangrams. It will be noticed that in both cases the head, hat, and arm are precisely alike, and the width at the base of the body the same. But this body contains four pieces



34.—Each of these figures is constructed from the same seven pieces. Where does the second man get his foot from?

in the first case, and in the second design only three. The first is larger than the second by exactly that narrow strip indicated by the dotted line between A and B (35). This



35.—This explains the Tangram paradox given above.

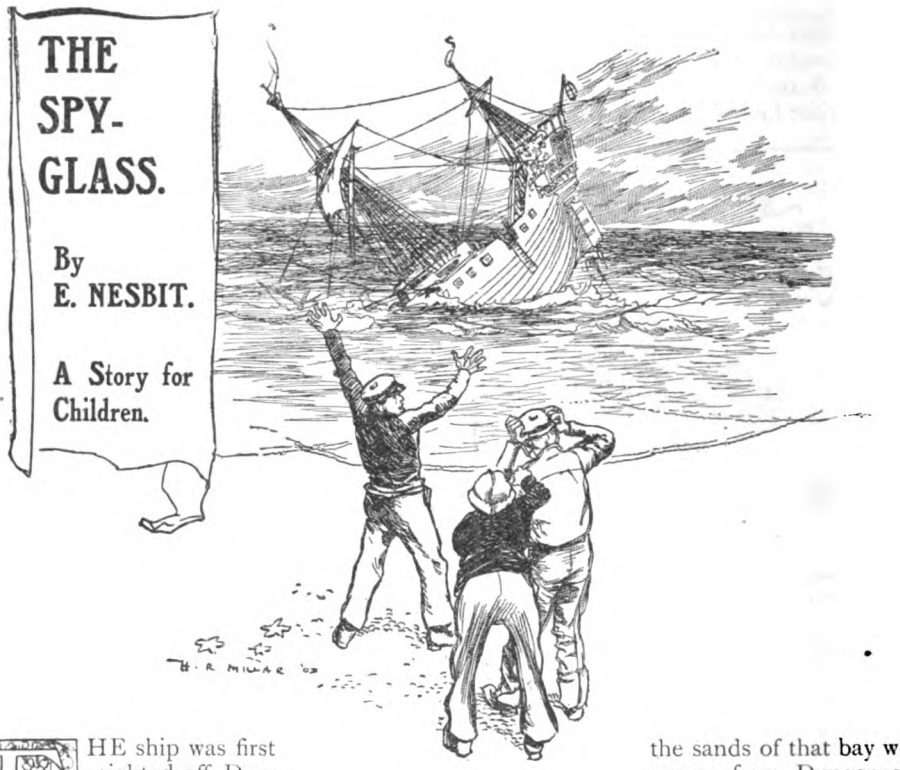
strip is therefore exactly equal in area to the piece forming the foot in the other design, though when thus distributed along the side of the body the increased dimension is not easily apparent to the eye.

The solutions to puzzles in the above article will appear in the next number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

THE SPY-GLASS.

By E. NESBIT.

A Story for Children.



THE ship was first sighted off Dungeness. She was labouring heavily. Her paint was peculiar and her rig outlandish.

"Blessed if I ever see such a rig—nor such lines neither," old Hawkhurst said.

"She do be a rum 'un," said young Benenden, who had strolled along the beach with the glasses the gentleman gave him for saving the little boy from drowning. "Don't know as I ever see another just like her."

"I'll give half a dollar to any chap as can tell me where she hails from—and what port it is where they have ships o' that cut," said middle-aged Haversham to the group that had now gathered.

"George!" exclaimed young Benenden from under his field-glasses, "she's going." And she went. Her bow went down suddenly and she stood stern up in the water—like a duck after rain. Then quite slowly, with no unseemly hurry, but with no moment's change of what seemed to be her fixed purpose, the ship sank and the grey rolling waves wiped out the place where she had been.

When ships go down off Dungeness, things from them have a way of being washed up on the sands of that bay which curves from Dungeness to Folkestone, where the sea has bitten a piece out of the land—just such a half-moon-shaped piece as you bite out of a slice of bread and butter.

Now, if you live by the sea and are grown-up you know that if you find anything on the seashore your duty is to take it up to the coastguards and say, "Please, I've found this."

Edward, staying with an aunt at the seaside, but whose real home was in a little villa in the suburbs, was not grown-up—and he kept everything he found; and one thing he found was a square case of old leather embossed with odd little figures of men and animals and words that Edward could not read. There were several things inside: queer-looking instruments, rather like those in the little box of mathematical instruments that he had had as a prize at school; and in a groove of the soaked velvet lining lay a neat little brass telescope.

Edward picked it up and put it to his eye, and tried to see through it a little tug that was sturdily puffing up Channel. He failed to find the tug, and found himself gazing at a little cloud on the horizon. As he looked it grew larger and darker, and presently

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he looked through the glass again; but he found he needed both hands to keep it steady, so he set down the case with the other instruments on the sand at his feet and put the glass to his eye once more.

He had thought it was a sandy shore, but almost at once he saw that it was not sand but fine shingle, and the discovery of this mistake surprised him so much that he kept on looking at the shingle through the little telescope, which showed it quite plainly. And as he looked the shingle grew coarser.

Something hard pressed against his foot, and he lowered the glass.

He was surrounded by big stones, and they all seemed to be moving; some were tumbling off others that lay in heaps below them, and others were rolling away from the beach in every direction. And the place where he had put down the case was covered with great stones which he could not move.

The only person in sight was another boy in a blue jersey with red letters on his chest.

"Hi!" said Edward, and the boy also said "Hi!"

"Come along here," said Edward, "and I'll show you something."

"Let's see what you found," said Gustus, and Edward gave him the glass. He directed it with inexpert fingers to the sea-wall, so little trodden that on it the grass grows.

"Oh, look!" cried Edward, very loud. "Look at the grass!"

Gustus let the glass fall to long arm's length and said "Krikey!"

The grass and flowers on the sea-wall had grown a foot and a half—quite tropical they looked.

"Well?" said Edward.

"What's the matter wiv everyfink?" said Gustus. "We must both be a bit balmy, seems ter me."

"What's balmy?" asked Edward.

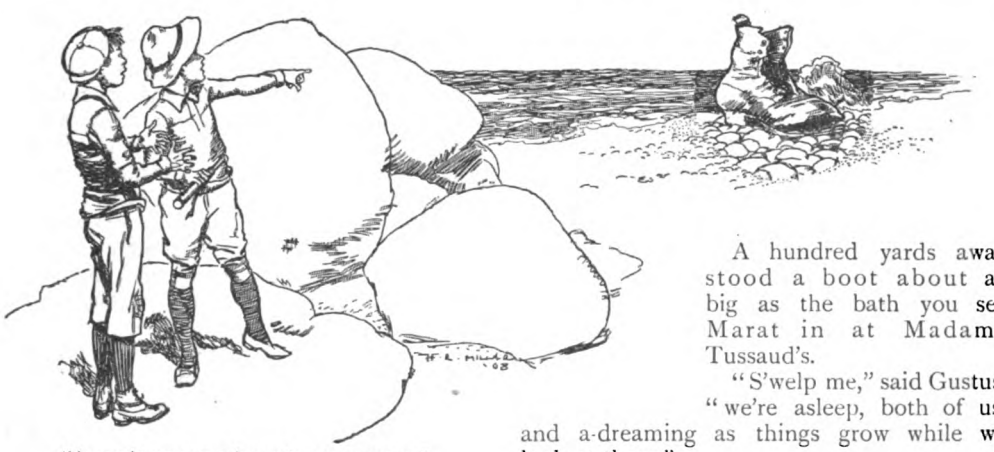
"Off your chump—looney—like what you and me is," said Gustus. "First you sees things, then I sees 'em."

"It was only fancy, I expect," said Edward. "I expect the grass on the sea-wall was always like that, really."

"Let's have a look through your spy-glass at that little barge," said Gustus, still holding the glass.

Edward snatched the glass from Gustus.

"Look!" he said; "look!" and pointed.



"'LOOK!' HE SAID; 'LOOK!' AND POINTED."

A hundred yards away stood a boot about as big as the bath you see Marat in at Madame Tussaud's.

"S'welp me," said Gustus, "we're asleep, both of us, and a-dreaming as things grow while we look at them."

"But we're not dreaming," Edward objected. "You let me pinch you and you'll see."

"No fun in that," said Gustus. "Tell you what—it's the spy-glass—that's what it is. Hold on; I'll put something up for you to look at—a mark like—something as doesn't matter."

He fumbled in his pocket and held up a boot-lace. Next moment he had dropped the boot-lace, which, swollen as it was with the magic of the glass, lay like a snake on the stone at his feet.

"Right-o!" the boy remarked, and came.

This boy was staying at the camp where the white tents were below the Grand Redoubt, though his home was in the slums.

"I say," said Edward, "did you see anyone move these stones?"

"I ain't only just come up on to the sea-wall," said the boy, who was called Gustus.

"They all came round me," said Edward, rather pale. "I was just taking a squint through this little telescope I've found—and they came rolling up to me."

So the glass *was* a magic glass, as, of course, you know already.

"My!" said Gustus; "wouldn't I like to look at my victuals through that there!"

Thus we find Edward of the villa—and through him Gustus of the slum—in possession of a unique instrument of magic. What could they do with it?

Both were agreed that it would be a fine thing to get some money and look at it, so that it would grow big. But Gustus never had any pocket-money, and Edward had had his confiscated to pay for a window he had not intended to break.

Gustus felt certain that someone would find out about the spy-glass and take it away from them. His experience was that anything you happened to like was always taken away.

"I been thinking," said Gustus, on the third day. "When I'm a man I'm a-going to be a burglar. You has to use your head-piece in that trade, I tell you. So I don't think thinking's swipes, like some blokes do. And I think p'r'aps it don't turn everything big. An' if we could find out what it don't turn big we could see what we wanted to turn big on what it didn't turn big, and then it wouldn't turn anything big except what we wanted it to. See?"

Edward did not see; and I don't suppose you do, either.

So Gustus went on to explain that teacher had told him there were some substances impervious to light, and some to cold, and so on and so forth, and that what they wanted was a substance that should be impervious to the magic effects of the spy-glass.

"So if we get a tanner and set it on a plate and squint at it it'll get bigger—but so'll the plate. And we don't want to litter the place up with plates the bigness of cart-wheels. But if the plate didn't get big we could look at the tanner till it covered the plate, and then go on looking and looking and looking and see nothing but the tanner till it was as big as a circus. See?"

This time Edward did see. But they got no farther, because it was time to go to the circus. There was a circus at Dymchurch just then, and that was what made Gustus think of the sixpence growing to that size.

It was a very nice circus, and all the boys from the camp went to it—also Edward, who managed to scramble over and wriggle under benches till he was sitting next to his friend.

It was the size of the elephant that did it. Edward had not seen an elephant before, and when he saw it, instead of saying, "What a size he is!" as everybody else did, he said to himself, "What a size I could make him!" and pulled out the spy-glass, and by a miracle of good luck or bad got it levelled at the elephant as it went by. He turned the glass slowly as the elephant went out, and the elephant only just got out in time. Another moment and it would have been too big to get through the door. The audience cheered madly. They thought it was a clever trick; and so it would have been, very clever.

"You silly cuckoo," said Gustus, bitterly; "now you've turned that great thing loose on the country, and how's his keeper to manage him?"

"I could make the keeper big, too."

"Then if I was you I should just bunk out and do it."

Edward obeyed, slipped under the canvas of the circus tent, and found himself on the yellow, trampled grass of the field among guy-ropes, orange-peel, banana-skins, and dirty paper. Far above him and everyone else towered the elephant—it was now as big as the church.

Edward pointed the glass at the man who was patting the elephant's foot and telling it to "Come down with you!" Edward was very much frightened. He did not know whether you could be put in prison for making an elephant's keeper about forty times his proper size. But he felt that something must be done to control the gigantic mountain of black-lead-coloured living flesh. So he looked at the keeper through the spy-glass, but the keeper remained his normal size!

In the shock of this failure he dropped the spy-glass, picked it up, and tried once more to fix the keeper. Instead he only got a circle of black-lead-coloured elephant; and while he was trying to find the keeper, and finding nothing but more and more of the elephant, a shout startled him and he dropped the glass once more.

"Well," said one of the men, "what a turn it give me! I thought Jumbo'd grown as big as a railway station, s'welp me if I didn't."

"Now, that's rum," said another, "so did I."

"And he *ain't*," said a third; "seems to me he's a bit below his usual figure. Got a bit thin or somethink, ain't he?"

Edward slipped back into the tent unobserved.

"It's all right," he whispered to his friend; "he's gone back to his proper size; and the man didn't change at all."

He told all that had happened.

"Ho!" Gustus said, slowly—"Ho! All

"FAR ABOVE HIM AND EVERYONE ELSE TOWERED THE ELEPHANT."

right. Conjuring's a rum thing. You don't never know where you are!"

That evening after tea Edward went as he had been told to do to the place on the shore where the big stones had taught him the magic of the spy-glass.

Gustus was already at the tryst.

"See here," he said, "I'm a-goin' to do something brave and fearless, I am, like Lord Nelson and the boy on the fire-ship. You out with that spy-glass, an' I'll let you look at *me*. Then we'll know where we are."

Very much afraid, Edward pulled out the glass and looked.

And nothing happened!

"That's number one," said Gustus. "Now, number two."

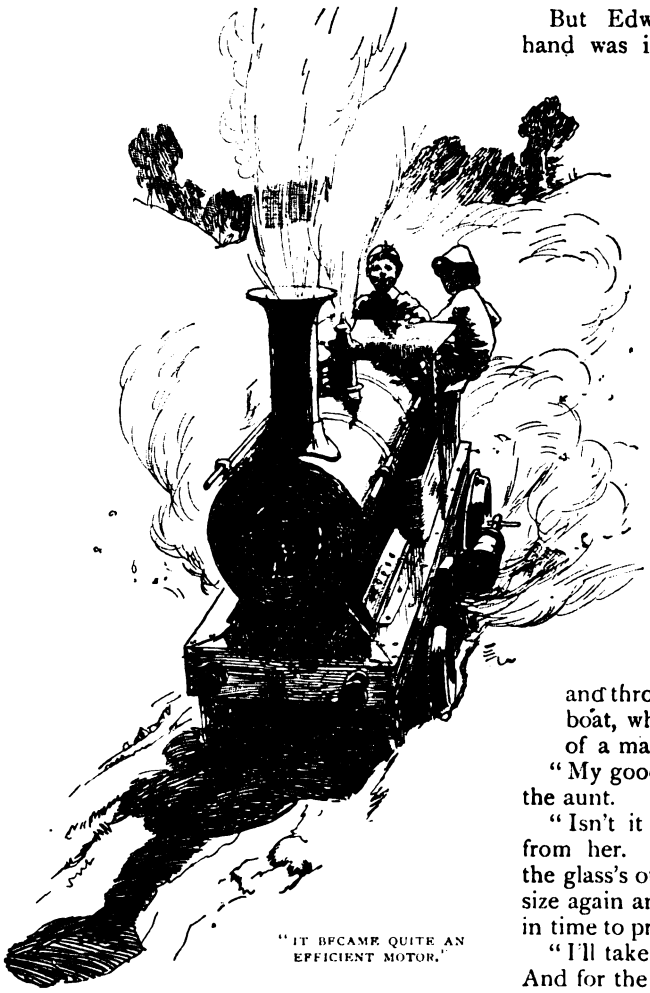
He snatched the telescope from Edward's hand, and turned it round and looked through the other end at the great stones. Edward, standing by, saw them get smaller and smaller—turn to pebbles, to beach, to sand. When Gustus turned the glass to the giant grass and flowers on the sea-wall, they also drew back into themselves, got smaller and smaller, and presently were as they had been before ever Edward picked up the magic spy-glass.

"Now we know all about it—I *don't* think," said Gustus. "To-morrow we'll have a look at that there model engine of yours that you say works."

They did. They had a look at it through the spy-glass, and it became a quite efficient motor; of rather an odd pattern it is true, and very bumpy, but capable of quite a decent speed. They went up to the hills in it, and so unusual was its design that no one who saw it ever forgot it. People talk about that rummy motor at Bonnington and Aldington to this day. The boys stopped often, to use the spy-glass on various objects. Trees, for instance, could be made to grow surprisingly, and there were patches of giant wheat found that year near Ashford which were never satisfactorily accounted for. Blackberries, too, could be enlarged to a most wonderful and delicious fruit.

It was a beautiful ride. As they came home they met a woman driving a weak-looking little cow. It went by on one side of the engine and the woman went by on the other. When they were restored to each other the cow was nearly the size of a cart-horse and the woman did not recognise it. She ran back along the road after her cow, which must, she said, have taken fright at the beastly motor. She scolded violently as she went. So the boys had to make the cow small again, when she wasn't looking.

"This is all very well," said Gustus; "but



"IT BECAME QUITE AN EFFICIENT MOTOR."

we've got our fortune to make, I *don't* think. We've got to get hold of a tanner—or a bob would be better. I see I shall have to do some thinking," he added.

They stopped in a quiet road close by Dymchurch; the engine was made small again, and Edward went home with it under his arm.

It was the next day that they found the shilling on the road. They could hardly believe their good luck. They went out on to the shore with it, put it on Edward's hand while Gustus looked at it with the glass, and the shilling began to grow.

"It's as big as a saucer," said Edward, "and it's heavy. I'll rest it on these stones. It's as big as a plate; it's as big as a tea-tray; it's as big as a cart-wheel."

And it was.

"Now," said Gustus, "we'll go and borrow a cart to take it away. Come on."

But Edward could not come on. His hand was in the hollow between the two stones, and above lay tons of silver. He could not move, and the stones couldn't move. There was nothing for it but to look at the great round lump of silver through the wrong end of the spy-glass till it got small enough for Edward to lift it. And then, unfortunately, Gustus looked a little too long, and the shilling, having gone back to its own size, went a little farther—and it went to sixpenny size, and then went out altogether.

So nobody got anything by that.

And now came the time when, as was to be expected, Edward dropped the telescope in his aunt's presence. She said, "What's that?" picked it up with quite unfair quickness, and looked through it, and through the open window at a fishing-boat, which instantly swelled to the size of a man-of-war.

"My goodness! what a strong glass!" said the aunt.

"Isn't it?" said Edward, gently taking it from her. He looked at the ship through the glass's other end till she got to her proper size again and then smaller. He just stopped in time to prevent her disappearing altogether.

"I'll take care of it for you," said the aunt. And for the first time in their lives Edward said "No" to his aunt.

It was a terrible moment.

Edward, quite frenzied by his own courage, turned the glass on one object after another—the furniture grew as he looked, and when he lowered the glass the aunt was pinned fast between a monster table-leg and a giant chiffonier.

"There!" said Edward. "And I sha'n't let you out till you say you won't take it to take care of either."

"Oh, have it your own way," said the aunt, faintly, and closed her eyes. When she opened them the furniture was its right size and Edward was gone. He had twinges of conscience, but the aunt never mentioned the subject again. I have reason to suppose that *she* supposed that she had had a fit of an unusual and alarming nature.

Next day the boys in the camp were to go back to their slums. Edward and Gustus

parted on the seashore and Edward cried. He had never met a boy whom he liked as he liked Gustus. And Gustus himself was almost melted.

"I will say for you you're more like a man and less like a snivelling white rabbit now than what you was when I met you. Well, we ain't done nothing to speak of with that there conjuring trick of yours, but we've 'ad a right good time. So long. See you 'gain some day."

Edward hesitated, spluttered, and still weeping flung his arms round Gustus.

"'Ere, none o' that," said Gustus, sternly. "If you ain't man enough to know better, I am. Shake 'ands like a Briton; right about face—and part game."

He suited the action to the word.

Edward went back to his aunt snivelling, defenceless but happy. He had never had a friend except Gustus, and now he had given Gustus the greatest treasure that he possessed.

For Edward was not such a white rabbit as he seemed. And in that last embrace he had managed to slip the little telescope into the pocket of the reefer-coat which Gustus wore, ready for his journey.

And the holidays ended and Edward went back to his villa. Be sure he had given Gustus his home address, and begged him to write, but Gustus never did.

Presently Edward's father came home from India, and they left his aunt to her villa and went to live on a sloping hill at Chislehurst, at a jolly little house which was Edward's father's very own. They were not rich, and Edward could not go to a very good school, and, though there was enough to eat and wear, what there was was very plain. For Edward's father had been wounded, and somehow had not got a pension.

Now one night in the next summer Edward woke up in his bed with the feeling that there was someone in the room. And there was. A dark figure was squeezing itself through the window. Edward was far too frightened to scream. He simply lay and listened to his heart. It was like listening to a cheap American clock. The next moment a lantern flashed in his eyes and a masked face bent over him.

"Where does your father keep his money?" said a muffled voice.

"In the b-b-b-b-bank," replied the wretched Edward, truthfully.

"I mean what he's got in the house."

"In his trousers pocket," said Edward, "only he puts it in the dressing-table drawer at night."

"You must go and get it," said the burglar, for such he plainly was.

"Must I?" said Edward, wondering how he could get out of betraying his father's confidence and being branded as a criminal.

"Yes," said the burglar in an awful voice; "get up and go."

"*No*," said Edward, and he was as much surprised at his courage as you are.

"Bravo!" said the burglar, flinging off his mask. "I see you *aren't* such a white rabbit as what I thought you."

"It's Gustus," said Edward. "Oh, Gustus, I'm so glad! Oh, Gustus, I'm so sorry! I always hoped you wouldn't be a burglar. And now you are."

"I am so," said Gustus, with pride; "but," he added, sadly, "this is my first burglary."

"Couldn't it be the last?" suggested Edward.

"That," replied Gustus, "depends on you."

"I'll do anything," said Edward, "anything."

"You see," said Gustus, sitting down on the edge of the bed, in a confidential attitude, with the dark lantern in one hand and the mask in the other, "when you're as hard up as we are, there's not much of a living to be made honest. I'm sure I wonder we don't all of us turn burglars, so I do. And that glass of yours—you little beggar—you did me proper—sticking of that thing in my pocket like what you did. Well, it kept us alive last winter, that's a cert. I used to look at the victuals with it, like what I said I would. A farden's worth o' pease-pudden was a dinner for three when that glass was about, and a penn'orth o' block-trimmings turned into a big beefsteak almost. They used to wonder how I got so much for the money. But I'm always funky o' being found out—or of losing the blessed spy-glass—or of someone pinching it. So we got to do what I always said—make some use of it. And if I go along and nick your father's dibs we'll make our fortunes right away."

"No," said Edward, "but I'll ask father."

"Rot." Gustus was crisp and contemptuous. "He'd think you was off your chump, and he'd get me lagged."

"It would be stealing," said Edward.

"Not when you'll pay it back."

"Yes, it would," said Edward. "Oh, don't ask me—I can't."

"Then I shall," said Gustus. "Where's his room?"

"Oh, don't!" said Edward. "I've got a half-sovereign of my own. I'll give you that."

"Lawk!" said Gustus. "Why the blue monkeys couldn't you say so? Come on."

He pulled Edward out of bed by the leg, hurried his clothes on anyhow, and half-dragged, half-coaxed him through the window and down by the ivy and the chicken-house roof. They stood face to face in the sloping garden and Edward's teeth chattered. Gustus caught him by his hand and led him away.

At the other end of the shrubbery, where the rockery was, Gustus stooped and dragged out a big clinker—then another, and another. There was a hole like a big rabbit-hole. If Edward had really been a white rabbit it would just have fitted him.

"I'll go first," said Gustus, and went, head-foremost. "Come on," he said, hollowly, from inside. And Edward, too, went. It was dreadful crawling into that damp hole in the dark. As his head got through the hole he saw that it led to a cave, and below him stood a dark figure. The lighted lantern was on the ground.

"Come on," said Gustus; "I'll catch you if you fall."

With a rush and a scramble Edward got in.

"It's caves," said Gustus; "a chap I know that goes about the country bottoming cane-chairs, 'e told me about it. And I nosed about and found you lived here. So then I thought what a go. So now we'll put your half-shiner down and look at it, and we'll have a gold-mine, and you can pretend to find it."

"Halves!" said Edward, briefly and firmly.

"You're a man," said Gustus. "Now, then!" He led the way through a maze of chalk caves till they came to a convenient spot, which he had marked. And now Edward emptied his pockets on the sand—he had brought all the contents of his money-box, and there was more silver than gold, and more copper than either, and more odd rubbish than there was anything else. You know what a boy's pockets are like. Stones and putty, and slate-pencils and marbles—I urge in excuse that Edward was a little boy—a bit of plasticine, and pieces of wood.

"No time to sort 'em," said Gustus, and, putting the lantern in a suitable position, he got out the glass and began to look through it at the tumbled heap.

And the heap began to grow. It grew out sideways till it touched the walls of the recess, and outwards till it touched the top of the recess, and then it slowly worked out into the big cave and came nearer and nearer to the boys. Everything grew—stones, putty, money, wood, plasticine, and the chalk of the cave itself.

Gustus patted the growing mass as though it were alive and he loved it.

"Here's clothes, and beef, and bread, and tea, and coffee—and baccy—and a good school, and me a engineer. I feel it all a-growing and a-growing. You feel of it, Teddy."

Edward obediently put his hand on the side of the pile.

"I say—stop!" he cried, suddenly.

"A little bit more," said Gustus.

"Drop it, I say," said Edward, so fiercely that Gustus, in his surprise, actually did drop the glass, and it rolled away into the darkness.

"Now you've done it," said Gustus. "I daresay it's smashed."

"I don't care if it is," said Edward. "Why didn't you stop when I said stop? My hand's caught."

"So it is," said Gustus. "It's fast between the rock and this precious Tom Tiddler's ground of ours. Hold on a bit."

"I'LL FIND THE GLASS AND MAKE THE GOLD SMALLER, SO AS YOU CAN GET YOUR HAND OUT."

"I can't help holding on," said Edward, bitterly.

"I mean, don't you fret. I'll find the glass in a jiffy and make the gold smaller, so as you can get your hand out."

But Gustus could not find the glass. And, what is more, no one ever has found it to this day.

"It's no good," said Gustus, at last. "I'll go and find your father. They must come and dig you out."

"And they'll lag you if they see you. You said they would," said Edward, not at all sure what lagging was, but sure that it was something dreadful. "Write a letter and put it in his letter-box. They'll find it in the morning."

"And leave you pinned by the hand all night? Likely—I *don't* think," said Gustus.

"I'd rather," said Edward, bravely, but his voice was weak. "I couldn't bear you to be lagged, Gustus. I do love you so."

"None of that," said Gustus, sternly. "I'll leave you the lamp; I can find my way with matches. Keep up your pecker, and never say die."

"I won't say it—I promise I won't," said Edward, bravely. "Oh, Gustus!"

That was how it happened that Edward's father was roused from slumber by violent shakings from an unknown hand, while an unknown voice uttered these surprising words:—

"Edward is in the gold and silver and copper mine that we've found under your garden. Come along and get him out."

When Edward's father was at last persuaded that Gustus was not a silly dream—and this took some time—he got up.

He did not believe a word that Gustus said, even when Gustus added "S'welp me!" which he did several times.

But Edward's bed was empty—his clothes gone.

Edward's father got the gardener from next door—with, at the suggestion of Gustus, a pick—the hole in the rockery was enlarged, and all three got in.

And when they got to the place where Edward was, there, sure enough, was Edward, pinned by the hand between a piece of wood and a piece of rock. Neither the father nor the gardener noticed any metal. Edward had fainted.

They got him out; a couple of strokes with the pick released his hand, but it was bruised and bleeding.

They all turned to go, but they had not gone twenty yards before there was a crash and a report like thunder, and a slow, rumbling, rattling noise very dreadful to hear.

"Get out of this quick, sir," said the gardener; "the roof's fell in; this part of the caves ain't safe."

Edward was very feverish and ill for several days, during which he told his father the whole story—of which his father did not believe a word. But he was kind to Gustus, because Gustus was evidently fond of Edward.

When Edward was well enough to walk in the garden his father and he found that a good deal of the shrubbery had sunk, so that the trees looked as though they were growing in a pit.

It spoiled the look of the garden, and Edward's father decided to move the trees to the other side.

When this was done the first tree uprooted showed a dark hollow below it. The man is not born who will not examine and explore a dark hollow in his own grounds. So Edward's father explored.

This is the true story of the discovery of that extraordinary vein of silver, copper, and gold which has excited so much interest in scientific and mining circles. Learned papers have been written about it, learned professors have been rude to each other about it, but no one knows how it came there except Gustus and Edward and you and me. Edward's father is quite as ignorant as anyone else, but he is much richer than most of them; and, at any rate, he knows that it was Gustus who first told him of the gold-mine, and who risked being lagged—arrested by the police, that is—rather than let Edward wait till morning with his hand fast between gold and rock.

So Edward and Gustus have been to a good preparatory school, and now they are at Winchester, and presently they will be at Oxford. And when Gustus is twenty-one he will have half the money that came from the gold-mine. And then he and Edward mean to start a school of their own. And the boys who are to go to it are to be the sort of boys who go to the summer camp of the Grand Redoubt near the sea—the kind of boy that Gustus was.

So the spy-glass will do some good, after all, though it *was* so unmanageable to begin with.

Perhaps it may even be found again. But I rather hope it won't. It might, really, have done much more mischief than it did—and if anyone found it, it might do more yet.

There is no moral to this story, except . . . But, no—there is no moral.

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

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MARVELLOUS CHESTNUT CARVINGS.

THE heads of these four little figures are carved out of chestnuts, cleverly dressed and mounted on empty reels by Lionel Le Couteux, the engraver and etcher. In every case the simplest materials are employed and the utmost ingenuity is displayed in the selection. Fig. 1: A Knight of Malta shouting his profession of faith across the world of the East. His cuirass is the back of a driving-glove and his mantle a piece of wash-leather, with a fine grass seed as tassel. His Order is the poppy-seed vessel, and his helmet an autumn leaf. Fig. 2: Mme. Jadis (Mrs. Olden Times). Her headdress is the tail of a crawfish set on a frill of paper; her pelerine is cut from an oak leaf over a vest of peacock's feather; finishings of lichens and turquoise brooch at throat, and another of oak gall on her bosom. Fig. 3: Honnête Dame (Genteel Lady). Headdress of beetle wings and collar of poppy-head; waistcoat and cape of suède kid. Fig. 4: Siamese Dancer. Headdress of husk of poppy-seed; collar of skeleton leaves, with different grass seeds as ornaments. — Miss Alice M. Ivimy, Hôtel de Sèze, 16, Rue de Sèze, Paris.

A SUGGESTION FOR CHRISTMAS DECORATION.

HERE is a photograph of a grandfather clock in Christmas dress. The nose, mouth, pipe, eyebrows, and the outer circles of the eyes are cut out of brown paper and pasted on the outside of the glass. The winding holes form the pupils of the eyes, and these being a little distance behind the glass the eyes appear to roll as one approaches or passes the clock. The wreath is of holly and evergreen and the beard of wool.— Mr. G. W. Clarke, 5, Fulford, York.

THE GEESE OF NIEDER-MÖRLEN.

IN the little Hessean village of Nieder-Mörlen, between Giessen and Frankfort, a strange scene may be witnessed every evening at half-past five. Some two thousand geese, which have spent the day on the river's bank below the village, at a given signal from their leaders make their way homewards with much pomp and circumstance and raucous noise. The strangest part of the proceeding is seen when they reach the village street and, without any guidance or driving, waddle each into its own yard for the night. Like so many squads they break off in their dozens from the main body, knowing instinctively their owners' door, and with solemn gait enter in as though conscious of their own innate cleverness.— Mr. A. H. Ross, Ham, Devonport.

AN INDIAN DWARF.

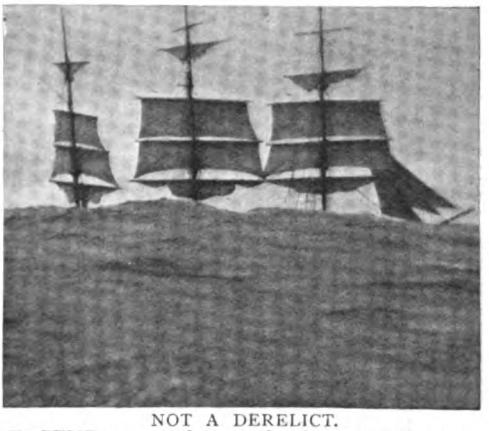
THIS quaint little figure is a dwarf I encountered last winter down in the Native State of Hyderabad—Nizam's Dominions. As seen from the photograph, he is standing between two girls' parasols

which are not more than three feet in length. He told me that he was fifty-two years of age.—Mr. H. R. Osborne, Diocesan Boys' School, Naini Tal, U.P., India.

GATE WITH A HISTORY.

THE gate in the photograph is not a freak of Nature, but the work of men's hands, being made from a tree trunk and parts of branches. It is situated in Avon, Mass., close beside the main road to Boston, and has long been an object of curiosity to

passengers on the trolley-cars which pass by. The land in that section was owned at one time by a Mr. Porter, who erected the gate with the word "Porter" inserted. When the town of Avon established a water supply some of Mr. Porter's land was taken for that purpose. In the dispute that ensued he thought himself unfairly treated, and changed the word to "Equity" as a continual reminder of the injustice, real or fancied, which he suffered. The gate has stood unchanged for twenty years, bleached and weather-beaten, but still strong and serviceable, and is used almost daily.—Mr. F. Horace Moore, 67, West Ashland Street, Brockton, Mass., U.S.A.



NOT A DERELICT.

I SEND you a photograph of my vessel, *Arctic Stream*, taken from a boat during a calm following a severe storm off Cape Horn. The sails are hauled up to prevent them being torn by the violent rolling of the ship. I put out boats occasionally in this sort of weather, as it affords practice under the probable conditions that would exist should we at any time have to abandon the ship. When this particular photograph was taken the ship was rolling rails under.—Captain Charles C. Dixon.

THE SWAFFHAM TINKER AND HIS DOG.

THESE two quaint figures are carved on the two top pews and reading-desk of Swaffham Church. According to legend the tinker had a dream, bidding him go to London Bridge and a stranger would reveal to him how to find a pot of money; so off he went with his dog, and at the bridge a stranger stopped him, saying, "Last night I had a dream, bidding me go to Swaffham and dig in such and such a place and there find a pot of money; but I don't believe in dreams." Then back went the tinker, dug for, and found the pot as described, and also an inscription bidding him dig deeper, which he did, and found another, and with them restored Swaffham Church. The carvings here represented were put up to perpetuate his memory.—Miss D. Smith, The Hospital, Swaffham.

CHAIR MADE FROM AN ELEPHANT'S JAW.

I THINK this chair, made from an elephant's jaw, will interest STRAND readers. It was designed and mounted by Messrs. Theobald Brothers, taxidermists, Mysore, South India. The jaw belonged to a rogue elephant shot by Cpt. Wilkinson, A. D. C. to the former Viceroy, Lord Curzon. The woodwork—*i.e.*, the legs and centre standard—is of very old sandalwood, richly carved by expert Burmese workmen and finished with dark blue morocco. Of course, the chair is more of an ornament than a useful article of furniture, though in a drawing-room it makes a handsome trophy.—Mr. William H. R. Theobald, Mysore, India.

STRANGE STORY OF A STATUE.

MOST readers of THE STRAND, I think, will not hesitate for a moment to pronounce this statue of Sir Walter Scott to be a most clever piece of sculpture. Their praise will be the more unstinted when they hear the story concerning it, as it was related to me by one of the oldest inhabitants of East Kilbride, in Scotland, where the statue has now found a home. It appears to have been carved during his spare time by an apprentice mason named William R. Neil, at the early age of eighteen, and originally stood in a wash-house belonging to the sculptor's uncle at Eaglesham. But his uncle and he quarrelled, and on the youngster seeking to smash the statue with a hammer, which he sought from an East Kilbride master mason, the latter had it removed to his garden at midnight. In the morning it is said the whole town turned out to see the statue in its new home. The sculptor died but a few years ago at a good old age. It is quite a romantic story, of which few who go to visit the clever work are aware. — Mr. James A. King, 18, Muir Street, Motherwell, Scotland.

BULLOCK AS HOUSE-WARMER.

THIS photograph represents the living-room in the house of a poor Spanish "cura," or parish priest, of a small village high up in one of the many "sierras." During the cold and long winter months a bullock is kept in the room in order to give warmth to the inmates, this method being found more economical than the customary "brasero." At the end of the cold season the bullock is sold and a new one is bought for the succeeding winter. A small profit is made in this way each year. — Dr. Frankland Dent, 3, Claremont Drive, Headingley, Leeds.

"ONCE BIT, TWICE SHY."

THIS is not, as would at first appear, a tombstone to a favourite horse or dog, but an intimation that terms are "cash and no credit given." It may be seen outside Black Horse Inn, Borough Green, Kent. — Mrs. F. Pawlett, Leahurst, Platt, Borough Green, Kent.

MUSICIAN WITH AN ARTIFICIAL ARM.

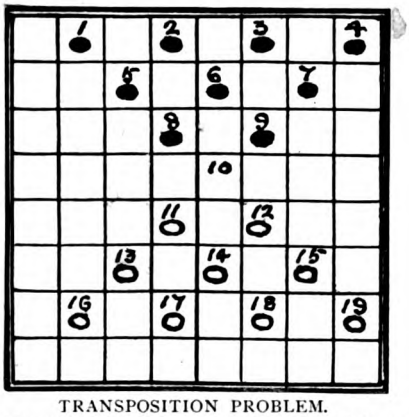
THIS man earns his living at Nice, where he is a well-known figure. In spite of his artificial arm, he secures a far better "tone" than many fiddlers do with two arms.—Mr. George Cecil, 49, Essendine Road, Maida Vale, W.

A WELL-KNOWN YORKSHIRE LANDMARK.

THE famous White Horse of Kilburn, near Thirsk, was formed by a native of Kilburn fifty years ago, the turf being cut out and then covered with white limestone —the whole occupying some two acres of ground. The figure makes a conspicuous landmark for over twenty miles round, and tourists come from all parts to inspect, at close quarters, what appears so attractive when seen from a distance. Some idea of its size is given in the second picture, which shows a visitor sitting on the "eye" of the horse, on which there is room for several more people. The size of the eye will probably come as a surprise to those who have only seen the horse from afar. — Mr. J. B. Sparling, 21, Harcourt Street, York.

AN INGENIOUS SIGN.

OVER a small store in one of the suburbs of Scranton, Pa., is to be seen a novel signboard. The proprietor either did not want to pay for painting two words, or he thought that the novelty and ingenuity of his sign would attract attention and serve as a capital advertisement; at any rate, by having every alternate letter made large, he has succeeded in getting his name — Cohn —and his business—Clothing —in one word.—Mr. Gustave Weinss, 431, S. Main Avenue, Scranton, Pa., U.S.A.



TRANSPOSITION PROBLEM.

THE problem is to transpose two sets of draughtmen by playing only upon the squares which are numbered. The moves are not confined to strict alternation—indeed, it would be impossible with that condition; but any number of moves with one colour may be played in succession. The moves are similar to those of the men in the game of draughts, but with the difference that the men hopped over are not removed from the board. The first few moves will illustrate what is meant: 9 to 10, 11 to 9, 13 to 11, 10 to 13, 12 to 10, 8 to 12, 5 to 8, 10 to 5, 15 to 10, 12 to 15, etc. The solution will be given next month.—Mr. J. Wallis, 51, Holsworthy Square, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.

A HUMAN PINCUSHION.

ON Romney Marshes, in Sussex, is to be found a man who is able to stick pins in any part of his body without causing himself pain. The photo-

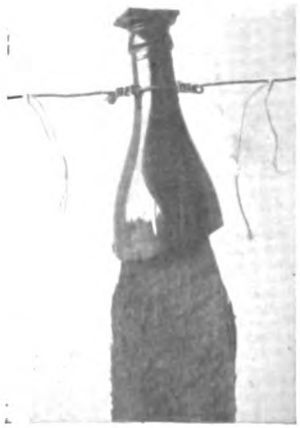
graph shows Mr. W. Cooke, the human pincushion in question, with a lady's hat-pin through his right arm, one through his cheek, and a tie-pin stuck in his left arm. Are there any other instances of such insensibility to pain?—Mr. H. W. Ford-Lindsay, Clive Vale, Hastings.

NOT SO FIERCE AS HE LOOKS.

THOUGH this appears to be a photograph of a man smoking and drinking, it is only a tobacco-jar carved from the outer shell of a coco-nut. The hands are a pair of kid gloves, and the body was made from a pair of trousers and a sweater stuffed with pillows and rags. I also send you another photograph showing the head on a larger scale. — Mr. J. Riddick, 1,557, Fillmore Street, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

NEW USE FOR BROKEN BOTTLES.

THE farmers in a hop-growing section of Oregon built a farmers' telephone line out of such material as they happened to have at hand. The line was built of hop wire which had been used as trellis for the vines; and this was tied to the necks of bottles, which took the place of the ordinary glass or porcelain insulator. A large spike, with a leather head, fastened the neck of the bottle to the pole or cross-arm. —Mr. P. O'Gara, Assistant Pathologist, U.S. Dept. of Agriculture, Washington, D.C.



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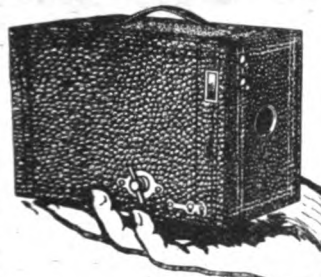

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13/6 To 21/-

Guard against the rain by wearing a waterproof. The very best waterproof to-day is our **"Nonwetto,"** for it is made from the very best rubber material, never sticks, smells, or crumples, is well and fashionably cut, and will last for years. Yet we sell them cheaper than retailers—because we are makers. Our prices range from **13/6** to **21/-**. You get the best quality at the lowest price. Send at once for Catalogue and state whether Ladies' or Gentlemen's patterns are wanted.—Dept. A, **PARKER'S, The Manufacturers, LANCASTER.**

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The Value of Pine Air Treatment

in diseases of the throat and bronchial tubes is well known. It is both healing and stimulating, and goes right to the root of the trouble if properly applied. But to get the pine-laden breezes we must leave home and friends, and above all important business, to seek them. We cannot all do that; but we can have a substitute equally efficient.

In **PROCTOR'S PINELYPTUS PASTILLES** we get pine air treatment in a pure and highly concentrated form. The utmost care is exercised in the preparation of this great throat remedy. In cases of hoarseness or catarrh of the throat a box of Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles is far more effective than pounds' worth of inferior substitutes.

PROCTOR'S PINELYPTUS PASTILLES

A Boon for Asthma, Cough, Catarrh.

Invaluable to Singers, Speakers, Teachers.

Sold in **1/-** *and* **2/6** *boxes by Chemists and Stores.*

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Just as Noble's methods inspire confidence, so Noble's Values compel admiration. When you *know* your money will be refunded if your purchase fails to charm you—why hesitate?

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Here is a charming **Brown Hare Stole**, most fashionable in shape. The smart well-arranged back has two beautiful large tails and four smaller ones. The ends also have tails to match. This handsome fur lends distinction to the wearer, and provides just that degree of protection desired. It is lined satin, with strong chain fastener. Length, including tails, 58 ins. In attractive Brown only. Price **6 9**. Postage 4d. extra

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All orders for mourning executed within 24 hours' notice by John Noble's specially engaged staff.

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This Costume combines real elegance with unrivalled value. The admirable **Cut-away Coat** has the popular **Directoire Back**, smartly trimmed with silk-covered buttons. The revers, fronts and sleeves are embellished in the best taste with braid and neat pellets. The stylishly shaped **Skirt** with seven gores, is beautifully made, with double-stitched seams and pleats at the back. As a triumph of smart tailoring combined with lowness of cost, this costume is not to be equalled elsewhere. Order yours to-day without fail. Supplied in smart-looking, durable **Serge**, in Navy, Brown, Green or Black. Stock sizes to fit 22, 24, 26, and 28 inches waist; 34, 36, and 38 inches bust; Skirt measurement in front, 38, 40, and 42 inches. Price **21/-** Carriage paid.

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A sure and speedy remedy for this distressing affliction. Mackill's is no NEW cure, but has been in operation for over 30 years, and its fame rests on the solid foundation of efficacy.

LIBERAL FREE TRIAL ON RECEIPT OF POSTCARD.

Tins, **1/9**, **2/9** & **4/6**, post free.

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Send your disused Diamonds, also Old Gold and Silver Jewellery, False Teeth, Silver and Sheffield Plate, Platinum, etc., etc., to Allen & Daws, Goldsmiths, 5, London Street, Norwich. Cash sent per return, or offer made. If offer not accepted, goods immediately returned.

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has permanently cured thousands of people throughout the world suffering from Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, and all kindred ailments. They are constructed of a combination of metals, forming a complete galvanic battery for the finger, and cased with gold.

We are giving a large quantity away to make the "VERITAS" RING more widely known. Send stamp for size-card, book of genuine testimonials, and particulars of our offer.

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For Breakfast & after Dinner.

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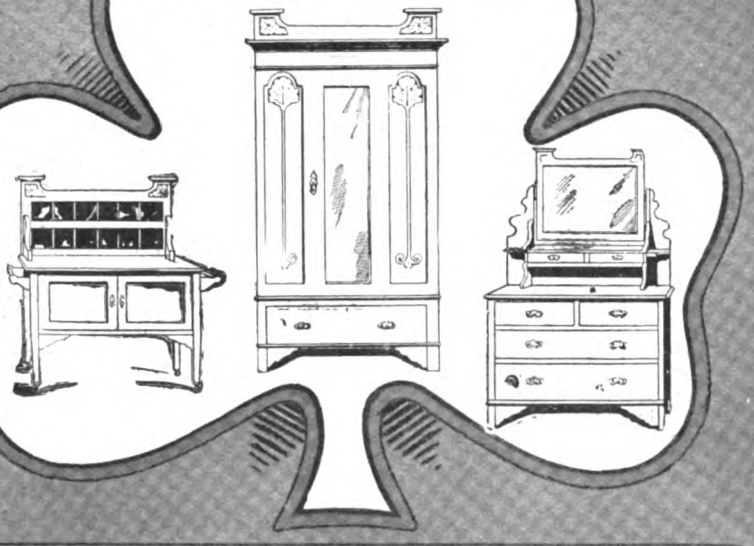

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SELF CULTURE I Explain to You in my New Book How to Cure Your Ill-Health Without Drugs.

I HAVE written a Book (illustrated) which will make as clear as daylight to you several things you *must* know before you can even hope to enjoy better health.

This book is illustrated and describes exactly—

How the Stomach *looks* when it is weak and you suffer from Indigestion, etc.

How the Chest *looks* when it is weak, and you suffer from "Chest Weakness," Coughs and Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, etc.

How the Abdominal Organs *look* when Constipation, Liver Kidney and Bladder Troubles are present.

How the Man (or woman) *looks* who is Weak and Lacking in Energy and Vigour, or Physical, Nervous, Mental, or Moral Power.

I earnestly urge you to stop taking vitality-destroying drug medicines. Ask the first chronic or incurable invalid you meet if drugs have done him (or her) good—if they have not actually done harm—if, but for their poisonous influence upon the human system, he would not be a better man (or woman) to-day, instead of a nearly helpless and almost hopeless health-wreck.

I declare, with all the earnestness possible, that my System of Self-culture and Anatomical Adjustment will do more to restore the conditions of health within your body in one week than can drugs in long years of their weakening and enslaving influence.

There is no health power in any drug.

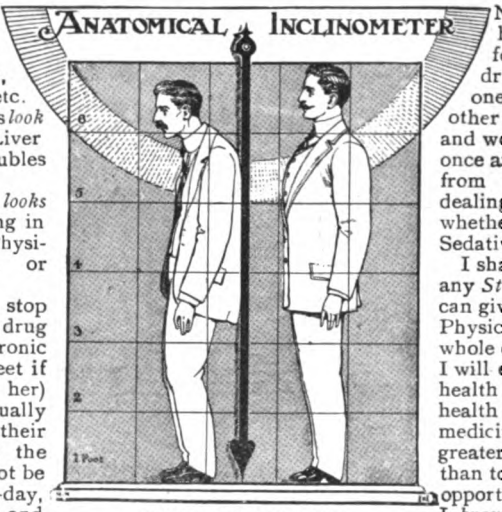
Take calomel, for instance. That drug does not itself act on your liver. It cannot.

Your liver has to act on the calomel.

If your liver has not lost sufficient of its working power, it will with more or less difficulty oust that which it "feels" is not natural to its state.

Go on using calomel. What happens? The poor liver uses up its reserve power and at last gives up the fight. It is beaten. It becomes so weak it cannot any longer fight against the foreign (because not a human food product) invader any longer. It becomes diseased with the disuse of weakness.

It is just the same with the Stomach, the Bowels, and the Nerves. Treat them properly and they will respond as satisfactorily as you could wish. Under the direction of my Systematic Course of Self-Culture and Anatomical Adjustment they are "trained" to do their work efficiently, just as one trains a horse, a dog, a child, or a man for any particular work. No amount or kind of drugging can take the place of proper training, either in animal or human education. Read more about this in my Book, "Self-Culture and Body-Balance," a copy of which I shall be delighted to send you if you will write asking for it.

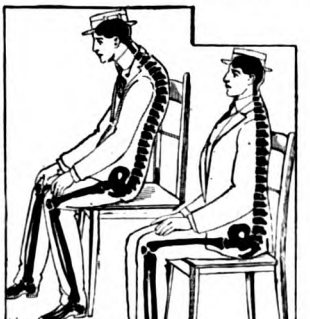


WHICH ARE YOU LIKE?
Send for the new Book, "Body-Balance and Self Culture," and you will understand how ill-health is caused and how it may be cured without drugs.

If, after reading all about my Natural Health Training System in my Book, you decide to give Nature, and not man-made medicines, a chance, then you shall quickly feel and see in your own person how truly admirable are Nature's ways of working for health restoration. If only you knew what I know about the power of Nature when not miserably handicapped and interfered with by poisonous drugs you would not hesitate one moment. You would, as other intelligent reasoning men and women have done, decide, once and for all, to free yourself from the destroying, death-dealing domination of drugs—whether Purgatives, Stimulants, Sedatives or Narcotics.

I shall be pleased to welcome any *Strand Magazine* reader who can give me a call at the London Physical Institute, where the whole of my work is carried on. I will explain and prove how ill-health may be changed to good health without a single stomach medicine. Nothing gives me greater pleasure and satisfaction than to be presented with the opportunity of speaking of what I *know*, and what many of my pupils and patients now *also know*, about true health-regeneration and health-improvement.

I welcome visits, whether of mere inspection of the London Physical Institute (which I feel confident will agreeably interest as well as surprise most people), or for the purpose of a chat or consultation with myself. I am, yours truly, A. WALLACE-JONES.*



Specimen of the instructive illustrations in Mr. Wallace-Jones' new Health Book.

*Mr. A. Wallace-Jones is the Principal of the London Physical Institute (the largest of its kind in Great Britain). He is the Author of the standard health work, entitled "Exercises for Health and Strength," and Originator of the System of "Self-Culture and Anatomical Adjustment," recently most appreciatively reviewed in the leading London newspapers, including the *Daily Mail*, *Daily Telegraph*, etc Mr Wallace-Jones is also a frequent contributor to the Press and principal Reviews and Health Magazines.

The London Physical Institute at 185, Tottenham Court Road, London, W., is always open for public inspection from 9 to 9 daily, and is well worthy of a visit, it being the largest and best equipped institution of its kind in Great Britain.

A chat or consultation with the Principal is always possible, and, indeed, cordially welcomed by the latter. No man in England is so well qualified to speak upon the subject of "Health-Making Without Drugs."

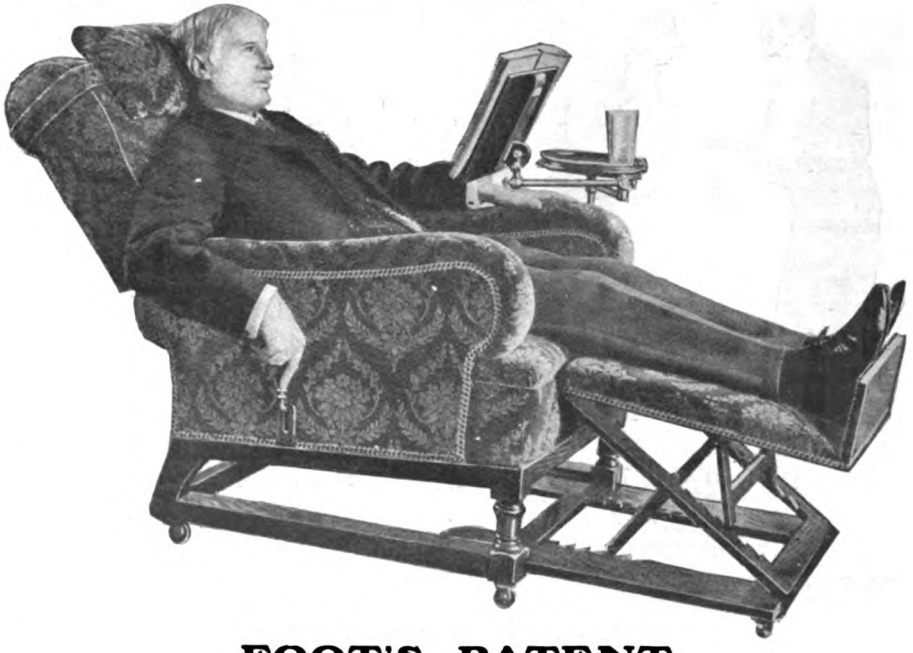
His ability, as well as the respect in which he is held by those most competent to judge, may be gathered from the fact that he is the appointed Honorary Physical Director to the National Hygienic League (of which Lord Charles Beresford is the President, and a long list of distinguished persons Vice-Presidents). Recently, in a work published by the League, Mr. Wallace-Jones' life-work was reviewed in strongly-recommendatory terms.

A FREE COPY of the illustrated Book, "Self-Culture, Anatomical Adjustment, and Body-Balance" (referred to above) will be sent post free to any part of the world on receipt of name and address. If the sender adds particulars of physical or health conditions, Mr. Wallace-Jones will be pleased to send additional helpful information.

All communications should be addressed to—

Mr. A. WALLACE-JONES, *PRINCIPAL, THE LONDON PHYSICAL INSTITUTE.* **Dept. 8., TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.**

REAL REST



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Why do you ALWAYS smoke "LUCANA"
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Yes they are HARMLESS on account of their ABSOLUTE PURITY.

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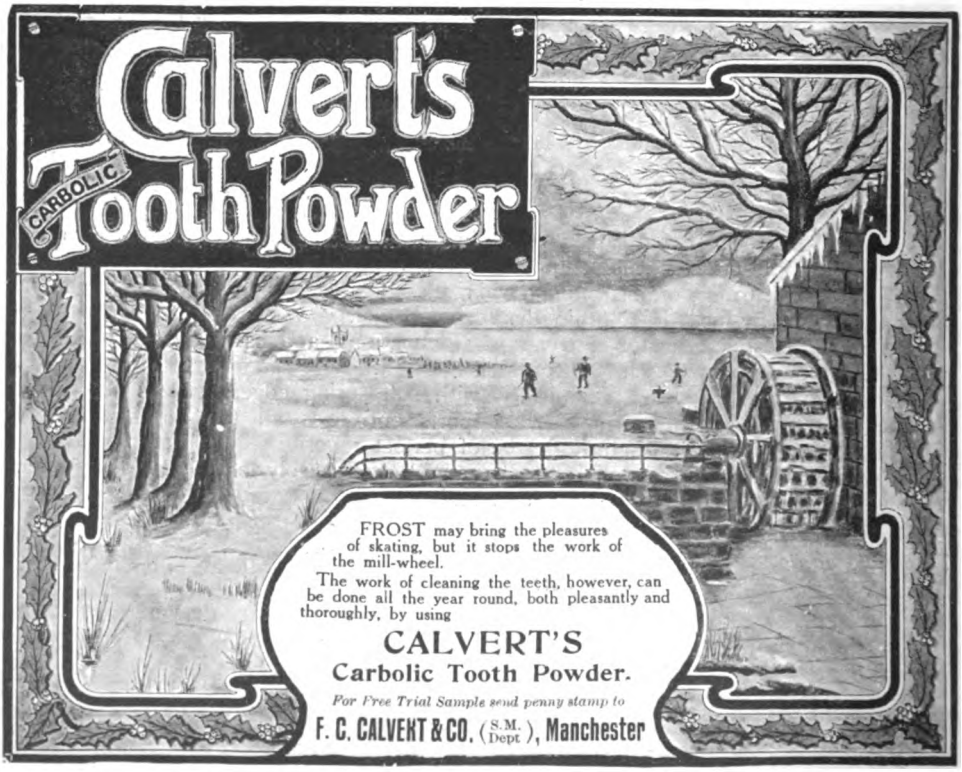

FROST may bring the pleasures of skating, but it stops the work of the mill-wheel.
The work of cleaning the teeth, however, can be done all the year round, both pleasantly and thoroughly, by using
CALVERT'S
Carbolic Tooth Powder.
For Free Trial Sample send penny stamp to
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HOW TO GROW HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL HAIR.

A MORNING "EXERCISE GALLOP" THAT STIMULATES HAIR GROWTH.

The "HARLENE" way to HAIR HEALTH—GREAT FREE TRIAL.

If your hair is poor or brittle, or lacking in quality or colour or texture, you have missed the way to hair-health. Are you going to wander aimlessly in a happy-go-lucky effort to regain it? If so, you are exactly in the position of the child lost in a great city. You *may* stumble on the right path. The chances, however, are that you *won't.*

But why grope about in this purblind way when the exercise of ordinary intelligence will put you right again?

In the first place you can now have the very best specialist advice obtainable free of all cost. The trifling outlay of threepence to defray cost of postage will also bring you a free trial bottle of Edwards' "Harlene for the Hair," together with book of instructions how to follow out the famous "Harlene Hair Drill," a dual combination that has already put thousands of errant men and women on the safe and speedy road to hair-health.

SCALP MASSAGE.

Diseased, discoloured, weak, brittle, or falling hair can be cultivated just like flowers in a garden. Some hair-soil is, of course, more responsive than others, and a good crop of luxuriant hair can be raised on it very quickly, but even where all the conditions are unfavourable the regular employment of the "Harlene Hair Drill" for a few minutes daily must ultimately result in a greatly-improved growth of true, healthy hair. In some cases the use of Edwards' "Harlene for the Hair" has brought about the desired improvement in the condition and quantity of the hair in a few weeks; but in more obstinate cases, where the trouble is of long standing or very deep-seated, a longer period may be necessary.

To properly massage the scalp, spread the fingers well over the head, and press them well down into the scalp. Then move the scalp or skin covering to and fro very gently. When this has been done, and the follicles—where the hair-roots are centred—have been duly energised, it is necessary to clear away the waste matter in the cells by the use of some local stimulating preparation, and in this respect Edwards' "Harlene" is unrivalled. It not only cleans the surface of the head, but actually feeds, nourishes, and gives tone to the hair-roots in a direct manner.

A familiar morning manœuvre now being practised in thousands of homes in all parts of the world. It is really surprising to note the beneficial results brought about by the regular performance of "Harlene Hair Drill." A special inducement is offered in this article to those suffering from Hair Troubles, a free outfit, sufficient for one week's trial of "Harlene Hair Drill," being sent to any address in the world.

WARNING.

Nothing could be more deleterious to the health than the absurd practice of endeavouring to reach the hair by the use of internal medicines or drugs.

A FAITH WELL FOUNDED.

As already stated, the faith of the proprietors in Edwards' "Harlene for the Hair" is so great that they now offer a large free trial bottle of the preparation to any man or woman who is suffering from hair trouble or hair disease in any shape or form. Thus the readers of *The Strand Magazine* can personally test for themselves whether Edwards' "Harlene" will in their case bring about the same satisfactory results that it already has done in thousands of others.

Callers at the head office of Edwards' Harlene Company will receive a trial outfit free of all charge, but applicants who desire the outfit to be sent by post must enclose threepence in stamps to cover cost of postage. All they have to do is to fill in the attached form and post it, with three penny stamps, to Messrs. Edwards' Harlene Company, Royal Hair Specialists, 95-6, High Holborn, London, W.C. Further supplies of "Harlene" may be obtained in bottles from chemists and stores all over the world at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d., or will be sent post free on receipt of postal order.

FREE TRIAL COUPON
FOR "HARLENE HAIR DRILL."

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95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Please send Free Trial Outfit of "Harlene Hair Drill" to my address. Threepence in stamps (for postage to any part of the world) enclosed. If called for no charge is made.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE December, 1908.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

A Christmas Call.

Call at your local stationers if you are in doubt about your Xmas giving. Select from his stock of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens just the shape and make and mounting you think your friends will like. You need not worry about the working qualities of Waterman's Ideal—millions of people have tested them and proved their merits, up to the hilt.

Prices—**10/6, 15/-, 17/6, 21/-,** and upwards. In Silver and Gold for Presentation. Of Stationers, Jewellers, etc. Booklet, post free, from L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 12, Golden Lane, London, E.C.; New York, 173, Broadway; Paris, 6, Rue de Hanovre; Vienna, Kärnthnerstrasse 9; Milan, Via Bossi 4; Dresden, Pragerstrasse 6; Brussels, 14, Rue du Pont Neuf.

WATERMAN'S IDEAL PUMP-FILLING PEN.
A great improvement on every other type of Self-filling Pen. No Perishable Parts—Simple in Action—Sold at **12.6** and upwards.

WATERMAN'S IDEAL SAFETY PEN.
For Ladies, Sportsmen, Travellers, etc. Will not leak, however carried. Sold at **12/6** and upwards.

Money Returned if not Perfectly Satisfied.

Write Immediately. Don't Miss this Chance.

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Much under Actual Cost of Manufacture.

We want you to try our Famous Towels, and to do this we realise we must make a substantial sacrifice. **We believe our Towels are the finest in quality and value** in the wide world, and it is entirely to our interests that you should find this out. We therefore make what is unquestionably **the most amazing Towel offer ever made.** We will send for 5/6, Carriage Paid, 12 Samples of Superb Quality Towels.

Just think of it! 12 Beautiful Fine Quality Towels for Bathroom, Bedroom, Kitchen, and Lavatory **for only 5/6 Carriage Paid.** Can you imagine it? It is quite true, and we are prepared to make this substantial sacrifice in order to get you to try our Towels.

Contents of this Marvellous Parcel of Towel Samples, as follows:

2 Handsome Striped Turkish Bath Towels, very absorbent quality
2 Fine Quality, Pure Irish, Handsome Huckaback Towels
2 Splendid Fine Pure White Honeycomb Bedroom Towels
1 Handsome Huckaback Ready-made Roller Towel, full size
2 Pure Soft Fine Quality Turkish Towels, large size
1 Fine Quality Pure Irish Typed Tea Towel
2 Extremely Soft White Pure Grecian Bedroom Towels.

This Magnificent Collection of Towels for . . . 5/6 the Lot, Carriage Paid.

Our Complete Catalogue sent Post Free by return.

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12 SPLENDID TOWELS 5/6 THE LOT CARRIAGE PAID.

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A complete wreck in the first picture, the second shows the poor "patient" wrapped in paper on its way per parcel post to be "Stanworthed."

It is difficult to recognise the battered wreck of the first picture in **the smart, neatly-rolled, dainty-looking Umbrella** at foot—repaired and recovered with our famous **'Defiance' Silk Union No. 17B,** and delivered Post Free, carefully packed in strong cardboard box, as shown, at an inclusive charge of

5/-

Send us your Old Umbrella

to-day, together with P.O. for 5/-, and it will reach you per return of post, looking as fresh as on the day you first purchased it Try us with the one you have given up as hopeless.

A post-card will bring you our Illustrated Catalogue of "Defiance" Umbrellas and patterns of materials for re-covering umbrellas from 2/6 upwards.

J. STANWORTH & Co.,
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IS SIMPLY DELICIOUS.

The more you eat,
The more you want.

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SUITS THE TASTE OF EVERYONE.
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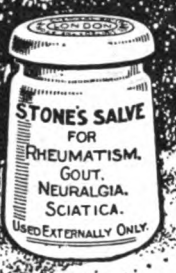

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If you are a long-standing sufferer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, or Gout, do not give up hope before you have tried the marvellous external remedy—"Stone's Salve." A little applied on or near the part affected not only gives relief—it penetrates into the system, dissolves the uric acid, and effects a complete cure by expelling it.

Pamphlet, with many testimonials, free. Price **2/9** per large jar, of Chemists, Stores, &c. If any difficulty in obtaining, sent post free on receipt of **2/9** with the name of your nearest chemist or store. Address: **JOHN T. BURDEN, 12, Little Britain, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.** (Mention *Strand Mag.*) Manufactured by the STONE CHEMICAL CO., LTD., LONDON.

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ALL SKIN DISEASES

whether arising from Constitutional Causes, Blood Taint, or Nervous Disorders,

ABSOLUTELY CURED BY CARAGUATA,

the newly-introduced Native Remedy. A vegetable compound that can be taken by the most delicate person of either sex or of any age. Certain and safe in its alterative and curative action. One of the most marvellous properties of this latest Therapeutical Discovery **is its action in clearing and beautifying the Skin.** It is Specific in all skin ailments, and a beautiful complexion is ensured by a short course of **CARAGUATA.**

The Consultant gives confidential advice Free. Call for a personal interview or write. Every case receives strictly personal and confidential attention. A descriptive pamphlet with testimonials may be obtained, post free, from the Secretary, **CARAGUATA, Ltd., 1, Keith House, 133, Regent Street, W.**

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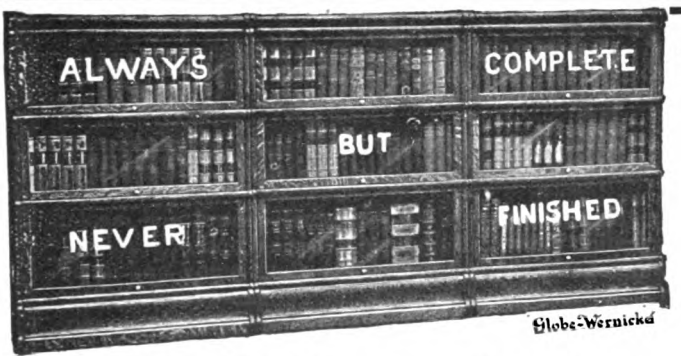

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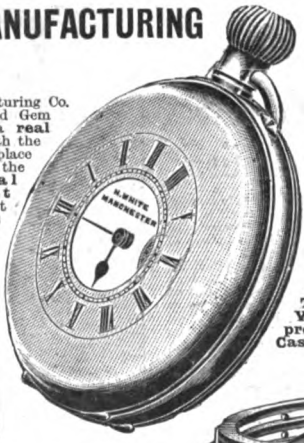

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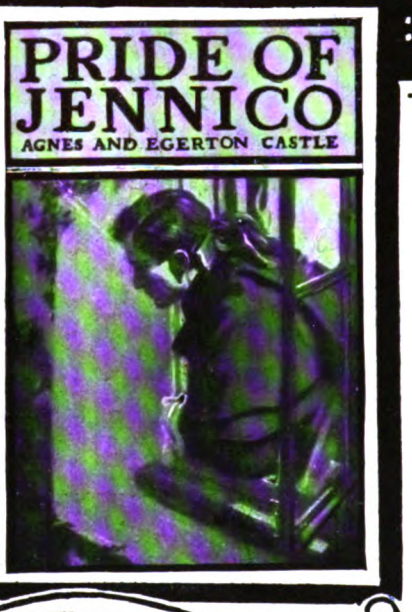

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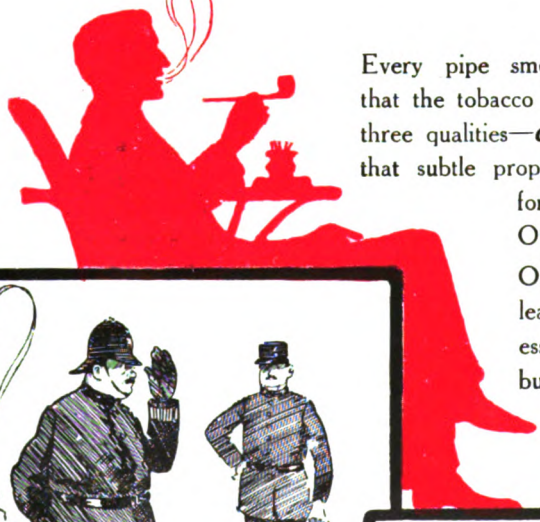

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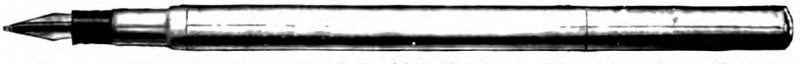

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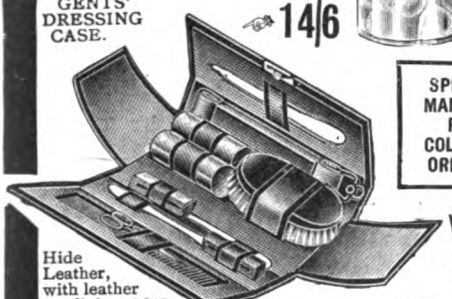

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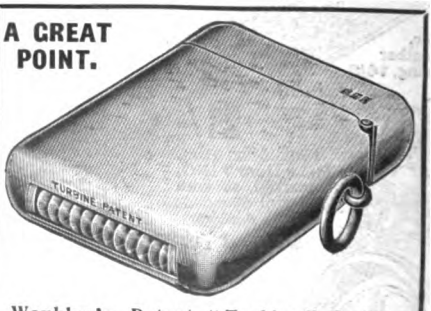

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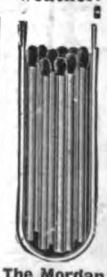

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A. Plain Shoes (without Strapping)	1/6	1/8	1/10
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White Buck Uppers (Leather Soles), Shoes, **7/6**; Boots, **10/6** (Wide Toes, **14/6**). If three pairs at one time, reduction of 2d. per pair. Full List 1d. *Post free United Kingdom, abroad extra.* Established over 20 years.

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CURES THE VERY WORST COLD LIKE MAGIC

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For **GOLD, SILVER, and PLATED WARE.** Free from all injurious acids, grit, etc., so Cannot Tarnish or Scratch. No Rubbing Required. Does Not Soil the Hands. Produces a Brilliant Polish which is retained.—**Greene's Mineral Paste Co.** (Dept. B), **258, Euston Rd., London, N.W.**

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Just the thing for Evening Gatherings & Progressive Game Parties

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The threefold secret of this universal popularity is

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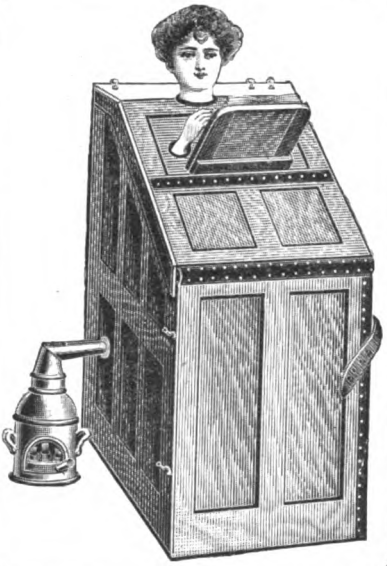

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It possesses every desirable feature of efficiency, and has several exclusive advantages, including Improved Outside Heat and Vapour Generator, Adjustable Seat, and Heat Regulator. The Bather is not fastened to the Cabinet; Exit is Easy and Immediate; No Assistant required. It can be used in any room, and folds into a small compact space.

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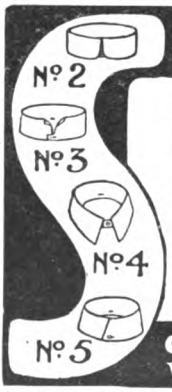

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"PERFECT" SANITARY TOWEL.
With Girdle to Fit any Waist
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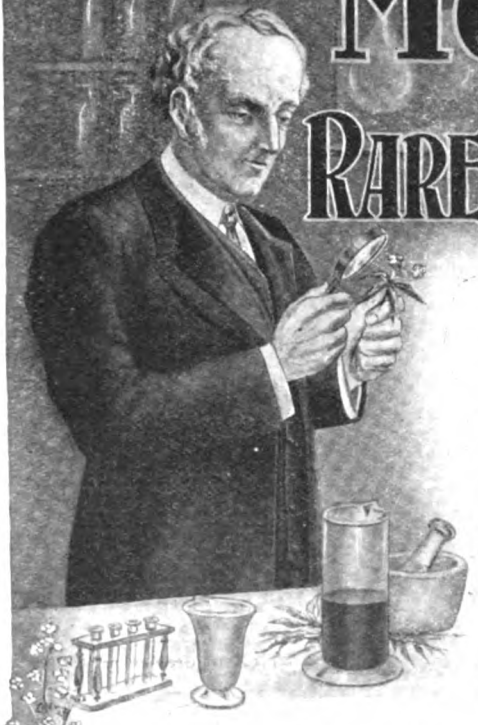

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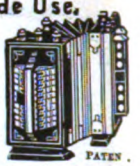

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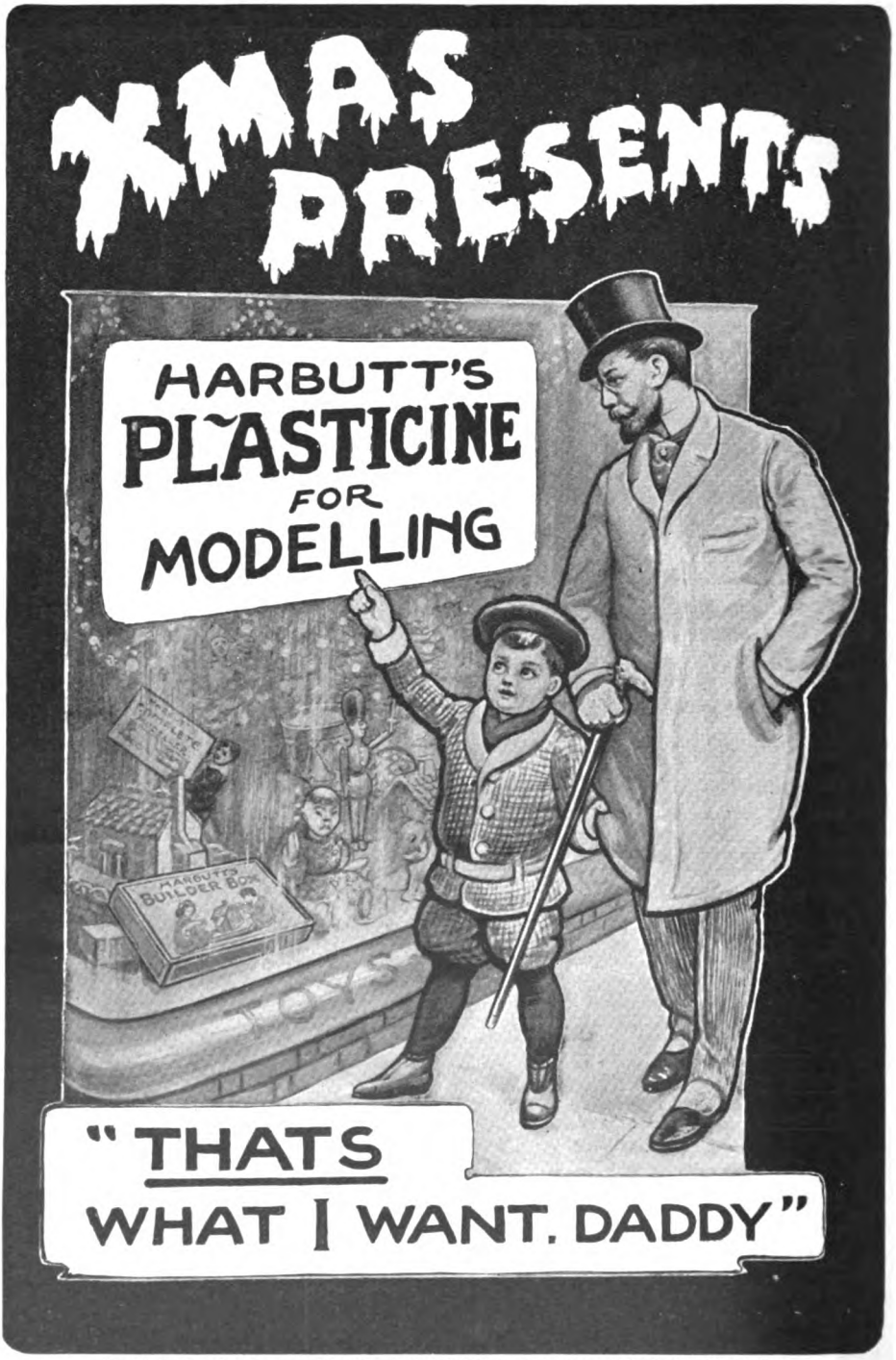

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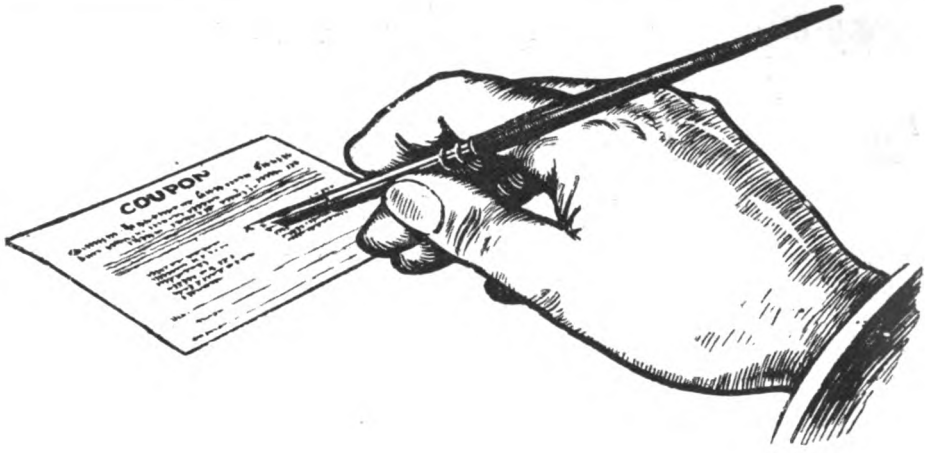

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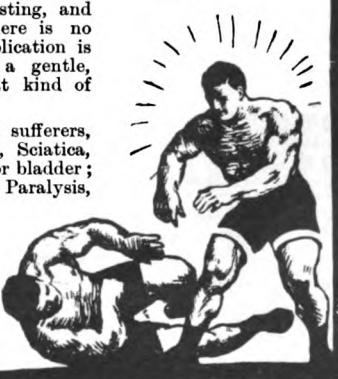

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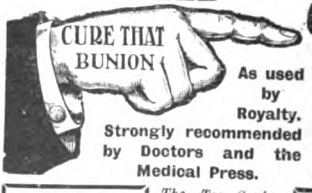

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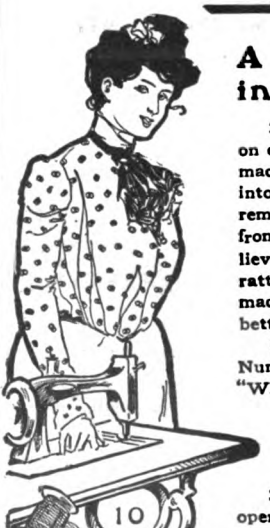

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STRAND MAGAZINE, Dec. '08.

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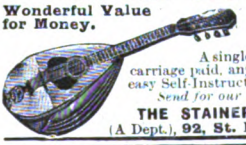

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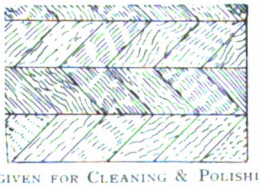

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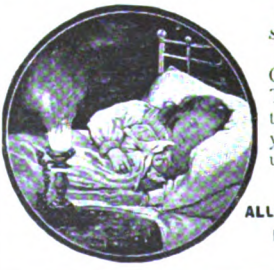

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2 x 2	2 x 2½	2 x 3	2½ x 2½	2½ x 3	2½ x 3½	2½ x 4	3 x 3	3 x 3½	3 x 4
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4 x 7 yards. (Carriage Paid.) Also made in all widths for Stairs, Landings, and Passages. **47/6** each. **The ABINGDON CARPET MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd., 106,** Thames Wharf, **Abingdon-on-Thames.**

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Hardy Border and Alpine Plants generally, Hardy Climbers, Deciduous Trees, Fruit Trees, Bulbs, & especially Pæonies, Roses, & Hedges of Hardy Evergreens.

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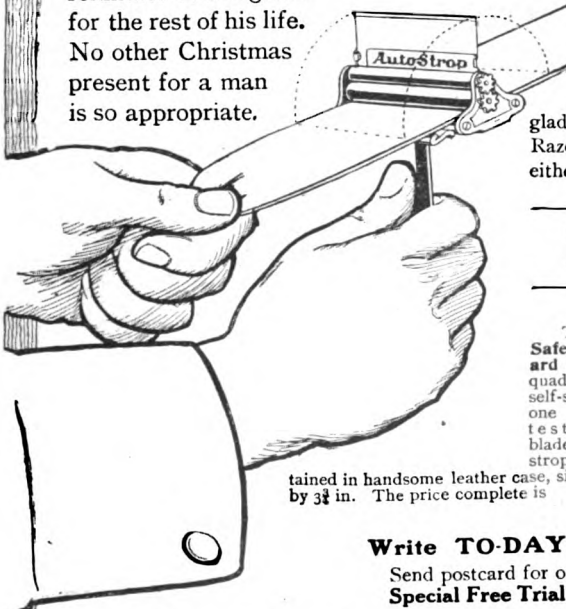

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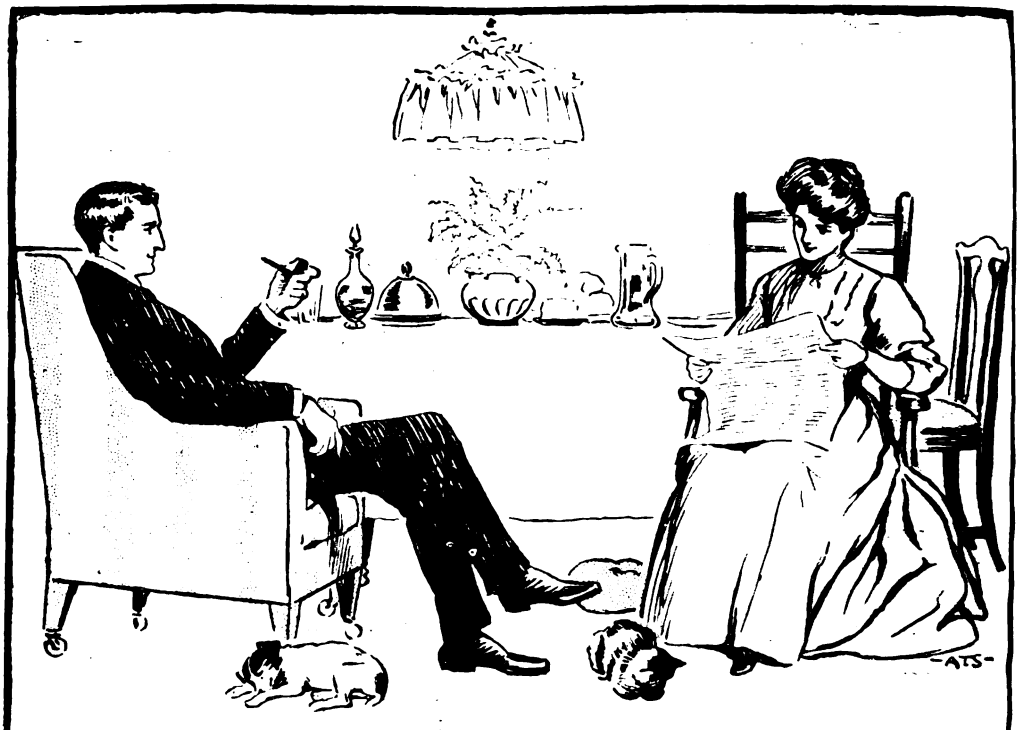

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the
DINNER
THINGS
with

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H5 IN PACKETS EVERYWHERE.

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remember an Onoto Self-filling Safety Fountain Pen is a gift every man, woman and child you know will appreciate and use.

The Onoto is the British made fountain pen

—that fills itself in a flash from any ink supply

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Important.—For those who require a larger pen with a very flexible nib, a special model, the new G, has this year been put on the market.

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Try the new G at your stationers.

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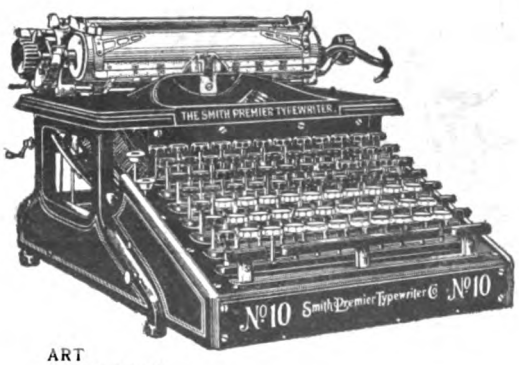

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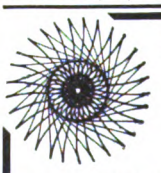

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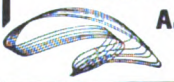

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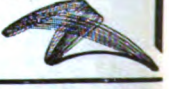

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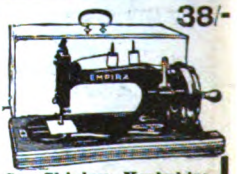

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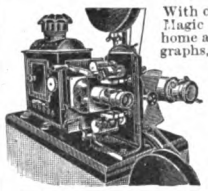

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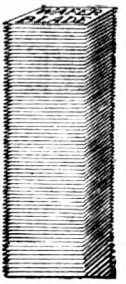

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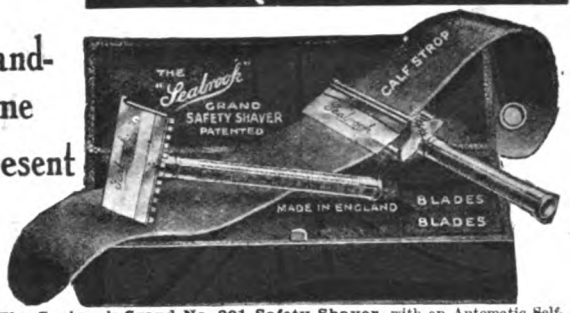

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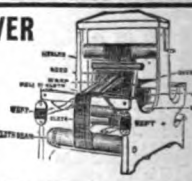

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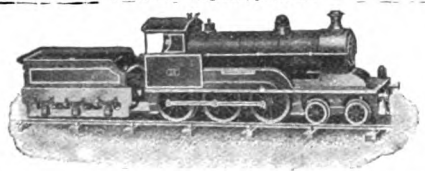

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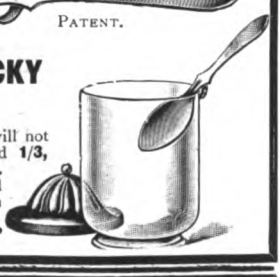

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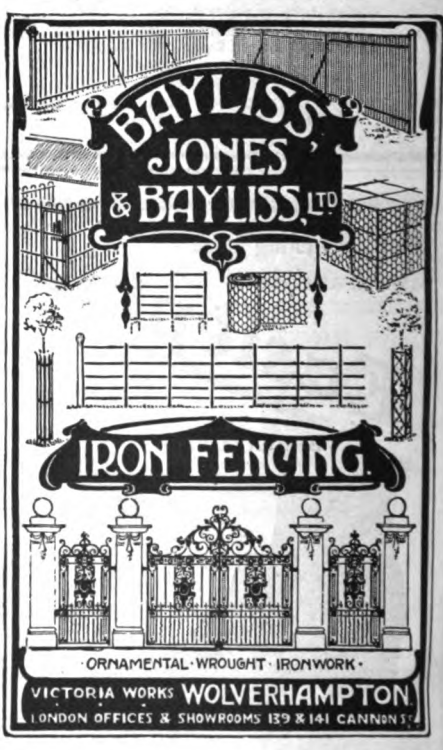

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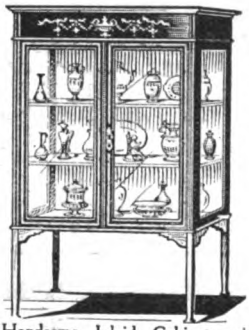

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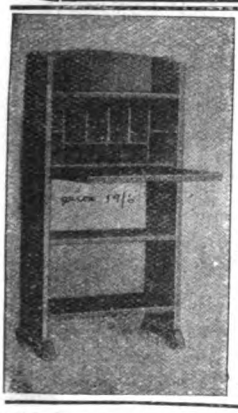

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Read the Editor's Article on "Rich Relations."

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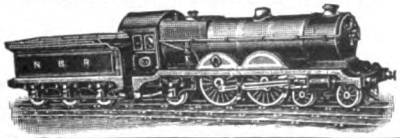

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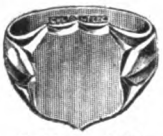

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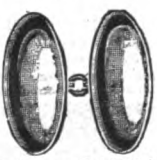

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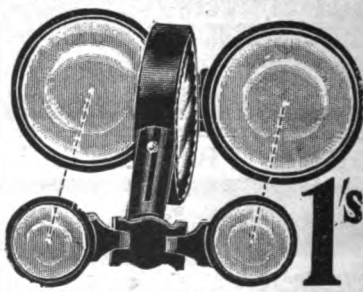

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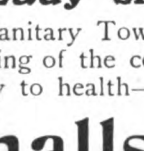

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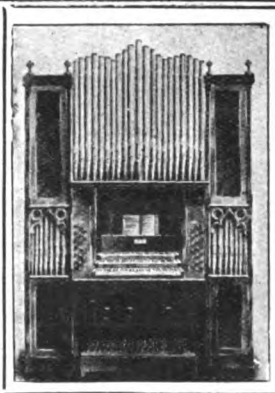

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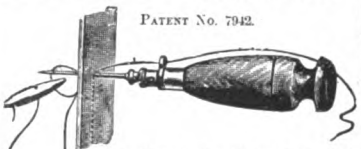

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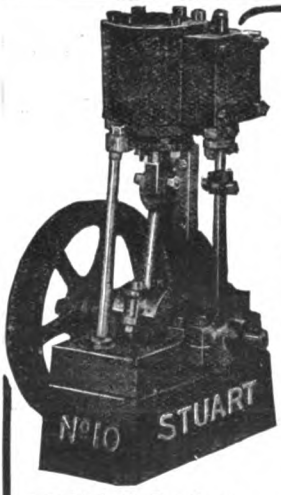

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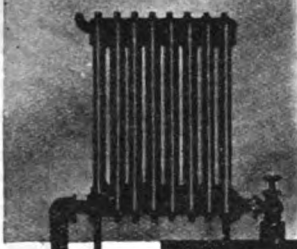
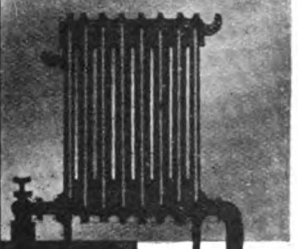
BEDROOM No. 1.



WARMING THE BED ROOMS WITH THE WASTE HEAT FROM THE SITTING ROOM FIRE

BEDROOM No. 2.



PRIOR'S PATENT.

Read how

THE "VENETIAN" FIRE GRATE

saves money.

(From £2 5 6 to £25 0 0)

This letter from a user admirably explains this wonderful grate :—

Moorgate, Gough Road, Edgbaston,
Birmingham, December 20th, 1906.

Dear Sir.—The **heating power** of the two "Venetian" Fire Grates supplied to me is **remarkable;** the distant parts of the room are thoroughly warmed, and the **quantity** of **coal** used is **very small.**

The draught regulating doors and Venetian bars are most useful; by means of these the **fire** can be **regulated exactly,** raising or lowering the temperature of the room as required. On a cold day I can have a bright fire, and on a mild day a slow fire.

The fire is closed in at night, and smoulders slowly until the morning, the servants then open the hinged bar frame, stir the ashes, add some fuel, and the fire goes on for another day.

I can thoroughly recommend your "Venetian" Grates as being **economical in fuel, powerful in heating,** and **easily managed.**

Yours faithfully, J. R. HOUGHTON.

The writer has since ordered four more grates.

RETURN PIPE. FLOW PIPE.

PRIOR'S PATENT.

Read how

THE HEAT DISTRIBUTOR

uses the Waste Heat.

(£3 5 0 to £4 0 0)

A PRACTICAL UTILIZATION OF WASTE HEAT.

It is a fact that **more than NINETY PER CENT.** of the heat from the ordinary sitting room fire grate escapes up the chimney. Prior's Patent Heat Distributor is a tubular water heater placed at the back of the fire. It intercepts and captures a large proportion of this waste heat, and conveys it, by means of small pipes, to hot water radiators fixed in the bedrooms, hall, etc., that require heating.

Easy to Fix. Cannot get out of order.
Requires no Attention.
Pays for itself first Winter.

BOUNTIFUL SUPPLY OF HOT WATER FOR BATHS, LAVATORIES, SCULLERIES, &c., FROM THE SITTING ROOM FIRE.

PRIZE MEDALS FROM THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION AND THE ROYAL SANITARY INSTITUTE

IN ACTUAL USE
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By RAILWAY COMPANIES.
In HOSPITALS.
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In BANKS.
In SCHOOLS.
And all classes of PRIVATE RESIDENCES, both large and small, and in FLATS OF APARTMENTS.

SEND TO-DAY FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE fully describing this and other applications of this **MONEY-SAVING** and **COMFORT-BRINGING SYSTEM.**

JAS. D. PRIOR. EMPIRE WORKS, HOLLIDAY ST. BIRMINGHAM

AN ACCEPTABLE PRESENT

to any Boy is a **"KING" Air Rifle.**

Built on an "up-to-date" model—with Black Walnut Stock and Polished Steel Barrel.

It teaches him to **"SHOOT STRAIGHT."**

PRICES:

Single Shot .. .. .. 3/6 each
500 Shot .. .. 7/- "
500 Shot Lever Action 7/6 "

The **"Queen Take Down."**

Price 6/- each.

Takes apart in 3 pieces and packs away in neat box. Makes a handsome present.

Sole Importers: **MARKT & CO. (London), Ltd., 6, City Road, Finsbury, London, E.C.**

HOARSENESS

The Throat and Voice should be a first care of everyone, and it is a serious matter to permit Hoarseness or Huskiness to remain unchecked.

EVANS' PASTILLES, made to a formula of the Liverpool Throat Hospital, insure against Hoarseness, Weakness, or Loss of Voice, and greatly relieve Colds, Coughs, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.

Madame TETRAZZINI

states that she finds Evans' Pastilles excellent and efficacious.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/- and 4/6 per box.

SAMPLE will be sent on receipt of 1d. stamp for postage, on mentioning "The Strand Magazine," by the Manufacturers and Vendors, EVANS, SONS, LESCHER & WEBB, Ltd., Liverpool and London.

Beware of substitutes and be sure you get

EVANS' ANTISEPTIC THROAT PASTILLES

"SCOTLAND'S BEST."

Soft, Warm, and Cheaper than the Best Flannel.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS TO

JAMES WINTER, CORTACHY, KIRRIEMUIR, N.B.

Before.

REMOVE THOSE HAIRS

Why let those disfiguring hairs remain on your face? They make you unsightly and sensitive. **"HAIREMOVINE" (Regd.), the great hair destroyer, will cure all such vexatious blemishes.** Hundreds of ladies have proved this. Why not you? Send for the outfit to-day, **2/9** post free (plain wrapper). Foreign postage, 6d. ex. **The process is simplicity itself,** highly endorsed by Dr. Griffiths. Testimonials and full particulars free.—MADAME S. BOND, Toilet Specialist, Bull Street, Birmingham.

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For COSTUMES, LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S UNDERWEAR.

Patterns Post Free from

BEN. EVANS & CO., Ltd., SWANSEA, S. WALES.

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The Hair, Whiskers, or Eyebrows is simply and safely done with **'NECROCEINE.'** Restoring the colour (any shade) to the roots, it has a lasting effect, and makes detection impossible. Does not stain the skin. Undoubtedly the cleanest and best Hair Stainer in the World. No. 1, Light Brown; No. 2, Golden; No. 3, Dark Brown; No. 4, Black. Sent secretly packed by Post for **1/3, 2/3, 3/3, 5/-, 10/-.** Address: **LEIGH & CRAWFORD (Dept. 28), 32, Brooke St., Holborn, London, E.C.**

CANCER

CURED IN YOUR OWN HOME by STROOPAL

This most terrible of diseases CAN be cured. Thousands of unsolicited Testimonials PROVE this beyond all reasonable doubt. "STROOPAL" BANISHES IMPURITY from the blood, and is, therefore, a positive cure for STOMACH & LIVER COMPLAINTS, PILES, & GALLSTONES, from which Cancer so often arises.

Write at once for FREE BOOK "Cancer & Its Cure."

Prof. STROOP, 134, Windsor Lodge, Hartfield Rd., Wimbledon, London, S.W.

REMARKABLE PUBLIC ENDORSEMENT

of Morley Thomson's Great Invention.

PHENOMENAL DEMAND FOR THE STRIKING BOOK IN WHICH A WELL-KNOWN BRITISH SCIENTIST EXPLAINS THE PRINCIPLES OF HIS DISCOVERY, AND ITS PREVENTIVE AND CURATIVE EFFECT FOR ALL LUNG, CHEST AND RESPIRATORY MALADIES.

SOME time ago it was notified to the readers of this magazine that Morley Thomson, a well-known British scientist, had made a most important discovery bearing upon the prevention, alleviation and cure of lung, chest and respiratory maladies, and that he had written a most lucid, interesting and convincing book, wherein he fully dealt with the nature of his invention and its principles.

At that time the management of the Institute who are responsible for dealing with Morley Thomson's new invention decided to present complimentary copies of this work to all interested applicants, but, although a large edition was reserved for this purpose, the applications were so numerous that the supply was exhausted in two or three days.

Yielding to popular desire and public pressure, it has been decided to renew this offer. Readers have, therefore, another opportunity of acquiring the extremely desirable and instructive book which this able and gifted man has written on behalf of the numerous men and women who are sufferers from the ailments and diseases referred to above. As more than one copy cannot possibly be sent to any one address, and as all applications will be treated in strict rotation, it is essential that immediate opportunity be taken of this exceptional offer.

It is common knowledge that many years of Morley Thomson's life have been solely devoted to the investigation of the causes of chest, lung and respiratory diseases, and in the pursuance of his studies on this great human problem he has travelled far and wide, experimented ceaselessly, and by intense application of mind has attained an unparalleled knowledge of this most important subject.

Above is a very recent photograph of Morley Thomson, the gifted scientist, whose remarkable discovery and invention has arrested the attention of medical men throughout the world, and whose successful method of preventing and curing lung, chest and respiratory maladies has, in so short a time, achieved such pronounced and magnificent success. The lucid work on the subject to which he has devoted his life's labours can, by special arrangement, be sent free to all STRAND *readers who make prompt application.*

Scientific opinion is practically unanimous, that the means he has placed at the disposal of humanity will result in an incredible diminution of the suffering and mortality arising from such dread diseases as consumption, emplysema, asthma, bronchitis, respiratory ailments, influenza, catarrh, colds, chills, and all other complaints of the lungs and chest.

"This invention of mine," says the scientist, "is not the trivial outcome of a few days' or weeks' speculative thought. It embodies the researches of years, and long before public attention was drawn toward it—its principles were put to the severest tests imaginable. For my reputation's sake I could not allow the public to be inflated with false hopes and unrealisable expectations, and although three years ago I had practically completed my task, I have waited until now before allowing it to be placed at their disposal.

"My methods are altogether in harmony with medical and scientific teaching, the only difference being that I have elaborated certain fixed principles which the profession have always admitted.

"There is no fixity of progression in the scientific world, and I am convinced that my work will considerably tend to reduce the severity and mortality of the afflictions which it is designed to alleviate and cure.

"Within the last three months I have received scores of letters from people, entire strangers to me, who enthusiastically declare that the adoption of my principles has resulted in either wonderful improvement or complete eradication of their disease."

The writer was enabled, by the courtesy of Mr. Morley Thomson, to inspect a large batch of letters, and it was indeed remarkable to note the gratitude and thankfulness which permeated them all.

THIS BOOK IS SENT YOU FREE.

THE—

"LUNGSPANDA"

TREATMENT

G. Morley Thomson
Inventor

A GRATIFYING ANNOUNCEMENT.

It should be most pleasurable news for all to learn that if they live in London, or are visiting the metropolis, they can meet Mr. Morley Thomson at the address of the institute who are dealing with his discovery.

By special arrangements, for some little time to come he has kindly consented to attend at the "Lungspanda Institute," Craven House, Kingsway, London, W.C., daily between the hours of 10 to 12 and 2 to 5, and it is needless to comment upon the singular advantage to be derived from personal consultation with this eminent man.

All are welcome to accept this invitation, though, in the case of those from a distance, it is perhaps advisable to arrange for an appointment through the post. Mr. Morley Thomson takes the deepest interest in all callers, and can be relied upon to give the utmost personal consideration to any case submitted to his judgment, and the obvious advantage of such a consultation cannot be over-estimated.

AN EXCEPTIONAL OFFER OF HIS BOOK.

It was scarcely intended to give away any more copies of the remarkably interesting book which he has written dealing with the nature and application of his significant discovery, yet the insistent wishes of the public cannot be ignored.

Wishing, therefore, to do all in their power to assist such wise and necessary action, the management of the Institute will present 3,000 more copies of Morley Thomson's famous book to all those who apply, either through the post or in person, to the Secretary, "Lungspanda Institute." Craven House, Kingsway, London, W.C. Applications should be prompt,

FREE 4/6 COUPON

Entitling anyone with

PILES

to receive prepaid, Free to Try, Dr. Van Vleck's regular three-fold **4/6** Treatment for Piles and valuable new book (in colours).

Name .....

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Only one Free Treatment to one address. 1233.

To every person who sends us the coupon above at once we will send—**Free to try**—our complete new **three-fold absorption cure for Piles, Ulcer, Fissure, Prolapse, Tumours, Constipation,** and all rectal troubles. If you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us 4s. 6d. If not, we take your word and you send nothing; **you decide** after a thorough trial. This treatment is curing even cases of 30 and 40 years' standing, as well as all the earlier stages. Act now and perhaps save yourself great suffering. Our three-fold treatment cures to stay cured, because it is constitutional as well as local, and we want you to try it at our expense. Our valuable **new Pile Book** (in colours) comes free with the approval treatment, all in plain package. Send no money—only your name—to Dr. Van Vleck Co., 1233, Victoria Chambers, 65a, Holborn Viaduct, London. Write to-day.

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LADIES SHOULD WRITE for our Samples of Plain Nets, any colour, Spot and Fancy Nets, Tinsel Gauzes, Crêpe de Chene, Voiles and Muslins, Laces and Insertions of every description. Braids and Threads for Lace Work. Lace Curtains. Black Grenadines, **2/9** per yard.

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Britannia Underwear,

as this is acceptable to all—Men, Women, and Children. From all Drapers and Outfitters.

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BY RETURN POST

Novelties in All-wool Sedans, Venetians and Habit Cloths—wide choice shades and qualities, from **1/8½** per yd. Tweeds and Suitings from **1/3** per yd

Homespuns, Coatings, &c., newest Heather and Lovatt Mixtures, Jacket Cloths splendid value, from **2/6** per yd. Caraculs, Seal Plushes, &c., from **5/6** per yd.

PATTERNS on approval FREE

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Silks delightful variety, all prices. Velveteens—all colours, **1/6** to **2/6**; Black, **1/6** to **3/6**.

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DIAGONAL SEAM CORSETS

Exquisite Models
Perfect Fit
Guaranteed Wear

Will not split Nor tear in in the Seams the Fabric

In Black, White, Fawn, Silver-Grey, &c.

4/11, 5/11, 6/11 per pair and upwards

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Newest Fashion Erect Model

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STOP AT ONCE! **taking drugs if you suffer from**

INDIGESTION

or any form of

NERVOUS TROUBLE,

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'ARAB' ESSENCE OF DANDELION COFFEE

(A delicious beverage containing no coffee)

IN PLACE OF ORDINARY COFFEE OR TEA.

Recommended by the Highest Medical Authorities.

SAMPLE BOTTLE (40 cups) post free, 1/3.

THOMAS CURR & CO.,
Arab Coffee Works, ABERDEEN.

BAFFO

ENLARGES THE MOUSTACHE.

Trains and promotes the growth of moustache and beard. Contains no grease. By its use waxy appearance is obviated, nor does the moustache require twisting to a point, the hair stopping as brushed, thereby making the enlargement. Of all Hairdressers, etc., or 1/- P.O. to **The Nottm. Perfumery Co.,**

With Wax — With Baffo

P.M.F. Dept., **37, Goose Gate, Nottingham.** Foreign Orders, 1/4.

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Blackpool.—Dear Sirs,—Kindly forward me a tin of "Baffo" without brush. I do not think Hongroise or Pomade compare in the least with your excellent preparation, and have recommended it to several friends. —Yours faithfully, J. R.

Bombay.—Gentlemen,—Thanks for sending out the "Baffo." I find it an excellent preparation, and admirable for fixing the moustache. By its use the moustache retains the position in which it is fixed.—Yours faithfully, H. K.

Stockton-on-Tees.—Please send me one tin of "Baffo." I find it far and away the best material I have ever used for the moustache. P.O. enclosed.—W. H. P.

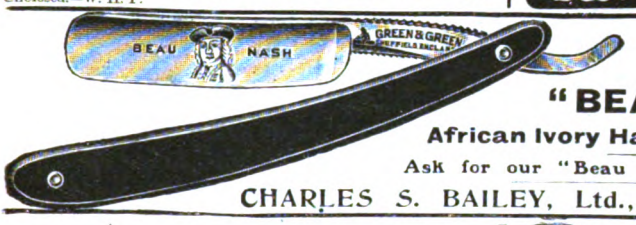
The Durabar Trade Mark Regd.

Combined Draught-Excluder & Weather-Bar
for Interior and Exterior Doors—old or new.
Makes the cosy coal fire economical, healthful, and effective. **Prevents** coal-wasting **floor-draught,** ensures comfort, prevents chills. Lasts a lifetime. Very neat. Can be put in or out of action at will.

Awarded Cert. of Inst. of Hygiene, Lond.; Gold Medal Franco-British Exhibition; (Collective Exhibit at the "Daily Mirror" Perfect Cottage). Used New Piccadilly Hotel, London; Houses, Offices, etc., & Railway Coaches.

Write for Free Booklet to
DURABAR CO., 3, Palace Chambers, Hereford.

saves coal-money



"Here's a pair of Razors that will shave you closer than the Board of Guardians."—*Dickens.*

— THE —
"BEAU NASH" RAZOR.

African Ivory Handle, 7/6. Black Handle, 5/-

Ask for our "Beau Nash" Brand of Carvers.

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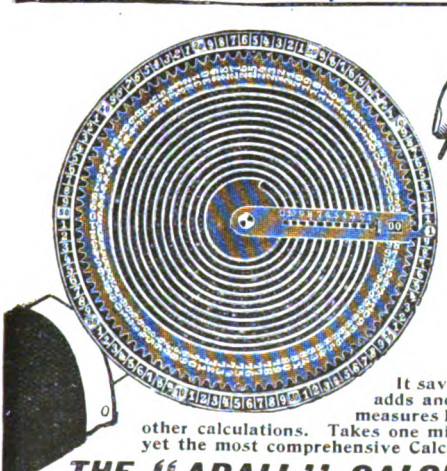

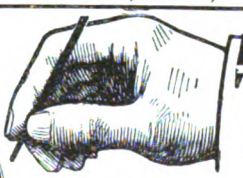

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these figures correctly in a few seconds?

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83,774	18	11
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CLERKS, SHOPKEEPERS, ACCOUNTANTS, and every COMMERCIAL and PROFESSIONAL MAN—get this Machine—and save your Brains.

It saves you countless hours of labour, saves you hard cash. It adds and subtracts English and Foreign moneys and weights and measures like lightning—and CANNOT ERR. It can be used also for other calculations. Takes one minute to learn and lasts a lifetime. It is the simplest and yet the most comprehensive Calculator ever invented.

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A set of Chimney-Sweeping and Drain-Cleaning Requisites kept in a house is always at hand **for immediate use**—saving much time and trouble.

Our 40/- Set is specially designed for Private Houses, Country Mansions, Hotels, Farms, etc. Simple to use and strongly made.

Descriptive Catalogue Post Free.

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4, Barnt Green, BIRMINGHAM.

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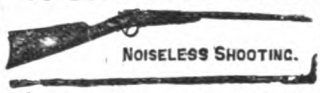

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is the best carpet cleaner in the world. It removes ink, grease, and all dirt from carpets and woollen fabrics. A damp cloth —A little Chivers' Soap —A carpet like new without taking it up.

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(Registered Trade Mark)

is the only reliable substitute for real leather.

EQUAL IN APPEARANCE
to the best Morocco Leather at one-third the cost.

SANITARY,
as it does not collect or harbour dust or germs, and if it becomes soiled can be washed without injury. "Pantasote" is

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Knits a pair of perfect socks in 20 minutes, garments, &c. Machines for Cash or Easy Terms.
All particulars and samples of work from
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Agents wanted.

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BY BUYING CIGARS ON THE SHOPPING BY POST SYSTEM, and saving all retail shop expenses, enormous savings can be made, and wonderful value secured by consumers. **A proof of this is the MEOVOTO CIGAR supplied by the Bu ers' Association at 7/9 per box of 100, 4/- per box of 50, and 6d. per sample lot of 6.**
A beautiful Bijou Cigar, 3 inches long, made of Havana and other choice tobaccos, of splendid quality, and fit smoking for connoisseurs.
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HAVE BEEN AWARDED THE

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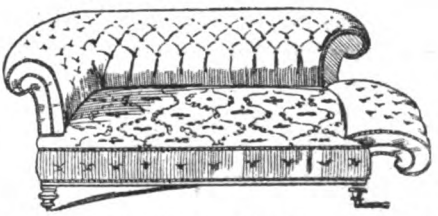
FURNISHING Co

SIMPLY SEND THIS

A Great Offer.

This Chesterfield we will send Home to you at once, Carriage Paid, upon receipt of 4/-, and your promise to pay 4/- per Month till paid for.



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Description.—It is upholstered in Green, Red, and Blue Tapestry, one end lets down, and it is fully sprung and very comfortable. Price till Xmas, or 4/- Monthly. Write at once for Catalogue of Bargains. **£4 10s.**

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Please send me the Chesterfield in.....Tapestry, as per the above advertisement, for which I enclose you 4/-, and promise to pay 4/- per month till paid for. Chesterfield to be sent at once, Carriage Paid.

What's the time?
Why, it's CHRISTMAS time!
The time to buy a Case of

Wolfe's Schnapps

THE BEST BEVERAGE TO MAKE THE FESTIVE SEASON BRIGHT & MERRY.

A glass in the morning,
Another at night,
Braces the system, and
Keeps the heart light.

The Lancet, July 25, 1908, commenting on Wolfe's Schnapps, states: ". . . . The spirit is a genuine Hollands Gin. It possesses to a marked degree the peculiar flavour of that spirit. There seems little doubt that Hollands Gin, owing to its diuretic action, is absorbed and eliminated more quickly from the system than are other ardent spirits."

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FINSBURY DISTILLERY CO., Moreland Street, London, E.C.
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A MODERN DANGER AND HOW IT MAY BE AVOIDED.

A NEW ANTISEPTIC ATTACHMENT.

RECENT investigations have revealed the startling fact that danger, and even death itself, lurks in one of the latest resources of civilization. The telephone has now become one of the primary necessities of business and social life. Its use is well-nigh universal, and its action incessant. Yet how few have realised the fact that in the mouthpiece of this instrument we have one of the most insanitary things of modern life? The mouthpiece of the 'phone receives alike the breath of users healthy and diseased, but no thought is usually bestowed upon its sanitary, or rather insanitary, condition—whether it be clean or dirty, and infected with disease germs.

The universal and promiscuous use of the 'phone, coupled with the widespread prevalence of Tuberculosis, constitute a distinct danger to the health of users; and it is therefore by no means surprising that scientific observation has at length conclusively established the fact that even healthy persons may contract disease in a deadly form by speaking into an infected instrument. This fact has been demonstrated by Professor Klein, whose results have recently been made public by Dr. Francis J. Allan, the Medical Officer of Health for the City of Westminster, in the *Lancet*. Briefly stated, Professor Klein found that in one out of six mouthpieces tubercle bacilli were distinctly revealed in sufficient quantities to destroy animal life.

Necessity is ever the mother of invention, and this insanitary state of things having been pointed out, there has promptly been brought into existence a protective appliance which guarantees the user absolute immunity from danger of infection while speaking into the instrument. This ingenious appliance, known as THE "STRAND MAGAZINE" HYGIENIC TELEPHONE SHIELD, consists of a simple metal attachment or holder, intended to be used with wall and pedestal instruments. It can be easily affixed to the mouthpiece of any telephone-receiver, and carries a roll of paper specially treated with antiseptics. This sanitized paper is pulled down over the aperture of the receiver and effectually prevents the accumulation of dust and disease germs, which otherwise settle in the mouthpiece.

THE "STRAND MAGAZINE" PATENT HYGIENIC TELEPHONE SHIELD.

Before commencing a conversation the telephone-user pulls down the antiseptic paper and tears off the piece used by the previous speaker. He thus has a perfectly clean piece of paper, free from bacteria and impregnated with a strong antiseptic, to speak against, interposed between him and the mouthpiece. Speaking takes place in the ordinary way, the sound and inflections of the voice passing readily through the antiseptic Shield without loss of audibility or distinctness.

In order to make THE "STRAND MAGAZINE" HYGIENIC TELEPHONE SHIELD widely known, the price has been fixed at a very low figure. The permanent attachment, together with a supply of sanitized rolls, will be sent post-free to any reader of "THE STRAND MAGAZINE" upon receipt of a postal order for 2s. 6d.

All orders should be addressed to GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, T.S. DEPARTMENT, 3—12, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. In forwarding orders, readers should state the diameter of the mouthpiece on which it is intended to affix the appliance.

5 Superb Genuine Yorkshire BLANKETS 12/6

TOGETHER WITH A "GUINEA" PROOF FREE

TO EVERY READER OF "THE STRAND."

ALL SIZES GUARANTEED.

TO READERS OF "THE STRAND."

Appreciating the enormous interest our announcement in last month's STRAND created, we again submit the most extraordinary Blanket Offer that has ever been before the British public. **30 -** worth of genuine Yorkshire and other full-size Blankets for **12 6**—and a **21/- ENGRAVING GIVEN FREE. WE GUARANTEE** you entire satisfaction or send your money back per return of post. Read contents of Bale below, and remember we pledge our reputation of over 200 years on the absolute accuracy.

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ONE Splendid Genuine Yorkshire Blanket 82in. by 62in.
ONE Heavy Bolsover Blanket, 80in. by 62in.
ONE Very Fine Yorkshire Under Blanket, 50in. by 32in.
ONE Superb Whipped "Carona" Blanket, exceedingly warm and comfortable, 82in. by 62in.
ONE Handsome "Excella" Yorkshire Blanket, 76in. by 58in.

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MONEY BACK IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED.

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Although our firm has been trading since 1687, it is only recently that we have decided to offer our astounding value in Drapery and other goods to the world at large through the post, and in inaugurating this department we distinctly wish to place before the readers of THE STRAND the only conditions under which we accept orders:—

1st.—That if any special line offered by us is sold out when order arrives we are at liberty to return money at once. We do not substitute any other goods.

2nd.—That if the goods offered do not give customers entire satisfaction when received, we guarantee to refund money immediately articles purchased are returned.—GREEN & CO.

SEND TO-DAY.

We cannot undertake to repeat this offer even at double the price when our present stock is exhausted, so in order not to be disappointed we strongly advise you to send your order with remittance **now.** We do not wish to introduce the "hurry up" system with our business methods too much, **but** in this case it is imperative if you wish to secure this bargain.

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St. John's Wood, Fleet, Hants, Oct. 19th, 1908.
Dear Sir,—Received Blankets, and am very pleased with them. I have a friend who has seen them, and will you please send me two more lots, as she would like some.—Yours truly, D. PARFETT.
P.S.—The pictures are very sweet.

"Lingwoods," Kelvedon, Oct. 2nd, '08.
Sirs,—Have received bale in good condition, also picture, and am more than pleased with both.—Yours, etc., Mrs. THORRINGTON.

24, Knowles Road, 17/10/'08.
Sir,—Having received the bale of Blankets this morning, I thank you very much, and I am very pleased with them. I shall recommend them to my friends.—I am, Sir, yours obediently, E. HARVEY.

25, Redan Street, W. Kensington, Oct. 20th.
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SEND TO-DAY.

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—is he not? He is proud of his "make-up," and thinks a lot of the cigar. **You** may differ with him about the first, but there can be no difference of opinion about the other —because he smokes

Flor de Dindigul CIGARS

You ought to remember **that** this Christmastide— the time above all others when you want Cigars that are really all right—the time when every man who knows **the supreme excellence of Flor de Dindigul Cigars** buys them in preference to all others.

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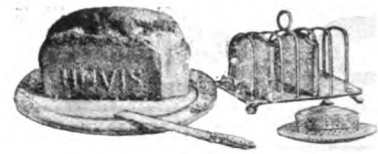

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The above is a statement made to the Members of the British Association which recently met in Dublin.

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"The Lancet" has stated: "Its food value is double that of bread made from ordinary wheaten flour."

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Try it toasted, and you will find it delicious.

Samples and Illustrated Booklet can be had on request from Hovis-Bread Flour Co., Ltd., Macclesfield.

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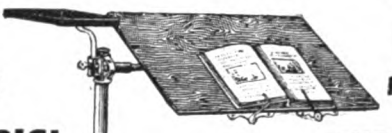

..An..

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Can be instantly raised, lowered, revolved, or tilted either way. Extends over bed, couch, or chair without touching it, and is an ideal table for reading or taking meals in bed with ease and comfort. Change of position is effected by simply pressing the patent push-button. The height of Table can be adjusted at any point from 29in. to 46in. from floor. It cannot swing round or overbalance. The "ADAPTA" is instantly adjustable to various convenient uses, such as Reading Stand, Writing Table, Bed Rest, Sewing or Work Table, Music Stand, Easel, Card Table, and numerous other purposes.

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For Drink and Drug Habits.

THE ONLY RECOGNISED BRITISH SYSTEM FOR THE HOME TREATMENT OF ALCOHOLISM AND NARCOMANIA. **(Established over 14 Years.)**

The Turvey Treatment, which occupies from three to seven weeks, and may be taken at patient's own house without interference with business or daily routine, will be found efficacious in all cases and every phase and stage of Alcoholic or Drug Excess. Unlike all other systems, each patient is prescribed for individually, and the necessary Specific prepared by a highly qualified English Physician, who may be consulted free by patients or their friends, personally or by correspondence. (A private Consultation Sheet is sent to each inquirer.)

THE TURVEY TREATMENT CAN BE SENT TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD.

TRUTH says: "Has had really good results." "A remarkable success."—**DAILY CHRONICLE.**

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White, Dove, or Drab	21/-	White, Dove, or Drab	23/6
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Will warm a 12ft. square room 10 degrees in 10 minutes at cost of ONE FARTHING per hour.

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Effectually Concealed.

UNSIGHTLY HIGH BOOTS ABOLISHED.

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Gold Medals & Awards obtained, London, Paris, Chicago, etc.

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THE NEW PATENT ARCH SUPPORT CAN BE ADAPTED TO RELIEVE ANY CASE OF FLAT FOOT.

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Lemco
and
A Little Girl

Our little girl had a serious illness when only six months old, which resulted in making her powers of digestion very weak. Consequently we had to be very careful with her diet, but as soon as she was able to take any food other than the youngest baby's food we started her on "Lemco." She has thrived wonderfully, and now at the age of 3 years is in perfect health and a strapping little lass. It is not a case of fat but muscle. People say it almost seems a miracle how she has got on, but I have not the slightest hesitation in attributing her development to "Lemco."

Doctors Prescribe:
½ to 1 teaspoonful of Lemco to ½ pint of warm milk.

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A CHRISTMAS CALL.

Call at your local stationer's if you are in doubt about your Xmas giving. Select from his stock of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens just the shape and make and mounting you think your friends will like. You need not worry about the working qualities of Waterman's Ideal—millions of people have tested them and proved their merits, up to the hilt.

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The True "Staff of Life" for "All Sorts and Conditions of Men."

THE STUDENT who requires the maximum of **brain** and **nerve** nutrition with ready digestibility should use **BERMALINE BREAD**

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THE MASON may **build** up a sound constitution if he lays the **foundation** of his meals with **BERMALINE BREAD**

Manufactured and Sold by all Principal Bakers.

To Asthma Sufferers

Instant relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of **POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE in 1/- Tins.** SOLD EVERYWHERE.
For FREE SAMPLE send Postcard to **POTTER & CLARKE**, Artillery Lane, London, E. Mention paper.

Instant relief

"PLASMON INCREASES THE FOOD VALUE ENORMOUSLY" *Lancet.*

PLASMON COCOA

10 TIMES MORE NUTRITIOUS THAN ORDINARY COCOA

DELICIOUS — DIGESTIBLE

In Tins 9d. 1/4 & 2/6

A Matron writes:

"I have tried almost every kind but I think **Plasmon Cocoa surpasses all others.**"

An M.D. writes:

"As a Scot and a doctor, I have no hesitation in saying that porridge made from **Plasmon Oats is the best I have ever tasted.**"

70% MORE PROTEID THAN ORDINARY OATS. *Lancet.*

PLASMON OATS

FREE FROM HUSK & FIBRE REQUIRE ONLY 4 MINUTES BOILING

DELICIOUS — DIGESTIBLE

IN PKTS. 6d.

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Ladies' Irish Linen hemstitched and hand-embroidered Handkerchiefs (as illustrated). Postage 3d. ex. **7/11** Per doz.

Pretty boxes of One dozen Ladies' Hemstitched and Embroidered Handkerchiefs, in assorted patterns, **7/-, 8/6, 10/-, 13/6 per box.** We have a larger variety than ever in all kinds of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Handkerchiefs, suitable for presents. **Samples and Illustrated List Free.**

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The 'Room to Room' Patent Cinder Sifter

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A BOON TO HOUSEKEEPERS, &c.

Useful, Economical, Ingenious, Simple, Light, and easily carried from room to room. No dust or waste. Saves labour and fuel. Will hold siftings from 10 ordinary fire grates. Dimensions 12in. by 11½in. Weight about 7lb.

Japanned Red, Green, or Black.

Retail Price, 5/9 Carriage Paid.

Sole Agents:—

WATSON & COOMBER,
Dept. R, 17 & 19, Shaws Alley, Liverpool.

Directions.—*After filling Riddle with ashes and cinders, fix on lid and shake handle in slot, then remove Riddle and empty cinders in fire grate.*

Trade Mark, S Y P | **SIMPLE YET PERFECT** | The Best Xmas Present.

FIG. B. FIG. A.

This Patent Teapot has two compartments, separated by a perforated grid. The tea-leaves are placed in the upper one. In fig. A above the tea-leaves are covered by the water and the tea is being made. In fig. B the position of the pot has been changed and they are left high and dry on the grid, while the made tea occupies the lower compartment. Earthenware, Electro, or Silver. Various sizes and colours. Prices, **2/6** to **270/-**. Write for Catalogue.

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The Mene Vest is my mind in the best place as the Mackintosh / Mackintosh & any other

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Two Doz. No. 1, at **1/-**; One Doz. No. 2, at **1/-**; One Doz. No. 3, at **1/6**, post free.

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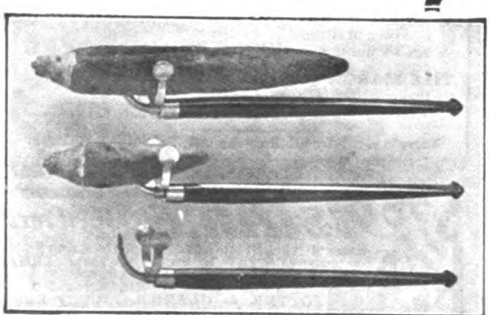
Sanitary Towels

Yeomans'



Cigar Smoker.

How to Smoke.

The question of "*What* to Smoke" was answered, but most people objected to chewing the wet end of a cigar. The problem of "How to Smoke It" is solved by the Yeoman Cigar Smoker. No rank nicotine ends now. The smoke is drawn from any part of the cigar, which can be adjusted at will. Saves cutting the end. The whole of the cigar is smoked, and retains its natural flavour. Cooler, healthier, and more comfortable to hold than the ordinary holder.

In Vulcanite and Amber, Silver and Gold Mounts, with or without case. **Prices 1/6 to 30/-**

Write for Illustrated Circular.

T. E. YEOMANS, Market Place, Derby.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE is printed and published monthly by the Proprietors, George Newnes, Limited, 3 to 12, Southampton Street, Strand, London, England. Subscription price to any part of the world, post free, for one year, 10s. (Canada, 8s. 6d.). Registered at the General Post Office for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office. Cases for binding volumes of THE STRAND MAGAZINE may be obtained to order from Booksellers for 1s., or post free for 1s. 3d. direct from the Office.

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1. Use pure milk without water.
2. Have the proper proportion of Corn Flour to milk (see recipe).
3. —and very important—give ten minutes brisk boiling, always stirring.
4. Use only and always

Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour

Please ask for and see that you really get it.

The Keeley Treatment

For the Cure of Alcohol and Drug Inebriety.

This cure has been under the constant observation of an Honorary Committee of Peers and prominent Gentlemen for the last sixteen years. During that time the late Canon Fleming has been chairman of the Committee. Among the other members of the Committee are The Right Honourable Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, The Hon. H. W. Forster, Esq., M.P., The Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A., W. Hind-Smith, Esq., and others. In their last Report, which has just been published, they have unanimously affirmed that their confidence in the Keeley Treatment is complete. This Report can be had free on application to the Secretary.

More than Half a Million

have taken the treatment, among them 17,000 physicians. Does not this fact alone speak volumes? And twenty per cent. of our patients come through the recommendation of their family physician.

"It Really Cures."

"It really cures. It does what it professes to do." Such is the emphatic testimony of Mr. Eardley-Wilmot, the well-known secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society.

W. T. Stead writes in "The Review of Reviews": "If I were to become a drunkard I should tell my friends that I was going to take a month's holiday in the Keeley Institute, West Bolton Gardens, and rid my system of the last trace of the craving for alcohol; there is no doubt it can be done, nor does there seem to be any reason to fear failure."

We can show you hundreds of letters of gratitude from patients who have taken the treatment, and who are willing that their names should be given, or they will correspond direct with prospective patients.

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No constitution is too delicate for the Keeley Treatment, as the remedies are perfectly harmless.

Patients are given the utmost freedom; there is absolutely no confinement, and, until the remedies render it unnecessary, they are allowed their usual amount of alcohol or drugs.

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You cannot be healthy and happy if your digestion is wrong. All the symptoms that make people gloomy and depressed arise from the stomach or liver failing to do its work. *That* run-down feeling, loss of appetite, loss of strength, depression, and mental weariness are signs that your stomach needs just the help Mother Seigel's Syrup can give. It is the one sure way of assuring perfect digestion and renewing the vitality of the stream of blood which should build you up from strength to strength.

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In his remarkable little book, "The Art of Living," just issued from the press, Dr. Wilson not only points out "our first duty to ourselves is to check illness at the outset," but he follows up this admonition with the more welcome information how we are to do it. He, so to speak, says: "You have the evil of ill-health to fight. Now, here's the weapon to fight it with. Strike for freedom." For example, he says: "Suppose a person has run down—feels languid, and is easily tired. If he neglects this warning—for all such signs and symptoms are Nature's warning to us—the possibility is that he will pass further afield into the great lone land of disease.

"Can he do anything to save himself from such a disastrous result? In the vast majority of cases he can restore his vigour." How? "Probably he will be advised to take a tonic. This in the main is good advice. Unfortunately, the number of tonics is legion, but if there exists any preparation which can combine in itself the properties of a tonic and restorative, and which at the same time can contribute to the nourishment and building up of the enfeebled body, it is evident such an agent must prove of the utmost value to everybody. I have found such a tonic and restorative in the preparation known as Sanatogen.

"Recovering from an attack of influenza," says the distinguished author, "and suffering from the severe weakness incidental to that ailment, Sanatogen was brought under my notice. I gave it a fair trial, and the results were all that could have been desired. In a short time my appetite improved, the weakness was conquered, and without the use of any other medicine or preparation I was restored to health.

"Sanatogen," he tells us, "combines two distinct elements, one tonic and the other nutritive." Further, it is no "secret" remedy, for, as he pertinently observes, "its composition is well known, otherwise medical men would not prescribe it."

What the tonic and nutritive elements of Sanatogen are, and how they effect so much good, Dr. Wilson describes in simple, convincing terms.

The whole passage is too long to quote, but one important remark of the writer may be given, namely, that one of the principal elements of Sanatogen "represents the substance which actually forms a very important, if not the most important, constituent of our brain and nervous system." How, through regenerating the nervous system, Sanatogen restores the functions of the digestive organs, and, by rebuilding the tissues, compensates the wear and tear of latter-day life; how it does away with the need of stimulants, and cures the sick by the natural method of making the body strong enough to drive out disease.

All this, in the delightful style of Dr. Wilson's language, makes engrossing and pleasant, as well as instructive, reading. This last contribution of his to the literature of health may certainly be calculated to carry joyful news to the ailing and weary.

A limited number of complete specimen copies of "The Art of Living," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, are available for distribution. A copy will be sent gratis and post free on application to the publishers, F. Williams and Co., 24, Alfred Place, London, W.C., mentioning THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Sanatogen, the therapeutic nutrient alluded to by Dr. Andrew Wilson in the book named above, has probably been put to more severe and searching analyses and tests than any other specific of modern years, and the result, as declared by the unanimous voice of the medical press, is to place the preparation quite in the forefront of all nerve tonics.—*The Medical Times* says: "It is probably in cases of weakness or exhaustion of the nervous system, accompanied by various forms of mental and bodily inefficiency, that Sanatogen proves most useful."

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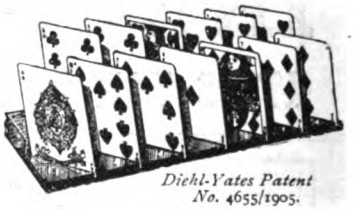

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Fire as Friend and Foe.

BEFORE men learnt to use fire as a friend, serving the needs of humanity in countless ways, and perhaps before fire became recognised as a ruthless, uncontrollable enemy, it was to a great extent regarded as a sacred mystery. The temple fires that were never allowed to go out, or that were solemnly extinguished and relighted once a year, have played an important part in the ritual of many creeds. Little by little men came to learn the uses of fire and the methods of producing it. What was a sacred mystery was turned to utilitarian purposes, inspiring in the minds of the thinking a greater sentiment of wonder than when its origin and its nature were shrouded in mystery.

Even before fire produced by man came into very extensive use there must have been many occasions upon which fires on a large scale resulted from purely natural causes. In early times, no less than now, lightning and forest fires may have set conflagrations raging that primitive man was powerless to control; but, with the increasing use of fire, the risk of damage from it has grown far greater than before, and, since necessity is the mother of invention, the need of effective methods of fighting fire has produced appliances of one kind or another which in the main accomplish their purpose. From a jug of water to a fire brigade, from rolling in a hearth-rug to elaborate electrical arrangements for detecting and extinguishing a fire in any part of a huge building, men have kept pace in the matter of combating fire, the enemy, with the ever multiplying applications of fire for beneficial purposes by which the risk of loss by fire is so greatly increased. Still, do what we may, fire, which for the most part serves us so well, sometimes gets out of hand, with the inevitable consequence of financial loss.

First Suggestions of Familiar Things.

It is sometimes worth wondering how we should receive to-day the first suggestions of familiar things if they happened to be unknown to us. We speculate sometimes as to what our grandfathers would have thought of railways and motor-cars, of electric light and wireless telegraphy, of the cheap and rapid production of books, newspapers, and magazines, and now and again it is well to make the effort of imagining how we should get along without certain familiar things, and how we should regard the first proposals of their introduction. Let us suppose that there were no such thing as fire insurance. Let us stand in imagination watching the burning of a private house or of a warehouse, and let us try to picture the feelings of the owner of the property and the sympathy that would be felt for him by the onlookers. We should have to recognise that a stroke of dire ill-luck had fallen and that the consequences, certainly serious, might possibly be ruinous. Now try to fancy someone impressed by such a sight suggesting that it was possible for people to join together and, by co-operation, avoid, not indeed the fires themselves, but the financial loss which a fire involves for each individual whose property is destroyed. This is perhaps not entirely the right way of putting it, since the people who associate themselves together for their mutual protection really do pay the cost of the damage done by the fire, but in a manner which involves no strain upon their resources and avoids any serious loss. Should we have called the proposer of such a scheme a visionary and a dreamer, or should we have hailed him as one of the foremost benefactors of his race? Of course we know that fire insurance, like everything else, was a process of slow growth, the greatness of its future developments being wholly undreamt of at the time of its origin. Some of us by our action in remaining uninsured declare our practical belief that the inventors of fire insurance were fools and the system folly, though of course the majority of mankind consider foolishness to be shown by neglecting fire insurance, not by adopting it.

Hazy Ideas.

Although most people insure their property against loss by fire, they have for the most part hazy and incomplete ideas of what fire insurance really is. The fundamental thing to recognise is that fire insurance is a system by means of which people co-operate to pay annually the average cost done by fire to such

property as theirs. The private householder pays 2s. a year to avoid the chance of damage to the extent of £100 being done by fire.

The Law of Average.

Over and above the co-operation among policy-holders which makes fire insurance possible there is another fundamental principle which is frequently overlooked. This is that when any phenomena are observed in great numbers it is found that they exhibit average results. From the tossing of coins to the happening of marriages, occurrences which in individual cases are uncertain in the extreme are found to display the most extraordinary regularity when observed on an extensive basis. It is the same with fire, the average cost of which can be foretold with very considerable nicety. If, therefore, the average cost each year is ascertained, why not pay each year the necessary sum to make good the damage done by fire? We cannot do this single-handed, but by associating with others it becomes possible, and moreover, in consequence of the law of average, the general body of policy-holders incur no risks of exceptional loss although relieving individual policy-holders of all chance of catastrophe.

The Collecting and Distributing Agencies.

The fact that fire insurance is a system of co-operation among policy-holders throws a flood of light upon the operations of the fire insurance companies. A fire office, which generally consists of shareholders, is merely a piece of apparatus for facilitating and making possible co-operation among individuals. Somebody or other must do the work of bringing together those who desire to associate for the avoidance of risk, and it is this bringing together that the fire insurance companies accomplish. Properly considered, a claim for damage done by fire is a claim upon the funds contributed by the policy-holders as a whole; it is not in reality a payment that has to be made by the managers or directors or shareholders of a fire insurance company; they are merely the collecting and distributing agency, to whom it is comparatively immaterial on what basis they collect and distribute the moneys of the associated policy-holders.

The Fads of Cranks.

There are some people who maintain that the methods of fire offices should be different from what they are in various important respects. It is not infrequently thought that if a man insures his goods for £1,000, and the whole of them are burnt, he should be able to recover £1,000 from the insurance company, whether the goods were worth £1,000 or 1,000 pence. In a muddle-headed kind of way people think that if a life office undertakes to pay £1,000 when a man dies, provided he pays the premium for £1,000, a fire office should pay £1,000 when a man's goods are burnt. In all probability fire offices could make contracts of this kind; it would simply mean that the majority of decent people whose goods were worth £1,000 would avoid fires if they could and endeavour to put them out as soon as they were discovered; while a large number of disreputable people, whose goods, insured for £1,000, were worth 1,000 pence, would set fire to their property for the sake of making a profit, and between the honest and the wholly disreputable there would be an indefinitely large number of people more or less "on the make" out of the happening of fires. Probably a lengthy experience of this state of things would demonstrate the existence of an average number of absolute swindlers, of intermediate swindlers, and of honest folk, with the result that the cost of conducting fire insurance business on these lines would become known within comparatively narrow limits. Fire insurance premiums on private houses and their contents, instead of being 2s. a year for £100, would be perhaps £20 a year. It would probably make little or no difference to the collecting and distributing agency, which is the fire insurance company, but it would make all the difference in the world to the honest policy-holders, who, instead of associating on a mutual basis with other honest people who only desired to avoid the loss from fire which could not be helped, would be joining in a mutual combination with swindlers of varying degree, in order that the honest might be fleeced for the benefit of the dishonest.

When, therefore, fire insurance companies in the possession of countless facts and vast experience decline to adopt the vagaries of the ignorant, they do so, not so much because it would make any appreciable difference to the shareholders of the collecting and distributing agency, as because it is entirely against the interests of honest policy-holders.

When once people realize that it is in the essential nature of things that fire insurance is conducted in the best interests of policy-holders, they will see that the ways of the great fire companies are wise, that the fads of the cranks lack rational justification, and that it is well to combine with others for mutual protection by effecting insurance in companies of high standing.

The Profits of Fire Insurance.

The Story of the only old Company which now shares its Profits with Policy-holders.

THE object of this short article is not to urge the great importance of insuring one's goods against fire. The risk of fire is so evidently present in every household, even where the most elaborate precaution is exercised, that no householder or business man with the smallest modicum of prudence neglects to insure himself against the possibility. Of course, the writer is aware that there are still many who neglect even that elementary provision against disaster, but the task of convincing them of their indiscretion must be left to another occasion. For the present there is a matter of greater importance for those who need no convincing.

The General Position.

Everybody is aware that *life*-assurance companies share their profits with policy-holders in a very liberal manner. But there is only one old fire-insurance office doing a general business which does the same. Why is that so? Is it because people look upon their life-assurance policy as a permanent contract and expect some consideration for long-continued payments, and upon their fire-insurance policies as only of annual duration? It is true there were various old offices which did fire-insurance business on this principle, but they have been gradually bought up by other companies, a fate which the *one* company referred to will not allow to overtake them. There is no reason why fire-insurance profits any more than those of the other branch should be enjoyed exclusively by shareholders. And yet most fire policy-holders are content to let that be so. The only excuse for their acquiescence is ignorance of the existence of a society in the profits of which they may have a large share.

The Essex and Suffolk Equitable Insurance Society, Ltd., was founded in 1802 as a purely mutual office, but in 1807 a share capital of £20,000 was subscribed as a means of increasing the security for the policy holders. Under the old regulations of the society no insurances were to be accepted within ten miles of the Royal Exchange, London, or in Scotland or Ireland. As time went by this restriction was found to be inconvenient, not to say absurd, and various attempts were made to alter this provision; but it was found that nothing completely effective could be done without a special Act of Parliament, which was obtained in 1906. At the same time the share capital was increased to £250,000, of which £25,000 was paid up. The holders of these shares receive a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, *of which 3½ per cent. is earned by the share capital itself.* The shareholders cannot receive a further dividend beyond the 5 per cent. *until the insured members have received a bonus equivalent to one-half of the premiums paid by them for the previous quinquennial period.*

The Share for Policy-holders.

Now this is the system under which holders of policies with this office receive back from 25 per cent. to 50 per cent. of the premiums paid by them. The policy-holders are divided into two classes—the members and the non-members. Speaking generally, the members who share in the profits pay the usual rates of premium charged by fire-insurance companies.

Every member's policy becomes entitled at the end of each five years that it has remained in force, without any claim of £10 or upwards having arisen under it, to share in the surplus profits of the society. So remarkably successful has the society been that no less than from twenty-five per cent. to fifty per cent. of the total premiums paid during each five

By Charles E. Stewart] *"FIRE!"* *[Copyright*

This picture, exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1906, is the Property of the

ESSEX & SUFFOLK FIRE OFFICE.

London Office : 56-60, New Broad Street, E.C.

years' period has been returned in cash to the members; and for the greater part of the one hundred and odd years of its existence at the latter rate. It is sometimes urged against mutual insurance offices that its members by sharing in profits become under serious liability to contribute to losses, but in this society this risk is entirely obviated, as, under the provisions of the special Act of Parliament obtained by the society, the liability of insured members is strictly limited to the nominal sum of one shilling per member, thus securing the benefits of profit-sharing without its risks.

Some Cases in Point.

The above is worth the consideration of all. Even for the smallest policy-holder it is worth while to save what he can; none but the foolish spend even a few shillings unnecessarily. Then in the case of large property-owners the saving to be effected is very considerable—much too big to be ignored by even the most wealthy. Here are a few instances taken at random from the society's books illustrating the profit distributions of a recent year:—

Policy No.	Nature of Risk.	Annual Premium.			Cash returned to the insured in respect of the past five years.		
		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
151,004	Private Houses, &c.	16	5	0	40	12	7
186,902 &c.	Estate	52	7	4	130	18	4
149,765	Private House	1	1	4	2	13	4
167,947	Ditto	0	3	0	0	7	6
128,553	Furniture	1	10	0	3	15	0
186,841	Ditto	0	2	0	0	5	0
167,331	Farm Buildings	1	11	8	3	19	2
136,554	Ditto	3	10	0	8	16	2
149,775 &c.	Public-houses	6	0	4	15	1	0
186,317 &c.	Municipal Buildings	11	10	5	28	16	0
167,298	Shop	0	4	6	0	11	3
137,079	Yacht lying up	1	15	0	4	7	6

Although, as said above, the rates for membership insurances are as a rule no higher than those charged for similar risks by other first-class offices, to meet the convenience of persons desiring to anticipate the distribution of profits, the society is prepared to issue non-membership policies at a substantial discount below the membership rates. The reduction in the rates for non-members is such that it may be said they take an immediate bonus, although, in the long run, members reap the greater advantages.

While such straightforward facts are sufficient to convince every reasonable person of the soundness of the advantages offered by the Essex and Suffolk Society, it is interesting to receive the testimony of experts upon the matter

It is not long since the Land Agents' Society appointed a very strong committee to look into the question of fire insurance This committee considered a variety of alternatives, and came to the conclusion that the Essex and Suffolk Society presented very great advantages: but before recommending it for insurance the committee took the opinion of Mr George King, who holds an extremely high position as a consulting actuary, upon the security afforded by the Essex and Suffolk Society, and upon a number of other points of the utmost importance to policy-holders

Mr. King's report, made after the fullest investigation, was of the most satisfactory character, and the Insurance Committee reported to the Land Agents' Society that the Essex and Suffolk is, in their opinion, "*the company with which, from all points of view, the most satisfactory arrangements for insurance against fire can be made.*"

Great Financial Strength.

As to the general strength of the company, it should be observed that, being a very old society, for many years it has been accumulating reserves, which, in proportion to its risks, are extremely large. Apart from share capital its fire fund amounts to very nearly three times its annual premium income, *a degree of financial strength which is not surpassed by any other prominent company.* Another point is that the safest risks, for which the lowest premiums are charged, are the most profitable: while the most hazardous risks—such as a great deal of business in the United States undertaken by many British offices—although involving high premiums, yield little or no profit. The Essex and Suffolk, by confining their business to the United Kingdom and Ireland and to the safest kinds of business, make large profits—the profits in which all insured members participate as above stated.

The society's new London offices at 50-56, New Broad Street, E.C., are worthy of its established reputation, and the building deserves a visit from all who can make it convenient to pay one By writing to that address (or to the head offices at Colchester) readers will receive post free a booklet giving fuller particulars of the society's business, and its rates for all branches of fire and accident insurance.

ENQUIRY FORM

for

Fire Insurance on Profit-Sharing Lines

to

The Essex & Suffolk Equitable Insurance Society, Ltd.

56, 58, AND 60, NEW BROAD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

PLEASE SEND ME A QUOTATION FOR THE INSURANCE OF THE UNDERMENTIONED PROPERTY.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GOODS OR PROPERTY TO BE INSURED.	Amount of Insurance required.
On	
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.....	
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Christian and Surname .....

Residence .....

Profession or Business .....

Date ..... Please fill in and forward as above.

Much Benefit at Little Cost.

Points Worth Knowing about Life Insurance.

PEOPLE nowadays are far too apt to judge of a man's value by the amount of money which he possesses. For the most part the verdict of history will have but little to say in favour of any individual who was mainly notable for his wealth. When the din and hurry of the age are over and

> The one or two immortal lights
> Rise slowly up into the sky
> To shine there everlastingly

they will be found to be thinkers or workers of one kind or another, whose value was in their character, their work, and their thought, and not at all in the success with which it met as gauged by the money profit which it yielded.

The Money Value of a Man.

Yet it is quite right sometimes to think what a man is worth in terms of pounds, shillings, and pence. It is especially necessary for one who has others dependent upon him to ask himself the question: What am I worth to my family while I am alive, and what will my estate be worth to them when I am dead? Most of us do nearly the best we can to increase our money value while we live, and if we cannot in any way increase our income we must manage to make do with what we have. Most men can, and most men ought to, see that when they die their families are not wholly deprived of the man's own money value to his wife and children. Suppose a man earns £1,000 a year, and that the cost of his own maintenance is £400, he is worth £600 a year to those dependent upon him, and to make sure that £600 a year would be available for them after his death he would need to leave an estate worth something like £15,000. Probably most men earning only £1,000 a year would regard such a provision as this as scarcely feasible, and yet it, or something like it, can be provided by means of life assurance without any insuperable difficulty.

The Cheapest Life Policies.

To do anything of this sort life assurance is frequently the only, and for almost everybody certainly the best, way. It may be that a man sees a good chance of earning a large income in the future, though his present income is small; in such a case possibly the best policy for him is renewable term insurance. A man of thirty, by paying about £13 a year to a life office, can secure a policy guaranteeing that £1,000 will be paid at his death if it occurs within fifteen years. A contract containing this provision only is seldom advisable, but if there is the further condition that at any time during the fifteen years he can change to a more satisfactory kind of policy without further medical examination then this renewable term insurance may prove of the utmost value. The next cheapest kind of policy would cost at least £19 a year, or half as much again, and even that is not wholly satisfactory. Under renewable term policies the man can change at any time he likes within the term to a more expensive policy by paying the rate for the new policy corresponding to the age at which he makes the change. Thus this renewable term insurance is the cheapest way of providing an immediate estate in the event of his premature death. It only gives temporary protection, however, unless he exercises the option of changing later on to another form of policy which gives permanent protection.

Permanent Protection at Low Cost.

If it is required to obtain for a given outlay each year the largest possible amount at death, the premiums on the policy ought to be paid so long as the assured lives. A policy that is not entitled to share in the profits would cost about £19 per £1,000 at age thirty, something like £26 at age forty, and £38 at age fifty. This kind of assurance is excellent if the man happens to die soon, but the results are not nearly so good as he can obtain in other ways if he happens to live long.

For about £19, £25, and £35 a year at ages thirty, forty, and fifty respectively a man can secure the assurance of £1,000 at death, and yet obtain a share in the profits of the life office. A good assurance company knows perfectly well that it will declare bonuses in the future, and if it happens to suit anybody better to have the present value of future bonuses allowed to him at the out-

[*Continued on page 134.*

Investments Which Yield a High Rate of Interest Without any Risk of Capital.

ONE is apt to think, when in good health and enjoying prosperity, that it will last continually, and the temptation to let the future take care of itself is a strong one. But it is clearly every individual's duty to calculate what may be the probable loss to the family if protracted sickness intervene, or, worse still, if death takes away its main support. If you are putting your savings in the bank, recollect that whilst that plan is good as far as it goes, it does not go far enough.

Suppose you save £10 a year by means of the savings bank, your fund at the end of ten years will be £100 plus interest. But who is going to guarantee that you will live to see that account grow to £100? It is possible that your family may need at least that sum in ready cash, on account of your death, long before ten years have expired. Suppose the emergency arises in two years. What a poor reserve fund you would have in the bank—say £22. It would simply be swallowed up instantly in the funeral expenses and doctor's bill, leaving nothing for future use. It is obvious, then, that while a fund in the bank is a step in the right direction, it does not completely meet the difficulty, because it takes so long to make such a fund of sufficient size.

MR. G. HASWELL VEITCH,
General Manager of the Confederation Life Association for Great Britain and Ireland.

By means of a life policy you can immediately raise a capital sum which is ready for the contingency named, no matter when it may occur. Though it may take you ten years to save £100 in the bank, yet by the payment of a single premium for a life policy you can have the satisfaction of knowing that £100, or any larger sum you care to arrange for, is standing to your credit, and that if death should make it necessary, even immediately after you pay the premium, that sum will become available for your family. This form of investment is also one of the best possible methods of making provision for old age. In addition to having a substantial capital available in the event of early death, the cash sum payable by the best insurance offices shows a return much superior to that obtainable by means of ordinary commercial investments. Moreover, it cannot be emphasized too strongly that life assurance is the only means whereby it is possible to make provision for those dependent upon us in the event of early death, and for ourselves should we be fortunate enough to survive.

The Confederation Life Association (of Canada) is one of the wealthiest Colonial Life Assurance Companies, having funds amounting to over £2,600,000 invested in first-class securities, yielding interest at the exceptional rate of *over* 5 per cent. per annum. This is a rate of interest which is unequalled by English offices, and enables the Association not only to give excellent terms and results to its policy-holders, but to make a speciality of annuity business. Another important feature is that on policies now maturing the Cash Results represent a substantial return, in addition to which the undoubted advantage of being fully insured whilst the policy is in force must not be overlooked.

Booklets setting forth the advantages offered will be sent post free to readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE on application. Mr. G. Haswell Veitch, the General Manager for Great Britain and Ireland, will be pleased to give any information respecting the exceptional investments, combined with insurance, which are offered by the Confederation Life Association. The Chief Office for the United Kingdom is at Temple Bar House, 23-28, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Head Office Buildings of the Confederation Life Association, Toronto, Canada, showing extensive new addition.

set in the form of reduction of premium, instead of paying a higher premium at the beginning and having the excess premium returned to him in one form or another later on, several life offices are quite willing to fall in with his views. Future bonuses may be discounted, and if in the future they prove to be of larger amount than the bonuses that were discounted the difference is paid to the policy-holder or his estate; if they turn out smaller than was anticipated, the policy-holder has to make good the difference. Thus he really shares in the full bonuses of the life office without having to pay a high rate of premium for the privilege; in fact, the premium that he actually does pay may be slightly less than a non-profit policy would cost. These discounted bonus policies, as they are generally called, have much that is extremely attractive about them, and especially if a man dies comparatively soon after effecting his assurance they prove extremely profitable. The same money spent in premiums on policies of this kind provide a larger sum at death than is yielded by other policies.

Similar Results by Other Means.

Speaking generally, it is a great deal better for policy-holders to assure on a plan that gives them participation in profits than on a plan which gives them no such rights. Profits, however, have to be paid for, and the only drawback to with-profit assurance is that it normally involves a comparatively high rate of premium. This drawback is avoided by a method which, while charging an extremely low rate of premium, defers participation in profits until the premiums paid, accumulated at 4 per cent. compound interest, amount to the sum assured. Policies which become claims before this has happened yield at their worst a vast deal more than has been paid in premiums; but when the bonus-sharing time begins the policy-holders receive a full share of the profits of the life office, though they have been paying only very small premiums. This system of deferring bonuses is extremely good when the rates of premium are low; when, for instance, the assurance of £1,000 at ages thirty, forty, and fifty costs about £21, £28, and £42 per annum respectively. Occasionally policies are issued at full rates of premium, but with participation in bonuses deferred for a fixed period, such as twenty years; this kind of policy, under whatever name it is known, should be avoided. There is nothing whatever to be said in favour of this system, and a great deal to be said against it. It is sometimes adopted by entirely inferior companies, whose ordinary bonuses are so bad that they find it prudent not to call attention to them. Of course, if a man is entirely in the dark as to what his bonuses are likely to be, and does not arrive at the light for twenty years, it does not matter vastly much to a life office when the man grumbles that the brilliant light for which he was looking is only a farthing dip—that the large bonus he expected is paltry and insignificant.

Less at First and More Later.

There is yet another way in which the premiums can be small during the early years of life assurance, becoming larger later on. Many companies issue policies under which the annual cost for the first five years is about half the annual cost thereafter. At ages thirty, forty, and fifty respectively these policies cost something like £13 10s., £18, and £27 a year for the assurance of £1,000 during the first five years, but the cost is doubled thereafter. This plan achieves somewhat similar results to those of convertible term policies, which have been explained above. It is necessary, when the premiums are reduced for the first five years only, to commence the higher rate of premium in the sixth year. Hence to a certain extent this plan of reducing premiums for the first five years rather ties a policy-holder down in the matter of choice of time at which the higher rate of premium commences. It is always well, however, to begin paying the full rate as early as possible, since the cost of life assurance increases with age, and the earlier the permanent arrangement is set to work the better it is for the assured. As a matter of fact, any method of reducing the premiums at first, with the result that they have to be increased later on, is not so good in the long run as policies under which the premiums do not increase. Thus, convertible term policies, and those subject to reduced premiums for the first five years, are not to be recommended, except in cases where the largest amount of protection possible is essential in the event of early death, and there is a reasonable chance of a man being able to afford a larger premium later on. Consequently the best forms of life assurance, where a low rate of premium is of importance, are the discounted bonus and the deferred bonus system described above. Both of these, if taken from first-class life offices, are preferable to policies which do not share in the profits.

[*Continued on page 136.*

The Best Investment–Insurance

Absolute safety and most liberal conditions are the distinguishing features of the New Annual Bonus Policy of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States.

You can take out a larger life or endowment policy here than you DARE do elsewhere—

(1) because the "Equitable" policy carries such ample automatic provision for continuation of your policy from the surrender value even though you do fail to pay a premium, and

(2) because the "Equitable" shows some return for your money in the shape of Annual Cash Bonuses.

These are only two of the many features that have made the policy so popular with British Policyholders.

PAYMENTS TO BRITISH POLICYHOLDERS amounted to over £400,000 last year alone.

ABSOLUTE PROTECTION is given by its assets of over £88,000,000 and its British Trust Fund of £100,000 worth of securities deposited at the Bank of England, for the benefit of British policyholders.

But send for a Specimen Policy. Its actual terms and conditions will give you more satisfaction than any amount of description.

If you wish to see exactly what exceptional benefits our New Annual Bonus Policy carries for YOU, state your age.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
OF THE UNITED STATES

BRITISH HEAD OFFICE — 6, PRINCES STREET, BANK, LONDON, E.C.

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FIRE OFFICE,

Founded 1710.

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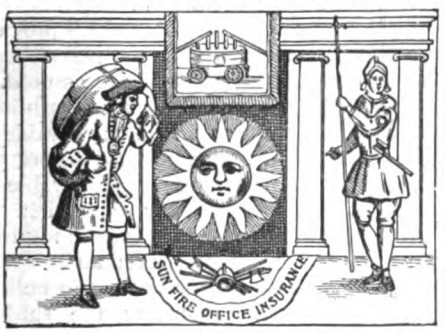
Head Office: 63, Threadneedle St., E.C.



Insurances effected against the following risks:

FIRE.
PERSONAL ACCIDENT,
SICKNESS AND DISEASE,
FIDELITY GUARANTEE,
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WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION AND EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY, including ACCIDENTS TO DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

Funds in Hand, £2,764,234.

"This splendidly managed office."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, Feb. 23, 1906.

THE SCOTTISH LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

President, THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.T.

BONUSES TO POLICY-HOLDERS FOR QUARTER OF A CENTURY,

£2 % FOR EACH YEAR
of Assurance completed after the First.

MAXIMUM ASSURANCE for MINIMUM PREMIUM.

On application may be had, post free, a Prospectus of the Company's Economic Scheme—one of the most attractive in the Insurance World. A man aged 30 next birthday can, for an annual premium of **£10-18-4**, secure **£500** payable at death, with the addition of "Economic" Bonuses—hitherto **£5** for each year completed after the first.

EDINBURGH: 19, St. Andrew Square. LONDON: 13, Clement's Lane, E.C.
Branch Offices and Agencies in all the chief cities and towns in the Kingdom. Full information sent on application.

An Income after Death.

There are instances in which the essential thing for a man to leave behind him may be an income rather than a large capital sum. If at the death of the assured the sum of £1,000 is available in cash, and if it is safely and wisely invested, it may yield £40 a year in perpetuity; just possibly the investments may increase in capital value, but they are much more likely to decrease, and may even disappear altogether through mistakes, extravagance, or fraud. Since the real object of a man in taking life assurance is to provide an income, there seems a certain cogency in the comment, "If it is so, why not say so," and do so? Assure an income rather than a capital sum payable at death which may be squandered or lost. There are two ways in which this can be done under nearly all kinds of policies.

One way provides an income for a fixed number of years, such as ten, fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five after the death of the assured. Thus if an income for twenty years is chosen the beneficiaries under a policy can receive £68 8s. a year, payable half-yearly for twenty years, instead of receiving £1,000 in cash. In other words, a company will pay £1,368 in the course of twenty years as the equivalent of £1,000 down. Now, suppose a discounted bonus policy were taken with the proviso that instead of £1,000 in cash the company would pay the sum assured by instalments spread over twenty years. To yield the same income, namely £40 a year, for twenty years, as would be yielded by £1,000 in perpetuity, would only cost a man aged thirty at entry £11 a year instead of £19; at age forty it would cost him a trifle less than £15 a year instead of £25; and at age fifty the cost would be £20, in place of £35.

In talking just now of the money value of a man earning £1,000 a year, we spoke of his financial value to his family being £600 a year. Under a discounted bonus policy paid by instalments spread over twenty years it would only cost a man of thirty £166 a year to provide his family with £600 a year for twenty years after his death. He may possibly think even this is more than he can afford to pay, but at any rate here is an excessively cheap method of providing a substantial income for a good long time after death. As an easy basis for enabling people to decide how much they can afford, if this plan appeals to them, we may say that a discounted bonus policy would yield £100 a year for twenty years after death at a cost of less than £28 a year to a man aged thirty, about £56 10s. to a man aged forty, and just over £51 to a man whose age at entry was fifty. When conditions of this character are available there seems little excuse for anybody remaining unassured, especially when there are others dependent upon them.

An Income for Life to a Beneficiary.

If there is only one person it is required to benefit by life assurance the money paid by the life office when the policy becomes a claim can be used to purchase an annuity for the beneficiary. The annuity would be relatively large if the beneficiary were old when the assured died, but might be inconveniently small if the beneficiary were young at the time it was required to buy the annuity. It is, therefore, much better to let the life office take the risk of the time of death and to assure not for a fixed sum in cash, but for a fixed income. A very good way of carrying out this arrangement is a policy which provides that, say, £100 a year shall be paid for twenty years certain after the death of the assured to somebody or other, but if the specified beneficiary survives the assured by more than twenty years the annuity is continued to her as long as she lives. The premium rates for policies of this kind depend upon the ages both of the assured and of the beneficiary, so that specimens cannot be given with advantage; but the rates are low and a policy of this kind is a most inexpensive method of making provision for life for some one person, or it may be two or more persons, with the certainty that somebody or other will receive the income for at least twenty years.

When a man is concerned to provide for some one person and for nobody else, he can sometimes do even better in the matter of annual cost by taking a policy which provides that the beneficiary shall receive either a sum in cash at the death of the assured, or an income commencing at his death and continuing so long as she lives, payable in the event of the assured dying before the beneficiary, but nothing being payable in the event of the beneficiary dying first. If desired, the premiums paid can be returned to the assured in this latter event.

These various forms of cheap life policies are very far from exhausting the subject, but they do show most conclusively that a comparatively small annual outlay can provide extremely substantial benefits for dependents, and thus enable a man to arrange that his money value need not, as it should not, terminate at his death.

YOUR PENSION
BEGINS at age 55

If you take out a Deferred Annuity Policy now being issued by the

NORWICH UNION MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE

For a man aged 25 next birthday the yearly cost to provide a Pension of £50 per annum at age 55 works out at only £12 3s. 4d.

A man aged 30 next birthday has to pay £16 2s. 1d. yearly for the same benefits, or if his age is 35 next birthday the yearly premium he must pay is £22 3s. 9d.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION IS REQUIRED.

ALL PREMIUMS PAID ARE RETURNED in the event of earlier death, and a CASH OPTION of £625 is given in lieu of the Pension should circumstances at age 55 make this more desirable.

Particulars at other ages, or for a Pension to begin at 60 or 65, on application to

Dept. A, NORWICH UNION LIFE OFFICE, NORWICH.

ESTABLISHED 1782

EDUCATIONAL ENDOWMENTS

PROVIDING

A PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION
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A UNIVERSITY CAREER
AT A MODERATE COST.

For particulars apply to the

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FIRE—LIFE—ACCIDENT

Funds - - - £7,000,000
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G. H. RYAN, *General Manager.*

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ESTABLISHED 1841.

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Accumulated Funds exceed £1,250,000.
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All classes of Life Assurance transacted—apply for Prospectus as above. Special attention is directed to the following example of the Society's

LIMITED PAYMENTS TABLE.

Under this Table the sum assured is payable at death, but the payment of premiums is limited to 5, 10, 15, 20, or 25 years; at the end of the period chosen all payments cease, while the policy continues to increase by the Bonuses added.

Example: A person age 30 at entry paying 5 yearly premiums of £10/0/9, or 10 yearly premiums of £5/10/9, or 15 yearly premiums of £4/1/4, or 20 yearly premiums of £3/7/2, or 25 yearly premiums of £2/19/1 would insure the sum of £100 with Profits payable at death.

Tit-Bits

£1,000
INSURANCE
AGAINST
Railway Accidents.

MY LADY'S MIRROR.

By Mrs. ROBERT E. NOBLE.

THE problem of how to protect the skin and hair from the ravages of winter is one which presents itself times without number to the feminine mind. It needs, indeed, no little skill and care to sufficiently protect the delicate skin of face and arms from the disastrous influence of easterly winds and from the keen and frosty air of mid-winter. If the ill-effects of summer sunshine and heat are notorious for their injury to a fair skin, the red and rough face, frayed lips, and chapped hands of the winter are still more disconcerting to the woman who values her good looks.

Of course, outdoor exercise is essential for health and good looks, and in this climate the weather is but rarely so inclement that it can serve as an adequate excuse for remaining indoors all day long. Long days in artificially-heated rooms, illuminated for many hours by gas or electric light, make the skin sallow, dull, and colourless. Brisk outdoor exercise, particularly in cold weather, is most invigorating, stimulating the circulation and so bringing a becoming glow to cheeks and lips.

It must, however, be borne in mind that the delicate skin of the face needs protection from very keen air, that otherwise is most beneficial for the general health. When dances and dinner-parties are the order of the day, the open-air girl begins to feel rather disconsolate, for her mirror calls to her notice her wind-roughened cheeks and reddened arms. A little timely care and a few simple precautions will enable the skin to retain its natural softness and delicacy.

It is a well-known fact that sudden changes of temperature have a deleterious effect on the complexion. There is no greater mistake than to go out suddenly into the frosty outdoor air after having for some time sat near a fire in a well-heated room. The sudden change from the warmth of the room to the chilly outside atmosphere affects the skin, making it rough and red. Before going out of doors the skin of the face should be carefully protected by a special treatment. The face should not be washed in water, but should be cleaned by the use of a good massage cream. , A suitable cream must be selected for the purpose. In these days of progress such care is exercised in the preparation of toilet specialities that even the most fastidious woman can obtain toilet adjuncts to suit her taste.

A small quantity of the cream selected should be taken on the finger-tips and rubbed into the skin. The face must then be carefully wiped with a soft linen or silk handkerchief, to remove all visible trace of the cream. By this means a very fine layer of the protective cream remains on the skin, which enables it to resist the ill-effects of cold and wind, but which is not visible to the eye. Those who care to use powder will find it desirable to dust a little lightly over the face after applying the cream in this manner. Care must be taken to remove the powder, particularly round the eyes and over the eyebrows and eyelashes. It can be conveniently applied by means of a chamois leather on which a little powder has been dusted. In this way the powder lies more evenly on the skin than when it is applied with an ordinary powder-puff. A pure powder must be selected. There are several excellent makes in the market whose manufacturers guarantee their freedom from injurious ingredients.

If the face is thus carefully prepared no harm can ensue to the complexion from exposure to cold winter air. Mild, damp winter days are beneficial to the skin, and fine rain has a softening, soothing effect on the face. In foggy weather the skin comes to no harm, provided that care is taken to remove every trace of dirt from the pores on returning home.

The face should first be wiped with a soft, dry towel and then bathed in hot water, to which has been added a few drops of glycerine and a trace of benzoin. Then a special massage cream may be used, containing soothing ingredients that will counteract the effect of a nasty atmosphere.

One ounce each of oil of almonds and lanoline should be melted together, and into the mixture gradually stirred one dram each of boracic acid and zinc oleate. The mixture may then be scented with a few drops of a favourite perfume essence.

During the winter months many a woman views with dismay the brown stain on her neck which the wearing of furs has created. This discoloration generally makes its appearance on the neck just at the point where the collar ends, and it forms an ugly brown rim which is only too obvious in a décolleté frock. Of course, brown furs are chiefly responsible for the stain, and if allowed to remain for any length of time it is almost impossible to eradicate it.

In the early stages the first hint of discoloration may be removed. Effective lotion is made by adding lemon-juice to an equal bulk of a solution of borax. This should be applied nightly by means of a small sponge, and allowed to dry on the skin.

Another detail of the toilet that calls for particular attention in cold weather is the care of the hands. Women know only too well how easily the skin of the hands and arms becomes rough and red during a spell of cold weather. It is a curious fact that cold weather seems to make the hands dirty, so that there is a temptation to wash them more frequently than at other times. The effect of this constant washing is to roughen the skin and make its texture coarser.

Soft tepid water should be used and lemon-juice requisitioned to remove stains, and so obviate the need for the use of a nail-brush. A little oatmeal added to the water softens it, and a few drops of benzoin whiten the skin.

After washing great care must be taken to dry the hands thoroughly, and to avoid the use of a damp towel. A few drops of an emollient lotion will keep the hands in good condition. A very simple and efficacious lotion is prepared by mixing equal parts of lemon-juice and glycerine, to which a few drops of benzoin are added.

If a good powder is then dusted over the hands they are adequately protected from injury due to wintry weather. Women, and English women in particular, are much too careless in the matter of putting on their gloves before they sally forth into the open air. There is no greater mistake, for the sudden exposure of the soft skin of the hand and forearm to the cold external air soon renders it coarse and red.

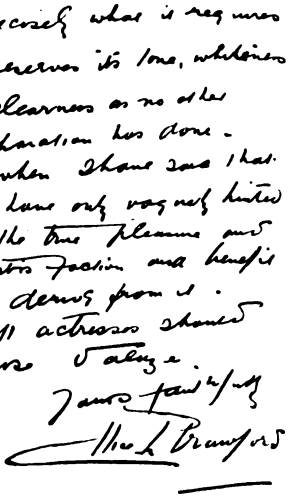
Many women fancy that the use of sleeping-gloves is injurious to the finger-nails. However, provided the gloves worn are sufficiently loose and well-ventilated, no harm can result from their use. A good cold cream such as is obtainable at any reliable chemist's may be well rubbed into the hands before the gloves are donned for the night.

Redness of the hands is often due to a defective circulation. This may be remedied by means of friction. The whole hand, and particularly the wrist, should be gently rubbed to induce a glow. Such massage stimulates the flow of blood through the hand, warms it, and improves its contour and colour.

As a Woman Treateth her Complexion, So It Is.

THE ADVICE OF A WIDELY-KNOWN STAGE BEAUTY.

MISS ALICE CRAWFORD is an actress who has been winning increasing fame with each passing theatrical season. As by her admirable and successful acting in the part of Glory Quayle in "The Christian," then with Mr. Terry in "Matt of Merrymount," and now with Mr. Forbes-Robertson in the exquisitely and artistically sensational play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," she has gained plaudits and undeniable appreciation, so she now bids fair to gain the thanks and gratitude of many Englishwomen for having pointed out to them the infallible means for the preservation of Complexion Beauty. In a letter reproduced on this page she says of "Valaze," Dr. Lykuski's Russian Skin Food and Beautifier, which I have introduced to England: "Your Russian Skin Food, 'Valaze,' does precisely what the skin requires; it preserves its tone, whiteness, and clearness as no other preparation has done. She then adds: "When I have said that I have only vaguely hinted at the true pleasure, satisfaction, and benefit which I derive from it. All actresses should use it daily." These words, coming from an actress blessed with such charm as is Miss Crawford's happy possession, are well worth pondering, because there are none quicker than stage folk to realise that, while talent is a great thing and mental equipment and true artistic temperament are valuable possessions, physical attractiveness frequently finds them wanting when weighed with them in the balance.

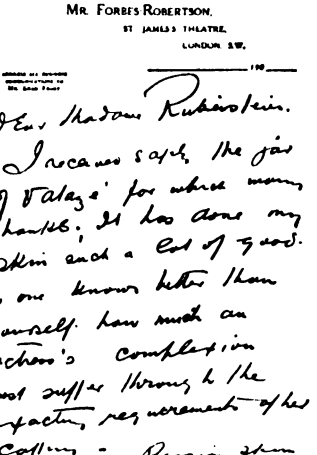


"Valaze" acts on the skin, seeking out the deepest layers, the deepest tissues, the deepest cells, and there works like Nature works, thoroughly and surely, for skin health, for skin purity, for skin colour, freshness, and beauty in every sense. This explains why the skin which feeds on "Valaze" is always healthy and able to bear the brunt of all weather conditions and remain supple and refined withal. This explains also why "Valaze" is indispensable in midsummer as in midwinter, in the spring as in the autumn, in the tropics as in colder latitudes.

The "Valaze" complexion knows no speck or freckle, as the "Valaze" skin knows no line or crowsfoot. "Valaze"-nourished tissues are never depressed. A "Valaze" face never looks tired. "Valaze" contains the essence of a beautiful flower-herb which grows only in the Carpathian Mountains, and it is due to the unremitting labour of the Russian specialist, Dr. Lykuski, that its invaluable properties have become known to the world.

The price of "Valaze" is 4s. 6d., 8s. 6d., and 21s. a jar.

My book, "Beauty in the Making," originally written in Russian, but since translated and adapted for circulation in England, will be sent free on application, mentioning THE STRAND MAGAZINE. It familiarises the reader with the Viennese School of Complexion Treatment, which has revolutionized the cult of beauty the world over, and it furnishes also details of other complexion preparations which I have brought with me from my home-town, Vienna, and from Russia. These are all intended for home use and serve for every imaginable requirement of the complexion. It describes further the work I am doing at the Maison de Beauté Valaze, which I have opened at 24, Grafton Street, London, W., where are practised every mode of complexion treatments and correctives known to modern science.



Space permits only a brief mention of the rapid and hitherto unheard-of result achieved by me in the eradication of wrinkles. The deepest furrow is removed in from two to five sittings of no more than half an hour's duration. The result is guaranteed to be permanent, and the treatment does not cause any inconvenience, discomfort, or interference with one's daily routine of occupation or pleasure.

To ensure the promptest attention, all orders, requests for information, and applications for appointment or for the free book should be addressed to Dept. "S. T.," Maison de Beauté Valaze, 24, Grafton Street, London, W.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN.

The Garden in December.

By E. T. COOK, Editor of "The Garden."

THIS is the quietest month of the year when the weather is frosty. It is a time for manuring, and when this is taking place the frost is welcome, but one enjoys more what the gardener calls an "open" month—that is, it is possible to plant fruit trees, roses, and other shrubs before the winter has far advanced. I have already written of the rose and the best varieties, and trees and shrubs. A few words may therefore be welcome on the few winter flowers that grace and scent the woodland and border in December. First comes the Christmas rose, which should be grown not merely for the sake of its pearly flowers outdoors, perhaps sheltering in some sunny corner, but also for cutting. My practice is to lift the "clumps," if one may use so harsh a word for plants bristling with pink-tinted buds, when these same buds are just appearing; place them in ordinary baskets filled with ordinary soil, and transfer to a warm greenhouse. It is astonishing, the beauty and purity of the flowers, and there is something Christmas-like in decorating the table on the most festive day of the year with the "rose" that rejoices in the sunshine of a normal English winter.

There are two great classes of Hellebores—H. niger, from which many beautiful varieties have been derived, and H. orientalis, to which the Lenten roses chiefly owe their origin. I am writing now only of the former, and the varieties that should be chosen are Altifolius; the "St. Brigid's," or Juvernis, as it is also called; the Riverston variety, named after a country seat in Tipperary, Ireland; the "Bath," or Major form; and a pretty pink-tinted flower, Apple-blossom, known also as Ruber. Christmas roses love a rich soil and shelter from rough winds. As I have mentioned before, the bed for the plants should be at least three feet deep, with a thick layer of cow manure in the bottom. Work a good portion of the same into the lower portion of the soil, but it must not come into contact with the roots. When division of the roots is considered necessary, February is the best month for this and also for planting, and when the flowering is over—which will be, as a rule, in January—give well-rotted manure freely around the leaves, so that the roots benefit from the nutriment conveyed to them through the agency of rain or the watering-pot. The "clumps," to use a familiar word, must not be planted entire, as under these conditions there is no progress, but place them first in water, and when the soil has become softened wash it away with a syringe or hose. Then divide them with a sharp knife into separate crowns, which should be planted eighteen inches apart in a soil composed of fibrous loam and leaf-mould. Roots will soon issue forth, and in due course find their way into the rich material awaiting them below.

On the table before me—and the date is early in November—there is a bunch of G. Nabonnand rose, which I consider the queen of the garden. One is not regarding it as an exhibitor would, because it does not possess the attributes of a "show" flower, but the colouring is delightful, reminding one of a pink sea-shell, except in the late autumn, when the centre petals turn to almost a crimson shade, distilling, too, in the damp autumn air a sweet fragrance. No rose, not even the vigorous, pointed-petalled Mme. Abel Chatenay, pleases me more than G. Nabonnand.

The time of frosts is approaching, and writing of G. Nabonnand roses reminds me that protection will soon be necessary. A letter sent me is worth reproducing. The writer says: "Not many years ago our tea and noisette varieties were considered so tender that they were tied up in straw, resembling gigantic bottles of wine. Many favourite standards were bound round and round, and the garden was not beautified by these protective devices. The present-day varieties are undoubtedly hardier than those our forbears loved, but it is well to give some thought to their care in case the winter is severe. Very little protection is necessary, as coddling results in a weakly growth. A few branches of fir, birch, gorse, or light boughs are a sufficient shield from even the hardest winter and rough winds, which are more harmful than pests. I prefer the twigs to bracken and litter, which are untidy and less protective. When dry it blows away from the plants and collects against a fence or hedge, when it should be giving protection to the roses. During rains it is sodden, retains moisture which freezes as the weather changes, and, therefore, in many instances is more harmful than beneficial. The twigs are easily removed in spring, and, with regard to standards, when tied around the heads are a great help in saving them from serious injury.

"All dwarf or bush roses receive benefit from having the soil drawn around the base of the stems. Excessive moisture is thrown off and the most vital part of the plant is protected in frosty weather. With these exceptions I would avoid protection as much as possible unless the plants are in an exceptionally exposed position."

It may seem strange to consider spring bedding at this season, but the plants to give beauty to the garden in March and April must be in their places at the earliest opportunity. There are the bulbs to plant, the daffodil, tulip, bluebell, and the many other kinds that bring colour to the woodland and garden. I have been asked recently at what depth the more popular bulbs should be planted. Hyacinths should have three inches of soil above the crown of the bulb; plant the crocus three inches deep, the same in the case of the daffodil, snowdrops two inches, tulips four inches.

This is the season also for making rock gardens, which, when constructed on a simple scale, are always a delight, as they may be made the home of many of the most exquisite gems in the world of flowers. Such a rock garden as that of Messrs. Backhouse, of York, is a revelation. One seems to be walking in fairyland when the flowers of the Alps are in the full flush of their summer beauty.

Much should be made of the polyanthus and the French primrose, especially of such strains as the "Munstead," which may be obtained from Messrs. Sutton and Sons, of Reading. These have flowers of large size and beautiful colouring, pale yellow, orange, apricot, and similar shades, a race of half-primrose and half-polyanthus, that has brought to the spring garden one of its most cherished attributes.

Pæonies may be planted, and there is no flower more sumptuous in the summer garden. I shall always remember the day I spent with Mr. Kelway at Langport when the pæonies were in bloom—masses of colour from the kinds grouped in those broad and instructive acres—a pure delight to those who enjoy gardening.

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OUR HEALTH PAGE.

By Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

We are now in the season of coughs and colds, and of other troubles which owe their onset to the lowered temperature of the time. I have always thought this temperature question has not only not been properly appreciated by the public, but has been woefully misconstrued and interpreted as regards its effects on the human body. A cold temperature is not of itself productive of disease; it may indeed be curative in the highest degree. Witness the "open-air" cure of consumption, where in the Upper Alps, as at Davos, you have patients living in the open with the snow and ice thick around them, and sleeping with open windows, allowing them to inhale the clear, cold atmosphere, which heals the lungs and routs the bacilli of tuberculosis by rendering the lung no longer a fit soil for their multiplication. It does not really matter how cold the air is you breathe, so long as your body is warmly clad, waking or sleeping, for that body possesses a remarkable power of maintaining an equable temperature under tropical suns and amid Arctic ice. These facts should be digested by everybody with the view of disabusing the mind of the notion that cold *per se* is necessarily an injurious condition. It is rather when we do something foolish in the way of suddenly changing our temperature before the body has time to adapt itself to the altered state that we experience chill, and so get our colds and our lung troubles, great and small.

I remember reading long ago an account given by an American physician, Dr. Felix S. Oswald, if I mistake not, of a monkey which had escaped from its cage and which took to a free life in Arizona. In summer it subsisted naturally, of course, being favoured by the climate, but the astonishing fact remained that the animal, a habitant of a warm region, flourished all through the winter as well. He had become acclimatized, in other words, to the cold, and it is a tremendous pity we cannot be sensible enough to follow the example of this poor relation. There is a tremendous difference, of course, between existing in the cold under healthy conditions and living in cold weather when the health is below par. I am only concerned here with the vicissitudes—and follies—of healthy folk who wilfully place themselves in circumstances which, infringing the laws of health, invite the inevitable penalty in the shape of illness. Here is a case in point. A person lives in rooms which are badly ventilated. The result of habitually breathing impure air, and of inhaling one's own breath and that of other people over and over again, is to induce a condition of body-poisoning which, despite its slow progress, none the less surely induces a "run-down" state of body. Now our bodies possess a natural disease-resisting power. In health this power rises high; in bad health it may sink to zero, and one of the most frequent causes of the fall of the bodily health barometer is living in a foul and fetid atmosphere. We then poison ourselves by breathing waste products of human bodies, as well as the poisonous exhalations which gas-lights and lamps also give forth. Not only is impure air at large a source of the body's lowered vitality, but there is yet another special poison that lurks in a vitiated atmosphere. This is the organic matter, the worn-out and dead cells and *débris* of the body, which I may remark is the substance that offends our noses when we pass into the stuffy, disagreeable air of a close, ill-ventilated room.

A body with lowered resistance to disease attack illustrates a typical case of liability, not merely to experience cold to an unusual degree, but to exhibit a readiness to the attack of chill which is the preliminary stage of many ailments, ranging from a cold in the head to pneumonia. Over and above a merely lowered temperature, therefore, we have to reckon with a something that gives that temperature a special hold over us, since the healthy frame escapes and the weary or run-down body succumbs. The great preventive of colds and chills must be sought in our breathing a pure air to start with. Oxygen is the great necessity for life, and while we can want solid food and water for days, we demand the oxygen of the air every moment of our life. With less oxygen than is needful, or with a supply polluted by waste products, we lower our vitality, and the change of temperature affects us to our sore discomfort. The body is unable to adjust itself properly to the change, and so our chill is inevitable. What applies to impure air naturally applies also to the overheated air of our dwellings. Then the skin is induced to act freely, and the adjustment to the colder temperature outside, imperfectly accomplished, lands us in trouble. If the cooling-down process in a Turkish bath were less skilfully accomplished than it is, and if the temperature were not gradually accommodated and modified, to take a bath might be regarded as a veritable act of suicide.

The genesis of a cold begins mostly with the sudden chill acting on the skin. Its multitude of fine blood-vessels contract, with the result of sending the blood into the deeper tissues. Thereby is produced congestion and fullness of the vessels, which is the first stage of inflammation itself. Then succeeds a kind of selective process on the part of the commencing malady. It may locate itself in the head, and award us as a penalty that disagreeable ailment, a cold in the head. Or it may select the lungs, and lay us down with troubles which range from bronchitis or pleurisy to pneumonia. If we are inclined towards rheumatism, our ancient enemy, fortified by the chill, attacks us anew, and we groan and ache in our joints and muscles. It is immaterial whether or not colds and other troubles, as medical science declares, are to be attributed to germ-attack. These germs, in any case, are always encompassing us, but we are not always ill. Therefore we see that in disease-invasion there are two things to be considered: one is the soil, the body; the other the seed, the germ. If the soil is not weakened, or, in other words, deprived of its disease-resisting power, the germ finds no lodgment. It falls on barren ground. If, contrariwise, the body, being weak, favours the seed, that seed will bring forth a hundred-fold, it may be, in the way of disease.

If we are to keep free from colds we must have fresh air. When we do take chill, then action should be prompt if we are to escape ill-effects. Take a hot drink at once, indoors of course. A cup of scalding hot tea, sipped, is an excellent measure; failing that a tumbler of hot grog is not to be despised. Get to bed between the blankets after taking a hot bath, and if you don't mind a little inconvenience in the way of free perspiration, which will be a sign of reaction against the chill, take a ten-grain Dover's powder, and sleeping in blankets will prevent chill.

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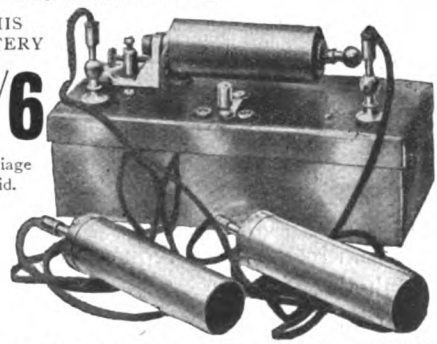

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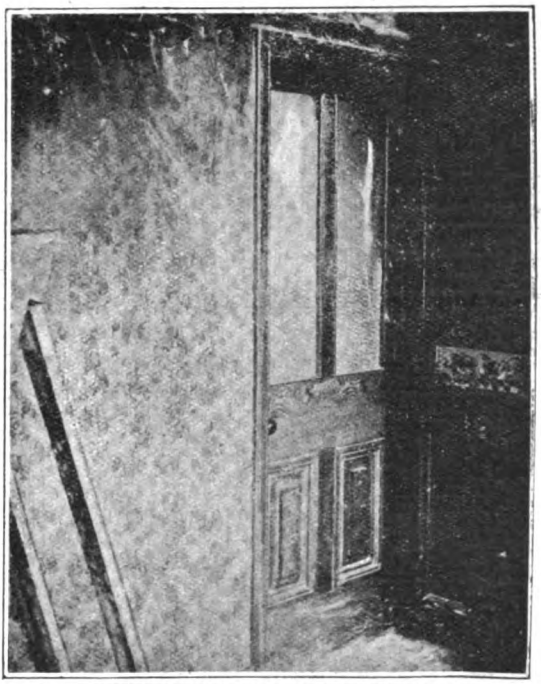
One frequently reads in the newspapers of serious fires which have occurred from quite trifling causes, such as an electric wire fusing and melting a leaden gas-pipe, thereby igniting the gas; a spirit lamp overturning and setting the room in a blaze; an over-heated flue; a match dropped upon some spilt petrol has been known to cause the total destruction of an expensive motor-car. Hundreds of other instances could be recorded, and practically in every case these could all have been dealt with successfully by a first-aid appliance, such as the "Kyl-Fyre" Extinguisher.

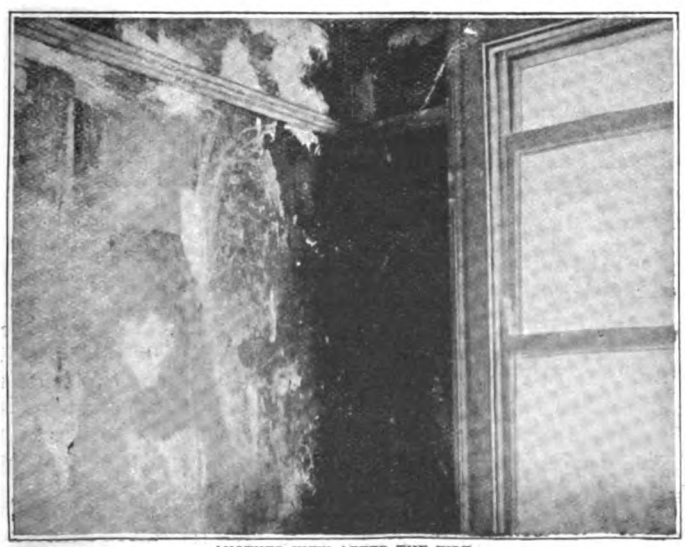


INTERIOR OF DINING-ROOM AFTER THE FIRE.

The two illustrations given on this page show the interior of Councillor T. R. Bolton's residence in Station Road, Kirkham, which recently caught fire, and was reported in the *Preston Herald* on Saturday, October 10th, as follows:—

On Wednesday afternoon a fire was discovered by P. C. Cattenach at Councillor T. R. Bolton's residence in Station Road, Kirkham, and he at once gave the alarm. While the new steam fire-engine was being brought to the scene, Messrs. Dickson and W. Gardner, who were in the Kirkham Council offices at the time, snatched the two Kyl-Fyre fire appliances from the walls, and rushed across the roadway to battle with the flames. The Kyl-Fyre Extinguisher was immediately used, and in the twinkling of an eye the conflagration was extinguished, before, indeed, the fire-engine arrived.

The whole of the furniture in the front room was totally destroyed, the damage being estimated at £80. The people living in the surrounding houses are deeply grateful to Messrs. Dickson and Gardner for their promptitude in so quickly bringing the Kyl-Fyre apparatus into use, as the flames were burning so very fiercely when they arrived that it was feared adjoining houses would suffer.



ANOTHER VIEW AFTER THE FIRE.

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A TOUR ROUND THE WEST-END SHOPS.

Christmas Presents, and Where to Get Them.

By MRS. ROBERT NOBLE.

AT Christmas more time and trouble are expended as to the selection of suitable and acceptable gifts than at any other season of the year. There is not half the interest attached to the wedding-present or the birthday offering as there is to the Yuletide gift. Christmas shopping has its own peculiar pleasure, and the lucky Londoners who can wend their way to the West-end for their Christmas gifts have indeed a fairyland of delight in which to wander and in which to buy treasures for friends and relatives that defies description.

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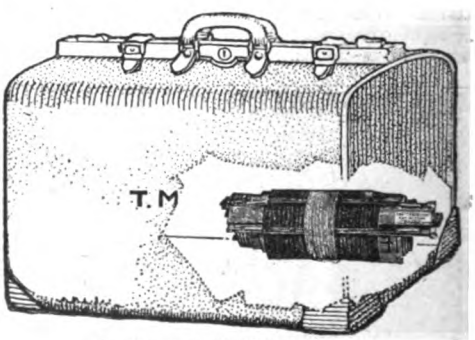

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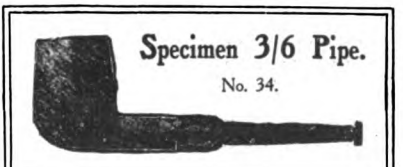

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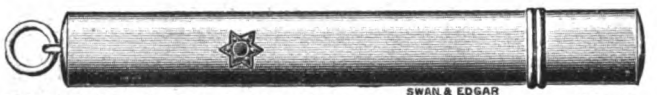
equally efficient for home use, and its exceptionally light weight makes it most portable and convenient to use. At Christmas there is always much agitation in the family circle as to what present is likely to be acceptable to the male members of the family. We can imagine no more practical gift than a "Traveller," nor one that will bring more satisfaction in use to the fortunate recipient.

At Messrs. Swan and Edgar's.

As the seeker for Yuletide gifts wends her way down Regent Street to Piccadilly she cannot fail to be struck by the attractive windows of Messrs. Swan and Edgar. Here is a veritable fairyland of delights, and the woman would be hard to please indeed who could not select gifts to her liking from the treasures here displayed. It is not always the most expensive gift that brings greatest pleasure to the recipient, and Messrs Swan and Edgar, besides offering innumerable articles suitable for handsome gifts, have not forgotten to provide a number of exceptionally attractive small gifts that are not only uncommon and delightful, but also wonderfully inexpensive.



S.M. 14.—Hall-marked Silver Pencils, with the Lucky Birthday Stones in small Jewels, 2/-; post 1d. When ordering please state month required.

Particularly pretty and useful are the dainty little hall-marked silver pencils set with lucky birthday stones. This charming little gift costs but 2s., and is really novel and uncommon.

S.M. 58.—New Fylfot or Mystic Sign Charm, very lucky, 9-ct. gold, 5/11.

A dainty charm is always an acceptable gift, and none prettier or newer in design could be found than the new Fylfot or mystic sign charm pictured on this page. It is in 9-ct. gold, and is only 5s. 11d. in price. Very pretty examples also are the ever-popular lucky pig and lucky bean charms.

S.M. 83. — Small Gilt Chain Purse, with chain and finger-ring, 3/5.

Chain purses and wrist bags are at present so fashionable that a more suitable gift for a woman would be hard to select. A word of special commendation must be given to the charming little chain purses, gilt, with chain and finger-ring. They are of excellent workmanship, unique in design, and low in price, since they cost but 3s. 6d. Other fascinating examples, at rather higher prices, are set with stones and daintily lined. Others, in crocodile leather in four fashionable colours, provided with extra deep pockets, are marvels of good value at 2s. 11½d.

S.M. 16.—Electro-Plated Candlesticks, heavy, very effective, 2/11 each, or 5/6 pair; post 3d. Ditto, Hall-marked Silver, 9/11 pair.

Very lovely little watches, many as low in price as 1 guinea, of exceptionally dainty design in silver and enamel, must be specially noted. These tiny dainty watches are set in elegant little leather wristlets, made in the most fashionable colours to suit the costume of the wearer.

"Something to wear" is ever a welcome gift to a woman, and it would be hard to find a more useful gift at the present time than the new hat-pins, with heads of new and elegant design, which Messrs. Swan and Edgar offer at prices from 1s. upwards. These pins are particularly desirable at the moment, since they are extra long, to cope with the exceptional size of the millinery that is modish at the moment.

Another gift calculated to rejoice the heart of a feminine recipient is a dainty coronet set with paste, pearls, etc., or metallic bandeau, such as the *coiffure à la mode* demands. Among so many charming designs it is hard to particularize, and since the scale of prices extends from 1s. 11½d. upwards, the choice offered is indeed wide.

S.M. 5.—Electro-Plated on Nickel Silver, Bow Top Plain Photo Frames, four sizes, as sketch or oval opening, exact reproduction of real silver frames costing six times the price. Post paid on 20/- worth.

Men are proverbially hard to please with regard to their Yuletide gifts, yet the man would be difficult indeed who is not pleased with one of Messrs. Swan and Edgar's really lovely sets of vest buttons. These are indeed bargains at

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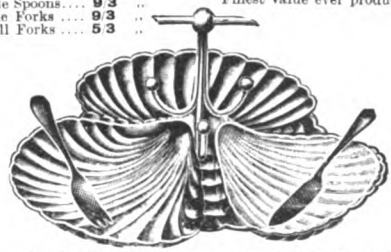


SM2.—**LUNCHEON TRAY,** with 1 glass shell Butter Dish, 1 Cheese Fork, 1 Butter Knife, Electro-plated on Nickel Silver, Queen Anne Style, **12/11**, worth 21/-. Post 6d.

SM4.—Electro-plated **ENTRÉE DISH,** with removable Handle. Forms two Dishes. **12/11.** Post 6d. 4 for 50/-, Post Free.

Carriage paid on Orders 20/- and over.

Cash Refunded if not approved.

prices from 15s. the set, and the elegant designs mounted in gold with enamel and gold thread leave nothing to be desired.

Other quite exceptional bargains are the hall-marked silver candlesticks at 9s. 11d. the pair, and the electro-plated or nickel photograph frames, which are unique both in design and value.

Enough has been said to prove very convincingly that those in search of really acceptable Yuletide gifts cannot do better than wend their way with all speed to Messrs. Swan and Edgar's. If they must needs do their shopping by post, let them, without further delay, write for Messrs. Swan and Edgar's "Seasonable Gifts" Catalogue, and from it make a selection that will delight both donor and recipients alike.

At Messrs. Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road.

When on the purchase of Christmas presents bent, wise indeed is the shopper who quickly wends her way to the attractive establishment of Messrs. Shoolbred, in Tottenham Court Road. Here showroom after showroom is packed with delights which will make the selection of Yuletide gifts a very fascinating occupation. Not that it will be easy to make a choice when everything is so attractive that one covets each treasure as it meets the eye.

A very welcome gift for a man is a compact letter-case for his writing-table, containing full

Sterling Silver Candlestick, 3in. in height, 5/9.
Round Ink to match, 3in. diameter, 6/6.

writing table equipment in silver, including also silver candlesticks and calendar, in addition to the ordinary requisites. These sets range in price from £1 10s. to £5 15s., and cannot fail to delight the recipient.

A present for a lady that will undoubtedly prove most popular is the combined work-basket and despatch-box or writing-case, and both for the reasonable sum of £1 10s.

Messrs. Shoolbred have a quite exceptional show of Christmas toys, fancy goods, etc., and it is not surprising that their showrooms are so popular a rendezvous among seekers after Yuletide gifts for both young and old alike.

Among their many charming novelties an elegant combined clock and calendar may be specially noted. It is silver-mounted and

New Silver and Ivory Paper Knife and Letter Opener, 7½in., 13/6.

priced at 15s. 6d., and would undoubtedly prove a welcome gift for either boudoir or study writing-table.

A silver hat-pin holder of original design would form a pretty present for a feminine recipient. Every woman knows the annoying manner in which hat-pins hide themselves when wanted if they are put loose in a drawer, and how they drop out of the ordinary pincushion, so that so useful and pretty a gift as a silver hat-pin holder will be very much appreciated. And it will cost the donor but 8s. 6d.

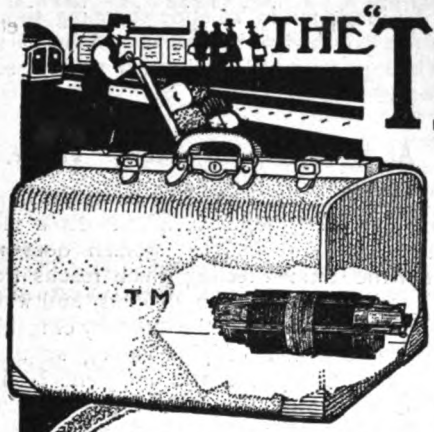
Pretty and uncommon trifles are most useful as Yuletide gifts, for so many people have on their list friends who should be remembered, but to whom large and expensive gifts cannot be given. A quaint and useful gift in such a case is the little rhinoceros pincushion, with a velvet pad in his back for the pins. A charming alternative are the dainty little blouse sets, consisting of a safety-pin, brooch, and three buttons, all of uncommon and pretty design. The buttons have the convenient ring attachment, so superior to the old-fashioned "shank," and the price of the sets varies from 3s. upwards, according to the material and design.

It is, however, impossible to describe in a few lines the many suitable gifts to be found at Messrs. Shoolbred's. A more adequate guide is Messrs. Shoolbred's Christmas List of some two hundred pages, which would prove a most valuable guide in the selection of suitable Yuletide presents.

Gamage's Great Christmas Bazaar.

The opening of the Gamage Bazaar is awaited with keen interest not only by the youngsters but also by the elders, who derive an extra amount of pleasure from Christmas shopping when they are able to do it at Gamage's.

A striking feature of the bazaar this year are the set pieces which have been installed



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For example, the scene representing Swiss village life is both interesting and instructive, and mention must be made of the many others—such as the Bear Pit, the Army Corps, electric, clockwork, and steam railways, etc. — which are working all day.

The Oriental Bazaar and Eastern Fair is particularly interesting. The attendants at the various stalls are clothed in the native style, and the goods displayed are also characteristic of each respective country.

Interesting and instructive demonstrations of various arts and crafts suitable for the home are given all day, and several times daily varied entertainments are given in the new hall.

If "Gamage Bazaars" in the past have been deservedly popular and notable, that of the present season bids fair to eclipse them all in magnificence and interest. Special mention must be made of the new and extensive Zoological show-rooms, which will prove a source of delight to many scores of youngsters this Yuletide, and be scarcely less interesting to the grown-ups too.

Many happy hours may well be spent amid the hundred and one attractions and the gorgeous display of eight acres of toys and presents from every quarter of the globe. Messrs. Gamage bid you "Come early, bring the children, and spend a happy day." The parents who accept this cordial invitation may rest assured of the delight of the inhabitants of nurseryland, not to mention the enjoyment of the "grown-up children" who accompany them.

The wisest visitor goes early and stays late, and she may rely on filling every moment of her day with interest. The cosy restaurant on the premises is a boon to the hungry shopper, who has no need to leave the premises to seek refreshment.

All interested in Yuletide shopping should write a postcard without delay, asking for the "Gamage Bazaar Book," which will be sent post free on application.

At the Maison de Beauté Valaze.

It matters not how fascinating Christmas shopping may be, it is admittedly a most fatiguing pursuit. What woman does not know the strained feeling which results from a search among Yuletide delights, and which is indirectly caused by the difficulty of making a suitable choice of gifts among so many that can but please the recipients? The brilliantly-lighted shops and the attractive display of goods tempt one to linger far longer than is really necessary over the selection of presents. Yet who would curtail so pleasing an occupation — even though it involves fatigue?

The woman who has been on present-purchasing intent throughout a long morning cannot do better than wend her way to the Maison de Beauté Valaze, at 24, Grafton Street, Mayfair, W., and ask Mlle. Helena Rubinstein to help her to banish the fatigue and the fatigue-wrought lines from her face. It would be difficult to imagine more restful rooms than those of the charmingly-decorated house in Grafton Street, where Mlle. Rubinstein receives her clients, and there are certainly no treatments more soothing than those which Mlle. Rubinstein offers.

The wonderful Skin Food Valaze is most soothing to the face. It is the creation of the eminent Russian skin specialist, Dr. Lykuski, and is compounded from rare herbs grown on the Carpathian Mountains. Its effect on the complexion is little short of magical. It preserves a good skin, purifies a bad one, and beautifies each face it touches.

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Post Free, Cuticura Booklet on the Skin.

The "Strand" Book Review Page.

"Famous Love Matches." By C. J. Hamilton. (Elliot Stock.) 5s. net.

All the world loves a lover, and from earliest times the love affairs of men and women have been regarded with sympathy and curiosity by their fellows. Especially are these felt for the loves of men and women who are or have become eminent. How and under what conditions did they meet? How did the tender passion evince itself? Did the course of true love run smooth? Were they happy or the reverse ever afterwards? Genius generally fares ill when it goes a-wooing, and over the matrimonial misfortunes of the great the world wags its foolish head and says, "We told you so!" But in this book the author has brought together a company of famous men and women who loved, married, and were supremely happy ever after. Such a book deserves to be widely circulated, if only to dissipate the erroneous belief that greatness and matrimonial bliss are incompatible. Not a few of our readers, who know themselves to be great, are perhaps discouraged by [illegible] belief, and pursue their dreary paths [illegible] let them read this book and take courage [illegible] is distinctly heartening. Assuming you find your affinity the chances are in your favour that you will never regret even marrying in haste. Some of those who figure in this book even eloped and did not repent it. This volume has been written with both judgment and taste.

"The Diva's Ruby." By F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.) 6s.

This book is the sequel to the author's "Soprano" and "Primadonna." The trilogy is complete, and in this story Margaret Donne, the queen of song, after many adventures in Cupid's country, finally marries the man for whom at an earlier stage she had known only loathing and fear. When the "Primadonna" ended she was engaged to the Greek millionaire Logotheti. When "The Diva's Ruby" closes she is the wife of Van Torp, the American millionaire. The opening chapter takes us to the Far East, where a European adventurer wins the love of a Tartar girl, who reveals to him the secret of the ruby mine. When he leaves the country it is with a fortune in uncut rubies. He utterly disappears, and the story is thenceforward concerned with two sets of persons and two plots—Margaret and her two lovers and Barbara, the Tartar girl, and her search for the adventurer. The plots overlap, but in the *dénouement* both are satisfactorily solved. The story is weakened in its interest by this division. The reader is constantly switched off from one plot to another with the inevitable result. But the strength of the opening chapter shows that Mr. Crawford has not lost his old skill, and this book only falls short of earlier novels by this, in our opinion, unfortunate double plot.

"From Village Green to Downing Street." The Life of the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P. By J. Hugh Edwards and Spencer Leigh Hughes. (George Newnes, Ltd.) 1s. net.

That this volume will find a warm welcome is beyond doubt. Friends and foes admit the brilliant genius of the young Welshman who, unaided by any extraneous conditions which help forward the political ambitions of public men, in the brief space of eighteen years has fought his way from obscurity to almost the highest post of honour in the strongest Ministry in the political annals of our country. No comparison is possible between Mr. Lloyd George's career and that of any other politician one can name. Other men have climbed high, but they started with the advantages of social position, wealth, friendships with those able to advance their political interests. Mr. Lloyd George had none of these, and yet despite their absence he has reached the topmost rung of the political ladder at an age when others have been regarded as men of promise. How has he done it? In this little volume are set forth [illegible] main facts of his career. One thing will force [illegible]ntly-lig[illegible]pon the reader. Mr. Lloyd George has [illegible] [illegible]rribly. He has not spared himself. Confident of his powers, steadfast in his political convictions, unsleeping in his vigilance, absolutely fearless in his advocacy of his principles, he has pursued his course. Occasionally he has seemed to wreck his career by the course he has taken. He has put himself right athwart the public opinion of the day, as in the South African War. But he has ever emerged with enhanced credit and with added reputation for political knowledge. The authors of this Life have done their task well. The book is eminently readable, and says precisely what can and ought to be said at this stage of Mr. Lloyd George's career. What the future has in store it is impossible to predict. But the expectations of his friends will be heightened by what they learn of him in this attempt to depict his character, his achievements, and his aims.

"A Laughing Matter." By Shan F. Bullock. (Werner Laurie.) 6s.

Mr. Bullock's versatility is well illustrated by this his latest work of fiction. Here we have a story which deals with the love affairs of Lydia Deycourt. Her father, a retired soldier, in an emergency commits his daughter to the care of George Dallas, a novelist, and his wife, charging them to "not permit her association with any youths among your friends, or any others likely to stir her feelings." The novelist consents, and honestly proposes to carry out his agreement. Unhappily Cupid intervenes in the person of Harry Sargent, who profoundly "stirs her feelings" beyond any hope of stilling. It is very unfortunate for the poor, embarrassed novelist, for Harry is his friend, and Dallas's wife thinks him the ideal husband for Lydia. The trouble begins when the colonel learns what his experiment has ended in. In a frantic and almost ungentlemanly manner he hurries Lydia home, and treats her in such tyrannical fashion that at length, naturally, she runs away and betakes herself to the stage for a living. No, she does not succeed. After painful experiences at the hands of actor-managers she returns to her friends in Dulwich, and leaves them to smooth matters over with Colonel Deycourt. It is all very painful whilst it lasts, much anguish is endured by all concerned, and many tears are shed by Lydia, who is not at all a sentimental miss, but very much otherwise. She is sweet and twenty, calculated to disturb the mind and stir the feelings of any man who has blood and not water in his veins. We have enjoyed it. We congratulate Mr. Bullock on this charming story.

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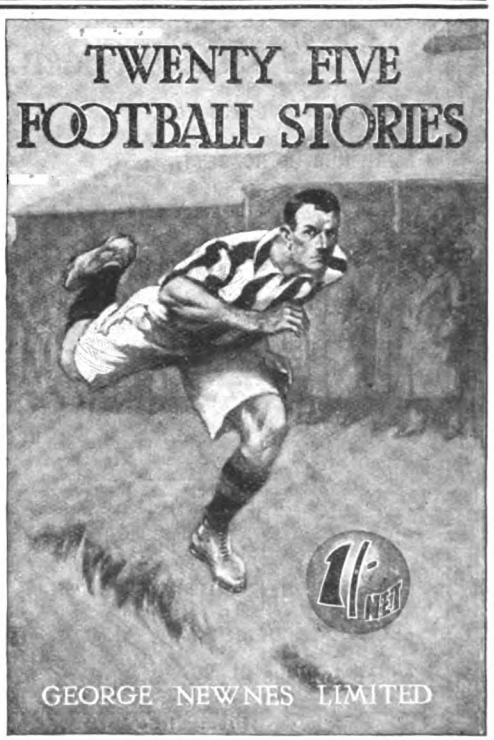

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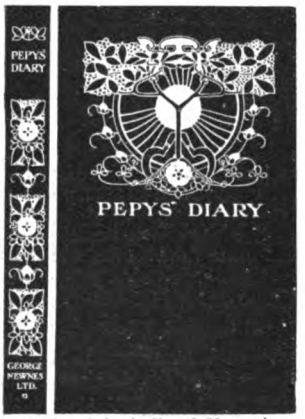

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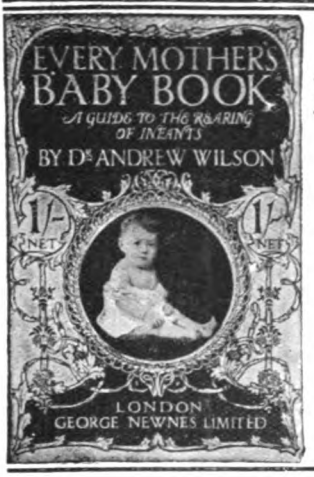

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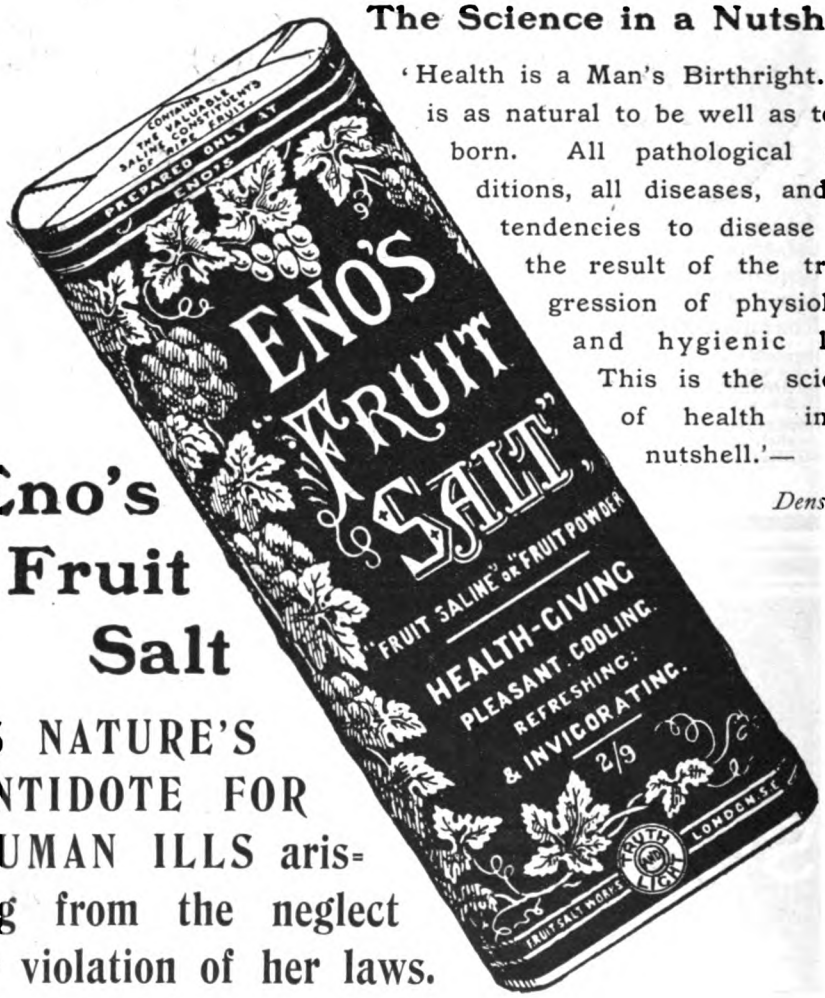

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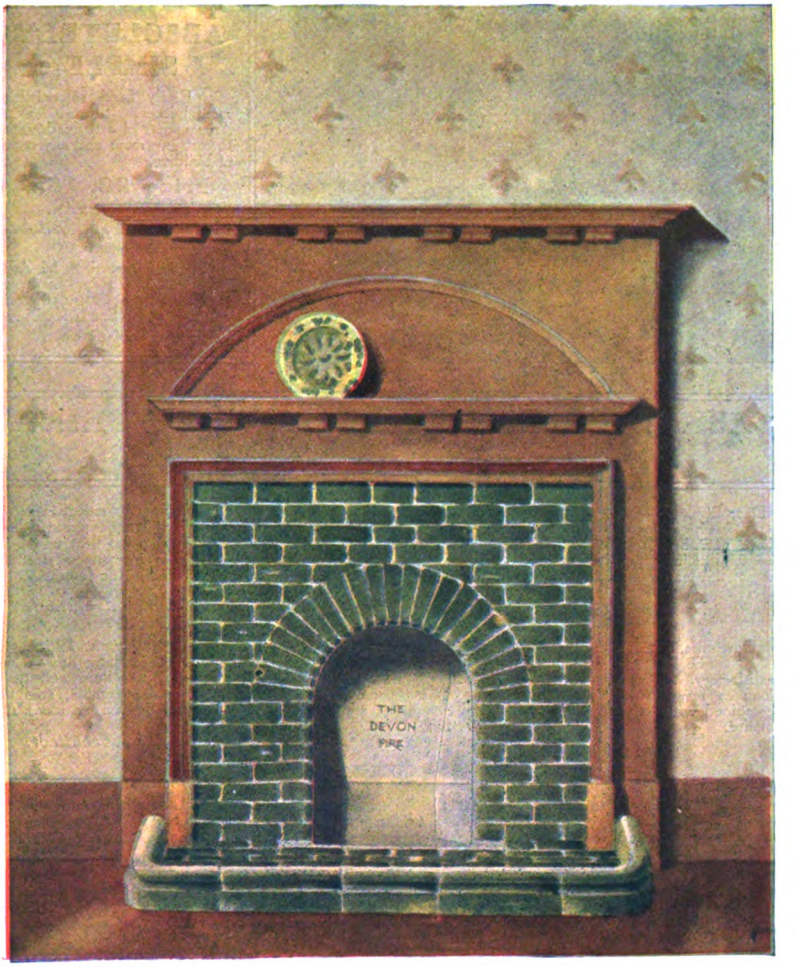

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Yours faithfully,
(Signed) H. STANTON WEBBER, F.S.I., *Architect.*

Dear Sirs, *9th March, 1908.*

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Yours faithfully,
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The Hall, Uppingham, *29th December, 1906.*

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Yours faithfully,
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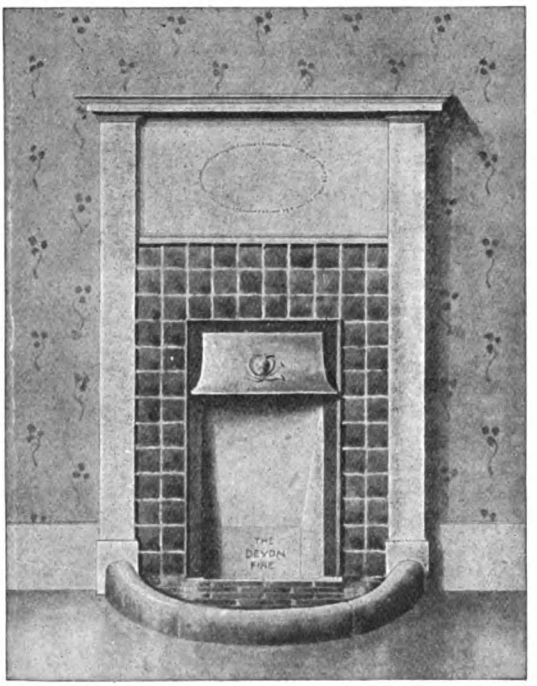

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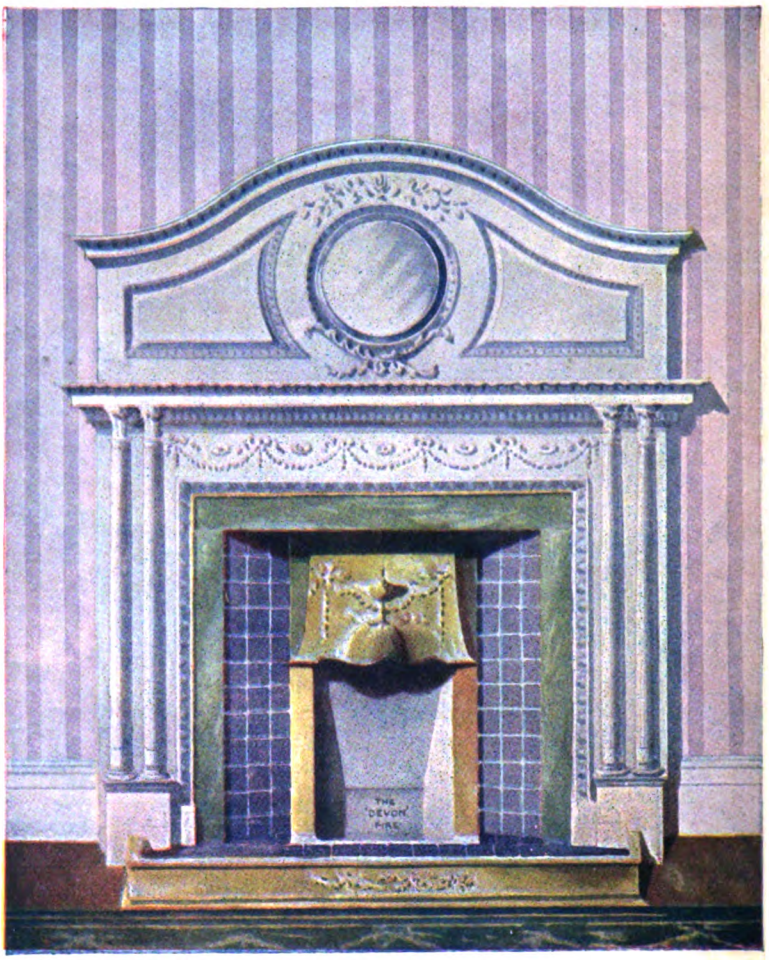

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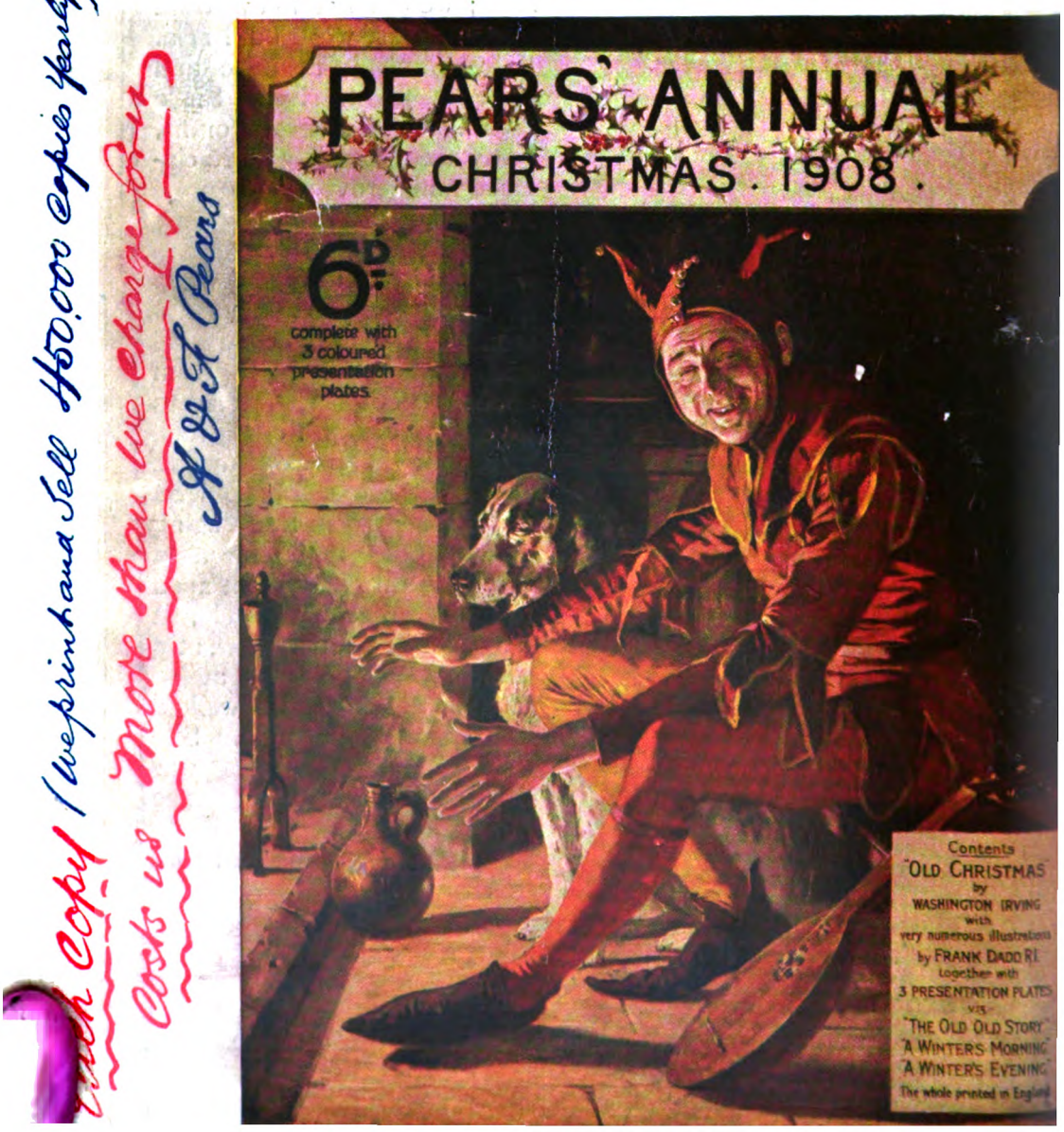

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